

to prolong it. But that wasn't work so when Merry changed his tune to one more conciliatory, he was disconcerted to find that the dog did not respond. He raised the window near

Merry. 'Why don't you shut up that big mouth of yours? No, don't—just keep on, and maybe a policeman will come.'

No policeman came, and that part of

to climb out of the window that opened on the street just beyond the area gate, and make a grand rush for safety. To wait until the family came back would be to risk staying a prisoner until twelve o'clock, calls missed, and worst of all, office to look him up. The whole thing would come out, and he would be sure not to hear the last of it for many a day. Now, if anyone thinks it is any easy matter to climb out of a window, stand on the same sill, until the sash is lowered, and then shut the blinds, just let him try it. Besides, such a performance places one in a compromising position, and when a big dog is scarcely five yards away treeing one, the situation is positively painful. Merry risked it. He first tried the snap of the green blinds to be sure that it worked easily, and then with great caution, he hung by his fingers and toes until the sash was down, and one leaf of the blinds fastened. Now for it! He hit the pavement with a bang, slammed the other blind hastily, and made off without a backward look, for there was angry 'woof-woofing, and row-row-rowing,' at his very heels. No friendly fence was near, no open door, no tree for refuge, but just at the corner a gentleman was slowly backing a big carriage out into the street, and Merry made a frantic dash for it, landing in a heap in the back seat, safe, but very much embarrassed.

'I just jumped in!' he panted to the astonished owner.

'So I see,' returned that gentleman dryly with a glance from the boy to the dog left behind. 'And now I want to know what you were up to, back there on that window!'

Merry tried to explain, and concluded a very-much-mixed account with, 'And I am an A.D.T. you know.'

The gentleman eyed him suspiciously. 'You look very much like it,' said he. Merry felt the rim of his cap. That badge had fallen off again, probably when he jumped down. 'You look very much like it,' repeated the gentleman. 'I'll just take you to the down town office, and I rather think you'll have the further pleasure of a ride to the police station—but if you are a messenger boy, you are just what I am looking for at this particular instant.'

Merry knew that he was all right now, and full of conscious innocence he folded his arms across his chest, and leaned back to enjoy this most unexpected ride. He distinctly liked the sensation. As they came to a stop at the office door, Terry Ellis called out:

'Where's your wheel, Parker?'

'In mighty safe keeping,' replied Parker, grandly, and then he leaped to the ground by the gentleman's side, glad that Mr. Campbell happened to be near enough to the door not to be called out especially.

'Oh, yes, he is an A.D.T. all right



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YOU BOYS'LL HAVE TO HAVE UNIFORMS.

the door, and made various friendly advances, but the mastiff only bared his teeth, and growled more than ever. Dog talk was of no more avail than was the bit of fruit cake that lay unheeded between his paws where it had fallen.

'I wish I hadn't wasted that,' said

the street seemed entirely deserted; so the boy had to set his wits to work to get out of the scrape, and back to the office. There was no chance to get out of the window by the door, for the dog would grab him at once. The lady had locked the door on the other side, and the only chance was

