

ou what I'll do. I
bny you out alto-

"returned the coun-
at the proposition.

look. "Yelverson
I believe."

erson, it's all the
that I could take a
y, and St. Charles.
s county, and work
ile at Oswego, see
share with me."

Craig.
ree or four days at

would like to sell
ck by the lakes, if

ure that I can buy
can see Bill Boyd
ing able together

haking my hand
go into Chicago
for you four or

ne hills into the
detour before re-
ndred dollars in
l Fire Insurance
where I arrived
hills of Dundee,
nd eventful day

ui vive of expec-
eatest interest ;
nterfeiter would
out from Elgin

for some distant point as soon as I had started for home, and would leave us all in the lurch with five hundred dollars in counterfeit money on our hands for all our trouble and officiousness.

I confess that, being new to the business, I had something of a like fear, or distrust ; but still, in revolving thematter in my mind, I could not but always come back to the first impression I had gained of my Vermont friend, to the effect that, criminal though he was, he was a man who, when he had passed his word, would be certain to keep it.

With a view of allaying the anxiety of my friends, and also satisfying my own curiosity concerning the matter, I promised that early the next morning I would take some measures to learn definitely the whereabouts of the counterfeiter. And so, tired, partly discouraged, and fully satisfied in my own mind that I was not born to become a detective, I went home, and sought my bed with a feeling that the little cooper-shop, my good wife, and our plain, homely ways, were, after all, the best things on earth, and, altogether, better than any other sort of life or attainments possible for man to secure.

Prompt to my promise, I was up betimes the next morning ; and, after a hasty breakfast, secured a horse and was soon rapidly cantering off in the direction of Elgin, where I arrived by the time the villagers of the little town were stirring about their several avocations. I proceeded directly to the house of John Smith, the gunsmith.

Before I had reached the same, my spirits were measurably raised to observe, sitting there upon the rough porch, shaded with roses and honeysuckles, the veritable gentleman from Vermont who had given us all so much uneasiness.

He was smoking his pipe and enjoying the morning as composedly as any man well could, and, as I approached, looked up with a pleasant smile of greeting.

He advanced quickly to the gate, and grasped my hand heartily, saying quietly :

"Helloa, Pinkerton, what's up ?"

"Only myself," I answered jokingly.

"Have you got started out on your trip this early ?" he inquired.

"Yes ; I believe if anything's worth doing, it's worth doing quickly and thoroughly. I'm on my way down the river to