

hilarious quartette was at its height, when, like a bolt from the blue quick and terrible disaster overtook the party. A loud explosion was heard above the deafening vocal rendering, and the singing ceased. The excited driver put on the brakes as soon as possible, and all four emerged from the car. At once the cause of dismay was discovered by Torchy, who cried, "Flat tire!"

"Well," said Sky Pilot, the driver, "I'll confess right now I don't know how to repair that blasted blow-out. I can drive the old boat alright and fill her up with gas, but I'm not there with the First Aid stuff. Is there a motor mechanic in this outfit?"

"I think I can do the job," said a student of Motor Mechanics, "hand me the emergency kit Skeeter."

His request was duly complied with, and after much hard labor and muttered curses, the tire was pronounced normal by the Motor Mechanic. Soon, all four were seated comfortably in the car, which was soon speeding on its way. Nothing further happened to dampen the ardor of these hardy adventurers, and they arrived at the picturesque hamlet of Stanley about midnight. They proceeded at full speed to the nearest hostelry, and backing their car into the yard, got out and hastened to the main entrance. The Flyweight Champion of F. H. S. volunteered to lead the way, and knocked loudly upon the door. This action was repeated several times, and at last they heard a window cautiously open, and the barrel of a gun shone in the moonlight. A gruff voice enquired their business. To this blunt question the Sky Pilot falteringly replied:

"There are four of us here who wish to get a night's lodging, and we'll pay you for your trouble."

Soon the door was opened and the four entered. An agreement was soon arrived at, and the weary party retired, to "sleep the sleep of the just."

They were aroused at about 5 a.m., and after having breakfasted, the hunters proceeded on foot to the woods.

"There's a camp out here somewheres," said Sky Pilot, "if we can only locate it."

After searching around for some time they came upon the camp, and entering it threw down their packs. The Motor Mechanic glanced at his wrist watch, and found that it was almost dinner time. "I feel kind of hungry, fellas," he said, "let's get dinner."

The party accepted this diplomatic move, and then began preparations for dinner. The dinner could not be prepared without a fire, so after drawing lots, it turned out that Torchy and the Flyweight Champion made up the committee which was sent for the purpose of securing kindling wood. The two boys returned after some time, and the fire was soon started. The Flyweight Champion was chosen cook, and soon the hungry hunters were seated at the table enjoying a well-cooked meal. After dinner, the boys got their guns, and went out of the camp, hoping to return with a moose. During the afternoon, Torchy and Sky Pilot saw a deer, but they were unable to capture him. As the afternoon wore on the hunters became quite hungry,