

eagerly, for he was very keen on sport, and he had read so much about the fun that might be got from smoking out a skunk, that he just yearned for a chance to catch on and help at the business.

"You can settle that with the men, only don't forget my message," said Reuben, turning away on his seat, as if quite tired of the subject, while Elgar started off up the long hill, walking now at a great pace, because he had already wasted quite five minutes in talking to Reuben Shore, and if he were going to spend all the extra time in toiling along to Josh Browning's camp, he would stand a chance of being very late home indeed, and might lose some of his regular customers in consequence.

Puff, puff, pant, pant, how frightfully heavy his barrow was that hot afternoon, for although autumn was coming on, and the long winter would soon be down upon them, in the middle of the day it was still as hot as summer. Elgar had taken off his coat, and hung it on the truck, while he puffed and panted his way along the rough trail.

It was the same coat from which the Chinaman had attempted to steal the fragment of ivory fan, but the little parcel was not in the pocket to-day, and so he did not mind what he did with his jacket. After much careful consideration, Elgar had hit upon the very safest hiding-place he could think of, for the fragment of that mysterious fan, and his own emerald locket, which seemed to be so strangely connected, by reason of their having the portrait of the same person in them. He had not told anyone of the place, and he did not mean to do so. But he was only waiting his opportunity to ask his Aunt Mary if she could tell him the name of the person