

only an inch beneath the skin, but from the severe shock her nervous system had sustained from witnessing a scene so terrible.

She still fancied herself in the carriage, surrounded by the gaping crowd, and encountered the frenzied gaze of the maniac, as he aimed at her the deadly weapon. Unconscious of his last desperate act, she would cling to her husband, and cry out in a tone of agonized earnestness.

“He is mad! Don’t kill him. Let him escape. I loved him once. I cannot see him die.”

As a natural antidote to this state of mental excitement, Gerard thought it best, during a brief interval of composure, to reveal to her the facts of the case, which calmed at once her agitation, by causing her to shed tears. He suffered her to weep for some time without disturbing her with any remark.