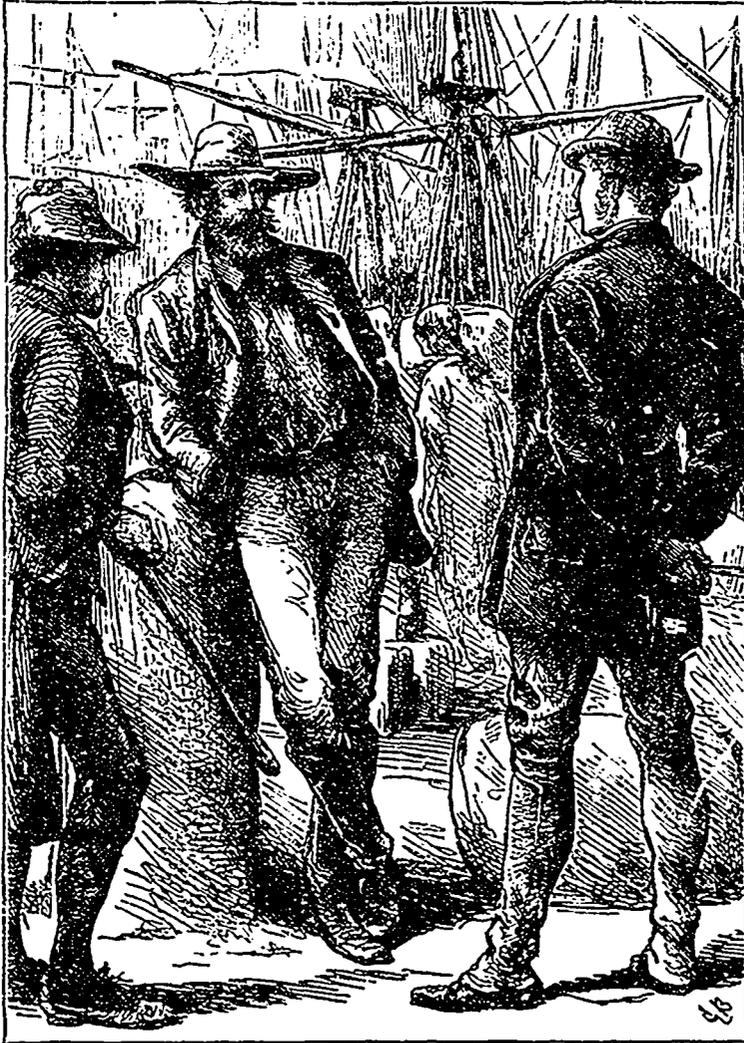


shame! Deserted her the first day in 'the new and happy land!' Oh, poor soul! Whose heart but must bleed for one bereft of everything at a blow, by a crueller robber than Death!

Hope's clear intellect grasped the whole

money was hers by all the laws of truth and honesty.

And then to put ten sovereigns into her purse; to dare to think of her bodily wants, her daily bread for the moment, when he had crushed and killed her heart! It was



terrible disaster at once. Her weak, unprincipled husband had been so completely dazzled by the representations of those wretched men on board ship, that he had thrown all over to join them.

Thrown over wife and honour! He had stooped to become a thief. Yes, for that

mockery—it was cruelty! She opened the window—a sense of suffocation overwhelming her—that very window out of which her husband had looked the previous night while he said that deceitful 'All right.' Right! Everything was wrong; bitterly, cruelly wrong! The sky was blue no longer;