the Seminole Club, the Metropolis publication building, the City Hall building and market, and the Hubbard building in turn were burned. In the last were great stores of dynamite, powder and ammunition, and there was explosion after explosion, adding to the dangers that surrounded the firemen on every side.

Then to Bay Street the flames ate their way. The new Furchgott building was in a few minutes blazing, and the leap to the Gardner building, towering six stories high, was easy. The heat was intolerable. Building after building on the opposite side of the street was soon a mass of flames.

Night had fallen. Looking east from Hogan, Bay Street from Laura and beyond, showed only the reddened scene of fire. From the windows of the Commercial Bank Building (southeast corner of Bay and Laura), the serpentine tongues were shooting. It was soon a skeleton. It seemed that there was nothing to prevent the fire's advance westward. All the afternoon, the Western Union offices, corner Laura and Bay, were crowded with people sending messages. The Western Union force stood to their posts nobly. The young ladies of the force, cool and calm, were standing to their posts, even when the building forty feet across the street was crumbling.

It was feared that the flames would creep westward, burning the dockage and entire water front and the Bay Street buildings west of Laura, wiping out the buildings between. But the fire department was making a gallant stand. Engines were placed at Hogan and Bay, playing steadily on the buildings at Laura and Bay.

About 7:30 o'clock the wind died. It was a blessed relief. The flames had lapped up everything in their way from the Cleveland factory to the Duval Street viaduct, and back on Bay to Laura. The flames were under control at 8:30 p.m.

The rapid on-rush of the flames caught many people in a trap at the foot of Market Street. This was called the Market Street Horror, because for a time it was thought that there was a heavy loss of life at this point. But all escaped except Henry Bounetehou and an unknown negro man.

Spirit of the People

During the progress of the fire a blanket of smoke and flame covered the city, almost shutting out the light of day. Persons of every class and condition struggled in the streets, but the rough were tender now and the strong supported the weak. Kindly, brave, heroic deeds were done on every hand. Fainting women and terrified children were rescued from burning buildings by men whose all, except the clothes they wore, was even then being consumed. In the storm of fire,