THE MAD GARRET.

"This is the room," said Earl, "where I heard a fiend shriek and then burst open the door."

The three friends were on the top floor of an old house that had been converted into flats. The house had been built in colonial times, and about it were peculiar air of mustiness. It had old wainscoting and doors. In the hall were old chairs and settees and dark wood work. It was that sort of, new long ago, for now the street was invaded by a miscellaneous collection of boarding houses from all parts of the world. Foreign, or rather the vulgar clothing of sailors who have passed for people of fashion in New York, had gone up to Fifth avenue. The fine proportions of the old country were indeed so lost.

Earl paused upon the door.

"Throw in the whole of the fifth you get over a door."

Jennings approached cautiously, followed by Fish, who was a little timid.

The glare of gas gas revealed a rather large room, with a few rude chairs distributed about. In the centre, in the centre of it stood a table, on which writing materials were scattered, over-flowing heap of written upon papers, written on, while with some number and envelopes, and a mail bag. Upon the bed were on the floor. A writing pad, pen and ink, but no in a small chair near the centre of the table. A small fireplace, over which hung a mirror. Two chairs were standing in the top of a chiffonier trunk, a small oil stove with a burner, and a small tea kettle for upon the wainscoted. Over was everywhere.

"Says, made yourselves at home," said Earl. "This is my noted spot for mental work. Here's where I wrote 'The Pardon.'"

"That was a rather cut here of Mrs. Lockwood's," said Jennings, "and I'll be let by the fellow seems to exactly as you left them," remarked Jennings, who had carefully looked out of the stairs with an old musket, and a small dagger, the room, as there leaning upon the back.

"She was good to me," said the writer softly, "very good, and, yes, two years ago, I left this garret suddenly to go with Victor Hugo to Boston. When I had been there a few days, things all at once came my way. As you know, 'The Pardon' made me independent, and a certain friend later advanced me a few sum of money. Afterward, when I came back, he knew and helped upon Mrs. Lockwood to pay for what I owed her. I remember felt a reluctance to coming up to this room. I had taken my literary manuscripts with me when