

“In Heaven’s name, Emil,” said I, “what did you read there?”

“It would be hard to say in any definite, intelligible form,” he answered. “It was just that he kept muttering inwardly the most horrible things. He seemed to gloat over past seductions of humanity. His sublatent consciousness bubbled up from time to time in such spurts as these: Samson and David with women, Gehazi with garments, Judas with money; Alcibiades with pique, Cæsar with empire, the Visigoth Julian with revenge, Crassus and Churchill with money. Surest of all is money. That tempter mirrors all the rest. What was in Gehazi’s mind, when I followed with him after the chariot of Naaman? Money, and the meaning of money—garments, and oliveyards, and vineyards, and sheep, and oxen, and men-servants, and maid-servants. I tell you, I shall not sleep tonight for the awful things I have read behind those shining brows.”

“If you are sure,” said I, “that there is evil in the man, let us break off with him, have no dealings with him at all. But, to me, I must say, he appeared a really genial man of business, a little subtle in the eye, but in speech as fair and frank as anyone I ever met.” Olsen shuddered.

“I wish that you could have seen into his mind,” he said.

I had never seen Olsen so nervous as he was when the hour drew near which I had appointed for our next day’s interview with Mr. Lamb. I felt some dismay too. Perhaps it was the contagion of my friend’s uneasiness; perhaps it