

"Closer."

Mr. Tympan advances a step farther; and then the feeble man thrusts out his palsied hand, and grasps his old enemy by the throat.

"You ruined me!—you made me a vagabond! You—you—you——"

A fit of coughing seizes him, and his hold relaxes. Mr. Tympan shakes him off, and he falls to the ground.

From his observatory the master sees all this; and the occasion strikes him as being a capital one for punishing the incorrigible pauper, Tympan. As William is taken back at once to the infirmary, and soon dies there, the case against the incorrigible pauper assumes grave dimensions; and so, by a kind of left-handed justice, he spends some of the latter days of his life in the House of Correction, where—practising on the pump as usual—his name becomes famous, and Richard shows it to Gerald in the newspaper.

"Lord Dalton, too," he says, "has just