glided out from a nearby alley-way and bore swiftly down upon the unsuspecting savage. In a trice they had jerked him off his feet, bundled him into a blanket and scurried away. The Indian, though unused to such treatment, made no audible outcry, since the blanket muffled his voice, but he kept his ears open to all that his captors were saying.

"Be careful, Don, and don't break his head feathers, for they're plaster. We want him without a scratch," cautioned one of them as they stumbled along.

"All right," said Don. "But just keep an eye open for the blue-coat and brass buttons. I'm not particularly anxious to meet any of that gentry now."

"That's so." Then chuckling to himself, "pretty neatly done, wasn't it, old fellow?"

"Yes, I flatter myself in saying that I do not believe one of the ' profesh ' could have excelled it. But then we aren't through yet. We've Market street to cross. Why didn't you tie the nag nearer?"

"Couldn't have thought of it," said Hal. "The sight of a lonely horse tied on a principal street at midnight would certainly have looked suspicious."

"You're right," acknowledged Don. "You've a long head ____"

"Thanks," interrupted the other, laughing.

"But so has a mule," finished Don. "Of course," he added quickly, as his companion aimed a vigorous kick at him which he deftly avoided, "I don't mean to insinuate, but if the shoe fits, you know what to do."

"Oh, shut up," said Hal, shortly. "You make me tired."

"All right, Hal. I meant no offense." said Don. Then, stopping suddenly, "here's Market street. Let's rest a moment and then make a dash for it. Our horse is less than a block away. Meanwhile I'll just look about a bit."

He started forward and peered cautiously around the corner. The policeman on that beat had just turned and was moving away up the street. Don signaled to his companion.

"Now is our time," he whispered. "The cop's out of the way."

Then both took fresh grips upon the uncomplaining savage, pulled their hats down to their ears and ran stealthily forward.