

read chapters from a dear little work of fiction entitled "Easy Remedies for Ignition Troubles," until the clock struck twelve, and then Millington hopped out of bed and threw on his clothes.

The moment we stepped from the back door the same thing struck us both with surprise. There was a light in the garage!

My first thought was that some rascal was in the garage trying to ruin Millington's automobile, but a second thought assured me this was impossible. Ruin could be carried no farther than I had carried it. Bidding Millington be silent, I crept cautiously toward the garage, with Millington at my heels, and without a sound we peered in at the window. The sight was one that would have shaken the strongest man.

Bending over the motor, with his face made unearthly by the artificial light that fell upon it obliquely, casting deep shadows, was that villiain, Mr. Prawley! I have never seen anything so devilish as that wretch as he