

## A STORY

One night last week I was awakened by a noise which I supposed was caused by a burglar. Now to receive a shock like that is no joke!..... There was a crash at first, just a little smothered cry and then this thud, and along with it came the other crash, and it was in the library! Imagine! Where father's private papers were. I gasped; if some one had dropped an enormous sponge filled with cold water I could not have gasped any harder nor could I have received such a shock.

I slipped out of bed and tip-toeing across the room opened the door. The moonlight was streaming down the hall and on the hall table I could see clearly grand-dad's cane. I snatched it up and hurried on. Going down the stairs I tripped over that cane and slid the rest of the way down, bump! bang! bump! It seemed as if the whole house was awake then, but I was determined if there was a burglar, I was going to get him first. On I went.

There was a little sound, soft and stealthy, as though some one was walking across the library. When I reached the library door I began to quake and then it flew wide open! I swallowed hard—I blinked—my hands shook—I whirled around and was about to fly back upstairs again, burglar or no burglar, but then what about father's papers? With my heart in my mouth I turned around and entered the room.

"What under the sun is a child like you doing down here this hour of the night?"

I stared, mouth and eyes open wide, well he was a cool one to be sure! The room was in darkness and I could see nothing.

"Hands up!" I cried, suddenly bringing the cane to my shoulder in such a fashion that would make a drill sergeant green with envy. What would have happened if a real burglar had been there I had no idea, but suddenly there was a faint "tech check" and "Ha Ha," then "A real soldier you would make, my child. Ha Ha." Then the sickening realization swept over me; with a gasp I sprang across the room to the electric light switch—the room was flooded with light—calmly sitting over by the windows beside a mass of wreckage, which consisted mainly of broken crockery and earth, with his head on one side blinking at me, was Dippy, the parrot!

Then the funny side of it struck me and I sank down upon the floor weak with laughter and relief. Later I was aware that some person or persons were coming down stairs and looked up to find Kitty and Dad and Bob staring at me within the door. Now when one has had a big brother overseas who returned with a medal and wounded stripes, he or she always tries to appear very grown up and important, and to see Bob staring at me in such