

## AMOS JUDD

house, two, three, perhaps half a dozen, she never knew; but she saw to her joy, that Amos at the end of it all was still standing, while the burglar, with a smothered malediction, tumbled heavily into an easy chair behind him, slid out of it to his knees, and pitched forward on his face. There was a convulsive twitching of the legs, and all was still again. Beneath him lay a bag into which, a few moments before, had been stuffed the ancestral silver.

As she climbed painfully to her feet, grasping with tremulous fingers a chair at her side, she saw Amos turn about, and with wavering steps, approach the column between the windows where, in the full light of the moon, hung a little calendar, and on it

*Nov.*

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He uttered no sound, but his head drooped and he staggered back. Reeling against a low divan he fell his length upon it, and lay with