

"Bah! wretched woman!" shouted I, ignoring her as much as possible, and I walked harder than ever."

"Did you break the plaster?" asked "O. V. B."

"I don't know, but I fear not, for just then the postman came with thirteen envelopes for me and each contained a rejected manuscript. I had never before received so many at once. Upon my other excitement this was too much and I rushed out of the house, forgetting that there was no good Seine in which to drown myself.

I strode about the streets for hours without finding any comparatively pleasant mode of extermination. Being run over by a vehicle would be too hideous. Hanging, too low. Stabbing, theatrical yet impractical, as I had no knife with me and no money to buy one. At last hunger of stomach and soul (pardon the comentioning) led me to Dundee's Bakery, where Madaline waited on customers. I mean that was her position, her job. There were no customers there when I arrived. Just Madaline and myself. She let me have a dozen jam-tarts on credit; which was very dear of her considering the bad temper of her employer. I ate them while we talked.

When I had emptied the bag a strange feeling of pain assailed my stomach, while my spirit was cast to lowest dungeons of despair.

'I feel as if I had eaten more than twelve of these, dear,' said I moaning.

'Poor, poor boy,' said she, half laughing, and half serious,' so you have. You ate 13—baker's dozen you know!'

The torment I suffered was terrible. I soon began again to wish myself dead, and seeing a large cake-knife considered using it then and there. But my imagination, which was one of the causes of my wishing to leave the world, stayed my hand and would not let me go. I pictured the distress of poor Madaline and her fainting among the pastries.

I snatched the knife and ran out upon the street. She came after me and begged me to give it to her immediately or Dundee would get awfully angry. So I handed it to her, my last hope departed.

That night I slept in the park, and the next morning on going back to Dundee's found that Madaline was home with a cold and my credit wasn't good with the old boy. I knew that her mother wouldn't welcome a poet-fellow to the house so I went to an employment bureau instead.

I was kept in the waiting room so long, and the style of furnishings was so deplorable that I at last came away without getting inside the office. That night I slept in the park again. And remember lying in a feverish state at midnight. As the stroke of twelve sounded, a great excitement shook my limbs, and for a whole hour after I was 'all ears,' waiting for the next speaking of the big clock. I talked to myself gently, and laughed softly. I remember quoting the second verse of the 'Old Gentleman.'

His wife she stood at the table head,
Being first to be down because first out of bed.
Her hair it was white, her kimino was red,
She was stately and tall as a ghost from the dead.
Oh truly a lady to fill one with dread!