

my story.

year mentioned, a small general Dundee, sent word lately at his place. Footed, and having blue denim over-most invariable coat, and had hardly, and myself were er storekeeper of Elgin, Illinois, the

a rather myste- the store, while a to do a little job

ny, my line is the t sort of thing?" seriously, "we helped break up s Island," and we ly will do it." of "coney men" an explanation. a wheel-barrow ently compelled staves. In the and in the Fox few rods above were both plen- ile busy there I ud other traces quite common ys—people had uired no great in the habit of n infested with from the infor- ne) was able to

trace the outlaws to this island, where subsequently I led the officers who captured the entire gang, consisting of men and women, secured their implements and a large amount of bogus coin, while in honour of the event the island ever since has been known as the "Bogus Island."

Upon this faint record Messrs. Hunt and Bosworth based my claim to detective skill, and insisted on my winning new laurels, or, at least, attempting to do so.

"But what is it you wish done?" I asked, very much preferring to return to the shop, where my men and their work needed my attention.

Mr. Hunt then explained that they were certain that there was then a counterfeiter in the village. They both felt sure he was one, although they had no other evidence save that the party in question had been making inquiries as to the whereabouts of "Old man Crane."

"Old man Crane" was a person who, from general reputation, I knew well. He lived at Libertyville, in the adjoining county of Lake, not more than thirty-five miles distant, bore a hard character generally, and it was suspected that he was engaged in distributing for eastern counterfeiters their worthless money. Nearly every blackleg that came into the community invariably inquired for "Old man Crane," and this fact alone caused the villagers to give him a wide berth. Besides this fact, but recently counterfeiters on the ten-dollar bill of the Wisconsin Marine and Fire Insurance Company's Bank had made their appearance, and were so well executed as to cause serious trouble to farmers and country dealers. Pretty positive proof had come to light that Crane had had a hand in the business; and the fact that a respectable appearing man, a stranger, well mounted and altogether mysterious, and also well supplied with money, had suddenly shown himself in the village, to begin quietly but searchingly making inquiries for "Old man Crane," seemed to the minds of my friends to be the best of evidence that the stranger was none other than the veritable counterfeiter who was supplying such old reprobates as Crane with the spurious ten-dollar bills on George Smith's bank.

But this was curious business for me, I thought, as, protesting against leaving my work for a will-o'-the-wisp piece of business, which, even should it happen to prove successful,