

ing would go, though the wind was blowing away from my west wing.

Another automobile full of retainers from Knowltop came up almost immediately, and they all fell fighting the fire. The regular fire department did not come for ten minutes after that. You see, they had only horses, and we are three miles out, and the road pretty bad. It was a dreadful night, cold and sleety, and such a wind blowing that you could scarcely stand up. The men climbed out on the roof, and worked their stocking-feet to keep from slipping off. They beat out the sparks with wet blankets, and chopped and squirted that tankful of water, and behaved like heroes.

The doctor meanwhile took charge of the children. Our first thought was to get them away to a place of safety, for if the whole building should go, we couldn't march them out of doors into that awful wind, with only their night-clothes and blankets for protection. By this time several more automobiles full of men had come, and we requisitioned the cars.

Knowltop had providentially been opened for the week-end in order to entertain a house-party in honor of the old gentleman's sixty-seventh birthday. I was one of the first to arrive, and he put his entire place at our disposal. It was the nearest refuge, and we accepted it instantaneously. We bundled our twenty littlest tots into cars, and ran them down from the house. The guests, who were excitedly dress-