

the work as though nothing had happened. The queer thing about a calamity like this is that there is so much to be done on every side that you don't have a moment to think, and you don't get any of your values straightened out until afterward. The doctor, without a moment's hesitation, had risked his life to save Allegra. It was the bravest thing I ever saw, and yet the whole business occupied only fifteen minutes out of the dreadful night. At the time, it was just an incident.

And he saved Allegra. She came out of that blackened room with rumpled hair and a look of pleased surprise at the new game of peek-a-boo. She was smiling. The child's escape was little short of a miracle. The fire had started within three feet of her wall, but owing to the direction of the wind, it had worked away from her. If Miss Snaith had believed a little more in fresh air and had left the window open, the fire would have eaten back; but fortunately Miss Snaith does not believe in fresh air, and no such thing happened. Allegra had gone, I never should have forgiven myself for not letting the Bretlands take her, and I know that Sandy would n't.

Despite all the loss, I can't be anything but happy when I think of the two horrible tragedies that have been averted; for seven minutes, while the doctor was trapped in that blazing third floor, I lived through the agony of believing them both gone, and I start awake in the night trembling with horror.

But I'll try to tell you the rest. The firemen