

TOM AND THE COUNTERFEITERS

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had stumbled and was on the point of smoothing the carpet back, when a small cord extending out from under the carpet caught his eye. He started to pick it up, but found that one end was hung in the floor so that he could hardly budge it.

Tom gave a hard, long pull and the rope moved slowly—but there was something else that moved! Tom heard a loud creaking and groaning, a loud but dull thud, and a large wooden structure fell not six inches from his body.

Tom turned around very much surprised and beheld the cause of the loud and incomprehensible noise. It was a long stairway with short narrow steps that appeared almost new. It was colored tan on the under side just like the walls of the cave and showed signs of being lately painted.

This structure had fallen from the roof, or rather one end had, so that now it was ready to be ascended by anyone who chose to. There above Tom's head, he beheld an open space, which had formerly been occupied by the end of the stairway that was now resting on the floor, and he could see the stars twinkling brightly.

Tom gave a shout of joy on seeing the opening and he at once prepared to ascend the steps and reach the outside, but not without a hammering heart. But ere he had placed his foot on the first step, he was interrupted by a harsh, rude voice, which sounded like a sharp crack of thunder.

"Sav, you'd better wait erwhile before leavin' us. Yer cump'ny is desirable!" were the words that caused him to halt. "Wait! keep your hands out o' yer pockets. Fling 'em up, I savs, or I'll shoot!"

Tom was half tempted to run up the stairs and escape; but when he turned his head and saw the villainous face of Cal sticking through a hole in the wall where a quaint old picture had hung a few minutes before, with a revolver in one hand pointing straight at his head, Tom stopped and threw his hands just as far above his head as he could.

(To be Continued)

"TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP."

We, the Boy Scouts of Troop Threee hiked to Hayworth Springs, where we have a camp, Saturday afternoon, April 9th, about 2:30 o'clock with Mr. Thomas Dodamead, who if possible will be our future Scoutmaster.

After arriving at the springs and unloading our packs at a picked camp, we made a visit to some caves where we explored and enjoyed ourselves for some time.

With further enjoyment we returned to our camp, where we ate supper and pitched our tents.

No trouble took place during the night except occasionally some one would yell when a mosquito attacked him.

We were up bright and early Sunday morning and after cleaning up camp, we went to Mitchell Grove Sunday School. While there a teacher called for a Testament and a Scout responded, for which the Boy Scouts were praised for "being prepared," and having a Bible. We made many friends while there.

Sunday afternoon was spent in rambling over the woods which is a Scout's pleasure, rather than to walk the streets and hang around drug stores.

Sunday evening three of the Scouts went to the Easter services at the Sunday School mentioned before. The services were enjoyed very much and especially the singing, although the church was filled and the boys were not able to get in.

Sunday night was spent as peaceable as the night before and by Monday morning we were becoming accustomed to camp life.

Scouts Walter Beck and Walter Crissman finished passing their second class tests and were declared Second Class Scouts.

After noon we played an interesting game of baseball which lasted for quite a while.

After cooking and devouring our suppers we started back to town. It was about 6:30 o'clock and we were tired but happy. The Scouts enjoying the hike were: Mr. Thomas Dodamead (acting as Scoutmaster), Jack Nance (Patrol Leader), Scouts Walter Crissman, Walter Beck, Hetter Hershey, Glenn Stewart, Vernon Snyder, Henry Jackson, and Kearney Crissman.

A NEW PATROL.

A new patrol has been organized in Troop No. 3 recently. It has been named the Panther Patrol. We are expecting our new patrol to do some live work.

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