

CASH, PLEASE

and Wallingford did not bring any millions! He did not, in fact, bring any money! Indeed, he did not come at all!

André Perigord brushed his kinky beard. He put on his silk hat. He donned his gray gloves. He took up his little cane, and he trotted over to the office of J. Rufus Wallingford, Investments!

Some vague cold presentiment possessed him as he entered the anteroom. There were no waiting investors. There was no spider-legged boy. The door of the private office was open, and he entered. There was no money on the desk. It was as bare as varnish could make it. There was no money peeping from the half-open drawer. Monsieur Perigord's heart was sinking fast.

In the big swivel-chair sat J. Rufus Wallingford, with his silk hat on and a huge diamond glowing in his cravat. He was contentedly smoking a big black cigar. Opposite him, with his long legs sprawled under the desk, and his silk hat miraculously poised on the back of his head, sat the grinning Blackie Daw, contentedly puffing a cigarette. They had sat thus every day, from three to four, since André had joined the grand pool. They could afford to loaf. Each one had a new deposit in his bank-book of over twenty-five thousand dollars.

"Ah!" exclaimed André. "You are here, at least. I have not seen you at the Maison Mondeaux!"