

school-fellow of his—a son of a former landlord—in his school days. But then the tavern was a more respectable place than it was now. Of late it had got a bad name, and was too often the resort of low characters from the growing city.

He began to devise ways and means for finding out what nefarious business was to be transacted.

Eight o'clock on Tuesday evening was the hour that Dave Helbrod had mentioned, and at eight o'clock Fritz meant to be on hand. He had a shrewd suspicion that the proposed meeting would be held in a large room known as the "club-room," where formerly lodge meetings were held. This was in the one-storey part of the building and slightly away from the business portion of the house. Adjoining it was a shed where vehicles were housed, and a loft of considerable size stretched over both. It was Fritz's idea that he could gain access to this loft, making an opening through the boards of the ceiling of the "club-room," and so see and hear all that took place.

Late in the afternoon he walked over to the inn, and, unobserved, passed into the shed in the rear of the "club-room," the door of it being open. Ascending a ladder in a dark corner behind the vehicles of various sorts that were stored there, he found himself in the loft above, and discovered