

covered to the pouring rain, and dropped a gold piece into the driver's hand. As he weighed the piece, the driver was seized with a feeling of compunction, and soliloquized—

"He told me where to take him, and I've done it."

An impatient exclamation from the house recalled him to business, and seizing the old man, he pushed him up the steps and into the hall. Then, hurrying back, he mounted his box and whipped his horse out of the street.

Perhaps in the confusion of that diseased, scheming brain there came a premonition that this was the end, for the once erect form, now stooping as from the weight of a great burden, hesitated, and the white face, with trembling irresolution, was turned toward the flying clouds. Then he looked inside. The flare of the lamp light caused his heavy lids to close. A hand grasped his shoulder and he entered. The door closing behind him, shut out forever that world where he had plotted only to win defeat, where he had some bitterness only to reap revenge. There was not one redeeming light to stay the soul in its descent into fathomless night.

It was a woman who guided him, and the bleared eyes in her coarse face were fixed on the costly jewelry he wore. She left him standing in the center of a

room, but he saw nothing of the rich, voluminous furnishings. He heard nothing of the clinking glasses, of the peals of laughter from the room above. His light had gone out. The clatter ceased. Heavy steps descended the stairs, and the woman again appeared. Taking him by the arm she guided him up the carved staircase. He saw nothing of the faces that peered at him from over the balcony, faces which were marked with the bold stamp of the fallen woman, but he heard the shriek, and it cut into his calous old heart like the stab of a knife as it rung out—

"Father!"

His hands covered his ears. His knees shook. There was a rattle in his throat. The once powerful face was distorted in horrible agony as he turned and rushed away. Wildly throwing aside the heavy portiers, he crashed through the window. A splash was heard, and all was over.

The rain had ceased, and the morning sun drew clouds of steam from the timbers of Rockingham street bridge. In answer to the hoarse toots of a tug demanding passage, the draw keeper of the bridge issued from his shanty. Slowly the great structure turned, and the tug with its helpless tow passed through. The swash threw up floating garbage on the black mud, and with it the body of Goldthrust.

To be continued.



#### NECESSARY PREPARATIONS.

VISITOR—I suppose your daughter is busily preparing for her wedding?

MOTHER—Yes; she is up in her room now, destroying all her old letters.—*Life*.

IRATE POLITICIAN—Look here, you published a lie about me this morning—an infamous lie! I won't stand it!

SERENE EDITOR—But just think where you would be if we were to publish the truth about you.—*Terre Haute Express*.

#### A CLEAR TITLE.

MISS VAN ALLWOOL—Are you sure Baron DeSchnag is a genuine nobleman?

MR. McBALLASTER—Sure? Why, he borrowed six hundred dollars of one man.—*Time*.

#### GETTING EVEN.

FIRST DUDE—No wonder I am pale, Clarence. Fweddy played a mean trick on me.

SECOND DUDE—What was it, old fel.?

FIRST DUDE—Why, I gave him a cigar, y' know, and the cruel fell-ow made me stay in the room while he smoked it, bah Jove.—*Time*.

#### OCCULAR DEMONSTRATION.

CYRIL (in the garden)—Father! father! look out of the window!

PATERFAMILIAS (putting out his head)—What a nuisance your children are. What do you want now?

CYRIL (with a triumphant glance at his playfellow)—Johnny Gray wouldn't believe you'd got no hair on top of your head.—*Pick-me-up*.

#### INFLUENCE OF HEREDITY.

She was a toper's daughter, yet was I  
Her lover and the maiden fair would wed.

I put the question to her. Her reply?

"I don't care if I do," was all she said. —*Epoch*.

#### A VALUABLE ADJUNCT.

PROFESSIONAL CYCLER (to manager of Colossal Collection of Cycling Celebrities, about to make a tour of the world)—Pardon me, sire, but I would like to be honored with a position among your aggregation of talent.

MANAGER—What's your specialty?

PROFESSIONAL CYCLER—Well, when I'm slicked up I can borrow more money on my face than any man in the country.

MANAGER—Say no more, my dear feller, consider yourself permanently engaged.—*Wheelmen's Gazette*.