

sarcastic, but an uneasy feeling at his heart, as he reflected that perhaps he ought to have gone back to see whether any harm had overtaken his companion.

"We must get lanterns, and start searching right away," said Elgar. He was not disposed to waste words in discussing his uncle with this stranger, but he had quite made up his mind what was the matter, and would not quit searching until he had poked his nose into every pile of rubbish within the danger area.

Lanterns were speedily forthcoming, and so were helpers, for people were genuinely sympathetic with each other, in a place where dangers crowded thick, and fast about the daily life.

For three hours they hunted and hunted, finding nothing. Then Elgar implored Dick Blore, who by this time seemed like an old friend, to go back to Yokohama Street and tell Mrs. Townsford what they were doing, for he guessed that she would be nearly worn out by worry at this time, while if there was still worse to come, it would be better for her to have some sort of preparation for the event.

It was while Dick was gone on this errand, that they stumbled on a clue, for a hat was found in a deep trench, and inside the lining was the name, R. Townsford; this was brought to Elgar, who speedily identified it as the hat which his uncle was wearing, when he went out to inquire as to the well-being of Simon Bulkley.

"Now we have some sort of a clue to work upon, though how a man could have been bowled over by a rock, and lie here for the rest of the day without anyone seeing him, is more than I can imagine,"