

to-night, and Sam was one of the men in Reuben's pay, and so he had to go."

"It is sailing pretty close to the wind, to burn a man's place down over his head now-a-days, though, and the police get more lively every week. I should not care to be in Sam's shoes if the lot of them get caught," boomed the big man.

"They won't get caught, you trust them," said the other. "The job was planned for midnight, because the police would be very busy at that time, and a lot of the other fellows were going to help by kicking up no end of a row on Main Street, so that would hinder the police a good bit, and then this excitement up here would help too, for more police have been telephoned for, as the crowds seemed to be getting out of hand. Old Smart is as nervous as a cat, I can see. He is afraid that his place will be rushed presently, and he knows that about five minutes pitching in would wreck everything there is on the place. Oh, I say, it is as good as a theatre, and you don't have to pay for a seat, either!"

"No, but I don't know as I wouldn't sooner pay, and be able to sit down comfortable, seeing as I've been hard at work since dawn, and I'm not as young as I was twenty years ago," grumbled the big voice.

"Neither am I, come to that, but I'm spry enough to like a good lark, and I'd just like to have helped old Sam fire that shack to-night, only, unluckily for me, I'd business at this end of the town that wouldn't wait, so I had to come here instead," replied the thin voice in its penetrating half-whisper.

Elgar felt his hair stand straight up on end. So it was no mere skunk that was to be smoked out to-night, but some man who by chance had offended