

half-an-hour of speculation made him so fearfully sleepy that the next thing he knew was his aunt calling to him that it was time to get up.

Things looked different in the morning, they mostly do, and what had been so mysterious over night, now resolved itself into a very commonplace affair indeed. Someone had seen the costly fan lying on the counter of Reuben Shore as he had done, and tempted by its evident value, had tried to steal it; there had been a scuffle in which the fan had got broken, and Reuben so much knocked about, that it was necessary to take him to the hospital tent. Oh, it was a very plain sort of a story when worked out in the reasonable light of day, and Elgar laughed at himself, because of the shivering in which he had indulged over night. It was a good thing that no one else had seen how scared he was, or they might have dubbed him a coward, and that was what he called himself for the whole of that day, despising himself with so fierce a scorn, that it made his temper short where other people were concerned.

The next night he took care to show no light, when he went to his bed under the counter of the store, and a careful prowling round the place outside, had shown everything to be quite quiet, and so he deemed that he should have an undisturbed night, but in that he was doomed to be disappointed.

He was just dropping off to sleep when his quick ear caught the sound of scraping at the window by the door, and instantly he guessed what was going on. Some one was trying to scrape away the putty from the newly glazed window, to remove a pane of glass, and if that were done, a person with a long arm might easily slip the bolt back, and open the door.