

He looked up to behold James quite unable to control his emotions. The lever in which he had trusted was elevating Posy's father to sublime heights. By a stroke of genius Quinney had challenged the attention of a millionaire collector, who might entrust so honest a man with commissions involving tens of thousands of pounds. His bluff had been called in Posy's presence, Posy who was staring at her father with wonder in her eyes. For one moment he was tempted to throw prudence to the winds, and proclaim the fraud. But—would he be believed now?

"Is this young man ill?" asked Jordan.

"Oh no," said Quinney. "He's upset, that's what he is, and no wonder! I'll say this for him, he's a clever lad; and he always had his doubts about them chairs, didn't you, James?"

"Yes," replied the unhappy James, "but——"

"That'll do, my boy. Take away that chair. I feel ill when I look at it. Case it up. We'll send the lot back to Ireland this afternoon."

James picked up the chair and retreated in disorder, outplayed at all points.

"The needlework is beautiful," said Jordan.

"Nothing more to be said," remarked Quinney genially.

He chuckled, rubbing his hands together, glancing slyly at Posy and Susan. Jordan was tremendously impressed. Here was a little man, obviously without much education, who had achieved a distinctive position as a dealer in the world's greatest mart. And he was plucky