

which made the process of stealing all that was worth carrying away, a longer process.

When Bob Townsford, accompanied by Elgar, went down to Yokohama Street to view the lot, there was hardly anything of Reuben Shore's store left on the ground, and Elgar rubbed his eyes in amazement, half-inclined to wonder at first if he had been dreaming over night, when he was struggling with Reuben Shore's two assailants.

Mr. Bulkley was on the ground, and soon came to speak to Bob Townsford, which left Elgar free to wander about as he chose, and he was stepping out the boundary line to see if the measurements given were correct, when he noticed the fragments of a cardboard box lying behind a stump.

He stooped to pick it up, and to his profound amazement found that it contained a part of that same beautiful ivory fan, which he had seen lying on Reuben Shore's counter the night before.

The portion had been broken right across the centre panel, but the damage had not touched the portrait of the man in the lower part of the panel, and which was painted on the ivory.

"Oh, what a pity!" muttered Elgar to himself, with instinctive regret for the ruin of a thing of beauty and value. His first idea was that some one had dropped the box containing the fan, as they were evicting the goods of the squatter, but a second glance told him that this could hardly be the case, as his find was on the opposite side of the lot, and could therefore not have been dropped by any official person, while if any pilferer had stolen a thing of so much value, they would have taken care not to damage it *en route*.