

"The day the fire is over I will go for you and will marry and live in any shanty we can find and begin life together like any Forty-niners. You help others as much as you choose then. There will be work for all—but now there is not, cannot be until organization begins. And I must be free to take care of you. Will you go at once? The land is still there."

"Yes, I will go at once."

He left her, and a few moments later she was walking down the other side of the hill, the voluminous pillow-case slung over her shoulder. Before her trudged Sugihara, the ancestors under one arm and his library under the other. The street beyond the water-front was a moving mass of refugees, and Telegraph Hill, and Mr. Clatt was standing in the launch, on the alert. He gave a shout of delight as he saw Isabel, and she waved her hand. As she reached the wharf and forced her way through the Italians and Mexicans, who regarded her with great favour, she noticed a small party of Chinese evidently in distress. The woman, magnificently arrayed, and hardly larger than a child, was huddled against the sea-wall, dumbly protesting that she could go no farther. Her face was twisted and her eyes were staring with pain and fright. A poor child in three shirts of different colours, all striped and embroidered, was wailing in the common language of his years, and the young husband argued with his wife in vain: she made no response but her passive resistance was as effective as if her feet had been six. She would not let her husband touch her, and her husband dared not relinquish his hold on his strong-box while surrounded by formidable neighbours of Telegraph Hill.

Isabel, glad to be able to do something for the poor one, told him to hand the box to Mr. Clatt, then