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with that unnecessary pistol, of which, she acknowledged to herself, she was much more afraid than was her prisoner?

Accordingly she laid it carefully down within reach. Then, with what seemed to Tom a most amazing under-rating of his strength, she announced her intention of holding him until assistance should arrive.

To him the situation was not without its charm. It does not often happen to any of us that a pretty girl will insist on sitting next us and holding our hands—and that she was pretty, exceedingly pretty. Anstruther managed to satisfy himself in spite of the stingy light.

Once or twice he addressed a remark to his fair captor, but she discouraged all attempt at conversation.

And so they sat in silence, while the candle burned low and finally went out, and the cold gray light of dawn crept into the room. Even this did not cause Lotta to change her position. And, looking curiously at her, the young man discovered that his stern guardian was asleep!

How long and dark were the lashes resting on the fair cheek, he thought, gazing down at the sweet, peaceful face framed in its wealth of nut-brown hair. Surely none of the young lady's ball dresses could set off her beauty as did that old blue wrapper.

Tom was strongly tempted, in his character of robber, to steal a kiss, but



Mrs. Howard A. Moore, of Roulean, Sask., and her Welsh pony.

there was a certain odd chivalry in his composition that kept him from taking any advantage of her unconsciousness. He withdrew his hands from hers without awakening her—such cold, little, soft hands! And no wonder. The chill breath of early morning made him shiver, although it was June.

He might as well make her comfortable before he went. He groped his way into the hall. On the hat-stand lay a heavy shawl. In it he wrapped his unconscious captor as well as he could, then left through the still open window.

If Miss Desmond was not the belle of the college ball it was because, strictly speaking, there are no longer belles of balls. But, in the language of the other young ladies, she "received a great deal of attention." And how she did enjoy herself!

About the eleventh hour Cousin Jim begged to introduce his friend, Mr. Anstruther.

Lotta's large eyes grew larger with astonishment. Mr. Anstruther composedly requested the pleasure of a dance, and before she could collect herself sufficiently to refuse, his arm encircled her and they were gliding over the polished floor in perfect time and measure.

"You have my step exactly," said Miss Desmond, when they stopped.

"Have I? Then it must be by direct inspiration, for I never was known to keep time with anyone before."

Now did ever a man waltz to perfection without knowing it? Lotta looked at him a little contemptuously. Her thought did him injustice. Tom was not affecting modesty, only making talk to keep off the question he expected.

"May I take you into the library? There is an anxious looking youth I should like to avoid. I suspect that I have stolen his dance."

"If you have, you are only pursuing your profession as a robber," laughed

Miss Desmond. "What were you doing that night in uncle's dining-room?"

Then it all came out, and Tom, explained and apologized, seated in an alcove of the great college library.

"And how frightened you were when I and the pistol appeared on the scene!" said the young lady, maliciously.

"I was not!"—indignantly.

"You turned very pale."

"Then we must have been a well-matched pair for courage. The pistol shook so in your hand that I was afraid it would go off accidentally. That was the worst feature of the case, for I do not believe yet that you would have been bloodthirsty enough to shoot me."

"I am sure I would not. I was immensely relieved to wake up and find that my captive had fled."

"What did you do?"

"Counted the spoons and went to bed."

"The spoons were all right. There was but one thing stolen that night."

"Mercy! What was that?"

"Only the burglar's heart!"—sentimentally.

Lotta looked at him and began to laugh. Then she said:

"You might advertise for it as people do for stolen articles. And you might say, 'Of no value to anyone but the owner.'"

"Thank you, but I am not sure that I want it returned," said Anstruther, laughing too, but letting his eyes rest upon her fair face until the warm color surged up beneath his gaze.

"Thou hast a thief in either eye. Would steal it back again."

he quoted low.

Lotta was a little glad as well as a good deal sorry that her ill-used partner at this moment appeared in the doorway.

"Before that fellow comes, can't you promise me one more dance?" murmured Anstruther.

"I am engaged for all but the last. I can give you that one if you are going to stay till the end."

How Miss Desmond contrived to pacify the rightful claimant, and how partner succeeded partner until the end of the evening, need not be told. It is certain that she enjoyed no dance as she did that last one with Tom. And then Tom's worst enemy could not criticize his dancing.

As he relinquished her to her cousin's care, Anstruther heaved a sigh of exasperation but very real regret.

Then Lotta put out an impulsive little hand and said, hastily:

"Mr. Burglar, if you can conquer your fancy for entering people's windows



The Malay Bear.

enough to call in a more orthodox way, I shall be pleased to see you."

"Thank you," murmured Anstruther, pressing the soft hand with unnecessary warmth.

"Happy's the wooing that's not long a-doing."

The acquaintance so oddly begun was prosecuted with ardor. Lotta's burglar laid hot siege to her affections, and before long induced her to set up house-keeping—I had almost written house-breaking—with him.

How the Fellows Helped Joe.

"Hello, Joe! What're you doing?" "You've got eyes, haven't you?" snapped Joe.

"Why, Joe Douglass, ain't you ashamed of yourself?" cried his little sister Mary. "You mustn't mind what he says."

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