

CHAPTER III

CAUGHT NAPPING

ELGAR promptly blew out his lamp, and then, creeping to the window, peered out into the dark night.

But there was nothing to be seen, he had scarcely expected that there would be. But he was shivering all over from the scare of seeing that face pressed so close against the window pane, and staring so fixedly at the thing in his hand. He stood at the window for a long time, straining his ears to catch the faintest sign of movement outside, and straining his eyes to see something in the dark.

Then he crept back to his bed again, and lay shivering with all sorts of fears, and fancies. It was a mysterious affair altogether. Why had Reuben Shore made a mystery of that fan, by covering it up, when he saw Elgar's eyes wandering in the direction of an object so unusual to find in a country store? Then why had the fan been broken, and dropped among the stumps, and most important of all, what significance had it for any one?

Questions such as these were sufficient to keep any one awake, but Elgar had worked so hard on the previous day, and he was growing so fast, too, while