

unless the individual is unconscious of being spied upon. By the way, why had this other man, Reuben Shore, a grudge against your uncle ? ”

“ Reuben Shore had squatted on the ground in Yokohama Street, which my uncle bought. But he was urged into the buying by Mr. Bulkley, who wanted to secure the eviction of Reuben Shore, so really the grudge of the old man ought to be against Mr. Bulkley,” explained Elgar.

“ Well, doubtless he has a grudge against him, only you know it is not always easy to pay debts of hate even just when they fall due,” returned the officer, with a smile. “ Besides Mr. Bulkley has already suffered some pretty rough handling, at the hands of some person or other at present unknown.”

Elgar gave a little jump at this, and burst into an involuntary question. “ But, please, sir, isn't it true then that Mr. Bulkley upset himself, I mean that he hurt himself, by an explosion, when he was testing some minerals ? ”

The officer smiled, and because he was taken with the boy's keenly intelligent face and eager manner, he answered the question more fully than he would have done in an ordinary way. “ I know that is what people are saying, but to any one who knows anything about minerals, or the way in which they are tested, that statement won't hold water for one moment, and most of us think that he must be shielding some one, as he will give no real information about the manner in which he got his hurt.”

Elgar permitted himself a sudden gurgle of laughter. “ Oh, I say, it can't be possible that he was the man whom I hurt ! ” he exclaimed.

“ What do you mean ? ” demanded the officer,