

SNATCHET & SKINNER,
MINING BROKERS AND FINANCIAL AGENTS,
23 AND 25 METROPOLITAN TRUST BUILDING.

Laying the card carefully on the corner of the big desk, he saw through the half-closed door of the living-room, to which his wife had retreated, the loved form and still busy fingers, and took heart for the forthcoming interview seemingly big with portent. Turning with courteous affability to his new clients, he smilingly inquired:

"And to what am I indebted for the pleasure of this visit? What can I do for you, gentlemen?"

"Oh! small matter. Important, though. Money in it, too. But you smoke, I see! Try one of these. Hiram's best. You know what that means."

As the long-forgotten flavor appealed to his dormant, cultured taste, and the aromatic clouds floated up to his nostrils and wreathed his grey head, old memories seemed to be transforming themselves into prospective hopes, and dreams taking shape in realizations, and he permitted himself unwonted ease of attitude in leaning back in his chair, and with elbows resting and fingertips meeting he again addressed the clients sitting opposite.

"Proceed, Mr.—ah—" with a glance at the card—
"Snatchet. I am all attention."

"Well, to cut it short, here's a deed. Recognize it?"

Leaning forward and taking the paper, the notary adjusted his glasses, scanned the endorsement, glanced rapidly through the folios to the signatures, and answered:

"Assuredly. 'Tis an example of my own poor skill in such things."

"It's French, but I think I've got the gist of it. Please give the exact drift—never mind the frills."