friends and relatives became separated; some one would take a child from its mother's arms and proceed until a wave of humanity forced the two apart—then the mother's voice would add a new terror to the uproar. When the churches caught, frenzied negroes yelled, "De Lawd am angry wid us, O, people, prepare to die!" and some would rush toward the flames, only to be caught and dragged away. Wagons piled high with household goods threaded their way through the crowds; then sparks would ignite the bedding, and a wild horse and a burning wagon would rush madly along the streets. Exhausted, one would drop a burden and another would take it up. From a flaming house furniture and bedding were taken by willing hands for some old lady, simply to gratify her, as everyone knew that wagons could not be had to move the things away. A gentleman hurrying down the street with a bundle of precious articles, overtook an aged couple pushing a sewing machine. "Madam, you must leave this and save your lives," he said. "How can I, sir", sobbed the old lady, "This machine is the only support of my poor husband". Without a word the gentleman threw away his bundle, raised the machine to his shoulder, and staggered on down the street, with the old couple at his heels.b

The human tide struggled on, whither no one knew. Then came the report that a new fire center had started ahead, cutting off retreat. Caught in a fire trap, the stream of humanity turned in the direction of Springfield, or to the docks along the river. At Market Street bridge over Hogan's Creek, the jam of people made passage like that of swimming against the tide. Into this mass passed the whisper that the gas works nearby must soon explode. The struggle became fiercer, but at its fiercest a woman fell, and there was a general pause until she was lifted to her feet. By this time families in Springfield were loading their effects on wagons. Some had sent the women and children of their families to the suburbs, but now became uneasy about their fate, as the wildest rumors were afloat as to occurrences everywhere. Others wandered in front and around the flaming district seeking the lost—highly excited, but peaceable and helpful. Meanwhile, tugs and rowboats, launches and vessels of every kind were busy in removing those who had sought the wharves as a place of safety. There were thousands of narrow escapes. Sick people were carried to places of supposed