

soon as ever he reached the water, and now rolling almost under the log, now scrambling again to the surface of the stream, he was being hurried along almost senseless in that mad, wild torrent. Roberts rushed down the bank, throwing his light upon the edge as he stumbled along, but he soon saw the uselessness of his course; he, therefore, determined to walk slowly down the shore as far as the mill, and back on the opposite side. As he strained his eyes to follow the light he fancied now and again that he saw his young friend's head or his body clinging to the edge, but each time he hastened down only to be disappointed. He soon saw that his chance of finding him, single-handed, was but slight; indeed, he hardly expected to discover anything but a bruised and mangled body washed ashore, for no man could steer himself a stroke in that fearful torrent, full of logs and beams and brush.

He ran up as fast as the slippery path would allow to the main mill, and quickly awoke the hands who lived about. Soon every man who could provide a lantern was walking along the bank, while others were sent to alarm the neighborhood, and bring all the lamps that could be found.

There must have been full twenty lights throwing their reflections upon the trees and banks and stream, when, the storm having exhausted and lost itself in faint distant mutterings, a loud shout from one of the searchers brought the rest about him.

He had found the missing master. On a small, gently sloping bank, the only spot where it was possible that a floating body could be thrown ashore, that of Richard Grant now lay, one arm yet thrown across a small tree trunk, and with the other grasping firmly a branch. Over his face the hair hung dripping, and his waterproof was torn from his shoulders. Was he dead? Roberts laid his light down upon the bank, and its full glare fell upon the poor fellow's face. It was pale as death itself, but the eyes were closed, and there was a swelling of the nostrils that gave them hopes. As the kneeling man hurriedly tore open the bosom of his shirt and pressed his hand upon the left side, not a sigh broke the stillness, rendered yet more awful after the late hor-

rid roar of elements; the only sound that could be heard was the gentle dripping of the trees, and the steady rush of the yet swollen creek. The good-hearted searchers, drenched to the skin, held each his breath, as he eagerly watched the countenance of Mr. Roberts. The latter broke the silence, "His heart yet beats; James and Watson, take you each a foot, pull off the boots and rub, and two other men do the same for his hands and feet." One was sent in haste for the doctor and another to the house for blankets.

They laid him on his breast and rubbed his neck and back; they forced cordials between his closed teeth, and wrapped him warm in flannels. A sigh so gentle was heard by each and then, turning him about, they put him in a sitting posture. His eyes opened, and for an instant he looked round on those that were about him, as if in gratitude for their care, closed them again and appeared perfectly insensible.

They carried him up to the house, those rough, strong men, as gently as if he had been a sickly child, for they all loved him as a master, and the doctor, arriving, gave his opinion that "his patient was in terrible danger, but his young constitution and sanguine temperament might yet bring him over it."

Many days saw our hero lying unconscious and with but a faint hope of life visible. Time and again as Mrs. Roberts bent over the sufferer and forced between his lips the cordial that had been ordered, it appeared to her as if in a few minutes the last frail thread of life would fall asunder. It had been a terrible shock. His body was bruised very badly; fortunately there were no broken bones. That narrow chest had not room, and the chill had struck, the doctor said, into the lungs, and if he should ever rise from this bed, it would be a long time before he could undertake any business.

The Roberts were very attentive, and the good doctor was at the bedside night and day. Twice, three times, and sometimes oftener his gig would stand at the door while he would be sitting by his patient's bedside, with his hand upon the poor fellow's pulse or laid above his heart, as he watched