

that he was wrong, and turned to retrace his steps. But by this time the lights at the dance saloon were down, owing to the mad freak of one of the revellers, who had cut off the electric current, and so plunged the building into darkness.

Baffled, and entirely misled by this darkness, Elgar plunged ahead in a fresh direction, which of course was the wrong one, and running harder than ever, speedily found himself in a bush trail, which apparently led to nowhere in particular. Stumbling, groping, and floundering in the darkness, which seemed to grow every moment more dense, he found himself presently out on a windy headland. Eagerly he looked for the lights of the town, but could see only a faint reflection in the night sky, and that not sufficiently clear to let him know which way to take.

"I must do something, I must, I must!" he exclaimed through his set teeth. "Oh, whatever will poor Aunt Mary think of me? And she must want me so badly just now. I can't think how it is that I have got so mixed up. I never lost my way like this before!"

After much peering in the darkness about his feet, he thought that he detected a trail leading downward in front of him, in a direction which might stand for the town, and plunging into it he hurried on at top speed, for he must reach home somehow, and he determined that as soon as he saw the lights of the town again, he would steer straight for them, taking every obstacle as it came.

"Ah, what was that?" To his delight as the trail wound round a bend, he caught a glimpse of a light in front of him, and made for it as fast as he could go.

He was getting horribly tired, for after all there are