

home. I wish I could describe the beauty of that home. Even now, after the lapse of cruel years have left it in a state of decay and desolation, no word of mine can adequately describe its beauty. The house was colonial in structure, with that hospitable style of architecture usually seen in the old homes of the Southerners. Before it lies a gleaming, still bayou. On either side are the meadows where the darkies sang so happily once, as they gathered the harvests, or danced to the banjo's twanging music under the golden light of the Southern moon, amid the spicy fragrance of the myriad blossoms of the meadows. The deep dark forest makes a fitting background for the whole beautiful picture.

"Can there be aught but pity for the young master of all this loveliness, who had to spend many years in a vile prison, and then to flee for his life from all he held most dear. To leave forever all his youthful associations, the wife of his young manhood, and come to that desolate stone house to live, and above all, to die—alone. To live a long life of perpetual silence, while remorseful memory gnawed, as with a serpent's tooth, that once gay heart. He had but one solace. The music which his cultured brain and gifted hand could draw forth from his violin.

"Some time after her marriage a profligate neighbor began to annoy Pamela. She repudiated his advances, but, with the modesty of a pure woman, forebore to call her husband's attention to the scoundrel. This bitter world is filled with such as he! Would to God she had spoken! Sheldon, for that was his name, like all men of bestial nature, retaliated for the repulse which she had given him, by such diabolically daring scandal that the ladies of the neighborhood (in priggish self-conscious condemnation of her) ceased to visit the Clairmonts. No word of all this reached the ear of the young husband, so happy in his love.

Having been called North on business, Clairmont, on the night of his return, in company with a friend, entered a tavern in New Orleans. Sheldon was there with some boon companions. Being in a state of foolish inebriation, he was speaking in horrible and boastful innuendo of Clairmont's wife.