

foot, but not being particular, he shoved it in, and was slowly letting himself down on one elbow, when the bed creaked !

This was enough. Big Otter was brave to rashness in facing known danger, but he was too wise to risk his body on the unknown ! Drawing forth his leg he stood up again, and glanced round the room. There was a small dressing-table opposite the bed ; beside it was the large glass which had given him such a surprise. Further on a washhand-stand with a towel-rack beside it, but there was no spot on which he could stretch his bulky frame save the middle of the floor. Calmly he lay down on that, having previously pulled off all the bedclothes in a heap and selected therefrom a single blanket. Pillowing his head on a footstool, he tried to sleep, but the effort was vain. There was a want of air—a dreadful silence, as if he had been buried alive—no tinkling of water, or rustling of leaves, or roar of cataract. It was insupportable. He got up and tried to open the door, but the handle was a mystery which he could not unriddle. There was a window behind the dressing-table. He examined that, overturning and extinguishing the candle in the act. But that was nothing. The stars gave enough of light. Fortunately the window was a simple cottage one which opened inwards with a pull. He put on his coat and belt, resumed his arms, and, putting his long leg over the sill, once more stood on his native soil and breathed the pure air ! Quietly gliding round the house, he found a clump of bushes with a footpath leading through it. There he laid