

"No," said I, "my wife is there."

"That's the very reason you should not go," he said. "She is safe enough yet, and they would fire only at a man. It would be a bad job for her if you were killed. I'll go down."

So he went down, slowly and cautiously, his pistol in one hand, and his life in the other, as it were.

When he reached the bottom of the steps I changed my mind. I could not remain above while the burglar and Euphemia were below, so I followed.

The boarder was standing in the middle of the dining-room, into which the stairs led. I could not see him, but I put my hand against him as I was feeling my way across the floor.

I whispered to him—

"Shall we put our backs together and revolve and fire?"

"No," he whispered back, "not now; he may be on a shelf by this time, or under a table. Let's look him up."

I confess that I was not very anxious to look him up, but I followed the boarder, as he slowly made his way toward the kitchen door. As we opened the door we instinctively stopped.

The window was open, and by the light of the moon that shone in, we saw the rascal standing on a chair, leaning out of the window evidently just ready to escape. Fortunately, we were unheard.