

I guess I'll get out of it. He's got plenty of witnesses and I've got his ten dollars." He began sneaking off toward the extreme west end of the graveyard, bent on finding the road to town. "Holy smoke!" stopping short. "Another bunch of them coming! I'm surrounded!" He dropped down behind a weed-covered mound and glared straight ahead. Almost directly in his path a lantern wobbled and reeled slowly, finally bringing its bearer to the fence between the burying-ground and the churchyard. A man carried the light and half carried the form of a woman besides.

"Brace up, Nell dear," Mr. Hooker heard the newcomer say as tenderly as his exertions would allow. "The worst is over. Here's the church. Good Heavens, just think of being lost in a graveyard!"

"And climbing four fences and a tree," moaned Eleanor Thursdale. They had come up through the graveyard by mistake.

"It was n't a tree; it was a fence post. Great Scot! There's no light in the church. What's up? Wait here, dear, and I'll investigate."

"Alone? Never!" she cried. They

