

"Of course not, of course not, and the sentiment does honour to your intelligence, sir," broke in Jimmy Whitelock hurriedly. He thought that he was saying something fine, and was mightily proud of it, although Simon gave him a poke in the ribs, as an intimation that he had better keep quiet, and leave the talking to other people.

"Now, I wonder why those two men are so anxious for me to buy up that particular lot?" said Bob Townsford, when his two visitors had at last taken themselves off, to the great relief of Mrs. Townsford, who wanted to put her children to bed.

"Where is the land, Uncle Bob?" demanded Elgar Hunt, coming out from behind the packing-case, whither he and his young cousins had retreated when the two strangers arrived, asking for a private interview.

"It is Lot 926, on Yokohama Street, but it is too late for you to find it to-night, boy, better get to your bed and have your sleep out, there is no sense in going to inspect land by candlelight," said Bob Townsford, with a mighty yawn.

But Mrs. Townsford had given her nephew a quick little nod, and Elgar knew instantly that she would like him to go and discover where that particular spot called Lot 926 was, without further delay.

"I saw where Yokohama Street had got to be, as we came up from the landing place; it won't take me many minutes to have a run round that way, and I may find out the reason why they are so anxious for you to have it," said Elgar, cheerfully, trying to look as if he were not dead beat, but was really needing fresh air and exercise.

"Off you go, then, but get back as quick as you