

his arm eagerly. "I is been lookin' for you ev'y-where, 'Rias."

"Is you?"

"Sho' is. Got a few minutes to spare?"

"Spare time," answered Urias gloomily, "is the on'y thing I ain't got anythin' else but."

"You ain't wukin'?"

"No."

"How come?"

"Me'n my boss ain't been gittin' 'long so well for some time so I thought I better quit."

"'Rias," interrogated the other intensely, "how'd you like to make a hund'ed dollars cash 'thout doin' no wuk?"

Urias glared severely at his companion. "Cass Driggers, you might's well on'erstan' I ain't in no jokin' humour."

"Nor neither I ain't. Ise plumb serious."

"Huh! When you makes talk like what you is doin', you is plumb foolish."

Cass's voice took on a nuance of pleading earnestness. "'Tain't so, 'Rias. They's a chanest for I an' you to make a hund'ed dollars each — easy. 'Thout doin' no wuk a tall. An' seein' as I an' you is good frien's, Ise lettin' you in fifty-fifty."

"Splain it, Cass — an' if'n you ain't want me to git pow'ful mad, you loocidate it tho'ough an' complete."

"Heah's the how of it, 'Rias. For th'ee months senest I been wukin' as a mechanic down to the 'Celsior gyrage I is been teachin' a white gen'leman name of Cap'n Zacharias Foster how to run a new fliyver which he done bought. It been jes' about a hopeless job 'cause'n he's one of them they