

when I got through with my visit there I always went into Chicago on the 'lake road.'

"And of course you both stopped at the Sauganash," I said, meaningly.

"Certainly we stopped there," replied Craig, musingly.

"I *know* that Foster's a man that can be depended on," I remarked, with considerable meaning upon the word "know."

"He's a square man, Foster is," rejoined the counterfeiter; "and, Pinkerton, I believe you're the right sort of a man too. I sold Foster a big pile the last time I was in Chicago." And then, quick as thought, he said, looking me in the eyes: "Did you ever 'deal' any?"

"Yes, Mr. Craig," I replied, "but only when I could get a first-class article. I frequently 'work off' the stuff in paying my men Saturday nights, when travelling through the country and on the merchants here in Dundee, who have all confidence in me. But I wouldn't touch anything like it for the State of Illinois, unless it was as good in appearance as the genuine article. Have you something really good, now?" I concluded, indifferently.

"I've got a 'bang up' article," said the stranger, quietly.

"But I don't know *what* you've got," I persisted. "I thought you were going over to old Crane's?"

"Well, so I was, Pinkerton; but I believe you're a good, square man, and I don't know but I had as soon sell to you as him."

"I think you had better see Crane," said I, indifferently.

"He's probably expecting you, and, as it's afternoon now, it would be a good idea for you to make the best time you can there."

"How far is it?" he asked.

"Oh, thirty-five miles or thereabouts, and as you've got a good horse, you can make it by dark or before."

He rose as if undecided what to do, and without making any further remark at the time, took his horse to the spring and watered it.

He then returned, and again throwing himself down beside me, remarked carelessly:

"But I haven't yet showed you what I've got. Here are the 'beauties';" and he whipped out two ten-dollar bills,