

was striving to make off with something that the child was clinging to with all her might, he hurled himself straight at the fellow, hitting blindly at his head and face, by no means understanding what was wrong, but doing his best to help Etta keep possession of what she was holding so fast.

The fellow decamped in a great hurry then, and Elgar, who was waking up now, saw that it was a Chinaman, with a peculiarly ugly face, and a badly scarred upper lip.

"What was it that he was helping himself to, child?" asked Elgar drowsily, feeling that it would be wiser not to go to sleep at all, if waking up made him feel so bad.

"It was this, he took it out of your jacket pocket, and was making off with it. I screamed to you, and I kicked you, but you would not wake up, and so I had to run after him, and hang on tight, only he was so tremendously strong, that I was afraid every minute he would be gone before you woke up enough to tackle him. But when you did come you roared at him like a lion, and it was fine to see you pitch into him, and he about twice your size. Oh, you are a brave boy, Elgar!" cried Etta, in genuine and unqualified admiration.

But her praise brought no thrill of satisfaction to Elgar, it is even doubtful whether he took in the full sense of it, for the thing which she gave him, that the thievish fingers of the unknown Chinkie had fastened upon, was the little packet wrapped in soft brown paper, containing the fragment of the ivory fan with the portrait of the unknown man.

A queer, giddy sensation gripped Elgar then, and he leaned against the wall, wondering what there