

short rest, started out to call at them. Nothing suited her, until quite late she stopped at the last address she had. She found a neat house, where she could have a nice, quiet room at a reasonable price, and meals at a neighboring restaurant.

The landlady was such a motherly woman that Laura had told her story before she knew it.

"Very sad, my dear" said Mrs. Lane. "I do hope you will find him. What is his name?"

"Hugh Gordon," replied Laura.

Mrs. Lane started. "Hugh Gordon!" she repeated. "I do believe, my dear—yes—I know—he roomed here along in March. Let me see, this is the first week in April. Yes, and he went out to some small camps, and left his valise here till he should come back. I think it is here now. Come with me and we will see."

She led the way to an upper floor, and entering a comfortable room, found a well-filled valise in a closet.

"Is this his?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, yes!" cried Laura, excitedly. "And he hasn't come back! Where do you suppose he is?"

"Oh, detained in some of the camps, I suppose," ventured Mrs. Lane, cheerily. "You see, when he comes, he will find you right here. Won't he be surprised!"

Laura restrained a shudder, and said she would go to the hotel and settle up and bring her valise.

It was about dark when she returned to Mrs. Lane's, and that good lady insisted on having Laura share her tea that evening. It was a comfortable, tasty meal, and Laura, somewhat settled, and a little hopeful, enjoyed it.

She sat and chatted with Mrs. Lane while she did up her work, and for some time afterward, and it was after 10:00 o'clock when she finally said good night

and went to her room. She did not feel at all sleepy, and seeing a dilapidated old book on a shelf in her closet she sat down to read it. She read until she dropped to sleep in her chair, with her head on her folded arms on the table, and her woolen shawl over her shoulders.

She was troubled with bad dreams, and the confused sound that awoke her seemed a part of them. It was some time before she awoke sufficiently to realize where she was, and what was the matter. Something oppressed her and she struggled to her feet just as some one rapped loudly on her door, and cried "Fire!"

It was true. She could distinctly hear the roar of flames and smell the smoke. She was already dressed, so she caught up her valise, threw her shawl over her head and rushed to the door. The key was in the lock, but in her haste and agitation she could scarcely turn it with her trembling fingers.

Once in the hall, she could see the fire at the other end, beyond the staircase. Her way was clear, and she ran without hindrance, until on the stairs she met men rushing up to save furniture from the upper rooms.

The lower part of the house was burning, and she went out from the front door to the street. The noise, the crowd, the falling cinders, the water that fell in dirty torrents from the roofs of neighboring houses, all alarmed her, and she forced her way through the crowd to find a quiet street.

Suddenly her valise was snatched from her.

She turned, but could catch no sight of it, or of anybody who looked suspicious. Everybody was running the other way, intent on seeing the fire.

On she fled, and turning into an open door, found herself in an eating house. To a man who appeared she explained