

rather cruel mouth hid under a heavy moustache, clean shaven cheeks and chin. You can meet hundreds like him on the Bowery, or on Broad St., Buffalo.

Taking care he did not see me I hastily withdrew, and going to the other hotel, the "St. Regis," I watched for his supposed companion, guided by the description I had received.

Him I found standing outside the hotel door smoking a cigar,—the very opposite in all respects to the other. Small, thin-faced, with light sandy moustache and beard. He was the picture of a shrewd Yankee, and as he raised his arm to take his cigar out of his mouth I observed a projection in the region of the breast pocket of his coat which I knew could be nothing else than the barrel end of a revolver. He was looking at a man cleaning a horse, so I passed quickly by, and by a roundabout way returned to the store just as the factory bells and whistles sounded twelve o'clock, and the streets began to echo the tread of the toilers hurrying home to their dinners.

That same afternoon at about three o'clock, a small, thin-faced, sandy bearded man looked into the store and asked if we could match a piece of doe skin cloth he had with him. He spoke to George Sims, who is my assistant, and George went to the closet and fetched him out our best roll of cloth. It was almost the same but would not exactly do, he said, so he looked at some more but none were exactly what he wanted. He had however, a good opportunity to see our stock of those

goods, at one time following George to the door of the closet and looking in. He then went over to Miss Jones's counter and looked at some silk and satin ribbons, buying a yard and a half of narrow neck ribbon for a tie. He also priced some velvets and plushes, behaving very politely and apologizing for the trouble he gave. Then he left.

All this time I had been watching him while serving an old lady with some clothing for two small boys she had brought with her, and when he went I felt certain that he and I would meet again, especially as he had gone down the side street casting a keen glance in at the side window as he went by.

When I had at last got rid of my old lady customer who, I am afraid, found me less patient and polite than usual, I went outside the front door to take a look round when I observed the latter of the two strangers coming out of Corbie's the jewellers, looking at a ring on his finger which he had apparently just bought. Ah, thought I, that is to be the game is it. He has been looking over the stock and seeing where the goods are kept; also the fastenings of the doors and so forth. As he came my way he gave a sharp look at the goods in the windows and half stopped as if he were coming in.—altering his mind however, he passed on; but he too turned down the side street and looked into the side window intently.

Now I thought that the plot was thickening, and I longed for the evening to come when I could get to work and perfect my plans. We generally closed at eight, though sometimes I stopped later putting goods away or helping with the books. This I thought to myself, would be one of the nights when I should stay later.

So when eight o'clock came it was a pleasant sight to me to see the people go, while I sat at the desk writing away as if I had hours of work before me, although ten minutes after the hour I opened the side door and admitted my old friend who was going to share the fun with me and possibly the danger too.

And the first thing we did was to bait our trap, as we wanted to catch the largest and most dangerous foe. In the closet we put some of the best goods on the highest shelves and took away and hid the short steps which were usually kept there. These goods we left projecting so that they could be seen; then we fixed the short crowbar we used for opening cases, so that it would fall into a staple across the door of the closet if it were quickly closed, and tied a string to the door by which we could pull it shut from our hiding place; the silk and satin ribbon and velvet goods we left as they were, behind the other counter upon the shelves which lined that side of the store.



HE THOUGHT HE GOT THE RIGHT SCENT AT LAST.