

the sand again. He noticed that the water in the east seemed to feel the approach of day even before the sky. Gradually the day dawned, a slowly-lightening gray at first, until the coming sun spattered a filmy cloud with gold and crimson. Renmark watched the glory of the sunrise, took one lingering look at the curved beauty of the bay shore, shook the sand from his clothing, and started back for the village and the camp beyond.

The village was astir when he reached it. He was surprised to see Stoliker on horseback in front of one of the taverns. Two assistants were with him, also seated on horses. The constable seemed disturbed by the sight of Renmark, but he was there to do his duty.

"Hello!" he cried, "you're up early. I have a warrant for the arrest of your friend: I suppose you won't tell me where he is?"

"You can't expect me to give any information that will get a friend into trouble, can you?—especially as he has done nothing."

"That's as may turn out before a jury," said one of the assistants, gravely.

"Yes," assented Stoliker, winking quietly at the professor. "That is for judge and jury to determine,—not you."

"Well," said Renmark, "I will not inform on anybody, unless I am compelled to, but I may save you some trouble by telling where I have been and what I have seen. I am on my way back from the lake. If you go down there you will still see the mark of a boat's keel on the sand, and probably footprints. A boat came over from the other shore in the night and a man got on board. I don't say who the man was, and I had nothing to do with the matter in any way except as a spectator. That is all the information I have to give."

Stoliker turned to his assistants, and nodded. "What did I tell you?" he asked. "We were right on his track."

"You said the railroad," grumbled the man who had spoken before.

"Well, we were within two miles of him. Let us go down to the lake and see the traces. Then we can return the warrant."

Renmark found Yates still asleep in the tent. He prepared breakfast without disturbing him. When the meal was ready he roused the reporter and told him of his meeting with Stoliker, advising him to get back to New York without delay.

Yates yawned sleepily.

"Yes," he said, "I've been dreaming it all out. I'll get father-in-law to tote me out to Fort Erie to-night."

"Do you think it will be safe to put it off so long?"

"Safer than trying to get away during the day. After breakfast I'm going down to the Bartlett homestead. Must have a talk with the old folks, you know. I'll spend the rest of the day making up for that interview by talking with Kitty. Stoliker will never search for me there, and now that he thinks I'm gone he will likely make a visit to the tent. Stoliker is a good fellow, but his strong point is duty, you know, and if he's certain I'm gone he'll give his country the worth of its money by searching. I won't be back for dinner: so you can put in your time reading my dime novels. I make no reflections