

can all live together. I propose to interest you, if I can, in an enterprise in which I have great faith—the best enterprise, I am sure, which it is possible for a man like me to undertake. I am going to try to get hold of a great many such fellows as you are, and as you know all about them, you can be of much assistance to me. You, Cavendish, must be my right-hand man, unless it should happen that I am compelled to become yours.”

Nicholas had found the spring without looking far. A prospect of leadership and influence lighted the eye of the ex-missionary to the Flat Heads.

“Now,” said Nicholas, putting on his overcoat and hat, “let’s go and find a boarding-place. I have a dozen advertisements in my pocket, clipped out of the papers while I was waiting for you this morning.”

As they passed out of the hall and struck the sidewalk, Mr. Cavendish coupled himself with Nicholas, and the men walked down the street together. Nicholas was conscious that he was but little known, and that few, if any, would notice his strange companionship. Besides, he was deeply interested, and he did not care.

They went to one house after another, and finally decided upon a large double-bedded room, in a cheap part of the city. Nicholas, after the decision was made, had a long conference with the landlady, which ended in his becoming personally responsible for the board of the three men for a month, and an agreement on her part, that she would report to him any irregularities of her new boarders, should any occur.

During this interview he had left the three men in their room. On returning, he found them very comfortable, and cheerfully chaffing each other.

“You two fellows,” said Nicholas, speaking to Lansing Minturn and Yankton, “are to stay here, while Cavendish and I go out. You have had enough to eat, you are comfortable, you have no temptation to go away. We are going out to see what we can do for you.”

Nicholas and Cavendish had hardly reached the corner of the street, when the two men, thus left free from care and in pleasant quarters, lay down upon their beds and went soundly to sleep. They had been up more than half of the previous night, and the beds were the most inviting they had seen for years. No lock and key was needed for them.

Nicholas and his companion made directly for Glezen’s office. They found him, as he told them, “up to his eyes” in work, though he gave Nicholas a cordial greeting, and received his companion politely. Glezen knew, with the quick insight that comes to an observant man in city life, that Cavendish “had had a history.” He knew that he was not an ordinary man, in ordinary circumstances. His seedy clothes, his sharpened countenance, his quick eyes, betrayed the adventurer who lived