

TEN LITTLE DUTIES.

Ten little duties! Does no good to whine; Skip about and do one, then there are nine! Nine little duties; it never pays to wait; Do one quick, and presto!—there are only eight.

JOHN FLINT, DEPUTY-CHIEF.

The new fire commissioner, lounging in his swivel chair, concluded his remarks to the deputy-chief with a wave of his hand and a shrug of his shoulders. "You know, Flint," he said, "there is such a thing as being too careful. Keeping up a record of never losing a man and not obeying your superior officer don't go together, always, remember that."

"I didn't mean that," she interrupted. "Your mood—I—" She stopped with a questioning look. "Ronan had me before the commissioner," he said responsibly. "The commissioner was too straight, and too wise to take up charges, but the chief is down on Fourteenth Street with Scanlon, now."

John Flint, deputy-chief, was on his way out of the office, turned abruptly. "The floor fell, sir, didn't it?" "You told Chief Ronan you had ordered your men off that floor," the commissioner had swung around to his desk and was speaking over his shoulder.

Hand along the surbase; it was almost red-hot. Like a surgeon engaged in diagnosis he straightened up carrying his fingers with light touch up the wall. Suddenly his hand paused and hitting the plaster a resounding smack he turned to the shadowy figure of a great rambled axeman who stood at his elbow.

called the rolls. Four times the quick, staccato calling of a name met with no response, and like a clammy wind word ed round that men were still in the building. One of them was Flint.

lay across his stomach. His hands were free, though, and they plucked feebly at the big, charred beam. Slowly he reached upward, the fingers striking against something soft. Then he let his arm fall heavily, splashing in the water, every sense awakened under the shock of realization. The paper bales had arched above him. He was buried alive.