

been blown up, and no provisions could be expected. Telephone wires were pulled down, and no one knew when help might come, if at all. Besides no one knew what the mob might attempt. They were stranded on an island in a howling, angry sea.

Time passed slowly enough for those inside the stockade. The guards stood at their posts ready for any emergency. It was sunset, and Tom was wishing he could get home or send word that he was safe, when a shout of "fire" came from the breaker window. "Look," cried a man as he leaned far out of the window, and pointed across the valley. Everybody looked, and all were sure it was Conrad's house. Tom came to the door of the engine room, saw the smoke, turned back, but soon appeared with an axe. "Let's some of us go," he cried, and he started on a run followed by a half dozen others. Tom led the way. Again the mob gave way to let him through. On they ran along the side of the culm pile, and then disappeared into the gully, but only for an instant, for soon they could be seen running up the slope toward the burning house. Tom was far in the lead. The first door was locked, but soon opened before Tom's axe and a room of hot smoke confronted him. In they rushed. Seconds seemed like hours to those who watched; but finally they returned carrying two helpless bodies. Tom and his men worked like fiends. They saved the contents of Mr. Conrad's desk by throwing it through the large office window. They carried out the piano and the best of the furniture; but as soon as the fire company had come Tom disappeared.

That night Bertha and her mother listened as Tom told of the fire. How Mrs. Conrad had fallen on the stairs, and how the smoke had suffocated Ella as she was trying to rescue her mother. Tom took from his pocket a paper and gazed at it in wonder. He had never seen that before. He looked again, but it was the same paper. Bertha looked over his shoulder, strained her eyes, and almost wept for joy. Justice must be done. The old lease was found; but Tom only knew how. He remembered now having picked up a paper that fell out of the large desk as they lifted it to the window. It was hardly likely that Conrad knew what it