

was that my want of sleep unnerved me. I was certainly not in the right frame of mind for business. At last the capitalist came in, his appearance even more prepossessing by day than when he so suddenly opened his mission the night before.

"I trust," he said, on taking his seat, "now that you have slept upon it, you will see no objection to taking me in as a partner. My heart is quite set upon success in this matter, and I see a fortune in view for us all, when I have once put into the business the ample means at my disposal."

There was a red jar of common pottery on the table at his side. In putting down his hat, he pushed the jar, to make room for it, a little way from him. His doing so brought into view the Egyptian design I had embossed upon it by a second firing—a creature with jackal head and human figure. He smiled at the sight of it. The smile struck me as rather sad than sardonic; but I felt Olsen shudder again. He sat close by me, so close that my elbow touched his. I was between him and our visitor, hiding him completely from the Hebrew's eyes, now intent on the image of infernal Set.

Presently, however, as though with a great effort, he rose and passed around the table in rear of Mr. Lamb, who, after touching the god on the snout curiously, had turned away and was leaning forward in a listening attitude, waiting no doubt for my reply.

Olsen touched the jar, and fell to the floor immediately, as if he had received an electric shock.