

have it. Now, what would you do if you were in my fix? If you would take five minutes and show me clearly which of the two girls I really ought to marry it would help me ever so much, for then I would be sure to settle on the other. It is the indecision that is slowly but surely sapping my vitality."

By this time Renmark would have pulled his soft felt hat over his eyes, and, muttering words that would have echoed strangely in the silent halls of the university building, would plunge into the forest. Yates generally looked after his retreating figure without anger, but with mild wonder.

"Well, of all cantankerous cranks he is the worst," he would say with a sigh. "It is sad to see the temple of friendship tumble down about one's ears in this way." At their last talk of this kind Yates resolved not to discuss the problem again with the professor, unless a crisis came. The crisis came in the form of Stoliker, who dropped in on Yates as the latter lay in the hammock, smoking and enjoying a thrilling romance. The camp was strewn with these engrossing, paper-covered works, and Yates had read many of them, hoping to come across a case similar to his own, but up to the time of Stoliker's visit he had not succeeded.

"Hello, Stoliker! how's things? Got the cuffs in your pocket? Want to have another tour across country with me?"

"No. But I came to warn you. There will be a warrant out to-morrow or next day, and, if I were