

looking as if they never got tired, and never felt even the slightest need of rest.

To-night there was more excitement than usual, for some prospectors had reached the place just about sundown, reporting great finds of silver in a chain of hills, name unknown, where they had spent the summer, and although the actual facts might pan out very different from the statements being at present made over drinks in the saloons, yet a thrill had gone through the place which had set every one talking, and stirred up a tremendous amount of excitement.

Elgar pushed and elbowed his way through the crowds in his anxiety to reach Eli Smart's place. But when he got there, to his surprise it was not shut but thronged to the door with buyers, loungers, and lookers-on, all of whom seemed to be talking at the tops of their voices as they were bundled hither and thither by people passing in and out.

Edging up into the crowd, Elgar was thinking rather dismally of how short his night's rest would have to be in consequence of this business trip to North Bank, when some words spoken by two men wedged close up to him arrested his attention, and at once he became very wide-awake and intensely alert.

"Sam didn't come over after all, then?" asked one man, who had a deep, thick voice, which, despite its volume, seemed to have no carrying power.

"No," replied his companion, in a tone little above a whisper, but which was clearly audible to Elgar, standing wedged close in behind him. "Old Reuben Shore sent a messenger up to Browning's camp yesterday, to say that he wanted the skunk smoked out