

as it is. When I get home I'll explain. I don't know just when——"

This was where the intruders had entered.

After walking several times up and down the main street of the town in which they found themselves, the drummers yawned, looked at each other and seemed open for suggestions.

"You say you're going to branch off to-morrow, Ward?" said Peel.

"Yes, fellows, it's a case of have to. I haven't been getting very good results down this line, so I think I'll strike north."

"Nothing extra for me, either," admitted Linny. "I've been handling the parson type in dry towns."

"Trying to handle them, you mean," corrected Bill.

"Trying's right," humbly agreed Bob. "Well," he changed his tone in an instant, "let's have a game and a few drinks as a finish, boys. Bill, it's up to you and me—our partner's off before the break of day."

Peel entered into the proposition with such generous spirit Ward felt obliged to submit, although he had no desire for either drinks or poker at the moment. He tried to show his appreciation of their good-fellowship, however, and in the effort emptied quite a number of glasses.

Next morning when he had gone the postmaster brought an unaddressed card up to the hotel and asked the clerk if he knew the writing. This was indeed a busy village. Of course, the postmaster did like his rye now and then.

Linny and Peel were lounging near, waiting for a train south, and the clerk naturally referred the card to them. They read it together: