

attempts to resuscitate her were unavailing. She was dead. There were no marks of violence about her. Her color was fresh and life-like; but some blue spots on her throat were discovered, and it was then thought that my father had perhaps dealt foully with her while he was in one of his fits of delirium. But on recovering sensibility he declared he had been suddenly attacked—he supposed by robbers—and he knew nothing more. He was arrested, and the case was tried before the magistrate, but there was absolutely no proof that he had committed the crime. He, too, had been seriously injured, and the whole affair was finally dropped, and regarded by many people as the work of a band of clever brigands that infested the neighborhood, and which, it was surmised, had some special grudge against him. My father's first care after the matter had been decided was to start the old clock, the hands having remained in the position they were in on the morning of the tragedy—they still indicated ten minutes past five. For many years the clock had not been stopped for so long a time, and my father for some reason was much exercised because it had been neglected. He appeared to have now a greatly increased desire to guard it and keep it going, and he watched it with intense solicitude. It had always been astonishingly regular, and it was expected to continue as before when it was again started; but it failed to do so. I was standing close to my father's side when he opened the door to touch the pendulum the first time after the mournful tragedy, and I observed a tremor pass over him. His hand shook as he reached out to push the rod. When he touched it the clock immediately resumed its regular beating, but there was an instant stirring of the musical apparatus, and the deep notes of a requiem vibrated on the air of the silent chamber. As the pipes poured forth the melancholy strain my father started back, bowed his head, and remained in this attitude silent as a statue. He was deeply moved. Since that fatal night he had changed for the better, and not a drop of absinthe had passed his lips. He was feeble and nervous, but I believed he had resolved to abandon his stimulants entirely. I prayed he might have the strength to adhere to his resolution, and it gratified me to see that the solemn music affected him. The tears rolled down his pale and haggard cheeks, and as silently as I could I stole out of the chamber and left him alone. When the next fifth hour came round the clock stopped at ten minutes past, to the great annoyance of my father, and it continued in this way for ten days, stopping at ten minutes past five as often as it was started, and occasionally playing the requiem. My father watched it with eager anxiety, and each time so soon as it stopped he started it again. He seemed to have a special horror for the position of the hands at ten minutes past five, and constantly feared the very thing which happened—the stopping of the clock at that hour. Finally he declared something must be wrong with the works, and though when the ten days were over the clock went on as usual, he had an expert mechanic come to overhaul it thoroughly. I watched this man with almost breathless interest as he examined

the clock preparatory to taking it apart. At last I thought I was to know something about this strange machine which had, since earliest childhood, been such a great mystery to me. Even in my later years I could never conceive by what means the clock contrived to execute its manifold duties, and I followed the mechanic's movements with, as I said, almost breathless interest. He first took out the pendulum and the weights and then removed a large upper case which enclosed the principal works. This brought to light a square mass of intricate brass and wood work, and numerous wires of copper that seemed to extend to all parts of the case. The time-measuring apparatus was immediately in front, and connected with it was a series of wheels and cylinders. Next came the long cylinder, with its innumerable little brass pins, which, operating on a key-board, admitted the compressed air from a bellows arrangement into the pipes. The latter were all of fine wood, over seventy in number, of varying size, and constructed with admirable precision. But the strangest part of the machinery was discovered immediately below the pipes. It was a box-like cavity containing numerous sheets of beaten silver attached to copper frames, and several hermetically sealed glass cylinders partly full of different colored liquids. The whole of this was connected by wires with the rollers and wheels adjoining the time apparatus. Besides these curious things, there were on both sides, and also connected by wires with the rest, a number of parallel rods of copper and zinc. The man refused absolutely to touch anything but the time portion, and this differed very little from that of other clocks of the period except in the excellence of its finish. There was nothing out of order, and the mechanic expressed great surprise that the clock had stopped. He replaced the few wheels he had taken out and went away. The clock was left to itself. My father appeared to dread the sight of the room in which it was—his old bedroom—and never slept there. Strangely enough he invariably visited it several times each day to see if the clock was still going. There was never a more faithful time-piece, and as faithfully did my father now abstain from all intoxicating drinks. With so much energy did he devote himself to his business that it was not long before he began to recover his lost ground. Before three years had passed he was once more in comfortable circumstances, and seemed to have entirely forgotten the dreadful occurrence which had been the cause of his reform. In the fifth year after the tragedy he was in excellent health—in the full enjoyment of returning wealth. He had actually begun to pay his addresses to a rich and handsome widow of our neighborhood, when suddenly the old clock took another freak and halted at ten minutes past five, thus vividly recalling the melancholy affair of five years before. It was faithfully started, but behaved precisely as it had behaved the first time, stopping each day at exactly ten minutes past five. My father was extremely troubled. He grew pale and haggard, and was evidently suffering deeply from the unhappy memory. He kept to his room and sat long hours with his face buried in his hands, hearing nothing, seeing