

I ought to have sent to headquarters yesterday."

"Well, you nee' n't to worry about it," remarked Chadwick dryly, "bekaze Danny Lemmons has fooled lots smarter folks 'n you."

III

But for Blandford and Deomateri, a great uproar would have been made in the provost-marshal's office. That functionary sat in his chair and cried "Ruined!" until he had been fortified with two or three hearty slugs of whiskey, and then the blood began to flow in his veins and he took courage. In fact he became bloodthirsty. He walked the floor and waved his arms, and swore that he would crush Danny Lemmons when he caught him. He would hardly remain quiet long enough to agree to any rational plan for the recapture of the hunchback, but he finally consented to let Chadwick have his saddle-horse, Blandford and Deomateri having horses of their own.

The three were soon in the saddle, and now it was Chadwick who undertook to conduct the expedition. By his direction, Mr.