

open door, from which as well as from the window, a gleam of bright light was shining.

"Help—some—Yok—street!" he gasped, stumbling over a bench, or was it a chair? Then he pitched headlong to the floor, and lay for a moment unable to rise, because of the horrible thumping at his heart, which nearly choked him.

Then a strong hand gripped him, and hauled him on to his feet again, holding him there, while a voice said in his hearing, "The boy is in a fit, I expect; what else can you even look for, when youngsters of his age never go to bed at all?"

But Elgar had got his breath back, and squeezing one hand tightly down over his heart to keep it from thumping in such a horrid fashion, he managed to gasp out, "They are going to fire Uncle Bob's store over in Yokohama Street, that is off Main Street, at twelve o'clock to-night, and I have only just heard of it. Can you 'phone through for help? My uncle is in bed, with a broken leg, and there is only my aunt, and three little girls to do anything. I mean there is only my aunt, for the girls are too young to help."

"Where did you hear it?" began one officer, but Elgar waved his arms with such an air of appeal, that another man, also in uniform, who was in the office stepped at once to the telephone to ring up Main Street.

There was what seemed to be an interminable time of waiting, before he got through to the Main Street office, and all the while Elgar stood with his hands gripping a chair-back, and his eyes looking as if they would start out of his head. He heard the officer speaking into the receiver, but the words seemed to convey but little sense to him, and he was