

coat on the tender of 518. And Speckles, as he heard Healy's gasp of dismay on discovering that his papers were gone, had an inspiration.

"Me papers! Me papers!" wailed Healy. "Fer the love av Mike, I must av dropped thim on the flure!"

"I'll get them for you, Mr. Healy," said Speckles, quick as a shot.

"You'll not!" said Healy. "I'll have no wan risk his life fer thim, bad as I want thim. Hey, come back, you runt!"

But Speckles was gone. Headed straight for the big, yawning doors that vomited their smoke and flames? Oh, no, not Speckles! Hardly! Speckles would make his attempt from the rear! And around the end of the shed and in behind he raced.

Some of the men were fighting the fire from that side, but they were too busy to pay any attention to Speckles. A dab of soot and dirt on his face which he obtained by rubbing his fingers along the blackened wall, an artistic smudge of generous proportions on the outside of the papers, which he took from his pocket, and Speckles' make-up was complete and convincing.

Now, Speckles had an eye for the dramatic and an appreciation of its value. He peered in through one of the windows. It was not nearly as bad inside as it had been, and he decided there would be no risk and very little discomfort in carrying out the plan that had popped into his head.

So he climbed in through a window and dropped