

store, which was chiefly built from a wagon tilt and packing cases, and leaving him clinging to the frame of the door he was hurrying away, when his attention was caught by something lying on the inverted packing case, which did duty for a counter.

It was the strangest thing to see in such a place, for it was a lady's fan carved in ivory, of beautiful and exquisite workmanship, and in the centre was the portrait of a man.

"Didn't you hear me say that I could do without you now?" snarled the man, seeing the direction of Elgar's glance, then, moving with difficulty, he threw a dirty red handkerchief over the lovely ivory fan, and turned as if to hurry the boy away.

But Elgar was already picking his way between the stumps, and wishing he could find out where that wonderful fan had come from.