

tongues are plucking at them, and the billowing gusts of smoke are wreathing them round, as if they feared to lose so precious a prey.

"Haste, haste; they are falling! Will no one break the shock?" cry voices in the crowd.

"Well done, Sergeant! They are all right now!" shout the multitude.

The ready-witted soldier has dragged a sturdy peasant directly under the pair, has bid him "hold hard ahead;" while with iron gripe he himself holds by the tail the long-skirted garment of tough frieze.

And so they are let gently to the ground, with no broken bones—thank God! although both are sadly scorched; and the poor child Madeline, half-naked, and more dead than alive, is borne off in tender women's arms. Hurrah, hurrah! Two saved, at least! But the rest? Ah!

What is here, though? A flaming, frizzled-up mass, shapeless, horrible,—but with a groan in it still—rolls out of this lower window to their feet. Work, men, work; there's life in him yet! Heavy coats are torn off by merciful hands, and swathed round and round the charring lump of humanity, that some red rags mark out as once a foe. But no matter for that. Misfortune makes the whole world kin. Another saved: Hurrah! But the rest—the rest! What of them?

"The master, the master! Oh wirra, wirra!—an' the handsome boy wid the angel-face!"—wail the women.

Ah! What is that moving on the ridge-pole of the Conservatory yonder? A wild shout from fifty throats hails the sight.

It is the gallant boy staggering along under the burden of his wounded, fever-spent and helpless parent; like Æneas of old, bearing off the feeble Anchises from the ruins of burning Troy.

God knows how he had got there. Probably it was the only path of safety within reach of the window to which he had dragged his father.

Steady, boy, steady!—and be quick too; for the fierce heat is fusing the iron girder, and the frail support is bending beneath the pair.

Ah! Is he down? No: only a slip. He drags out his lacerated limb from the cruel, cutting glass, and continues painfully to crawl along towards the further end of the hot-house, where they