

violence to my feelings in associating with one whose life I knew to be a living lie, an epitome of crime."

"It was in your power to cease the association and spare your sensitive feelings. Why did you not do so?"

"It was in my power to put an end to your career of deception by bringing you at any time to justice. The proofs I have had in my possession for a long time are overwhelming, but I wanted to make sure of the greater criminal, your husband. For a long time he has escaped me and the officers engaged by me to discover him; but I knew that by keeping near you I would gain some clue to his movements, and eventually he would be trapped."

"Yes, but you see he has escaped."

"You are mistaken, Mrs. Campbell; he is within twenty minutes' walking-distance of this cottage, carefully watched, and the expression of my wish will consign him at once into the hands of the law."

The wife's eyes flashed and her breath came hard as her husband's danger was so confidently predicted.

"I would like to hear what reason you had for this determined pursuit and espionage"

"You shall hear it," said Miss Newell grimly, "and if anything could call you to a sense of shame and wrong-doing, surely it would be the recollection of the young, confiding victim that you so foully murdered. Ay, murdered! Was it not enough that by your wiles you ensnared his boyish heart into a devotion that was hopeless? Was it not enough that you led him into the society of your sinful set and had him instructed in all the base vices that pollute and distinguish them? Could you not leave the poor widowed mother her only son, the sole hope and prop of her life? Was it necessary that you should blast both body and soul, enticing him to commit a crime by which you and your worthless husband alone benefited? but you must needs, to save your contemptible selves, threaten him with exposure and shame, the dread of which induced the poor boy's suicide. Ay, murdered! Do you ever think of that poor boy, woman? And can you, in the knowledge that his only sister, who loved and mourned him with a devotion his kindly, generous nature merited, find no reason in her determination to pursue to the bitter end his tempters and murderers and bring them to the justice they merit?"

No trace of piñness now in Miss Newell's demeanor. As the words came rushing in fierce denunciation from her lips her large brown eyes flashed fire and her figure towered the incarnation of a Nemesis. Mrs. Hazard had shrunk before the withering accusation, the allusion to which evidently touched a weak spot in her armor; it was but for a second, however, and she recovered herself and stood pale and contained. The men had watched the rapid scene breathlessly, and felt that it was not their cue to interfere.

"I have watched you carefully during the past few months," continued Miss Newell, "endeavoring to find why a nature like yours, strong and contained, capable of great deeds and generous impulses, should so thoroughly subordinate itself. Why do you allow that bad, wicked man to control your life?"