

ular like the ticking of a clock, but rather like a wood-pecker; now stopping as though wearied, now beginning afresh. I gathered myself together and proceeded to the place whence came the noise. Two lights as faint stars glimmered in the distance. As I approached, two dirty, grimy figures appeared picking away at the coal on all sides of them. "I feel awful stiff," said one. "This is my forty-third year in the mine. It never gives out, but I become no richer than before. It appears to me now that I shall never see the day-light again." The younger companion spoke kindly to the old man; "Don't say that Grimsey—don't get discouraged." How pathetic it was that the young man, not yet thirty, should try to comfort the haggard, worn patriarch. He, himself, was bent and furrowed. Yet I could see that once his figure had been stalwart. I don't know why, but some how a Sampson bound appeals to us more than a lilliputian. As I looked the dust filled my eyes. When I cleared them again the imp was standing on his oyster box.

"Diamonds are trumps" called he. I now sat in a large dance hall.

"And beautiful maidens moved down in the dance—

With the magic of motion and the sunshine of glance;

And white arms wreathed lightly, and tresses fell free.

As the plumage of birds in some tropical tree."

The music lifted one out of his soul. The gods had come back to dwell with the sons of men. Soon the music ceased. The ladies were seated or taken to the dressing room; the men sauntered over to one corner. One handsome man touched another on the shoulder; diamonds gleamed brilliantly in their shirt bosoms—not the black diamonds that begrimed the other man a moment before but those sparkling ones which are registered and known the world over. The men stood immediately in front of me. Said one, "Old Grimesy's dead; what'll we do to fill his place?" "I don't know" replied

the other, "he owes us rent for two months past; we'll have to turn the old woman and her brats out, I guess." The military schottische now began and the two men were gone. In their place the imp was grinning on the oyster box. Somewhat anxiously I enquired, "Was he the king of diamonds?" with reference to the more handsomely dressed gentleman. "No," said the imp, "the knave." Then he cried, "Clubs are trumps." I was standing before a poor tenement house. The two young men whom I had before seen—the one in the mine, the other in the ball room—were talking excitedly on the door steps. "You shan't turn them out," said the first; "the old woman's sick. She'll die." "But I must and I will," was the answer. A whistle was put to his lips. Two blue uniformed officers came running down the street. "Put this rascal behind the bars, for blocking the entrance into my own house." A fight ensued. The young man fought with the strength of a maniac. He grabbed a pick; but the two officers had their billies handy; the clubs struck his head a terrific blow and he lay stretched upon the steps.

The imp again, even more hatefully grinned at me from the oyster box. He began to pack up his camera. "Hold," cried I, "you have not shown me hearts trumps as yet." "No" hissed he, "hearts are never trumps with Jealousy." I grabbed him by the throat. My hands met each other. The imp was gone. "Hearts, hearts, I say I want hearts—."

A gentle laugh was the answer. I looked up dazed into the eyes of Constance, standing beside my chair. "Why, what's the matter?" said she. Then turning to the tall man whom I hated, the singer upon whom she had smiled, she said, "He must have been dreaming of cards." Then looking sweetly at me she continued, "My dear, this is my brother Jack. You know he said in his letter he was going to surprise us and he's kept his word."

NED: C. ABBOTT.