

through them! as quick as they were put off the train. That's what I call insultin' the dead!"

"Did he find anythin' in the coffins?" asked Bill, eagerly.

"Sure, he found it—ain't I tellin' you—he found it—there's nothin' safe or sacred any more—we might as well give up—and settle down to ginger tea."

"Give up nothin'!" said Bill Lukes, "surely one policeman can't run all this country north of the Peace. Darn