

tryin' to remember to keep his hands out of his pockets and make that left eye of his behave. I knows there's a stiff game of draw goin' on in one of the back rooms, too, and I can figure out just how bad the Major's fingers is itching for the feel of five cards.

If he'd been a young blood, I might have said it was a good thing for him; but the Major's got past the age where he's liable to slip on the toboggan, and it did seem a shame to choke him off from all the things he liked best. Anyway, listenin' to a near Melba strugglin' up to high E wa'n't exactly the kind of sport he'd been brought up on. But there alongside of him was Teenie with the watchful eyes—and it was Teenie that was signin' the checks nowadays.

"Wonder if she's trained him to say his 'Now I lay me?' says I to Sadie, as I struggles out of my collar that night.

"Probably," says Sadie. "I'm going to find out how she does it."

"Just as though you needed any points!" says I.

**N**OT that we puts in the rest of the night discussin' the Major and Clementina. I might have been dreamin' about him, though; for it

**B**Y this time we've got as far as the carriage door and are squintin' out into the dark, and I don't see any signs of a lake or anything else. All I can make out is a few trees and bushes loomin' up here and there.

"It's off to the right somewhere, I think," says Clementina. "No, it's to the left. Come on! We'll find it anyway!"

Now I didn't have any great hankerin' to go skirmishin' around at night in a strange place; but there's no hangin' back, for Teenie still has the grip on me, and she's excited. So off we go into the dark. Black? Say it was like lookin' into a coal chute! I hadn't gone fifty steps from the house before I'd lost all track of where we came from or which way we was goin'. I might's well had blinders on and my head sewed up tight in a bag.

"If there's a lake here, I guess we'll find it," says I. "How're you on swimmin'?"

But just here Teenie lets out a squeal. "There he is!" says she. "Didn't you see that flash of white over that way? There it goes again! Oh, dear! See?"

Sure enough, I could make out somethin' kind of white, and we both starts for it, Clementina shriekin' out:

"Major, dear! Major dear!" all the time. "Oh, oh; He's running away!"

"I wonder why?" says I.

"Blamed if he ain't, though! Hey, Maje! Wait up a minute, will you?"

But not a wait! That gray white figure goes driftin'

up," says I. "How's your sportin' blood holdin' out?"

"I—I'm all right. Go on!" says Teenie.

She was breathin' some hard by then; but a long ways from being all in, so we let out a few links for a spurt. Then I see the white thing do another disappearin' act.

"Aha!" says I. "More bushes! Over we go now, one-two-three!"

As a jumper Teenie wouldn't break any Barnard records; but for a middle aged old girl that wa'n't in track costume, she made a good try for it. We didn't exactly clear the bushes; but we went sailin' through the tops of 'em, and then—Ker-flop! Ker-splash!

I'd gone over feet first, so I knows as soon as my toes hit the mud that the water ain't more'n knee deep; but Teenie has got some tangled up in her flight, and lands on her back, ker-souse. Course, she swallows a mouthful or so before I can paw around and fish her out. That and being soaked through so sudden simply scares her into a double and twisted fit. She grabs me around the neck tight and proceeds to let out the yelps.

"Help! Help! Help!" says she, splutterin' and chokin' all the while, but makin' noise enough to rouse up the whole county.

"Ah, cut it out and climb down, old girl!" says I. "I'm no life buoy."

"Hel-lup! Hel-lup!" says she, kickin' lively with both feet and clawin' at the back of my pajama jacket like she was furlin' a sail. "Oh, I'm dud-dud-drowning!"

"G'wan!" says I. "You're actin' as if you was climbin' a greased pole. You're all right. Ah, quit the contortions until I can find out where we are."

But she'd got started callin' for help, and there was no stoppin' her. And there was me, up to my knees in chilly water, not darin' to walk around for fear of wadin' into a hole, and not able to put her down.

**S**AY, I guess we'd been there yet if it hadn't been for one of the coachmen wakin' up out at the stables. He throws a switch, and about three dozen incandescents is turned on, lightin' up the grounds all around. As it happens there's a light almost over us, and one glimpse clears up the mystery about the bushes and the fence. Seems the Willoughbys has a private runnin' course where they train their hunters. That's the track we'd been followin', and just at that minute we was in the middle of the only water hurdle in the whole length. By the time the resquin' party locates us, I've climbed out and landed Teenie on top of the fence.

"But the Major!" says she. "Oh, where is the Major?"

Then I looks up the course a ways and sees what it is we've been followin' over the hurdles: an old white mule that's been pastured inside t'e inclosure. He's standin' there lookin' at us, with one ear lopped and a kind of humorous, satisfied look on his face.

"Ah, grin, darn you!" says I, and Clementina takes one horrifyin' glimpse and tumbles off the fence in a heap.

The coachman seems a little puzzled and suspicious; but he's seen so many kinds of queer doin's at the Willoughbys that he makes no remarks, but leads us around to a side door where we can get in without trailin' mud through the front hall.

**A**S we are passin' the library wing we comes to an open window on the ground floor, with the shade up and a bright light inside. And there's a green topped table surrounded by five gents, all payin' strict attention to the game. Teenie recognizes one of 'em in a flash.

"Why, Major!" she squeals.

"Eh?" says he, droppin' the cards and jumpin' up from the table.

I reckon Teenie had kind of forgot the figure she was cuttin' just then, draped in a dressin' gown soaked through with muddy water and escorted by a barefooted gent in wet trousers and a torn pajama jacket. But the Major ain't missin' any cues. Guess he must have suspected how his sleep walkin' fairytale has worked out. Anyway, when he meets us in the hall he's ready with his little speech.

"Clementina," says he, "I'm shocked and surprised! Out at this hour of the night! And in that costume!"

"Oh, Major," says Teenie, "we were looking for you. I thought you had—"

"That will do, Mrs. Kilroy," says he. "I will hear the rest to-morrow morning. And let us hope that you can explain satisfactorily, both to me and to Mrs. McCabe. Pray go to your room, madam!" and with that the Major, swallowin' a chuckle, goes back and says he'll take three cards.

**A**S I left early Monday mornin', I didn't see how it all come out; but when Sadie arrives last night she reports that the Major is still crackin' the whip over Clementina, and that she's as meek as a lamb.

"But, of course," says Sadie, "he can't keep it up very long."

"Can't, eh?" says I. "Guess you've never seen the Major bluff out an opener on a pair of treys! You watch him!"



I Located Teenie on Top of the Fence.

seems like I hadn't more'n got nicely cuddled down in the hay before I hears some one shoutin' his name, and I has a hazy idea that he's proddin' me in the short ribs with a seltzer bottle. It's only Sadie, though. She's shakin' me by the shoulder and sayin' for goodness sake why don't I wake up and listen.

"How in blazes can I wake up when I ain't been asleep yet?" says I.

"Haven't been asleep!" says she. "Why, you've been sawing wood for an hour. Are you awake now? Well, jump up and put something on. Hurry, too, before Mrs. Kilroy comes rushing in here again!"

"Eh? What?" says I. "She ain't after me too, is she? Who—what's the matter?"

"It's the Major. He's gone," says Sadie. "He's walking in his sleep again. Yes, yes, Mrs. Kilroy! He's coming!" for Clementina is hammerin' on the door and beggin' Sadie to be quick.

You know how it is, waking up just as you're droppin' off that way. I had just sense enough to jump into a pair of pants and some bath slippers, and before I gets the glare of the light out of my eyes I'm rushed out into the hall, and a female in a dressin' gown has grabbed me by the hand, and I'm bein' towed down the stairs.

"You'll find him, won't you, Mr. McCabe?" says Teenie. "Oh, promise me you'll find him before he walks into the lake!"

"Sure I will," says I. "How much start has he got?"

"Oh, I don't know," says she. "I just missed him two minutes ago, when I went into his room to see if he had left the windows open too wide. Oh, oh! Isn't it dreadful?"

"Maybe not," says I. "Did you look under the bed?"

"Of course not!" says she. "They always go outdoors and into the most dangerous places. I've been reading about it. But I hope he isn't in the lake."

"What lake?" says I. "Where?"

off, and we after it. That is, we takes about three leaps and lands bang up against a four-foot board fence.

"Biff!" says I. "Lucky that wa'n't any higher, or we'd flattened our noses. Didn't hurt, did it?"

"No, no!" says Teenie. "Help me over! We must get over!"

Well, she scrabbles, and I hauls, and over she comes, all in a heap. Then we can just make out the white thing rushin' along about ten yards ahead of us.

"Keep close to the fence so we won't get lost," says I.

"All right," says she. "There he is! See? He must be out of his head. Let's try stealin' up on him."

Talk about your deer stalkin'! That's what Teenie and I was doing; but as fast as we moves up the white thing ahead goes along too.

"No use," says I. "Let's rush him."

She was lively on her feet, Teenie was, in spite of the dressin' gown handicap, and we had got under good headway; when all of a sudden we sees the white thing go up in the air three or four feet and then disappear. Say, it was kind of weird at the time, too. Clementina is game, though. She don't stop to ask any fool questions, but digs in her toes; and the next thing we knows something has tripped us up and we're tumblin' head over heels through a lot of bushes.

"Gee!" says I. "He knew that was there and cleared it. There he is, too!"

**T**EENIE picks herself up, we gets hold of hands once more, and on we goes, the white thing just about so far ahead. She'd got her mad up by then, I guess, and wa'n't goin' to let a little thing like comin' a cropper put her out of the chase. And I shouldn't wonder but she was anxious to say a few words to the Major just then. If he meant to keep on foolin' us like that much longer, I couldn't blame her.

"We'll have him winded if we can keep this