

protection while we rescue your uncle. I'll tell our driver to take us straight to the railway station."

Unaccountably Felicity shivered. "I don't know why," she said, glancing apprehensively over her shoulder, "but I feel that something unpleasant is going to happen. It isn't like that crowd to let us get away like this."

CHAPTER 22  
Felicity Vanishes

TONY laughed at her. "Don't be imaginative, old thing," he said easily. "We seem to have given them the slip."  
"If anything—anything at all—happens to me, Tony," said the girl earnestly, "promise me you will not stop to help, but go straight on to Byewell House and find that letter."

"I promise," said Tony, leaning out to speak to the driver of the cab. "But cheer up! I should say we are in easy street compared with situations we have known."

"That driver is a wonder," he added, bringing his head back into the cab. "I asked him if he happened to know when a train goes to Byewell. He asked me the nearest large town, and then told me there is a train in twenty minutes. The man is a regular Bradshaw!"

"Did he think he would be able to get us there in time to catch that train?" asked Felicity eagerly.

"He says he can, with luck," returned Tony, "and our luck seems to be in."

"Don't boast," cried Felicity, shivering. "It is strange how vividly I feel that something is just getting ready to pounce, that we are the mice, and the cat is watching us."

"I'll admit I had the same idea when we first left the house in Dead Cat Alley," said Tony seriously; "but we seem to have got away better than we could have expected. Here we are in Holborn. Street's up, I notice. Hope it doesn't delay us."

"You don't think that letter of Larkin's could have been a trap, do you, Tony?" suggested Felicity doubtfully.

"It may be," returned Tony, pondering. "But, you know, Felicity, it is all we have to go on, and I think we'll have to chance it. Now I know your uncle is all right—I mean,

Continued in the last column.

JACKO GETS UP EARLY

JACKO said that his big brother Adolphus was getting a bit queer in the head. He had such strange fads.

The latest fad was for fresh air. He used to thump his chest and draw in deep breaths and say: "Oxygen! More oxygen! That's what I want!"

One day his mother found him carry-

ing his bed downstairs. "Whatever are you doing with that?" she asked.

"I'm taking it to Dad's old toolshed," replied Adolphus. "I'm going to sleep there in the future. No more stuffy bedrooms for me. I want air."

"You'll get more than you want," said Mother Jacko, "if you aren't careful. It's hardly the time of year to sleep out of doors."

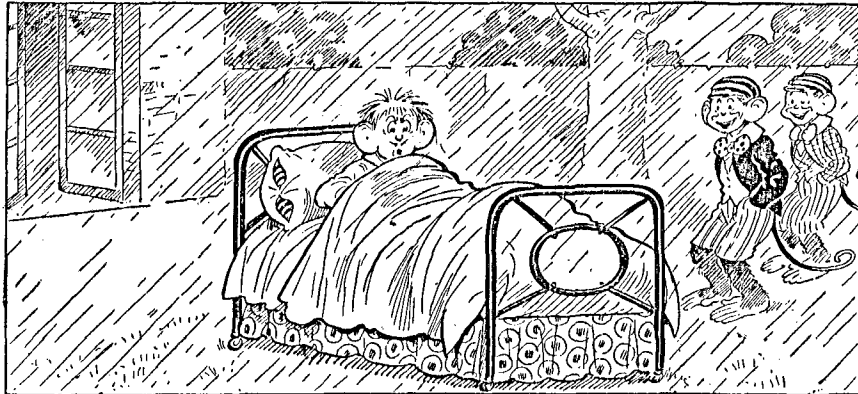
Adolphus waved his hand airily and went on. He dragged his bedstead across the lawn and dumped it with great satisfaction in the shed.

It was a very superior shed. Father Jacko had put it up himself and was very proud of it. It had long glass doors which came down to the ground,

and it was Adolphus's idea, when the weather permitted, to throw them open so that he would really be sleeping in the open air.

"He's cracked!" said Jacko, when he related the story to his friend Chimp.

Chimp agreed. "It would serve him right," said



He was in the middle of the lawn

Jacko, "if it poured all night, and the beggar got a jolly good soaking."

But it didn't. It was a lovely night. Adolphus bragged about his new idea till Jacko could bear it no longer. He consulted Chimp and they agreed on a plan.

A few mornings after Adolphus woke up, soon after it was light, to find the rain beating on his face.

He started up and clutched the bedclothes. They were dripping.

"Where on earth am I?" he cried.

He was in the middle of the lawn, and it was pouring with rain.

While he was pleasantly dreaming the little wretches had pushed his bed out of the shed and left it standing like an island on the soaking grass!

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not one of the gang, as I'm ashamed to say I thought he was for a while—it makes me see red to think of Edgar Speers doing him out of his fortune. Once we get that letter the gang won't have a leg to stand on, considering that we've got the cup already."

"You haven't told me yet where you have hidden the cup," said Felicity.

"I've been thinking about that," returned Tony, "and if you don't mind, Felicity, I think I'll keep its hiding-place to myself until the time comes for you to take it back to its rightful owner. You see, if Edgar Speers were to capture you again you would be able to tell him with perfect truth that you haven't an idea where the cup is. That would make him concentrate his activities on me—which would be all to the good. You and your uncle have suffered enough already."

Felicity smiled. "I agree that a secret is always safer with one than with two," she said; "but why aren't we moving?"

The taxicab had been for some moments at a standstill.

All about them was the roar and clatter of electric drills. Tony leaned out of the window to see what had happened. Half the street had been torn up and a long line of vehicles before and behind them was jammed in the narrow passage.

Tony leaned out.

"Can't you get out of this some way, driver?" he asked anxiously. "It looks as if we were going to miss that train."

"Sorry, sir," shouted the driver in reply. "It's a nasty jam just here. I'll get through if I can."

The man broke off with an angry exclamation, for a taxicab which had apparently been drawn up against them on the other side here took the opportunity of a slight break in the traffic to slip past them.

"I am a thick head, and no mistake," muttered the driver. "I might have done that myself."

"Oh, well," said Tony, with more disappointment than he cared to show, "I know you'll do the best you can."

Tony had thrust the entire upper part of his body out of the window. He now wriggled his way back into the cab, and turned to report the prospects to Felicity.

To his astonishment and horror the cab was empty! Felicity had vanished.

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