

the duty that thus fell upon them. "Oh dear!" cried Newton, "what can we do, here is our brother, whoever he may be, and from the very portals of the grave, he calls upon us for aid and assistance? Oh! what shall we do?" "There is but one thing we can do," said Colby, "and that is for you to go the best way you can, in search of aid, while I remain here with our dying brother," and as he said it, he calmly seated himself upon the wet ground, and drawing the strange, but dying brother's head up to his bosom, he wrapped his thin coat about him as best he could, and prepared himself for his lonely vigil in the darkness and storm, with the dying or the dead, while his friend Newton should seek the help they so much needed. Newton turned to start upon the discharge of his part of the painful duty, but he had scarcely stumbled more than three or four steps from his starting place, when his ears were greeted by a merry ringing laugh, full and loud as if coming from many voices, backed by many happy hearts. The laugh seemed to come from a house a little to the left of the road, and at no great distance from them, but the light from which, was hidden from them by some intervening obstacle. As if by one impulse both the friends set up a shout, and the cry of "help! help!" rang out upon the night air, and seemed to join in to make the howling of the storm more weird and frightful. Soon came the answering cry of "where?" and by a continuous shouting the answering party, which consisted of the young men, who with their lady friends had found shelter in the school house, where led to the top of a steep bank that arose on that side of the road at the spot where the two companions had found their dying brother. One of the young men carried a lighted candle in a water bucket over which he carried his hat to protect his candle from the wind and rain. A pathway up the bank was found near by, and by the aid of three or four of the new comers, the two friends managed to carry the apparently lifeless body up the bank, when the candle in the bucket was suddenly extinguished. But guided by the lights from the school house now plainly to be seen, the little company soon reached its gracious shelter, where the body was laid upon a dry shawl spread upon the floor by one of the young ladies. After their fright had a little passed away, the young ladies united with the gentlemen in endeavoring to bring back to life, him, who to all appearance had already fled the regions of time, and found shelter in the realms of eternity. Beautiful cambric handkerchiefs were readily supplied to remove the mud and dirt from the face. The hands were chafed by the anxious watchers, but all in vain. The lips of the dying man opened but once, and borne on that parting breath the attentive listeners heard the whispered words, "Darling Belle" and all that mournful company in the little way-side school house knew that Lawrence Clark had gone out from earth forever, leaving his darling Belle, not to the cold charities of the world, but to the tender fostering care of his Masonic brethren.

At about midnight the storm had spent its fury, the winds died away, the rain ceased to fall, the clouds rolled away, and the late moon rose to shed a little light upon the scene. Some of the young men from the school house hastened to the hotel and soon returned with a open wagon, in which the ladies and their companions found conveyance to their homes at the hotel. Colby and Newton remained with their brother's lifeless body, which they watched until the coming of the Coroner in the morning. News of the finding of the