

"Oh, there they are," cried one of the girls who was sitting in the bow of the boat, "see their campfire?"

A chorus of exclamations followed this announcement. "Let's go back," suggested one of the more timid, but her objection was promptly overruled and on they sailed.

Winnie had turned the boat a little farther toward land, and the group of fellows who were telling stories around the fire were startled by the sound of a lively boating song which was borne to them on the breeze. The professor and some of the more studious ones had turned in early, but these fellows were enjoying the lovely moonlight and discussing the probability of a trip up to the seminary next day.

"What now!" exclaimed Jack Hervey, springing to his feet and rushing down to the beach to investigate, followed by the others. In the distance they saw the white sail gleaming in the moonlight, and the sound of the sweet feminine voices grew louder as the boat drew near. "What luck," broke out Jack again, "just what we've been wishing for. By Jove, but they're a jolly crew! Come on, fellows; we can't afford to miss a chance like this. Let's go out to meet them."

Their own yacht was drawn up on the beach near by, and they soon had it afloat with sail in place. The girls had not observed their movements until they sailed from the shadows out into the bright moonlight, but the moment they saw the boat coming toward them the song changed to cries of dismay. "Oh, what shall we do!" cried Maud, almost frightened. "It will never do to let them catch us. Oh, if anyone should find this out, what would happen to the poor 'Night Owls?'"

Winnie had quickly changed the course out into the lake, and the boys seeing that they were trying to escape sent up a shout and entered with spirit into the race.

The girls had the advantage of a larger sail and a lighter load, but before they could get their boat under way the others had gained rapidly and were almost within speaking distance. Winnie, with a determined expression on her face, was now holding the tiller with one hand, while with the other she grasped the rope, ready to draw in or release the sail in order to get all possible force from the wind. Occasionally she cast a glance over her shoulder, and smiled to see that they were now slowly drawing away from their pursuers.