

could be in that seemingly unimportant fragment to make so many people anxious to retain it, and to get it in their possession.

First there had been Reuben Shore, who had plainly been attacked with it in his possession. Then there was the unknown man with the white face and fringe of dark whiskers, whom he had seen peering through the window at him. After this had come the mysterious burglar, at whom he had fired, and whose identity, if guessing were correct, added still further to the mystery. Now, on the top of all the others came this Chinaman, who doubtless, watching his opportunity, had swooped down upon the place in broad daylight, and would have succeeded in getting clear away with the fragment but for his little cousin's pluck and presence of mind.

"What is it, Elgar, money?" asked Etta, with a nod towards the parcel.

"No, but there may be money in it, and so I will take more care of it in future," he answered, as he cast about in his mind for some place of security in which to hide, not merely that, but his own emerald locket, which contained the companion portrait.