

And the chorus (there *must* be a chorus to a music-hall song) is the derisive chaff of these envious ones, and the coster's observation upon it.

" 'Wot cher?' all the neighbors cry.  
 'Who'r yer goin' to meet, Bill?'  
 'Ave yer bort the street, Bill?'  
 Lor' me—thort I should hev died  
 When I knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road."

I dare say my quotation is by no means exact, but it may give the flavor.

The singer gave all of it, and it seemed to me that there might have been circumstances under which his talents might have developed into something which would have been quite marked in its line.

Finally we were favored by the Drum-and-Fife Band. It was a credit to its teacher and to itself. I had really had no idea of finding it so proficient, though I had been sure I should find it energetic and spirited.

When I went down to my brougham the boy who had been the presenter of the bouquet carried it before me triumphantly. His nice face looked nicer than ever.

The street was dark and a little crowd of people stood on the pavement near the door, some women stood in the street on the other side of the carriage, and looked at me through the window. They were as interested as they are when they watch people going to a Drawing-room or a grand party. The modest festivity of the Club had been like a party to Kemble Street, and here was one of its guests getting into a carriage with her arms full of splendid bouquets with ribbon streamers.

The lights were still burning in that upper room where the pictured boy-face looked down from over the mantel. The stained glass effect of the windows made a rich bit of color in the gloom surrounding it. It looked quite foreign to the narrow, sordid street, but it wore an air of warmth and promise. I watched it until the brougham turned the corner and it was out of sight, wondering what work the ripples set up by that pebble dropped into the ocean of life might do—hoping that it might be permitted to it to help, at least, some boats to a wider shore.

## THE PRICELESS PEARL.\*

*By John White Chadwick.*

"DEATH, the Egyptian, melts and drinks the pearl :"  
 And straight a rapture through his being runs,  
 A fire that seems the essence of all the suns  
 That ever made the summer's pomp unfurl  
 Its banners, and the green leaves softly curl  
 Back from the fruit ; a sense of shining ones  
 Engirding round, until his vision shuns  
 The awful splendor of that radiant whorl.  
 And then a voice : These things wouldst thou explore ?  
 Who drinks the pearl of life compounded so  
 Of love, and joy, and hope, and peace, and pain—  
 All sweetest, saddest things that mortals know—  
 Drinks to his own salvation : he shall gain  
 Life beyond life, and Death shall be no more.

\* Written after reading Mr. T. W. Higginson's Sonnet in the April number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.



## HISTORIC MOMENTS: A MEMORY OF THE CHICAGO FIRE.

*By David Swing.*

**I**F to us, who were wandering homeless in front of the great conflagration of 1871, anyone had whispered the words of Aescles: "It will be a pleasure some day to remember these things," he would have seemed to be trifling with the sufferers and the event. But twenty years have sufficed to justify the words of the Latin. With a great pleasure I shall pass again along the path which once was so beset with smoke and fire. Emerson once wrote in the blank leaf of a book these words:

"A score of piny miles will smooth  
The rough Monadnoc to a gem."

With his usual spirituality he thus declared that twenty years would transform a painful experience into a rather pleasing dream.

The Chicago fire began on Sunday evening, October 8, 1871, at a quarter before nine o'clock. It raged until half-past ten the next evening, pausing suddenly in a large isolated dwelling-house, which fell into ruins at that time. The work of destruction thus, under the impulse of a driving wind, lasted only about twenty-six hours. The houses destroyed were about fourteen thousand; the people rendered homeless ninety-eight thousand; the value of property destroyed two hundred millions of dollars.

The rain of cinders upon the water-

works soon made the roof-timbers fall in upon the pumping-engines and block their working-beams. In three or four hours from the outset of the conflagration, the whole city was without water. It lay helpless. Had the wind changed at any time within two days, no part of Chicago would have remained. The historian would have recorded the total erasure of everything above ground. But the wind, which caused the destruction, intervened to limit its extent. It never veered for three days, and thus it held the destroyer to a definite channel widening out to the northwest. The gale blew until it sank down under the smittings of rain.

It was never learned how the rumor originated that a cow had kicked over a lamp and had burned a city. The fire started at a quarter before nine. The O'Learys had milked their cow at five o'clock, and had had no lamp lighted that Sunday in either cottage or barn. The air was so much like summer that the inside of both stable and house was deserted. It is probable the cow-story sprang up out of the inventive power of some man or woman who was hungry for a small cause for a great disaster. Men love the aphorism of Mother Goose, that "Great oaks from little acorns grow."

It was never learned how many lives were lost in the burning and falling of so many buildings. The coroner was