

ask"—and I put
road to the north-
le. When you get
l he is as good as

s before :
want to know you
e. I want to talk

let me go ahead.
on my boots and
t on first. Then
p in some of the
But I'll tell you
ently, "upon my
ause I've already

orse, but he con-
o gain time to say
cared very little

something to you !"
l a man as I've

l he edged along
John Smith, of

ied. "Do you

is, he has re-
he might not
n."

I'm his uncle.
ln't know just
here, and that
ould be likely
o his place."
too much al-
soon."

With this I carelessly walked away towards my shop, and at some little distance turned to see the stranger now engaging Eaton Walker in conversation with an evident purpose of gaining time.

"Well," I thought, as I hastened on, "there's no doubt now. This man is certainly a counterfeiter. John Smith is always loaded down with it. He gets it from old Crane; and this man at Walker's is the chief of the gang travelling through the West to supply these precious rascals. But then," it suddenly occurred to me, "what business of mine is all this? Good gracious! I've got a lot of barrels to make, my men need attention, and everything is going to the Old Harry while I am playing detective!"

But having got thus far my will had been touched, and I resolved to carry the matter through, whatever might be the result. While putting on my hat and boots hastily, Hunt and Bosworth came in, and I quickly related what I had learned.

Looking down the hill, we could see the stranger slowly moving across the bridge, and as I was starting in the same direction my friends both urged:

"Now, Pinkerton, capture him sure!"

"Oh, yes," I replied, "but how am I to get at all this?"

"Why, just get his stock, or some of it, and then we'll have him arrested."

"Oh, yes," said I, "but, by thunder! it takes money to buy money! I've got none!"

"Well, well, that's so," remarked Mr. Hunt; "we'll go right down to the store. You drop in there after us, and we'll give you fifty dollars."

All this was speedily done, and I soon found myself over the bridge, past the horseman, and well up the hill upon the highway.

It was a well-travelled thoroughfare, in fact, the road leading from all that section of the country into Chicago; but it was in the midst of harvest-time, and everybody was busy upon the farms. Not a soul was to be seen upon the road, save the stranger and myself, and almost a Sabbath silence seemed to rest over the entire locality. The voices of the birds, which filled the woods in every direction, were hushed into a noon-day chirping, and hardly a sound was to be heard save the