

duty to counteract as far as he could the evil consequences of this man's neglect. So, under cover of darkness, he changed suits with the dead man, leaving his own pocketbook, with a number of papers bearing his name and a small sum of money and some small articles on the body, and taking with him the unfortunate's pocketbook, well filled with bills, and a small bag of gold, he started for the nearest town on the "double quick." He there drew on his little bag for a new suit, and, after putting himself in gala trim, he took train for a city at some distance from home and took rooms at a first-class hotel, and, ordering two or three daily papers, prepared to make himself comfortable. He waited anxiously for a list of the killed, and when it came it contained the name of Mr. Isaac Bobbington, whose body, wanting the head, was washed ashore about forty rods below where the explosion took place. The next day he read of the funeral and the great grief of Mrs. Bobbington. He pitied her very much, but he felt she would be amply rewarded for her grief in the sweet "bye-and-bye," when they got all that money and got away to some strange city. He now waited anxiously for the settlement of the claims. But he had to wait long. It was three or four months before he saw them mentioned in the papers. But at last he was rejoiced to read that Mrs. Bobbington's claim of about forty thousand had been paid. He now grew uneasy.