

There was no way out of it, she had to give an inkling of the story—and a faint inkling it was. There was a fire and a terrible storm. Some lives were lost, and she was among the saved. It was dreadful. Too awful a subject, it could be seen, for the woman behind the counter to do justice to under the circumstances.

Upon making inquiries of friends afterwards, the subject grew in interest. Some things in accord with their value drop out of the mind none too quickly; others take a deeper hold and give the mind no rest until there is the resolve, as in this case, to get at the bottom of the subject, and satisfy the demand for investigation.

The way opened up—thanks to a kind Providence—for another occasion on which to converse with Mrs. Ivey. Having called to see her sister who lived in the neighborhood in regard to the matter, the writer was delighted to hear that M^{rs}. Ivey would shortly be present to spend the afternoon.

She came, and while she frankly said that she seldom cared to talk of the experience through which she had passed, and indeed could not speak of it for over a year after her escape, she nevertheless very freely told all that came to