

from one saloon to another, attempting, by stupefying himself in a wild debauch, to escape the remorse that drove him along the streets. He had received a Christmas letter that morning from his mother, and the moment that she had sent him made a trail behind him as he went. He came to a saloon full of negroes in lower Sullivan street; and in paying the barkeeper he drew out a handful of bills and displayed them with a reckless ness that had its inevitable issue, for when he left that bar-room two wolfish mulattos followed him to the street; and the fog closed over the thugs and their victim.

In the morning he was found lying in a passageway that led to a rear tenement, his pockets rifled, insensible from the blow of a black-jack on the back of his head.

THERE was no Christmas Eve dinner in Don's flat that next day. Conroy lay in the hospital, unconscioius, between life and death. Bert Pittsey had accused Don of being the blundering cause of each step in his cousin's downfall and the wilful agent of his last undoing. Miss Morris's silence had left him no doubt of her disgust of him. All the failures of his life had crushed down on him together and buried him in the depths.

He sat at midnight, before his writing table, unable to go to bed, staring as if he had seen a ghost; and the ghost that he had seen was the memory of his dead past, risen to rebuke him with the crimes of his incapacity. He saw his mother with that face of sorrow which had so often looked out on him from his dreams. He saw his father leaning across the cluttered dining-table, glaring at him in angry accusation. He saw Miss Mor-