

"Let's pull him in," whispered the boarder.

"No," I whispered in reply. "We don't want him in. Let's hoist him out."

"All right," returned the boarder.

We laid our pistols on the floor, and softly approached the window. Being barefooted, our steps were noiseless.

"Hoist when I count three," breathed the boarder into my ear.

We reached the chair. Each of us took hold of two of its legs.

"One—two—three!" said the boarder, and together we gave a tremendous lift and shot the wretch out of the window.

The tide was high, and there was a good deal of water around the boat. We heard a rousing splash outside.

Now there was no need of silence.

"Shall we run on deck and shoot him as he swims?" I cried.

"No," said the boarder, "we'll get the boat-hook, and jab him if he tries to climb up."

We rushed on deck. I seized the boat-hook and looked over the side. But I saw no one.

"He's gone to the bottom!" I exclaimed.

"He didn't go very far then," said the boarder, "for it's not more than two feet deep there."

Just then our attention was attracted by a voice from the shore.