

you, I would get over to the other side ; though you need never say I told you. Of course, if they give the warrant to me, I shall have to arrest you ; and although nothing may be done to you, still, the country is in a state of excitement, and you will at least be put to some inconvenience."

"Stoliker," cried Yates, springing out of the hammock, "you are a white man ! You're a good follow, Stoliker, and I'm ever so much obliged. If you ever come to New York, you call on me at the *Argus* office,—anybody will show you where it is,—and I'll give you the liveliest time you ever had in your life. It won't cost you a cent, either."

"That's all right," said the constable. "Now, if I were you, I would light out to-morrow at the latest."

"I will," said Yates.

Stoliker disappeared quietly among the trees, and Yates, after a moment's thought, began energetically to pack up his belongings. It was dark before he had finished, and Renmark returned.

"Stilly," cried the reporter cheerily, "there's a warrant out for my arrest. I shall have to go to-morrow at the latest !"

"What ! to jail ?" cried his horrified friend, his conscience now troubling him, as the parting came, for his lack of kindness to an old comrade.

"Not if the court knows herself. But to Buffalo, which is pretty much the same thing. Still, thank goodness, I don't need to stay there long. I'll be in New York before I'm many days older. I yearn