

ruddy waving smoke and streams of lurid sparks shot up into the air. The red light fell on the upturned faces of the people.

Howard buffeted and fought a slow way through the crowd—screaming out in his agony. It was his mother!

A ladder was against the house and men tried to climb it, fighting the flames and deathly smoke. But then the end came, and a fearful cry went up from the crowd—the roof of the house sank through with a burst of flame and the women disappeared.

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The two men came around the corner of the street just then—bearing the body of the boy, wrapped in a torn boat sail.

A Conceit.

BY MORTIMER COLLINS.

O TOUCH that rosebud! it will bloom—

My lady fair!

A passionate red in dim green gloom,

A joy, a splendor, a perfume

That sleeps in air.

You touched my heart: it gave a thrill

Just like a rose

That opens at a lady's will:

Its bloom is always yours, until

You bid it close.