

“ Bless you, man ! I seed his capers in Sugar Mountain.”

“ Go in there and see if he ’s the man you are hunting for.”

Chadwick went to the door, opened it, and glanced casually around the empty room.

“ Oh, yes ! He ’s the man I ’m huntin’ fer,” he said as he turned away.

“ How do you know ? ” asked Deomateri, observing an expression of humorous disgust on Chadwick’s face.

“ Bekaze he ain’t in there, by jing ! ”

The provost-marshal rushed into the room, followed by Blandford, Deomateri, and the whole army of clerks. He saw that his desk had been rifled of important papers, and he sank in a chair, pale and trembling, and gasping for breath.

“ Gentlemen,” said Blandford to the clerks, “ get back to your work. There is nothing to excite you.” Then he closed the door and turned to the officer. “ My friend, you will demoralize your office, and destroy all discipline. Brace up and give your backbone a chance to do its work.”

“ I am ruined,” cried the officer. “ Ruined ! That miserable thief has stolen the papers that