

noise upstairs, but I feared the burly fist of Jack, should he discover me, even more than I did the householders themselves. Now my wits were ever ready; and even yet, at a pinch, I am equal to my superiors and superior to my equals. My superiors were coming down stairs with a light, and the most formidable of my equals had just entered the room through the window; when I slipped out.

"A warm welcome to you, Jack, and a pleasant journey to Sing Sing," I called through the window with a voice like a pirate, and banged the shutter.

During the commotion that followed inside, I glided off in the darkness without even so much as being challenged.

A fortnight later I was reading a newspaper in the office of a large hotel when my eye was drawn to the heading: "A Demented House-breaker." Being interested, I read the article through. The concluding lines ran like this: "The prisoner, who has been identified as the noted house-breaker, Jack Filton, persists in telling the outlandish story that he did not have a partner in the burglary, but that he was alone and had just entered the house when the real burglar made off with the spoils. In the face of the evidence given, this wild tale is preposterous. Experts give it as their opinion that the prisoner is suffering from a mental aberration."

