

he would judge there was efficient help within. Suddenly and without the least warning, he whistled, jumped off the veranda and ran—where, I do not know as he could not be seen—but his footsteps grew fainter and fainter. I thought the matter ended and went inside, locked the door, and entered the study again. After some time I lighted the lamp and went into the drawing room on the right of the hall. Here everything was upside down, even the carpets were partly torn up, and all was in confusion. I then went into a bedroom and here too every corner was ransacked. The bed was pulled apart, the mattress cut open; the dresser-drawers were out and their contents scattered over the floor. I knew by these unmistakable signs that some one had attempted to burglarize my home. Not wishing to rouse the other members of the family who had not heard anything of what had happened owing to the high wind and beating rain, I replaced nothing in these rooms. Again going into the study and beginning to read, I heard once more that dreaded footstep in the hall. After putting out the light, I went out again. Imagine how surprised I was to find that man back again. He had unlocked the door—probably by means of a skeleton key and had dared to come in, even though the light in the house warned him I was still there. It was then I became frightened, for it was evident he was determined to rob the house in spite of me. Though inwardly in a tumult, I compelled myself to be outwardly composed.

As we stood there, just inside the hall door, I was terrified by the entrance of a second man. I was utterly at a loss how to proceed. All sorts of alternatives flashed through my brain. If I screamed, they might strangle me, if I moved they might shoot me—there was nothing for me to do but wait. I felt, rather than saw their steady gaze upon me. This suspense lasted fully five minutes,

then the silence was broken by their whisperings. A few of the muttered words reached me: "How dare she then" "Oh! the deuce! let's go." "No, we will finish . . ."

My agony was awful. After a short time one of the men put his arm on my shoulder saying, "you are a brave girl." They whispered again and then to my intense relief, went out and shut the door.

I rushed upstairs, wakened my father, and told him to come down quickly as men had broken into the house. He was down in a few seconds with a loaded revolver in his hand. On my telling him the men had gone, he followed but could find no trace whatever of them. In the meantime I had lighted the lamp. He came, took the light from me and went into the hall. I shall never forget the look on his face as he said, "They've got it." I did not know what he meant, until he told me he had left his overcoat in the hall with money in it obtained from the sale of a farm. Before he had been able to deposit it, the bank had closed, and he thought the money would be safe for one night in his inside pocket. We looked in vain for the coat until, by a happy thought, I remembered that I myself was the thief, and had been comfortably enveloped in it, even while searching for it. On examining it, the money was found. We were very thankful at having no worse result of that night's episode than two badly disordered rooms.

Soon after these men, along with some others, were captured and stood their trial for several housebreakings. I was able to identify one member of the gang by that peculiarity of his right hand which I had noticed while we stood contemplating one another on that well remembered night.

VONHOLT.



TEACHER (nervously).—Hermes, otherwise known as Quicksilver.