

heels on counter-edge, cigar to one side, eyes puckering in the smoke as he grunted over the snappy pages. He glanced up as Jim entered.

‘Why,’ he said, ‘Mr. Scot, of Butte, Montana, I did not recognise you at first with your beard off!’ He began to laugh, deep in his chest. Then Sadie appeared. ‘What do you think of him, Miss Dixon?’ he asked, and Jim was glad that he spoke, for it relieved the tension of the moment. ‘Why, man, everybody recognised you!’

‘Oh, I don’t know,’ said Jim. ‘Maybe somebody did, and put the rest up to it.’

‘Don’t you believe it,’ chuckled Morley. ‘We didn’t need any posting! You now, Miss Dixon, you did not need to be told, did you?’

‘I think I should have recognised him even if I hadn’t heard,’ said she.

Jim looked at her, wishing that she would speak to him, but it was to Morley she addressed herself.

‘I’m just going down to the post,’ she added, ending their little chatter abruptly.

‘Good!’ replied Morley, but as he brought his chair down, and his heels down, rose, and shuffled