

"That long tortoise-shell one, with the bell on top, that belonged to Nell White—met her on street car—winked—she smiled—spoke—appointment—O.K. That wiggley one? Oh! that was Fannie Nubbs—good name, Nubbs— orphan—good girl—unmarried. The long straight one was Gracie. Goodness only knows what her other name was. Pretty as a picture—such shoulders—ah! my boy, such shoulders. Ha! ha!! ha!!! such shoulders."

Ha! ha!! ha!!! shriek the ghostly chorus.

"The gold ones? Fairy, we called her—Fairy Beresford, she called herself—real name. Jenkins—lived in the ward—mother washed—bad lot all round, but pretty as an angel to look at—like an angel. Ha! ha!! ha!!!"

"Like an angel. Ha! ha!! ha!!!"

There was a ring of devilish satisfaction in the echoed laugh.

It was pitch dark inside, save where a little circle of cold moonlight shone on the cushion, showing plainly many of the trinkets women wore that had lodged there in their fall.

"How of this long ivory one?" I asked.

"Regular joke, my boy, a little devil wore it. A beautiful devil, who loved money! money! money!"

"Money! money!! money!!!" whispered the shadows. He pulled his cigarette hard, till in its light I could distinguish both himself and the intelligences about him.

"Yes, money," he continued. "Married—in society—dad a parson—but a devil! a devil! a devil!"

"A devil! a devil!!"

"Ruined her husband and twenty other men. Morphine, shame, suicide. Ha! ha!"

TAROT