

check in the vicinity of Rose's room. The excitement was intense, and the few moments that passed while Tom disappeared were full of terrible anguish to the mother, and only less to many present, among whom Rose was a general favorite. Suddenly a window that opened on a balcony came crashing down, and through the opening Tom stepped, bearing in his arms a bundle of bed clothes, and wrapped in them the unconscious Rose.

"Men! the stairway is in flames. Three or four of you stand below, and break Rose's fall, now," and, as he spoke, he leaned forward with his precious burden, and dropped it over the balcony safely into the brawny arms of the waiting firemen. Tom now prepared to swing himself from the balcony, when a cry escaped from the crowd, and at the same moment a portion of the heavy cornice, all aflame, became detached, and, striking Tom, hurled him to the ground below. Strong hands soon snatched him from the fiery embrace, and drew him to a place of safety. But he was painfully burned, and his left arm broken.

Rose had slept on as the young and pure will sleep, and had become suffocated by the smoke, and knew nothing of her danger until she recovered consciousness a half hour after her rescue.

The elegant house was a complete ruin, and most of the furniture shared its fate. The neighbors found food and shelter for the family, and the early train carried a messenger bringing to Lawyer Lee news of the fire, and the noon train brought him in return. Mrs. Lee was suffering now

from nervous excitement, but Rose, young and in perfect health, had already recovered, and divided her attention between her mother and Tom. Mr. Lee did not use many words in expressing his gratitude to Tom, but there were tears in his eyes as he clasped his young friend's hand, and murmured "God bless you, Tom!"

A week after, he one day remarked to Tom: "It is strange that I should have gone away from home without re-insuring the property. The policy expired three days before the fire."

"And I renewed it," said Tom, and he told the story of Mr. Sanborn's call at the office.

The lawyer was silent for a moment, and then said:

"Cast your bread upon the waters, and it shall be returned to you after many days!"

Two weeks passed away. The family were occupying a rented house. Tom's broken arm was in a sling, and he was at the office superintending the packing of his trunk, preparatory to going to the capital. The last two weeks had been paradoxically speaking, full of blissful torture. The constant presence of Rose, her devoted attention to his wants, her manifest love for him, his anxiety to conceal his own from her—all this crowded on his mind, and he determined on his course. He was ready for his journey, and the train would start in an hour. Mr. Lee was in the front office.

"Mr. Lee," began Tom, "I have been looking over the ground, and have concluded to take a trip to the far west on my return from the capi-