

tress, her eyes were directed up into where they were fastened, a bright gaping and staring in the same direction.

The town hall was the tallest building in town. Running up from its roof there was a flag pole fully seventy-five feet in height. The strong breeze was whipping the loose ropes about this, and at the apex knob, where they were fastened, a bright blue object was fluttering frantically.

It was a blue bird, which the travels of Donald had shown to be a product of Borneo, famous for its brilliant color and a song note of sweetly expressive cadence. Just now, however, the poor imprisoned creature was uttering shrill cries of terror and pain.

"It got out of the cage, flew away, and its foot is caught in the tangled ropes up yonder," some one remarked.

That it was the cherished pet of the beautiful young lady, Donald at once discerned. No one ventured to suggest a way to release the bird. A first glance at the face of the young lady had enthralled Donald. As a second depicted her rare anxiety, Donald spoke to a bystander.

"I will get her pet for her," he said simply, and disappeared within the building.

A rustle of intense excitement swayed the watching throng as Donald appeared on the roof of the building. Then there was a breathless hush as he began climbing the smooth, yielding pole. It was entrancing to view his sailor-like skill and hardihood. As Donald neared the top of the pole it bent over dangerously. With accurate nicety of equipoise, however, he reached the top, released the blue bird, and holding it in one hand alid easily to the roof.

A tremendous cheer rent the air as he appeared below. The eager maid was advancing with the cage. He slipped the truant within it and modestly stepped away.

"The young lady asked about you,

she wrote down your name; she said she must see you to thank you," a neighbor told Donald that evening. "Do you know who she is?"

"No."

"The rich Miss Caruthers. They have a magnificent summer home up at Silver Lake."

Then the next morning, rather grudgingly it seemed, his Cousin Rupert came to him.

"I saw Miss Caruthers last evening," he announced. "It seems you captured one of her lost pets. She insists that you must come up to the lake this evening. "Say," continued Rupert, with a rather disdainful glance at the careless attire of his humble cousin, "fix up a bit, will you?"

"Ashamed of me, are you?" challenged Donald, with a laugh.

"Of course not; but you see, that is, I like the family to make a good impression—see?"

It seemed to Donald as though some subtle influence never before experienced was urging him to go up to Silver Lake. The memory of the charming face he had seen in the automobile lingered vividly. It was just before dusk when he reached the Caruthers home.

It was well that Donald had come. A heavy storm had come up, darkness and a dense fog were fast enveloping the broad lake. He found the anxious Caruthers family discussing the probable whereabouts of the daughter of the house and Rupert, who had gone out in a yacht.

Donald was too much of a sailor not to realize the peril of the yacht if it had not landed somewhere. He found a small steam launch at a pier. Soon he was afloat.

A tossing light finally directed him. As he drove aside of the yacht it was to find his cousin sick and helpless, and useful Miss Caruthers bravely at the helm; but the yacht nearly a wreck. He had arrived just in time to save them.

Superb climber, expert sailor, for