

off at the next fork and be well on our way home before they discover their mistake."

And so, indeed, it turned out. Far on in the night two students, sleepy, but highly elated, drew up before a modest cottage in Saranac and after much tugging succeeded in raising some mysterious bundle to the roof of the porch, from where it was quickly transferred to one of the upper rooms. Thus did the untutored savage enter upon a new phase of existence. But retribution was even then following swiftly upon the heels of the wily conspirators.

Hal had been chosen by toss of coin to return the hired conveyance, which he did in a roundabout way to avert any suspicion. But when he mounted the steps of the cottage he did not notice two dark forms which glided behind the trees on the other side of the narrow street. And it was well for his peace of mind that he did not.

As for the officers, when they found out the trick which had been played upon them, they at once turned about and took up the trail at the other fork. This brought them directly into Saranac. After a little inquiry they learned that there was but one livery establishment in the place and there they went, arriving only a few moments before Hal returned with the hired rig. From there it was an easy matter to trace him to his rooms.

The next morning two pairs of eager eyes scanned the early paper, but no mention did either find of their owner's escapade. In the first column, however, in glaring headlines, they saw :

A Daring Abduction.
Pretty Louise Wilford stolen
By a pair of bold ruffians.
Police neatly outwitted.

Then followed a lengthy account of the affair, describing the perpetrators and the victim, together with the chase and the escape, closing with the inevitable statement that the identity of the rascals was known and that they would soon be brought to justice.

However, the sporting page held all of the interest for these two, so they confined their reading of this event to the headlines. Had they read further they would have been better prepared for what was to befall them.

It was precisely eight by the little ormolu clock on the mantel-piece, and both boys were busily engaged in "grubbing" to make