

a lighted match to de Guira's funeral pile. Instantly it shot up in a tremendous blaze, and we all retired precipitately from the house, slamming the door behind us.

My master caught my arm and led me quickly towards the gates, without speaking a word of farewell to the robbers, whom we left bundling with desperate haste the money bags into their waggon. After quitting the grounds, Mr. Daunt quickened his steps to a run, and I was forced to the same gait, for he did not relinquish his nervous clutch upon my sleeve. But at the foot of the hill he slackened pace and we proceeded more soberly, though still at a fast walk towards London. As soon as I recovered breath I gave expression to a wonder that was consuming me.

"Why did you give those scoundrels your money?" I panted. "Good Heavens, what a haul; they will be rich men for the rest of their lives!"

"Not so rich," replied my master, with a chuckle. "You see," he added in explanation, I have long suspected de Guira's fidelity, though with all my acuteness I never dreamed he would proceed to the lengths he did and attempt my life. I expected at the most that he would rob me, and I gave him every chance to do so; but what do you think those bags contain?"

"Sovereigns."

"You ought to know me better," he muttered reproachfully. "Did I not tell you that I expected de Guira to rob me?"