

room, the deadly numbness which precedes freezing was already stealing through my veins. And notwithstanding my efforts to keep my sisters covered, they also complained of the symptoms that were seizing me."

Her father was doing well, and with his family also lived in Providence. Don visited them with the daughter and received a welcome that was as warm as the fire that he started with the bundle of tracts on the day of his first visit.

"I have often laughed at the zeal with which you distributed your tracts in that stove," he said, alluding to the incident, "but am always sobered by the thought that, after all, they wrought the salvation that my family and I stood most in need of at that moment. We were saved as by fire literally; two hours more and we should have frozen to death."

"Yes, I have already told him that," said his daughter.

"Well, it can't be told too often," remarked Amelie, the second daughter. "The saving of seven lives in one day ought to have secured for Mr. Donalds a medal of gold."

"I have already received more than gold can measure," Don responded. "Success in helping our fellow beings is its own best reward." And as he spoke he recalled Bert's objections to his going forth on that eventful morning, and his confessions when informed of what had been done.

And now it is time to say that Bert married Dorothy Vonberg and finally removed to Chicago, the Chicago which he had always thought of with fear and trembling, and spoken of with the most depreciating words he could cull from his vocabulary. He has a book establishment of his own in the city and firmly believes that sooner or later Chicago will become the literary center of the United States. He is as extravagant in his praise of The Western Metropolis as he formerly was in its disparagement. And whether the temperature be hot or