

was minded, though it brought no panic upon me, to take his counsel.

“Mr. Lamb,” said I, “It is late, and we are tired. Tomorrow—say, at eleven—we will take up this matter again. I trust you have good quarters at the Ease and Comfort Inn. If not, I can offer you ——”

“You forget,” interrupted Olsen in a hoarse voice, “that Lagarde has that spare room of yours tonight, wishing not to rouse his home people when he comes away from the ball.”

I took the hint, and pressed no more my hospitalities on the Hebrew, who, for his part, professed to be in clover at his hotel and only regretted that we would talk business no longer. Hardly had the door closed, when I turned on Olsen somewhat wrathfully.

“What the devil did you mean by damming up so rich a stream?”

“The devil,” repeated Olsen in a very different tone. “I never believed there was a devil until now. Now I know not what to think. Strange and confusing things have I been reading in that man’s mind, if man he be.”

At another time I should have burst into laughter at these words. Now I knew very well that my friend was in earnest; and his interpretations of the thoughts of others had of late been so sound, that I could not help being impressed by this hint of something weird in the apparently respectable money lender.