

uncle's return to know what really ailed Simon Bulkley.

It seemed fairly incredible that a big man like that, should have stooped to attempt a burglary, and the more he thought about it, the more impossible it seemed. And yet the coincidence was so remarkable, that it had to be taken notice of in some way. It was the part about the broken bits of glass stuck into the injured man, which haunted Elgar most, for no man in his senses would have any glass close at hand, when he was melting metal in an assaying pan, while the locksmith's suggestion that the victim used a piece of glass to stir the molten metal was too absurd for anything, and Elgar chuckled softly to himself as he thought about it.

But he was downright sorry that his suspicions should have fallen on Simon Bulkley, for it would be simply impossible for strangers, like themselves, to make out a case against a highly placed individual, like the surveyor. The police would laugh even the suggestion to scorn, and would most likely refuse to act upon it. Moreover, the intruder had taken nothing, but had only tried to effect an entrance. The more he thought about it, the more Elgar was disposed to regret his own hasty action in scaring the intruder away. If only he had waited until the burglar had got inside, and laid hands on some property, then there would have been a clear case against him, and something might have been done.

"But what in the world did he want to break in here for?" Elgar asked himself, for about the fortieth time, as he looked round the poor little store, with its scanty stock-in-trade.

Then he thought of the face at the window, on the