

spoke, another departing male guest came from behind Carlie and placed in her hand a snakelike article—a thing which Miss Lowe seized and concealed with one sweeping gesture.

“It’s some false hair somebody must of put in my overcoat pocket,” said Roderick Magsworth Bitts. “Well, g’-night. Thank you for a very nice time.”

“Good-night, Miss Rennsdale,” said Master Chitten demurely. “Thank you for a——”

But Miss Rennsdale detained him.

“Carlie,” she said earnestly, “you’re a dear boy, and I know you’ll tell me something. It was all Penrod Schofield, wasn’t it?”

“You mean he left the——”

“I mean,” she said, in a low tone, not altogether devoid of ferocity, “I mean it was Penrod who left the faucets running, and Penrod who tied the boys’ shoes together, and filled some of them with soap and mucilage, and put Miss Lowe’s hair in Roddy Bitts’s overcoat. No; look me in the eye, Carlie! They were all shouting that silly thing he started. Didn’t he do it?”

Carlie cast down thoughtful eyes. “I wouldn’t like to tell, Miss Rennsdale,” he said. “I guess I