

then, leaping to the roof, ran nimbly along the rafters, and bursting their bonds, devoured the very mist of the night.

The bell on St. Steven's rang out deep and muffled, proclaiming the rising of the curtain to the last scene in a life that was coming down to earth.

Murderer!

The break of the surf mocked the wretched man as he stole away from his own home. Murderer! Murderer! All along the beach the word rolled, and he raised his hand in entreaty, his blanched face transfixed in terror lest the whole world should hear it.

That crash of broken glass, and the fall of the heavy body, had snapped the vice-like tension which had held him almost insensible to bodily feeling. Now, with awful distinctness, he realized what he had done! All was ended, and every other thought was thrust rudely aside by that which dinned into his ears the word, "murderer!"

He heard it in the pattering rain. He saw it in the haze from the street lights. It was about him everywhere. Affrighted, he glanced back over his shoulder as he stumbled on. His busy brain began to scheme for the safety of his body. He was flying from the gallows! He heard the bell in St. Stephen's tower strike, and he stopped and counted, for so busy was he studying for escape that he could not think what o'clock it might be, nor what day, nor what month. He only remembered that he had been so harrassed, so driven into a corner that he had again taken a life, and he was now hastening from the gallows. How many times he had greedily read of the flight, the capture, and the last hours on earth of a murderer! He shuddered, and strove to drive away the thoughts. He had forgotten to count the hour. What! was the bell still striking? That was no hour. It was a steady ringing. Instinctively he glanced back. There it was, a dull, lurid glare against the sky. With a cry as of one suffocating he staggered on.

Then came a moment of exultation. The fire would cover his guilt. He drew his hat lower over his eyes, for honest men, awakened from peaceful slumber, were hurrying past him toward the scene of destruction. Perhaps one of these very men would discover it, he thought; but it would be so charred, so blackened, that perhaps they would think it was himself. If he had only allowed the man who had driven him from the city to see him enter his house, a chain of evidence would have been established that would have let him out of the country. Hundreds of thoughts began to crowd in on him, and he welcomed them all, for they helped to stifle that word, "murderer." Out of the country he would be free. Free? Something like hope surged in his hardened breast. Free of the load he had so long carried! What was dishonor if he escaped? There would be no dishonor. People would hold their breaths in horror at the accounts of his being burned alive, and he would be on the sea before the fraud was discovered, if it were ever discovered. He had never known how sweet life was before. He began to see that one might be glad to live, even with a moderate amount of treasure in his possession.

By running and walking he had gone a great distance, for he saw with surprise that he was at the junc-

tion of Market street with the turnpike. Somewhere, within hearing, a party of rollicking, half drunken men were singing to the night in maudlin tones. He thought how much he would give to be as light of heart, and strained his ears to listen, but the sounds had ceased, and he heard instead, that word "murderer."

He was startled by the rumble of a carriage near, and coming toward him. He darted behind a tree to await its passing. From his cover he saw it was a belated coach, the lanterns on its sides shining on the dripping flanks of the horses. The thought came to him that he would hail the driver and ride to the city. It was nothing uncommon that a man should be traveling at that time of night. He came out from his concealment and held up his hand. The coach stopped and took him in.

He lay back in the soft cushions. He hoped that the shutting of the door would relieve him from the taunting of that terrible word, and he drew the curtains, but the darkness was so intense that he raised them again in an agony of fright. Everything through which he had passed came back to him, and he cursed the daughter to whom he attributed all.

The coach rumbled along, at last crossing the bridge, and coming to a stop in Market square, Boston. The driver, alighting, said that the stables were near, and the horses could go no farther. Dazedly, the passenger stepped to the sidewalk and was going away, when the driver caught him by the arm and demanded his fare. Placing into the outstretched hand a piece of money, he turned away. Through the square, through Darkstone street, past the post office, and by back streets, he went to the North End. His head was on his breast, and he walked unconscious of all about him.

He came to a corner where a night cabman had a stand. The blanketed horse, with long neck outstretched, was making periodical nods of his head in his attempt to catch a few winks of sleep. The cabby, who was sitting in the coach door, invited him to ride. Mechanically he stopped. The driver arose and held wide open the door.

"Where?" asked the driver. Then, receiving no answer, he shook his passenger. The start, and wild glance of the deathly white face, were warnings not to repeat the touch.

"Where are you going?" repeated the driver.

"To hell!" was the answer, in a muffled tone of irritation.

The Jehu stepped back, stroked his chin, and grinned. Then he took from his pocket a pipe, lighted it, removed the blankets from the horses, mounted his box and drove away, turning to take many shrewd peeps through the glass window at his fare. Through one street and across another they rattled, till they drew up before a brick mansion, which was reached by a long flight of stone steps. Here the driver dismounted, and, observing his passenger in the same seemingly unconscious condition, ran lightly up the steps and pulled the bell. After a wait of a few minutes a light appeared, shining through curtained side windows. A key turned in the lock and a low conversation ensued, then the driver returned to his charge and ordered him to alight.

The old man stood on the sidewalk, his head un-