

while bits of glass are stuck into him, as plentiful as pins in a pin cushion."

"Where did the glass come from, if he was busy with an assaying pan?" asked Elgar, in such a strained eager tone, that he was fairly frightened at the sound of it, while the locksmith looked at him in surprise, and his uncle gave him such a nudge, that he nearly toppled head first into the case which he was unpacking.

"I dunno, I'm sure. I expect he'd got some glass vessel standing near, perhaps he even poked a bit of glass into the pan to stir the melting metal; you never can tell what silly things people will do for want of thought. Simon Bulkley is terrible cute when it comes to making money, but it is mostly that sort who lose their heads over simple matters of taking care," said the locksmith, with another raucous scrape at his screw, which set Elgar's teeth on edge.

"A nasty sort of accident that, I think that I will look round that way, and see how he is getting on, it will seem neighbourly," said Bob Townsford, with a warning look at Elgar, and a slight shake of the head, behind the back of the locksmith, then he jammed his old hat firmer on his head, and went out of the door, taking the direction of Main Street.

Work was in full swing everywhere this morning. The new city had to be laid out in a manner befitting its future greatness, and blasting was in operation to clear away a great chunk of solid rock, where it was intended to build a magnificent block of shipping offices. Bob Townsford met an acquaintance just as he reached this place, and the two stood talking about a wonderful find of coal, which had been

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