

"Nit. We'll drive right up to Stevens's place. I'll inquire where he lives."

After getting directions they proceeded up to Mr. Stevens's residence. Pete alighted and unstrapped his grip and sample case and handed Jake fifteen dollars. "You go down to the hotel and feed the team, and get a warm breakfast, and tell Mac. to charge it on my bill."

"Don't forget about that job, Mr. Crowther," admonished Jake, as he shook hands good-bye.

"Sure not. I like the way you do things, Jake. You will hear from me."

When Mr. Stevens appeared at the door Pete promptly introduced himself.

"Where did you accumulate all that mud?" inquired Mr. Stevens.

"Oh, driving from Dover."

"What, last night?"

"Sure. I was out all night."

"And you want to sell me a stock of groceries," laughed Stevens.

"You're a good guesser," grinned Pete.

"Come in and clean up and take breakfast with us," invited Stevens. "I'm sorry to say