

It was a petty employ for one of my reputation ; you would not hear, I felt, much more of it. I hope you have not been leading a double life, pretending to be wicked and being really good all the time. That would be hypocrisy. I have spoken of ironic comment. There was, I thought, little chance of that. I wondered if he had ever been an innocent child feeding among the pantries. But that was no fit time for such musings. He took foolish occasion to tell me who he was ; as if I did not know. Bills should always be met squarely. I turned to the man, and his gaze soon fell before mine. He had always spoken as if his throat were full of jelly. Now with a leer, he emitted sounds through this quag which shaped themselves into hints at some perpetual reward for valuable services rendered. But even then I had not made up my mind. It was, I said to myself, a bad workman who could not play one tool against another.

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