

could not repress a scream. Turning my head quickly I saw—my father. By the rays of the candle which he held in his hand, I plainly saw the expression of mingled surprise, shame and sorrow with which he regarded me. I see him now—I see his bewilderment as he glanced from me to my lover and back again to me. With a curse Louis dashed away the sputtering candle, and sprang toward the door. I shrieked loudly—I shrieked with all the energy of despair, and staggering fell.

"Of what succeeded, I have but a dim and imperfect recollection. There was a struggle followed by the sounds of voices and retreating footsteps. I felt myself borne rapidly along the hallway, out in the howling storm. I knew no more.

"When I recovered consciousness I was in a strange room, with a strange, ugly looking French woman bending over me. I started up hastily, my mind full of the terrors inspired by the recent dreadful events; but from sheer weakness fell back on my pillow. I inquired the whereabouts of Louis, and where I was. Louis was away, but would return that night. Respecting my father, and why I had been removed from home, my questions were met by evasive replies.

"That night Louis appeared at my bedside—but how changed! His clothing was soiled and torn, his eyes were wild looking, his face was haggard and pale.

"Louis, dear Louis, where are we, and what of my father? Why are we here?' I anxiously whispered.

"His voice was firm when he said,—

"You are with friends. Your father is very angry.'

"Oh, Louis, he will surely forgive me—he cannot be angry with his only child. Go to him, Louis, or write and beg him to come and take me home,' I exclaimed with tears.

"Yes, child, I'll go to-morrow; now lie down and be quiet'

"I did not again see him until the evening of the third day. He said he had been to my father, who refused to listen to him; in a passion he had ordered him from his presence, and to inform me to never darken his door again. On receiving this message, I wept bitterly and was inconsolable. When able to sit up, I penned a long letter to my father, in which I confessed all my errors, and begged forgiveness. This Louis said he would send by messenger. Days and weeks passed without a reply. In despair I penned another letter, which Louis forwarded; but after weeks of weary waiting no answer came.

"Louis, meanwhile, had broached the subject of our marriage, but I put him off from day to day, in hopes of hearing from my father. At last I begged Louis to take me home; in person I would entreat my father's forgiveness. This he refused to do unless I would first be married. So anxious was I to see my dear father that I consented. Accordingly a clergyman was called to perform the marriage service, which he did in the presence of two witnesses.

"Louis now remained constantly with me, and from day to day deferred the fulfillment of his promise to take

me home. Thus a month passed. Louis never went out during the day, but left me when evening came on, and remained away sometimes most of the night. Where he went or what he did I dared not ask, as, since our marriage he had grown irritable and strangely indifferent.

"One night during his absence I accidentally discovered a mask, a wig, and false whiskers. What uses they were put to I had no very clear idea. Yet I felt they were not needed to the accomplishment of any good purpose. Suspecting that I had discovered them, Louis next day explained that he was employed as detective, which employment rendered such disguises necessary. Another month had hardly passed when he began to absent himself for days and weeks together.

"At length with an aching heart I remonstrated with him.

"Dear Louis, why do you remain from me—why do you neglect your wife?' I said.

"He turned on me furiously. With flushed face and glittering eyes he replied,—

"Curse you! How dare you ask me? You're no wife of mine—I hate you!"

"Oh, Louis, Louis!' was all I could say.

"He went on:—

"I'm tired of your whining. I never loved you. I thought to use you as an instrument of revenge—I thought to get the treasure which I believed the haunted room contained; but instead there was that heap of grinning bones. Curse them—curse you, and curse your father!"

"Advancing, he raised his hand to strike me—I knew no more.

"When I recovered, the French woman was chafing my hands. Louis had fled, leaving me to starve or die.

"A few hours later appeared a gruff-looking police officer.

"Where is he, mum?' he inquired.

"Who?"

"The chap wot stays here.'

"Oh, why, sir? Why do you wish to know?"

"The French woman had complained of him, I thought, for his cruelty to me; but I could not have him punished.

"I want him for murder,' replied the officer.

"Murder!' I said, starting up.

"Yes, mum—for murder.'

"My Louis would not do such a thing! No, no!' I exclaimed.

"He has done it already, mum. He has murdered Lord Wilmer on the night of the twenty-second of June; stabbed him, mum.'

"Lord Wilmer! My father, O my father!' I shrieked.

"My friends, there is no need, and I know you will not expect me to relate how for days I lay raving and tearing my hair in the delirium of fever, or how my father's and my lover's names were continually on my lips. True, I survived the shock, but my peace of mind