

"Isn't time to laugh yet, Clark," interjected Peel.  
"What did the missionary do but play us!"

"What?"

"Sure, and cleaned us."

"Well, what do you know about that!"—the while his stomach protested against a third deluge.

"Then gave us back our money," said Linny, in a tone of casual disgust.

Ward curbed his surprise this time. There might be another climax for all he knew.

"What was the idea?" he asked, with affected indifference.

"Demonstrating his sermon, I suppose," laughed Peel. "Our heads weren't very clear, I guess, and we didn't quite get his drift, but he shot a lot of stuff about sports and men and so on. I think he called us yaps a couple of times just before he cashed in. Anyway we found our money in our pockets when the fumes had disappeared."

"Oh, that's Jim Ansom for you," declared Bob. "I've run across him lots of times. He seems to take a delight in showing the boys how smart he is and how blessedly righteous. I'll bet he's the worst old rounder on the job."

"He probably got your money from you when you were pickled," suggested Ward, sneering at the very thought of it; which remark, taken in connection with their statement that the money had been returned, would seem to indicate that he was doing his share of the drinking.

"Feel like a game?" he heard Peel ask Linny.

Why did they insist on leaving him out of everything like this? Did Peel as well as Linny suspect