"Great heavens, mother," I said, wildly shaking her to make her take her fingers out of her ears; "he is mad, perfectly mad! I am sure he has escaped from some asylum.

"Poor creature! Do you really think he's mad?" mother asked.

"I am perfectly sure he is," I replied, truthfully. "Or else"—a fearful possibility dawned upon me—"he is trying to make us think so to get us off our guard."

You see, by this time mother and I did not have a grain of sense left between us, and we could not appreciate how absurd our ideas were! While we stood there helplessly looking at each other, an inspiration came to mother. There was a window directly over the door where our burglar was sitting. She took the large pitcher from my washstand, and filled to the brim with cold water, and carrying it noiselessly to the window emptied it unceremoniously upon our man.

It was most effective. He looked up, gave us one look, so ridiculous, with his dripping clothes for a setting, and yet so pitiful, we were half inclined to repent our act in spite of his audacity. The next minute he hurried off. We watched him out of sight; then we looked at each other, and each read in the other's eyes the question, "Will he come back?"

He did not come back, but, what was quite appalling, neither did Bridget! At last we gave her up, and went to bed; but I fear our dreams were disturbed.

Next morning our recreant maid appeared. I went down to my lower regions to venture timidly a remonstrance to the lady who presided there; but before I could speak came this: "It's Bridget O'Brian that's lavin' yez to-day, marm. I don't stay no place where me relatives are not trated with the proper respict; a foine reception yez giv to me poor deaf and dumb bruther lasht noight,—whin he walked all the way from the town to sae me, and got a pitcher of wather all over his bist Sunday clothes.