

to him, he stayed to minister to the old man's necessities, mindful of his scout duty, which was to help whomsoever he found in need.

Two days he stayed with the old man, whose tide of life was almost at the ebb, and since even the hardest heart may soften, and grow gentle at the approach of death, a change for the better in the temper of the crusty old man, put into Elgar's hands the clue for which he had searched so long, and vainly.

"If I had been Sally, and Tim, I would have taken that two hundred and fifty dollars, while there was a chance of getting it without any awkward questions being asked," said Reuben, his grey face, and labouring breath showing how near he was to his end.

"Why didn't they take it?" asked Elgar.

"Because they knew that Simon Bulkley meant to wipe you out, if he could do it without being spotted, and then they knew that he would pay a jolly good price for having Edith's claim suppressed, don't you see, and so they stood out for as much as they could get, and it has ended in their getting nothing, and having the girl to keep all winter, into the bargain, and she has been a handful too, so Tim says, and the work they have had to keep her from running away has been something awful. It is hard on me too, for if they hadn't had to keep her, they could have spared a bit more for me perhaps, but a growing girl needs a shocking lot to eat, and so I have had to go short," grumbled the old man.

Elgar's breath came in lumpy gasps, his heart beat as if he had been running a race, and he was almost afraid to speak, lest the old man should