

had brightened, his keen glance rested pleasantly upon Quinney. He had been told that this odd little man never sold fakes except as such, and here was confirmation strong of the astounding statement. Tamlin he knew to be a plausible rogue, who was honest only in his dealings with men like himself, recognized experts. Lark and Bundy he knew also as gentlemen of the same kidney. Quinney soared above his experience of dealers—a unique specimen.

These thoughts were diverted by the entrance of James, carrying the chair. He set it down with a flourish. He believed that Quinney had such faith in his powers as a faker of Chipendale furniture that he dared to invite the inspection of an expert. In a sense it was a proud moment for him, when he heard Quinney say:

"Now, Mr. Jordan, will you kindly pass judgment on this chair?"

Jordan adjusted his pince-nez, and bent over it. Quinney glanced at James.

"Stay you here, my lad."

James smiled triumphantly, interpreting these words to mean surrender. He collapsed like a pricked bladder, when he heard Quinney say to Jordan:

"Wonderful bit of fake work, Mr. Jordan, isn't it?"

"Half-and-half, I call it," observed Tamlin, noting the effect on James.

"Yes," said Jordan slowly. "This leg is genuine, I should say, and that isn't. Under a strong glass one would perceive the difference."