

"Let's walk home," said Robb, "I'm all worked up; this thing has taken away my breath—I need the air."

Evan did not smile; he walked along in silence.

"What's the matter, old man?" asked his friend when they had reached University Avenue; "has something disappointed you?"

"No," said Evan, ashamed of his moodiness, "I was just thinking of one night similar to this when I was on the cash-book. Doesn't it seem a long time ago, Sam?"

Robb took a deep breath at the word "Sam."

"Old friend," he said, vibrantly, "you can't understand what you've done for me to-night. I was almost at the breaking-point."

Evan's eyes were turned up a side street, an unpaved street where the mud was deep and slimy.

"For heaven's sake!" he whispered, "look who goes there! When I whistle," he continued excitedly, "you fall back and watch for cops. I'm going to spoil that blue coat and those flannel pants."

"I recognize him," said Robb; "go easy; remember you've been a farmer."

It was past midnight. The avenue was deserted. Large chestnuts clothed the side street, down which the person designated walked, in darkness.

Evan fairly panted as he trailed his quarry. Within a few rods of it he began to run noiselessly upon the grass. Then he pounced upon it, like a jaguar upon a fawn. Sam was a short distance behind.

Down in the mud went the blue coat and flannel