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movement. I saw the handles of two finely-mounted pistols protruding from inner coat-pockets, and I did not know what might happen. I was wholly unarmed, but I was young, wiry, powerful, and though I had nothing for self-protection save my two big fists and my two stout arms, I was daring enough to tackle a man or beast in self-defence at a moment's warning.

After a moment's silence, he said:

"Well, stranger, I'm a man of business from the word 'go.' What's your name and how long have you been about here?"

"My name's Pinkerton. I've been here three or four years, cooperating some, and harvesting some; but cooperating's my trade. You'd have seen my shop if you had come up the hill. I manage to keep seven or eight men going all the time. But times are fearfully hard. There's no money to be had; and the fact is," said I, looking at him knowingly, "I would like to get hold of something better adapted to getting more ready cash out of—especially if it was a good scheme—so good that there was no danger in it. But what's *your* name and where did you come from?" I asked abruptly.

He scarcely heeded this, and, Yankee-like, replied by asking where *I* came from before locating in Illinois.

"From Scotland," I replied, "from Glasgow. I worked my way through Canada and finally found myself here with just a quarter in my pocket. What little I've got has been through hard work since. But, my friend," said I, smiling, "the talk is all on one side. I asked *you* something about yourself."

"Well," he said, still looking at me as though he would read me through and through, "they call me 'Old man Craig.' My name is Craig—John Craig—and I live down in Vermont, near Fairfield; got a fine farm there. Smith, down here at Elgin, is a nephew of mine; and old Crane, over at Libertyville, and myself, have done a good deal of *business* together."

"Oh, yes," said I, nodding, "I understand."

"But you see," resumed the counterfeiter, "this part of the country is all new to me. I've been to Crane's house before, but that was when I came up the lakes to Little Fort* and

* (The city of Waukegan, in Lake County, Illinois, was called "Little Fort" by the early settlers.)