

can," replied his uncle, who was really desirous of getting a little light on the mystery.

Elgar dodged out of the door, and scooting across the uneven piece of ground in front of the shack, got on to the boarded side-walk, which led out into Main Street, through which he would have to pass to reach the stumpy waste, which was labelled in big letters, Yokohama Street.

Although it was only six hours since he had come off the boat with the others, Elgar had already raced round the whole of the city, which was laid out into streets, squares, and business blocks, so he was not at a loss now, as an entire stranger would have been, when he darted out of well-lighted Main Street, and plunged among the stumps in the strip of wilderness, abounding in mudholes, partly dug foundations, and other pitfalls of a similar kind.

"Why that is the place, I do declare, and there is a store on it already!" said Elgar to himself, with a low whistle of astonishment, as in the light of the naphtha flares he read the number 926 on the section post.

He had drawn back into the shadow to stand and study the situation for a few minutes, before he turned back to the shack which was home for the present. It had come home to him with the conviction of a certainty that there was something underneath the anxiety of his uncle's two visitors to find a purchaser for the particular lot, which already had a tenant, if not an owner.

He was still standing there, when the sound of a great commotion reached his ears from the brightly lighted store. Some one was quarrelling fiercely, and just as Elgar was thinking it might be safest to clear