

as I touched her; and the horrible odor of burned hair rose in my nostrils as I saw her wild and blackened face turned to mine.

"Dick, Dick!" she gasped, "save me!" and then fainted.

Fortunately I was as much at home in the house as my own room, and making for the staircase, through flame and smoke, I reached it in safety, but below me was what seemed to be a fiercely blazing furnace.

I recoiled for a moment, but it was my only hope, and I recalled that the lower floor was yet untouched by the fire; it was the one beneath me that was blazing so furiously.

So, getting a good tight grip on my treasure, I rushed down the burning stairs, feeling them crackle and give way as I bounded from one to the other.

It was a fiery ordeal, but in a few seconds I was below the flames, and reached the hall, where, panting and suffocating, I struggled to the door, reached it, and fell.

If I could have opened it, I knew we were safe; but I was exhausted, and the hot air caught me by the throat and seemed to strangle me. I raised my hand to the lock, but it fell back. I beat feebly at the door, but there was only the roar of flames to answer me, and I made one more supreme effort, panting and struggling, to reach the fastening. I was, as it were, dragged back by the weight of the burden I still clasped to my heart.

It was more than human endurance could bear, and I felt that the end was near, and to make my sufferings more poignant, Mattie seemed to revive, struggling with me for her life, as she kept repeating my name, and clinging to me till

"Dick—dear Dick! wake; pray wake! Are you ill?"

I started up to find Mattie clinging to me; and clasping her tightly to my heart, a great sob burst from my breast as I kissed her passionately again and again, hardly able to believe my senses.

"Oh, Dick!" she panted, "you did frighten me so! I couldn't stay to supper at the Wilsons', dear, for I could do nothing but think about your sitting here, alone, and cross with me. So—so—so, I was so miserable, Dick, and I slipped away and came home to find you lying here, panting and struggling; you would not wake when I shook you. Were you ill?"

"Oh, no, not at all," I said, as I kissed her again and again, being now for the first time sensible of a smarting pain in my foot.

"You've burned yourself, too, Dick; look at your foot."

"It was quite true; the toe of one slipper must have been in contact with the fire, and it was burned completely off.

"But, Dick, dear Dick," she whispered, nestling closer to me, "are you very angry with your little wife for being such a girl?"

I could not answer, only thank God that my weak fit of folly was past, as I clasped her closer and closer yet.

"Mattie," I whispered at length with a husky voice, "can you forgive me for being so weak?"

I could say no more for the hindrance of two soft lips placed upon mine; and while they rested there I made a vow I hope I shall have strength to keep; our real troubles are so many, it is folly to invent the false.

At last, when I was free, I took the rose from where it was nestled in her hair, and placed it in my pocket book, while in answer to the inquiring eyes that were bent on mine, I merely said:

"For a memento of a dreadful dream."

By the way I never finished that pamphlet.

## OUR GEM CASET.

"But words are things, and a small drop of ink  
Falling like dew upon a thought produces  
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

Be praised not for your ancestors but for your virtues.

Cheerfulness is an offshoot of goodness and of wisdom.

Never take a crooked path while you can see a straight one.

Shun every act that can be judged unworthy of commendation.

Fear not the threats of the great, but rather the tears of the poor.

The question is: "Can a girl who doesn't use powder make her hair bang?"

In the worst of times there is more cause to complain of an evil heart than of an evil world.

There is no man so great as not to have some littleness more predominant than all his greatness.

To judge of the real importance of an individual one must think of the effect his death would produce.

He that is choice of his time will also be choice of his company, and choice of his actions.—*Paley*.

The mistakes of women result almost always from her faith in the good and her confidence in the truth.

Pleasure is a weak tie of friendship; those who toil together are stronger friends than those who play.

The amount of pin money required by a woman depends on whether she uses diamond pins or rolling pins.

It is never the opinions of others that displease us, but the pertinacity they display in obtruding them upon us.

"Yes," he said, "I can give you a disinterested opinion of Mr. Stone's lecture, for I never felt less interested in a lecture in my life."

"Do you believe in an omen?" was once asked Ned Southern. "Only when it has a 'w' before it," was the prompt reply.

Thou art in the end what thou art. Put on wigs with millions of curls, set thy foot upon ell-high rocks, thou abidest—ever what thou art.—*Goethe*.

The man who threatens loudly the world is always ridiculous; for the world can easily go on without him, and in a short time, will cease to miss him.—*Johnson*.

"Mamma," said Harry, "what's the difference between goose and geese?" "Why, don't you know?" said four-year-old Annie; "one geese is goose, and a whole lot of geese is geese."

Butcher: "I can't accept that trade dollar, madam; it's not a legal tender." Customer: "Oh, you needn't put on any airs about that trade dollar! It is as near legal tender as your beef is."

"How do you like the squash pie, Alfred?" asked a young Milton husband a few days after marriage. "Well, it is pretty good, but—" "But what? I suppose you started to say that it isn't as good as that which your mother makes." "Well, yes, I did intend to say that, but—" "Well, Alfred, your mother made that very pie and sent it to me—" "Why, Sadie, don't cry. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. Mother probably never made that pie. She bought it at your father's bakery."