

go over. Two or three doors from the church, did you say? Oh, yes, thank you, I know the way; I'll find him!"

But he moved too late. Crouching in the shadowy passage below the stairs, he heard Nysie returning, followed by a man he knew must be Marsden. They brushed past him in the darkness, almost touching his elbow. And when they opened the door into the classroom, which let out its broad band of light into the hall, he crouched low to keep clear of its ray. As the door shut he crept stealthily up the steps, only to spring behind a niche in the church wall, as the whole group of boys came rushing out pell-mell, followed more slowly by Mr. Hunt, the teacher, and Mr. James Marsden.

"Well, if that don't get yer goat!" exclaimed the shrill voice of Nysie.

"Mysterious, don't cher know!" murmured the "dook."

"I think you lads have had a dream," Marsden bantered them. "Getting an old fellow, like me, nearly out of bed, and all for nothing, is no joke. I tell you, Mr. Gundy's son, Austin, is at school back home."

"Then you weren't expecting to meet him?" asked Bob Hunt.

"Sure wasn't."

Nysie scratched his closely clipped head, and sputtered, "Well, if that don't beat the Dutch! Sorry I made you come out!"

As the boys went back to the classroom, and Mr. Marsden sauntered off in the direction of home, Austin Gundy stepped stiffly out of his hiding place behind the church wall and made a dash for freedom. He didn't stop to consider that running was the worst thing he could do, as it is almost certain to attract attention. He plunged down an alley. Seeing a man standing on a veranda near by, he cut into a yard, roused a sleeping dog, pushed through a fence, and fell blindly against a wire clothesline. This caught him under the chin and sent him spinning backward, sprawling at full length in a flower bed.