

"Yap?"

"You might make up lunch for all this push that quit to-day."

"All right, boss."

They departed to town, and next morning the junior partner rode up. There was a twinkle in his eyes for sign of intense hilarity, as he reined up beside Jimmy.

"I paid off that bunch this morning," he said.

"I hear they are to draw lots at the Occidental."

"Draw lots?"

"Yes—wasn't it your idea?"

"I don't tumble."

"They seem kind of dark about it themselves. But they say around town that there was a jack-pot for them if they speeded up."

Jimmy smiled.

"I guess that's the straw-bosses' idea," said he.

Evidently they had conspired together to set apart a proportion of their fifty cents per day perquisite, wherewith to appeal to the sporting instinct of the workers. Too small a sum, maybe, to divide, it would yet be pleasant enough purse for each to look forward to speculatively. A day or two less to their names, for stipulated day's wage, in the time-keeper's books, would be a trifling consideration compared with the fun of hoping to be the winner of the celerity sweepstake—and perchance having the hope crowned. Wherefore—speed her up! That the lucky winner of the "jack-pot" might, or might not, "blow it in" on the crowd, as unearned increment, on spirituous liquors and cigars, is another matter, and maybe irrelevant to the story.

Messrs. Lee and Smith had their own surmise as to why Jimmy Browne should believe that his

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