

Mrs. Landon. "If you must work, Rob, help us to get out the furniture."

While they were thus employed, Michael Hale and his two sons and Honan and other neighbours arrived. The two girls came down from their post of danger and the men took their places, but they could not with the snow alone stop the flames. There seemed every chance of Mr. Landon's house being burnt down.

"I've seen salt melt snow. If there is in the house a cask of meat in brine that may help us," exclaimed Rob.

There was one. It was brought out, the head knocked in, and the brine poured out in small quantities on the snow. Wherever the brine dropped the snow melted, and the fire was put out. It was some time, however, before all danger was passed. A large part of the roof was damaged and the house made unfit to be inhabited.

"Oh, Mrs. Landon, ma'am, I hope that you will honor us by coming down and taking up your abode with us till the roof is on again," said Mrs. Hale in a kind voice. "Susan will take care of Miss Mary and the little ones, and Mr. Landon and your son George will be sure to find lodgings with other friends till the house is set to rights again."

Mr. Landon had suffered so many ups and downs in life that when he arrived he was not very much put out at the injury done to his house. He was only thankful that his wife and children had escaped injury.