

conflict, and I was preparing to join in the triumphant pæan of demons, when the pale face and slender form of my angel mother, robed like a priestess of Jehovah, deployed the armies of her God, and with a simple charge drove the devil and his hosts back, and still back until they entered the mouth of hell. I shall never forget the horrors of that memorable night."

"On the following morning I was but the ghost of my former self. The selfishness and meanness of Miss B— were now apparent to me, and I shuddered to recall the depth to which I had almost fallen. My love for her was dead, and I had willingly pronounced the last words over its hidden grave. Once more I was a man. I have never seen Miss B— from that day to this, although, out of curiosity, I have kept track of her many wanderings."

"Within two weeks my employers accepted my resignation and, by their strong commendation, I obtained the position in which I have ever since remained."

"About one year after my departure for the east, Miss B— became the wife of a wealthy merchant who ap-

pears to have been worthy of a better spouse. All her whims were gratified and still she was discontented, and made his life utterly miserable by petty complaints. At last he discovered that she was untrue to him, and, moved by jealous rage, he published her infamy and drove her from his beautiful home, an outcast, to wander alone and unpitied from place to place. She went from bad to worse, descending more quickly than ordinary women, until she became the associate and accomplice of cut-throats and thieves."

"The story is almost complete. I have told it to-night because the days of her wickedness are at an end, and henceforth I wish to forget her forever. To-day I received reliable information of her death, which was as terrible as her life had been degraded. She was shot by a jealous rival in one of the lowest dens of the city of New York, and now lies buried near the walls of the state prison. Her fate was, indeed, horrible to contemplate. Never mention her to me, Tom, but help me to forget. Leave me, now so that to-night I may mourn her sad and untimely end. Your hand, there, good-night."

