

heels, racing at top speed down the slope through Golden Grove, and across Joe Armstrong's lot, to their own holding at the far end of the valley.

But Ella was not at school to-day, and being unencumbered with a non-climber, they quickly made their way up to a safe roosting-place in the spreading boughs, then waited for the fun to begin.

"Why, there are three dogs to-day, and they are not hunting, but held in a leash!" exclaimed Fred, who by reason of his seniority and superior strength had climbed higher than the other two, and so caught sight of the dogs first.

"So he has," cried Sam, peering through the yellowing leaves. "Then it must be true what Ross Johnson said about old man Arlo having bought a dog, that has come all the way from Montana, and can hunt a man through a crowded city street, yet never lose the trail. That is the one, that brown and white creature in the middle; easy to see which is the stranger, and, my word, but isn't it a beauty too!" and he gave vent to a long, low whistle of admiration, craning his neck so far out through the branches, that it was almost a miracle he did not overbalance himself and fall out of the tree, in front of the whimpering hounds that were straining so eagerly at the leash, as if anxious to be free and away across country tracking down something or some one from sheer love of hunting.

"Hullo, old man Arlo, where are you off to now?" piped out Johnny, the youngest of the three boys, in his shrill treble; he always wanted to know other people's business, and never scrupled to ask for information on the subject.

As a rule the old man was taciturn, and loth to gratify the curiosity of people, but to-day he was nearly as eager and excited as his dogs.

"I'm going to Millet—there has been a big robbery from the railway depôt, and the inspector