

handed the note to Sadie. ‘Sounds hopeful,’ he said. ‘Olson isn’t the man to write like that if he hasn’t pretty nearly signed and settled. Miss Dixon—Sadie—if I make good on this, will you——’

‘Oh, Jim Jefferies! Don’t put it that way! I haven’t even asked what you’ve found!’

He took her hand, which she surrendered to him, and raised it to his lips—and then abruptly rushed off to be shaven.

Sadie stood looking after him with a face from which it seemed all expression had gone, and he —half-turning at the door—had a glimpse of her thus as he wheeled away. She haunted him all along First Avenue. People glanced a second time at him, because of the expression of his face, not easy to define, but the expression of a man who had just found something—or lost something; of a man who had made a million in an hour, or had just been jilted—or accepted, an intense expression. Those one or two passers-by who noticed, looked again, curious, surmised him ‘up against it’ anyhow.

And he was.

P.S.T.

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