

CHAPTER IV.

TREATING OF A NOVEL STYLE OF BURGLAR.

I HAVE spoken of my pistol. During the early part of our residence at Rudder Grange I never thought of such a thing as owning a pistol. But it was different now. I kept a Colt's revolver loaded in the bureau drawer in our bedroom.

The cause of this change was burglars. Not that any of these unpleasant persons had visited us, but we much feared they would. Several houses in the vicinity had been entered during the past month, and we could never tell when our turn would come.

To be sure, our boarder suggested that if we were to anchor out a little further at night, no burglar would risk catching his death of cold by swimming out to us; but Euphemia having replied that it would be rather difficult to move a canal-boat every night without paddle-wheels, or sails, or mules, especially if it were aground, this plan was considered to be effectually disposed of.