

"Howdye, Cap'n Foster. How yon is feelin' this mawnin', suh?"

"As miserable as that mess looks. I'm through with antomobiles, Cass."

"You is gwine git ov' that feelin', Cap'n Foster. They all does!"

"Not I. I wish I could sell the thing for junk."

"Yon is gwine sell it, Boss-man. An' I is gwine buy it. 'Member our 'greement bout'n that seventy-five dollars?"

"Yon don't mean you contemplate paying seventy-five dollars for that bunch of tin?"

"Sho' is, Boss; by tomorry afternoon."

Mr. Zacharias Foster withered Cass with a glare of supreme contempt. "Cass Driggers," he snapped. "Yon haven't the sense of an ape!"

After he had left Urias took his place over the repair pit and gazed upon the ex-automobile. "You reckon you c'n r'illy fix her up, Cass?"

"Huh! 'Rias, these heah cars is like snakes. You c'n cut 'em in half but they goes right on. Hones', it takes th'ee wrecks to get 'em goin' good."

Urias was sceptical. During lunch he kept his eyes away from the brilliant ring which shone splendidly from the finger of his consort. He was gradually becoming alive to the fact that if anything went wrong he was holding the bag. He admired his friend's loyalty in wishing to donate to him one hundred dollars, but he was acutely conscious that Cass Driggers was risking nothing.

When he reached the garage at two o'clock he was aflame with open rebellion. But his mistrust disappeared like magic at sight of the reincarnation which confronted him.