

that she died of an overdose of the poison, taken by mistake."

He put back the goblet of wine on the table near him, so unsteadily that he split the greater part of it. For a moment, his eyes met mine; then looked down again.

"How do you believe she died?" he inquired, in tones so low that I could barely hear them.

"By the hand of a poisoner," I answered. He made a movement as if he was about to start up in the chair, and sank back again, seized apparently with a sudden faintness.

"Not my husband!" I hastened to add. "You know that I am satisfied of his innocence."

I saw him shudder. I saw his hands fasten their hold convulsively on the arms of his chair. "Who poisoned her?" he asked—still lying helplessly back in the chair.

At the critical moment, my courage failed me. I was afraid to tell him in what direction my suspicions pointed.

"Can't you guess?" I said.

There was a pause. I supposed him to be secretly following his own train of thought. It was not for long. On a sudden, he started up in his chair. The prostration which had possessed him appeared to vanish in an instant. His eyes recovered their wild light; his hands were steady again; his colour was brighter than ever. Had he been pondering over the secret of my interest in Mrs. Beaulieu? and had he guessed? He had!

"Answer on your word of honour!" he cried. Don't attempt to deceive me! Is it a woman?"

"It is."

"What is the first letter of her name? Is it one of the first three letters of the alphabet?"

"Yes."

"B?"

"Yes."

"Beaulieu?"

"Beaulieu."

He threw his hands up above his head, and burst into a frantic fit of laughter.

"I have lived long enough!" he broke out wildly. "At last I have discovered one other person in the world who seeks it as plainly as I do. Cruel Mrs. Beaulieu! why did you torture me? Why didn't you own it before?"

"What!" I exclaimed, catching the infection of his excitement. "Are your ideas, my ideas? Is it possible that you suspect Mrs. Beaulieu, too?"

He made this remarkable reply:

"Suspect?" he repeated, contemptuously. "There isn't the shadow of a doubt about it. Mrs. Beaulieu poisoned her."

CHAPTER XXX.

THE INDICTMENT OF MRS. BEAULIEU.

I started to my feet, and looked at Miserrimus Dexter. I was too much agitated to be able to speak to him.

My utmost expectations had not prepared me for the tone of absolute conviction in which he had spoken. At the best, I had anticipated that he might, by the barest chance, agree with me in suspecting Mrs. Beaulieu. And now, his own lips said it, without hesitation or reserve! "There isn't the shadow of a doubt: Mrs. Beaulieu poisoned her."

"Sit down," he said quietly. "There's nothing to be afraid of. Nobody can hear us in this room."

I sat down again, and recovered myself a little.

"Have you never told any one else what you have just told me?" was the first question that I put to him.

"Never. No one else suspected her."

"Not even the lawyers?"

"Not even the lawyers. There is no legal evidence against Mrs. Beaulieu. There is nothing but moral certainty."

"Surely you might have found the evidence, if you had tried?"

He laughed at the idea.

"Look at me!" he said. "How is a man to hunt up evidence who is tied to this chair? Besides, there were other difficulties in my way. I am not generally in the habit of needlessly betraying myself—I am a cautious man, though you may not have noticed it. But my immeasurable hatred of Mrs. Beaulieu was not to be concealed. If eyes can tell secrets, she must have discovered, in my eyes, that I hungered and thirsted to see her in the hangman's hands. From first to last, I tell you, Mrs. Beaulieu was on her guard against me. Can I describe her cunning? All my resources of language are not equal to the task. Take the degrees of comparison to give you a faint idea of it. I am positively cunning; the devil is comparatively cunning; Mrs. Beaulieu is superlatively cunning. No! no! If she is ever discovered, at this distance of time, it will not be done by a man—it will be done by a woman; a woman whom she doesn't suspect; a woman who can watch her with the patience of a tigress in a state of starvation."

"Say a woman like me!" I broke out. "I am ready to try."

His eyes glittered; his teeth showed themselves viciously under his moustache; he drummed fiercely with both hands on the arms of his chair.

"Do you really mean it?" he asked.

"Put me in your position," I answered. "Enlighten me with your moral certainty (as you call it)—and you shall see!"

"I'll do it!" he said. "Tell me one thing first. How did an outside stranger, like you, come to suspect her?"

I set before him, to the best of my ability, the various elements of suspicion which I had collected from the evidence at the Trial; and I laid especial stress on the fact (sworn to by the nurse) that Mrs. Beaulieu was missing, exactly at the time when Christina Ormsby had left Mrs. Eustace Macallan alone in her room.

"You have hit it!" cried Miserrimus Dexter. "You are a wonderful woman! What was

she doing on the morning of the day when Mrs. Eustace Macallan died poisoned? And where was she during the dark hours of the night? I can tell you where she was not—she was not in her own room."

"Not in her own room?" I repeated. "Are you really sure of that?"

"I am sure of everything that I say, when I am speaking of Mrs. Beaulieu. Mind that; and now listen! This is a drama; and I excel in dramatic narrative. You shall judge for yourself. Date, the twentieth of October. Scene, The Corridor, called The Guests' Corridor, at Glenelch. On one side, a row of windows looking out into the garden. On the other, a row of four bedrooms, with dressing-rooms attached. First bedroom (beginning from the staircase), occupied by Mrs. Beaulieu. Second bedroom, empty. Third bedroom occupied by Miserrimus Dexter. Fourth bedroom empty. So much for the Scene! The time comes next—the time is eleven at night. Dexter discovered in his bedroom reading. Enter to him Eustace Macallan. Eustace speaks: 'My dear fellow, be particularly careful not to make any noise; don't bowl your chair up and down the corridor to-night.' Dexter inquires: 'Why?' Eustace answers: 'Mrs. Beaulieu has been dining with some friends in Edinburgh, and has come back terribly fatigued; she has gone up to her room to rest.' Dexter makes another inquiry (satirical inquiry, this time): 'How does she look when she is terribly fatigued? As beautiful as ever?' Answer: 'I don't know; I have not seen her; she slipped upstairs without speaking to anybody.' Third inquiry by Dexter (logical inquiry on this occasion): 'If she spoke to nobody, how do you know she is fatigued?' Eustace hands me a morsel of paper, and answers, 'Don't be a fool! I found this on the hall table. Remember what I have told you about keeping quiet; good night!'" Eustace retires. Dexter looks at the paper, and reads these lines in pencil: 'Just returned. Please forgive me for going to bed without saying good-night. I have over-exerted myself; I am dreadfully fatigued. (Signed) Helena.' Dexter is by nature suspicious. Dexter suspects Mrs. Beaulieu. Never mind his reasons: there is no time to enter into his reasons now. He puts the case to himself thus: 'A weary woman would never have given herself the trouble to write this. She would have found it much less fatiguing to knock at the drawing-room door as she passed, and to make her apologies by word of mouth. I see something here out of the ordinary way; I shall make a night of it in my chair.' Very good. Dexter proceeds to make a night of it. He opens his door; wheels himself softly into the corridor; locks the doors of the two empty bedrooms, and returns (with the keys in his pocket) to his own room. 'Now,' says D to himself, 'if I hear a door softly open in this part of the house, I shall know for certain it is Mrs. Beaulieu's door! Upon that he closes his own door, leaving the tiniest little chink to look through; puts out his light; and waits and watches at his tiny little chink, like a cat at a mouse-hole. The corridor is the only place he wants to see; and a lamp burns there all night. Twelve o'clock strikes; he hears the doors below bolted and locked, and nothing happens. Half-past twelve—and nothing still. The house is as silent as the grave. One o'clock; two o'clock—same silence. Half-past two—and something happens at last. Dexter hears a sound close by, in the corridor. It is the sound of a handle turning very softly in a door—in the only door that can be opened, the door of Mrs. Beaulieu's room. Dexter drops noiselessly from his chair on to his hands; lies flat on the floor at his chink, and listens. He hears the handle closed again; he sees a dark object flit by him; he pops his head out of his door, down on the floor where nobody would think of looking for him. And what does he see? Mrs. Beaulieu! There she goes, with the long brown cloak over her shoulders which she wears when she is driving, floating behind her. In a moment more, she disappears, past the fourth bedroom, and turns at a right angle, into a second corridor, called the South Corridor. What rooms are in the South Corridor? There are three rooms. First room, the little study, mentioned in the nurse's evidence. Second room, Mrs. Eustace Macallan's bed-chamber. Third room, her husband's bed-chamber. What does Mrs. Beaulieu (supposed to be worn out by fatigue) want in that part of the house, at half-past two o'clock in the morning? Dexter decides on running his risk of being seen—and sets forth on a voyage of discovery. Do you know how he gets from place to place, without his chair? Have you seen the poor deformed creature hop on his hands? Shall he show you how he does it, before he goes on with his story?"

I hastened to stop the proposed exhibition. "I saw you last night," I said. "Go on! pray go on with your story!"

"Do you like my dramatic style of narrative?" he asked. "Am I interesting?"

"Indescribably interesting, Mr. Dexter. I am eager to hear more."

He smiled in high approval of his own abilities.

(To be continued.)

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HUTCHINSON & STEELE, ARCHITECTS, valuers of Real Estate, Buildings, &c., 245 St. James St. A. C. HUTCHINSON. 10-26-75-71.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

IN THE MATTER OF ALEXANDER WATSON, TRADER.

AN INSOLVENT.

I, WALTER RADFORD, of the City of Montreal, Book-keeper, have been appointed assignee in this matter. Creditors are requested to file their claims before me within one month.

WALTER RADFORD.

Assignee.

468 St. Paul Street.

11-3-2-82.

Montreal, 23 December 1874.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

AND ITS AMENDMENTS.

IN THE MATTER OF MALESIPPE PAQUETTE, OF THE VILLAGE OF ST. JEAN BAPTISTE CABINET MAKER AND TRADER.

AN INSOLVENT.

I, the undersigned, ANDREW B. STEWART, of the City and District of Montreal, Official Assignee, have been appointed assignee in this matter.

Creditors are requested to file their claims before me within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at my office, Merchants Exchange Building, in the said City of Montreal on Wednesday the 17th day of February next (A. D. 1875) at the hour of three of the clock in the afternoon, for the public examination of the Insolvent and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally. The Insolvent is hereby notified to attend.

A. B. STEWART.

Assignee.

11-3-2-84.

Montreal, 15th January 1875.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869

AND ITS AMENDMENTS.

IN THE MATTER OF NORMAN VAN ALSTYNE, OF THE CITY AND DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, IRON FOUNDRY-TRADER, CARRYING ON BUSINESS AS SUCH AT THE SAID CITY OF MONTREAL, UNDER THE NAME, STYLE AND FIRM OF N. VAN ALSTYNE & CO.

AN INSOLVENT.

The Insolvent has made an assignment of his estate to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at his place of business No. 29 Dalhousie Street, in the said City of Montreal, on Monday, the first day of February next, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon, to receive statements of his affairs and to appoint an assignee.

A. B. STEWART.

Interim Assignee.

11-3-2-85.

Montreal, 12th January 1875.

PUBLIC NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN that the SELECT COMMITTEE of the LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY appointed to inquire into the facts connected with the Exchange of Government Property at the Tanneries will continue their sittings at the Committee Room, No. 63 ST. GABRIEL STREET, Montreal, on MONDAY, the 28th day of DECEMBER instant, at 10 o'clock A. M., and thereafter from day to day. All persons who have any Evidence or Information to give relating to the Subject Matters of the Enquiry are requested to communicate with the Chairman or any member of the Committee, or with Mr. Blodde, Q. C.; or Mr. Loranger, Advocate, or with the undersigned.

By order of the Committee.

CHAS. P. LINDSAY

Clerk to Committee.

11-1-75-78.

Montreal, 23rd December, 1874.

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