

himself on the Rohans by tearing her from her grandfather, and reducing her to the same level as himself, became the baleful object of his life. Mr. Rohan knew all this—Eulalie knew nothing of her dire story: she thought, as we all did, that her birthplace had been Louisiana, her mother a French Creole lady. Her grandfather never undeceived her until she was my betrothed wife, and the shock struck her down like a thunderbolt. She was taken to Cuba. I followed her—and, half a year after, still ignorant of the secret, I married her. What followed, you have already heard. Gaston Benoir found her out here, and began his work of vengeance. On the eve of telling me all, and afterward, I have no doubt, taking steps to tear her from me, he was struck down himself by a woman he had deceived; and with him died the fear of Eulalie's life. But not in time to save her—she had fled already, and all search for her was vain. Her tragical end you know; and in a letter to me, hidden in the breast of her dress, I read what I have told you. Where she had been in the interval of her flight, I have never discovered. Wherever she was, and it could not have been far distant, she must have wandered forth in an almost dying state—delirious, perhaps—and fallen down where we found her. What I suffered, Isabel, after that horrible night, is known only to heaven and myself.”