

"If any stranger dares to come near her room at night," said Billie, "I'll scream my head off. I hate night prowlers. They're after no good. The Italians always locked up at nine o'clock and said that any one not in bed then was a thief."

"But, Billie," I said, "that is rather severe. Many nice persons are out after nine."

"Well, I'll bark at them," she said stubbornly, "and if they're honest it won't hurt them, and if they're rogues they'll be caught."

Poor Billie—on the night our Mary had her adventure with what she thought was a prowler she was in a dogs' hospital. They had been having lobster à la Newburg at the boarding house, and the remains in the trash can were too attractive for Billie, and she had to go away to be dosed. How she reproached herself afterward, and vowed she would never go near a trash can again!

It had been a very dark afternoon, and was a very black night. A thunderstorm was brooding over the city, and our Mary, though not at all nervous, for she is a very brave girl, had said to please her mother that she would sleep upstairs.