

Street one day I came face to face with my sworn enemy. My box of tools dropped from my shoulder and I stood staring at the rapidly disappearing figure of Major Wilson. My surprise was so great that I was unable to work at all and after vainly trying to gather myself together I gave it up and went home. For a week I wandered up and down the streets trying to catch sight of Wilson again but in vain. I went back to work and several weeks passed. I was working on a roof on Arch Street one morning when my eyes fell upon the sign:—

MAJOR J. L. WILSON,
LIBRARIAN.

Could this possibly not be the Joe Wilson for whom I had been searching so long? I had another case of lost nerve and nearly fell from the roof. Hastily my companions helped me to the ground and I was sent home under the care of a policeman from the neighboring station. I was continually arranging and rearranging plans by which to wreak out my vengeance."

The sick man's voice had been growing weaker and weaker until I had been forced to give him stimulants. He had not yet reached that part of his story in which I was interested and I was becoming impatient at his life history.

"One day," he went on after a pause, "I was given a job on the roof next to Wilson's library. Now, I thought, my chance had come if it was ever to come and I laid my plans accordingly. I had watched Wilson so closely that I knew his habits even to the time he turned out the gas in his room at night.

"It was his custom to leave the library for supper a few minutes after five each afternoon. He would return in about an hour and a half when he would replace any books left on the tables. The woman who did the housework was never there in the afternoons and I determined to effect an entrance immediately after he left for supper.