

Markheim found the key, and handed it over.

"What's the name?" he asked.

"John Mackenzie—I'm at the Loughlin House, First Avenue."

"I'll give you a receipt for this."

"Oh, that's all right," said Mack. "You can have it for me to-morrow when I come in to sign your agreement."

He had a faint doubt amid his hopefulness—and he wished to establish an easy, a nonchalant way of treating the business. If he couldn't trust Markheim for twelve hours with a receipt, Markheim would be less likely to be easy over collecting rent when rent was due; and Mack was just a shade uncertain of his scheme, the scheme that had brought his chair down from the tilt so triumphantly a quarter of an hour ago.

In the Eureka Book and Drug Store he purchased two sheets of cardboard—ten cents each—and a small pot of ebony stain—twenty-five cents; a brush—twenty-five cents—eight drawing pins—ten cents—and returned through a Dawson Street more glamorous than ever to his boarding-house. His room-mate was afieid, and he had solitude in the little summer-heated room, coat off, to inscribe, in careful print—with tongue, though he knew it not, rhythmically wagging to and fro as he worked—upon one card:

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THESE
PREMISES?

THE EUREKA EMPLOYMENT AGENCY OPENS
HERE TO-MORROW.

COME EARLY TO AVOID THE DOOR
JAMB.

The other card he kept in its pristine state.