

that he could easily tread from rafter to rafter over the ceiling of the "club-room."

Great was his joy to find that in several places openings had been made to the room below for the purpose of ventilation. Through these he would be able to make his observations. He silently retired, crept down the ladder, and was soon striding along the prairie in the direction of his home.

At eight o'clock, night having come on, the lights in the hotel guided him in returning to the rendezvous. Looking in at the windows of the "club-room," he saw that a bright fire was burning in the stove, and that around it eight or ten men were sitting. Among them were Dave Helbrod and his companion of the previous evening.

On the adjacent table were jugs, bottles and glasses, a dish of cheese and a plate of crackers. It seemed that a little refreshment was necessary to bring the conspirators "up to the scratch."

Dave Helbrod was talking and gesticulating with great vigor. It was evident that he was narrating something to his companions. Fritz lost no time in ensconcing himself in the loft. Lying down at full length on the rafters, he found that, unperceived, he could see all that went on. Helbrod was talking loudly. "Well, me havin' made that bit of arrangement