

sums into cotton mills on the Blackwater near Hammersville. These had been successful, and the plant—to use the technical term—called loudly for enlargement. At any time of night it was pleasant to hear news of money for this enterprise.

Mr. Lamb (for that was the man's name) offered very plausible excuses for his late and sudden arrival on the scene. His references were eminently satisfactory; and I was soon discussing business with him eagerly, and smoking one of his cigars. He had declined mine, and pressed his upon me as the choicest of Havanas. They were certainly of fine flavor; but the one I smoked somehow affected my nerves so powerfully that I slept not a wink that night.

“Talk not to me of time nor of interest,” said he, when we came down to particulars; “I wish to put my money in as a partner—a sleeping partner.”

At this stage of the conversation I looked at Olsen. To my surprise, he was the picture of terror. His face was hidden from Mr. Lamb; but he was so situated that he could look into the Hebrew's eyes, and his gaze had become a fixed stare. He had the look of one fascinated. Yet he still kept his wits about him, for he whispered to me:

“Do not accept that offer. Put him off—for God's sake put him off, and let us at least have daylight to confer with him in.”

The horror of a situation often does not appeal to one until afterwards. Surprised as I was at Olsen's manner, I