

break. Many vehicles from the city, full of pleasure-seeking men and women, had passed that day, and nothing more was known of little Adèle. The following week Paul had disappeared. He had gone to look for his sister, to search for her in the great city. And Louis and Sarah were again left alone, to work, to hoard and to starve.

"For three or four years Paul worked in the city, ever looking out and seeking for his sister, and at last he found her. But we draw the veil over her history. Spiritless, and with a heart like lead he worked on; but hope was dead within him, and when work was scarce he fell in with bad companions, a set of thieves and robbers. After that he worked no more. He also became a thief and a robber, and for a long time lived thus unlawfully. At last he was taken in a burglarious act, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to ten years' penitentiary. When his term was finished, he returned to Quebec and rejoined the gang, and being a distinguished criminal, was elected captain of the gang. Their depredations and robberies were extensive, but they always managed to elude the police, and lived riotously on their ill-gotten gains.

"In the country Sarah at last died of starvation and exposure, and her body lay in the house one week before any knew of her death, for Louis would not incur the expense of burial, and was in the act of digging a hole in the cellar, when a neighbor called to purchase some vegetables, and saw the dead body. The curé was informed of it, and compelled Louis to bury his sister. And Louis was left alone to work, to hoard, to starve.

"Ten years passed away, and it was winter. It was noticed that no smoke issued from the chimney of Berthiaume's house, that the doors and windows were always shut, and that the snow was piled up on the doorway and remained un-

shovelled. The neighbors collected and burst into the house. The frozen corpse of Louis Berthiaume was found on the floor, where he had fallen from a chair. The fire had burnt out in the stove, and not a morsel of food was to be found. He had been dead a fortnight, and had, like his sister, died of starvation and cold. The house was searched, but not a penny could be found, and Louis Berthiaume was buried at the expense of the parish.

"During these ten years Paul, in town, had again been sentenced to a term of years in the penitentiary, and returned again to Quebec last summer. By some chance he lately heard of the death of his uncle and aunt, and imparted to his gang the information that his uncle was in the habit of burying money in the garden and in the ground about the house, and they immediately decided on making a search. For this purpose they purchased pickaxes and shovels, and prior to starting they indulged in an excess of intoxication. So much did Paul go to extremes that he died the following day of congestion of the brain. But this did not prevent the other members of the gang from making the search, and they are now at work searching for the buried gold of the miser, Louis Berthiaume."

It was a sad and sickening story, and in the morning, seeing that it was unlikely for the weather to fair, I left for the city. As I passed the house of the miser I saw the gang of thieves still at work, digging holes and trenches to find the hidden treasure. I never had the curiosity to enquire whether they succeeded. Poor fools! what good would gold be to them? For a week they would revel in the lowest debauchery, and become again the starved, miserable wretches they appeared to me, working in mud and drenched by a pitiless storm. "The way of the transgressor is hard."