

“Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me,” said Allen, close to Sam’s ear. “Those words of the Saviour are spoken to you, Sam.”

The little party hurried along with as much speed as the suffering man could maintain, and soon came to another path which took them through the woods to the Hawkins farm. There Sam’s burns were dressed and he was put to bed, while others fought the fire-fiend for two days longer, until the pitying heavens poured down the blessed rain and stopped the carnival of destruction.

Several days passed, and the telegraph lines were restored. Among the first to use them in the little Red-Keg railroad office was Robert Allen. Ros Whitmore, Tom Moore, Justice Frost, Pete Murray, and several other men were with him. Their business required an unusual amount of ticking on the little instrument. Then Robert Allen suddenly disappeared without telling Sam or Farmer Hawkins where he was going. He might be gone a week, perhaps longer, he said; but he hoped to be back in time to help Sam through his ordeal at the United States District Court.

The date fixed for the sitting came all too soon. Even the great fire caused no postponement. Parson Allen had not returned, and Sam, who was barely able to go to Midland, both hands still swathed in bandages, nerved himself to take the punishment he had earned. Every influence possible was exerted in behalf of him and his companions, and their services to the community during the fire were urged as an offset to their offenses; but the clemency of the court could not grant more than a lightening of the sentence. After that had been pronounced, Sam was given an hour to