

soft side of a board, and if Jack wants anything he can halloo."

"Yes, and you fellows would sleep peacefully on while I was wearing my lungs out," objected Jack; "that won't do, guess again."

"Why don't you run a string from Jack's bed under the door of his room and tie it to your toe, and then if he wants anything, let him pull," suggested I.

The suggestion being adopted, the fiery little monster in the corner was accordingly filled and "set," and the string properly adjusted and attached to Bill's big toe, and leaving Jack still muttering because it wasn't a rope, I ambled away to bed, closing my room door to avoid the heat.

I do not know how long I had been sleeping when I was aroused by a commotion and bombardment that brought me out of my chamber and landed me in the middle of the room at one leap. Pausing for a moment to recover from my dazed condition I was soon enlightened as to the cause of the noise by a vigorous pounding on the other side of the wall and a series of energetic exclamations which, from their character and coloring, I knew came from none other but Jack.

Alive to the situation at once, I sprang towards the door alluded to, but stopped short at the crackling sound which greeted me; it was fairly warping. However I dashed forward, wrenched it open to be projected backward half the length of the room by the volume of heat which rushed into the opening, and which I at once discovered proceeded from the little stove in the corner which had worked itself into a perfect frenzy of heat, and was "red hot" all over; from beyond came an unbroken stream of ejaculations, mixed with the noise of cracking paper, and above it all rose the mellow cadence of Bill's sonorous snores, keeping rhythmic time to his heavy breathings. The perspiration streamed from every pore, yet on he slumbered.

Realizing that heroic action was required, I plucked up my courage and rushing swiftly past the blazing demon and into the torrid

room I nearly fell over the recumbent sleeper, the only effect being a short grunt and a louder answering snore. Recovering, I threw the window up to the full height, and hurried on to Jack's rescue. Poor Jack, there he lay immovable, vehemently breathing out ancient history relative to Bill, myself, stoves, heat, like the steady flow of a low-browed, but industrious sausage machine.

At length I made myself heard above the uproar, and he paused for an instant to listen to my query of, "Why didn't you pull the string, Jack?" But he was simply resting, and broke out afresh with a new and approved line of expression that was simply sublime in the way of description.

"Didn't I pull? Isn't his leg dangling at the end of that string? Did you want me to pull him in here, all of him, and mutter sweet words in his ear? Squire, if you love me, don't set the police on me. Say he committed suicide. I know I have pulled him apart. If I haven't, and he isn't parched as crisp and brown as a jam tart, kick him, Squire: kick him hard; and say, if he revives, that I told you to do it," he shouted.

No satisfied with, and not understanding much that he said, I essayed an investigation on my own account, and after walking out and delivering sundry vigorous kicks on Bill's recumbent form, I succeeded in arousing him to a contemplation of the circumstances. Then I descried the string, and tracing its course from Bill to the door, there discovered the source of all the trouble. That string was knotted; knotted in a good round knot, and that knot, in a manner totally unaccountable, had discovered a small sliver cropping from beneath the door, and there it rested; and all of Jack's efforts to pull it through had been wasted; and innocent Bill lay and slumbered peacefully through it all.

The stove was finally subdued, but it was many days ere Jack recovered his health, tranquility and good nature, and declares he will ever retain a vivid recollection of that night, and cherishes unto this day in memory of his terrible experience, the end of a broken string.

B. B. D.