THE HUMMING TOP, OR DEBIT AND CREDIT IN THE NEXT WORLD

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649250844

The Humming Top, Or Debit and Credit in the Next World by Theobald Gross

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

THEOBALD GROSS

THE HUMMING TOP, OR DEBIT AND CREDIT IN THE NEXT WORLD



THE HUMMING TOP

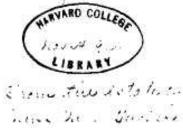


THE HUMMING TOP, OR DEBIT AND CREDIT IN THE **NEXT WORLD**

Translated by BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD AUTHOR OF "ONE SUMMER," "GUENN," ETC.

> NEW YORK FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY MDCCCXC

49565.15.130 A



COPYRIGHT, 1890, By FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY



THE HUMMING TOP, OR DEBIT AND CREDIT IN THE NEXT WORLD

[Authorised Translation from the German of Theobald Gross.]

BY
BLANCHE
WILLIS
HOWARD

OUNT GEIERFLUG, the mightiest minister of the realm, had breathed his last. His final moments on earth had left him looking somewhat pale and worn, but had in no respect diminished his pride, or the aristocratic elegance of his bearing.



DEBIT AND CREDIT

Attired in a gold-embroidered coat, such as men of his distinction are apt to wear when lying in funereal state, he started off on the direct road to Heaven.

Marching along at a brisk pace, he presently overtook and passed a little group consisting of three most wretched beings; a white-haired, palsied old pauper woman, a youth, from whose neck still dangled the halter which he had brought with him from the closing scene of his life drama, and a poor little hump-backed consumptive boy, five or six years old, who, from time to time glanced lovingly at a toy clasped close in his wasted hand.

Count Geierflug arrived at the gates of Heaven, and politely addressed Saint Peter:

"Pardon me," he began, "I would merely beg to inquire..."

But the former apostle and present keeper of the celestial gates interrupted him sternly: