

prostrate with hunger and fatigue upon the street of Abbott's adopted home and died, after being borne a few yards, on the liquor-stained floor of a bar-room.— Thus ended the career of this unhappy man.

Abbott no longer feels home-sick, and when he dandles a plump rosy-cheeked infant in his arms, sitting by a bright fireside, he often looks back to the time when he little expected **HELP IN THE DISTANCE.**

THE END.