

that ugly-tempered old Reuben Shore, who could not be so poor as he looked, if he had the wherewithal to pay other people to do his dirty work. No wonder that Browning's cook had laughed at him for wanting to be allowed to share in the fun ! Well, perhaps it would not be as much fun as they fancied, after all. For if he could only find out in which direction the smoking-out was to take place, it would not be his fault if he did not stop it, or at least have a try at it. Where was the sense in being a scout if he did not do his scout duty in this remote part of the Empire to which he had come ?

It had been a horrible wrench to him to give up all the joys and excitements of a scout's life when he left England, and he had reflected ruefully that there would be no more joy of going into camp, of learning the arts of tracking, and spooring, and making deductions from the simplest of clues. He had enjoyed every bit of those hard-working holidays, and now the remembrance of them was stirring in him, and making him resolve to do his best here alone, where no one seemed to have any time to think or care about the importance of providing instruction or amusement for boys, and where nothing seemed of any value which did not represent hard cash. It was money, money, money, from morning to night, week in, week out, and he was counted the best man who succeeded in scraping together the biggest pile.

But how could he find out where the smoking-out was to take place, and how was he to get there in time, for it was nearly midnight already, and if it was far away there would be no time to give a warning, or even to help the poor people whose home was being