

But in his hasty survey Don had failed to notice a banana peel lying just beyond the curb-stone. As ill luck would have it, he stepped on this and the next second measured his length in the street, thus verifying the old adage, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

The noise alarmed the policeman, and he turned just in time to see the two disappear into the alley with their burden. Immediately there came a shrill whistle and the sound of hurried footsteps. Hal turned to Don in despair.

"We're in for it now," said he. "Let's drop the thing and run. They'll stop to investigate and we can get away."

"Not on your daguerrotype," replied his ally as they sped swiftly along. "You untie the horse while I stow away the Indian, and we'll give them the slip yet. Here's the rig. Be lively, now."

It seemed scarcely half a minute ere they were driving madly down the street into the outskirts of the town. But quick as they had been others were just as swift. Soon they heard hoof-beats behind them growing louder each minute. Their hearts were in their throats, and their excited imaginations could see only capture and disgrace ahead. Don, however, was determined to see the thing to the end.

"Hang it all," said Hal; "I'm sorry we ever thought of this lark. How the deuce will we get out of the scrape?"

"Better wait till we're in it," replied Don.

Just then, as they turned a sharp curve in the road, a dark object loomed up in the roadway directly ahead of them. Don drew up sharply to prevent the imminent collision. Then he noticed that the object was a carriage moving away from them. A moment later he gripped Hal's arm in a grasp that made that young man wince.

"We're saved," he cried, excitedly. And the whip descended with biting emphasis upon the flanks of their steed. The buggy rolled and pitched in an alarming manner and threatened to land them all in a confused mass of wreckage by the roadside. But Don's arm was steady and his eye clear, and in a few seconds he had caught up to and passed the vehicle ahead of them. By this time Hal had regained his senses.

"What do you mean—how are we saved?" he asked, anxiously.

"Why, man, can't you see? Those officers will follow the buggy behind us in the belief that we're in it, while we shall turn