

house even can be searched. Well, they tell me he confiscated what he found—and you know yourself Bill, it was prime good stuff that the magistrate always kept—but it's gone! There's no hope of getting a drop now, and in two weeks it's Christmas! It will be a lonesome one in these parts." Bill Lukes thoughtfully stroked his chin, on which a three weeks' growth of whiskers resisted the free passage of his hand!

"It's sure tough, Dad. Ain't there no way? What's wrong