

"Because for more than one year now I say to myself: 'Carl Heinz-



"It iss all right to be smart, but to be a thief!"

man, you vas one dirty scoundrel. You vas a thief. It iss all right to be smart, but to be a thief!"

"Why didn't you pull out?" asked Orde.

"I couldn't!" cried Heinzman piteously. "He haf me cold. I paid Stanford \$500 for his vote on the charter, and Newmark he know dot. He can prove it. He tell me if I don't do what he say he put me in jail."

"Well, he can still put you in prison," said Orde.

"Vot I care?" cried Heinzman, throwing up both his arms. "You and your wife are my friends. She save my Mina. Du lieber Gott! If my daughter had died, vot good iss friends and money, vot good iss anything? I don't want to live! And ven I sit dere by her always-something ask me, 'Vy you do dot to the peoples dot safe your Mina?'"

His excitement died.

"Have you that note?" asked Orde.

"It is at my office for the foreclosure. I will not foreclose. He can send me to the penitentiary."

"Telephone Lambert in the morning to give it to me. No—here. Write an order in this notebook."

Heinzman wrote the required order.

"I go," said he, suddenly weary.

Orde accompanied him down the street and succeeded in slipping him through the improvised quarantine.

Morning found Orde still seated in the library chair. His head was sunk forward on his chest; his hands were extended, listless; palms up, along the arms of the chair; his eyes were vacant and troubled.

When the full sun shone into the library he aroused himself to change his clothes. Then, carrying those he had just discarded, he slipped out of the house and down the street. He paused only long enough to telephone from the office telling Carroll he would be out of town all day. Then he set out at a long swinging gait over the hills, miles from the village and in the high beech woods. There he sat down, his back to a monster tree. All day long he gazed steadily on the shifting shadows and splotches of sunlight; on

the patches of blue sky, the gazing white clouds that sailed across them; on the waving, whispering frond that overarched him and the deep cool shadows beneath.

At evening Orde shook himself and arose.

He reached home a little before 6 o'clock. He found Taylor awaiting him.

"I have things pretty well in shape," the lawyer said.

"Then the trouble is over?" asked Orde.

"I wouldn't say that," replied Taylor, "but you can rest easy as to the title to your lauds. The investigation had no real basis to it. There may have been some small individual cases of false entry, but nothing on which to ground a real attack."

"When can I borrow on it?"

"Not for a year or two, I should say. There's an awful lot of red tape to unwind."

"Oh," said Orde in some disappointment.

Taylor hesitated.

"I have something more to tell you—something that will be painful," said he.

Orde looked up quickly.

"Well, what is it?"

"The general cussedness of all this investigation business had me puzzled until at last I made up my mind to do a little investigating on my own account. There was one man behind all this. He was—"

"Joe Newmark," said Orde quietly.

"How did you know that?"

"I just guessed."

"Well, it was Newmark. He tied up the land in this trumped up investigation so you could not borrow on it."

"How did he find out I owned any land?" asked Orde.

"That I couldn't tell you. Must have been a leak somewhere."

Orde did not wish to return to the office until he had worked his problem out, so to lend his absence the color of naturalness he drove back next morning to the booms.

In the evening he went direct to Newmark's.

"Mr. Newmark is out, sir," said Mallock and started to close the door.

But Orde thrust his foot and knee in the opening.

"I'll come in and wait," said he quietly.

"Yes, sir; this way, sir," said Mallock, trying to indicate the dining room.

Orde caught the aroma of tobacco. He turned the knob of the door and entered the library.

There he found Newmark in evening dress, seated in a low easy chair beneath a lamp, smoking and reading a magazine. At Orde's appearance in the doorway he looked up calmly, his paper knife poised, keeping the place.

Orde entered the room and mechanically sat down.

"Newmark," Orde began abruptly, "I know all about this arrangement you made with Heinzman."

"I borrowed some money from Heinzman for the firm."

"Yes, and you supplied that money yourself."

Newmark's eyes narrowed.

"Well, what of it?"

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