

"They are almost under the window: And t withdrawing her head with a shudder, while she clung support to the frame of the window: "They are fighting underneath me now," she said. "God pity them!"

"And who is—are we still getting the worst of it?" Forced by a kind of fascination, Anne looked again. "Yes, there is one man, a big man, leads them on," she said, in the voice of one who, painfully absorbed in a sight, reports it involuntarily. "He is driving people before him. Ah! he has struck one down a moment. He is almost underneath us now. But the people will not follow him! They are standing. He waves them on!"

"He is beneath us?" Madame's voice sounded strangely near, strangely insistent. But Anne, wrapt in what she saw, did not heed it.

"Yes! He is a dozen paces in front of them. He is underneath us now. He urges them to follow him. He towers above them! He is——"

She broke off; close to her sounded a heavy breathing, that even above the babel of the street caught her ear. She drew in her head, looked, and, overcome by that which she had been witnessing, she shrieked aloud.

Beside her, bending under the weight of the great steaming pot, stood her mother! Her mother, who scarcely left her bedroom twice in a twelvemonth, crossed it as many times in a week. But it was her mother; endowed at this pass, and for the instant, with supernatural strength. For even as Anne recoiled, the old woman lifted the huge *marmite*, full and steaming as it was, to the ledge of the window, steadied it there an instant, and then, with the gleaming eyes and set pale face of an avenging prophetess, thrust it forth.