viewed again, and in it is framed a face—watery-eyed, blanched with terror and sleep—but yet almost a pathetic blank.

"There he is!" cry a thousand—two thousand throats—the throats of all who can see. "Jump, man, jump for your life!"

The blanket-holders sway in readiness.

Then all the tumult dies into silence. Somehow it reaches the outskirts that George is at the window. But now above the roar of the burning building carries the voice of the intuitive one to George overhead, gazing perplexedly, deprived of the power of action.

"Waiter, be quick. How often are we to tell you?"

"I’m being quick as I can, sir," replies George, "I only just heard you calling."

In the distance is heard the rapid jangling of a bell,—tang-a-lang, tang-a-lang, tang-a-lang. The crowd divides in anticipation. The engines and the escape are coming. Unless George jumps, though, they will be too late to save him.

Perhaps even the intuitive one is wrong for once. Perhaps this is, after all, the first chance that poor, undersized George the waiter has ever had. The fire springs up once more and great columns of smoke hide again the attic window.

George clutches at his throat and falls back into the room. Some One else has called George the Waiter—One whose call cannot be disobeyed.

Perhaps he has gone to the Waiter’s Paradise where poor tired Waiters have nothing to do but sit still and be waited upon all day long—perhaps to the one perpetual sleep, a sleep deeper than any he has slept yet.

A STORMY NIGHT.

TONIGHT when stars are shut away
And winds blow high,
When nothing shows but gray
Across the sky
I want to say a prayer
For those who have no folks around
To tuck them in or care
When they are bad.

AILEEN CLEVELAND HIGGINS.