

upon which he had gone forth. Two days passed and on the evening of the third day he staggered homeward. He found the door locked, as he had left it. No smoke ascended from the chimney and no sound was heard from within. He knocked. There was no response. He opened the door and entered. In the uncertain light he stumbled over a prostrate form. He stooped, and with a cry of anguish and guilty despair he saw the body of his wife, clad in her night-garments—cold as ice and stilled in death. The wretched man rushed from the house and aroused the neighbors with loud cries of horror and remorse. Lights were brought and then was revealed a sight that would melt a heart of stone. The poor woman had fallen from her bed to the floor and she and her babe had died for want of those attentions her husband had been sent to procure. The dead woman's hands were battered and bruised as if she had pounded in vain on the floor to attract the attention of neighbors, one of whom remembered that he had heard cries two nights before but thought they came from the street.

As I bring this mournful chapter to a close the day is spent and the sun has sunk to rest behind a glorious halo of golden mist. Twilight has deepened into darkness and night has draped its sable curtain over earth and sky. I lay down my pen and seem to see the figures I have sketched glide by in ghostly procession. The miserable conscience-