

"Lightning struck," he answered, with a curse; "and there's all that 'old bourbon' and best brandy going to the devil. Foss was just taking a drink when—"

"Was Foss in there?" interrupted Hardy; "where is he now, has he come out?"

"I don't know, he was just going to drink when the lightning struck and knocked him over. Had hard work to get out ourselves without looking after him."

Grasping a rope which lay near, Hardy quickly tied it about his waist and cried,—

"If I don't come back myself pull me out!"

He was rushing through the door when a fireman stopped him, "you can't live in there for a moment," he said.

"But I *must*: let me go," and breaking away he vanished in the smoke.

The crowd outside waited breathlessly and at length grew excited. "You'd better pull that man out if you want to save him, probably suffocated before this," said a bystander.

Just then from the inside of the burning building came the cry "Pull, pull!"

Drawing swiftly but cautiously they soon had the body near the entrance, when a fireman bravely sprang through the flames and in a moment had the motionless form out into the street.

Bruised, burned and blackened the body was yet recognized as *Frank Foss*!

"For Heaven's sake where is Joe Hardy?" was the cry.

Suddenly a loud shout, and from an upper window a form sprang to the ground striking heavily upon his side.

He was quickly raised from the earth and carried to a neighboring store.

It was Joe Hardy, but how changed!

His hair and whiskers burnt entirely off; his garments torn and burned almost from his person, and face and hands burned terribly. No bones were broken by his fall, but he was severely bruised. He was brought to consciousness after a few moments' labor, and sent carefully home.

It seems he found his way into the saloon and stumbled upon the body of his friend, and being unable to carry him out had fastened the rope around his body and gave the signal to pull.

He then in some way, he could not tell how, found his way up stairs and fought his way to the window and sprang out. He recovered completely from his injuries.

As for Frank he was not much injured be-

yond the burns and bruises, and speedily grew well.

It is hardly necessary to say that from that time he had no more to do with Kennard nor frequented the dram shops again.

When he came wholly to himself he remembered that he was raising the glass of liquor to his lips when the bolt from heaven entered the window dashing the cup from his hand, stunning him, and setting the saloon on fire.

Hung upon the wall in his room you may find a picture which represents this scene.

Joe Hardy is gratefully regarded as one of the instruments used in this, his "Salvation as by fire." It was a terrible cure, but it seemed to come from heaven, and was a most effectual one, and happiness reigned in the home where the demon had a foot-hold, but was cast out.

### THE UPRIGHT MAN.

How hard it is in this world of sin for man to be truly just; just before God, before men and to himself. From the cradle to the tomb, at every step man has to meet and overcome temptation; sense cries out for gratification, and too often, alas! the welfare of others is overlooked if self can be gratified. But it is a delightful sight here or there to see on earth a man who is enabled, either by force of character, as it is sometimes called, or as it should more properly be called, by the grace of God, to rise above self as a rock, against these opposing and selfish forces within him or without, and thus "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly."

Such a one will in every place stand firm against and oppose evil or error. He will seek the good of others as well as his own, and render unto all their just due. While he may resent an insult, he will yet do it in such a way as to shame the person offering it rather than to arouse his anger. He will be ever ready to assist the needy, yet so as to enable such to help themselves, rather than to humble and weaken them. He will be slow to put himself forward or appear ostentatious, and yet will ever be ready to do his duty as a man, not because he will be praised for it, but because it is right. When such a man gives his word for the performance of any deed or act, it can always be relied upon as sure of fulfilment. He will be slow, it may be, to promise, but sure to perform, even though a great sacrifice will often have to be made, because he prizes his character above gain.

When thou givest, give with joy and smiling.