

ment of passion he would have used them, but I can assure you that in his sober senses no one would shrink from injuring another more than Sir Frederic Liddle. On every occasion he expresses himself with the utmost abhorrence of anything like injustice or revenge. I did observe that he looked unusually grave to-night; perhaps some of his old feelings for you still hang about his heart; this would be sufficient to account for it, but be assured he would not willingly injure any friend of mine. I have never received so much kindness in four years from another as I have in four months from Sir Frederic Liddle. We have been so much together since my residence in Montreal, with the exception of during the time I paid those short visits to Toronto and Quebec; we have spent four hours of each day together in such close intercourse it is impossible that we would not know and fully appreciate the character of each other. No, no, my dear Euralie, believe me, Sir Frederic Liddle would guard you from evil if he could."

W never spoke on the subject again until the evil was done when, my husband had a terrible awakening. I should not say so; I do not think that he believed in Sir Frederic's porphyry until proof came strong as that of Holy Writ.

I did not see Sir Frederic again. I was occupied with my baby, one who came to me in Montreal as if God had sent her to wipe away the long hours which did hang heavy and solemnly, strive as I would against it. I was occupied with her. I cared for her more than the tenderest nurse could have done, and I felt so pleased when her father praised her as the healthiest child he had ever seen; and so she was, she never cried, never was sick one hour; every day I seemed to see a difference in her size as if she was a flower-bud growing larger and larger every hour.

Baby was about seven months old. We had been now nearly a year in Montreal, when one morning at breakfast I said to my husband: "You must draw some money for me to-day, I wish to purchase baby's winter wraps and also a set of milk for myself; those I have are getting red and fox-looking, and I shall consign them to be worn on my country rides and walks for the future."

I meant, and my husband knew what I meant, that he should draw some of my own money, my father having given me on my marriage a portion of the interest of which was more than sufficient for my own wants.

My husband looked up brightly in my face as I spoke, saying,

"I will not draw your money, Euralie, this time; this is pay day with me. I will receive to-day a thousand dollars and it will be the most pleasing one I can make of part of it to hand it over to you for the wants of yourself and baby. I fear I cannot be back here before three o'clock. I have promised to meet Sir Frederic Liddle at the paymaster's, and from thence after I receive my money to drive with him to Lachine that I may give him my opinion of a pair of new horses he wishes to purchase for his carriage."

"Three o'clock will do very well," said I, "and then I expect you will go with me and help me to make my purchases."

"With the greatest pleasure in life," was his reply as he came towards me and touched my forehead with his lips.

He immediately left the house, and on hearing the door shut I went to the parlor window, as I had done many and many a time before that I might look after him as long as he was in sight. The morning was clear and frosty, the autumn leaves falling in thick masses of red and yellow to the ground. Adolph was walking at a brisk pace and looked so handsome that I could not help asking myself if this could be the reason I loved him so much.

A little before three I saw him jump from Sir Frederic Liddle's carriage and enter the gate of the little park in front of our house; he observed my face at the window and gaily smiled on entering kissing his hand lightly as he did so.

I was often glad in months of succeeding deep misery that I had that picture hid in my memory to look at.

"Get on your things, Euralie," said he on entering the parlor. "I am at your service for the rest of the day. I have excused myself from going to Mass and so you may consume as much time in your shopping expedition as you please. I have nearly a thousand dollars here," said he putting his hand on the breast pocket of his overcoat; "and I shall give you a carte blanche you may use as much of it as you please."

"I—that is the case," replied I, "I had better stock myself with all I am likely to want for a year, you may not have such a generous fit again."

How well I recollect every word we both said, every look he gave that happy afternoon that was to come down in clouds and darkness before night.

Away we went and while walking into town he told me that during his drive to Lachine he had run the risk of losing his pocket-book containing a thousand dollars, his quarter's pay.

"In some unaccountable way," said he, "it had slipped from my pocket. I was driving and it must have been when I was bending in arranging the reins or in some way like that, and lying in the bottom of the carriage it might have been lost entirely as there were hosts of idlers at Lachine when we left the carriage; but fortunately for me the wool mat stuck in one of Sir Frederic Liddle's spurs and pulling it after him my pocket-book was tossed to the ground before our eyes."

"Why, that would have been a serious loss," replied I, "a thousand dollars—what a sum!

you should not carry so much money about with you."

"I would not have done so," replied he, "but that I had promised to go to Lachine with Sir Frederic and I did not care asking him to drive round here out of his way."

We went to one of the furriers, purchased my furs which cost a hundred dollars, my husband paying for them in two fifty-dollar bills; we then went to a silk mercer's where I bought a silk dress for myself, a cloak and hat for baby, the whole amounting to nearly sixty dollars more; for these things my husband also gave two fifty-dollar bills receiving change in return. Before coming home Adolph proposed we should wait at the grocer's who also supplied us with wine, etc., and pay his bill which was always done quarterly. This bill was a little larger than usual, owing to some circumstance, I really forget what. At all events the bill amounted to a hundred and ten dollars, for which my husband paid by giving three fifty-dollar bills, receiving change.

It was getting late, but as we left the grocer's my husband hailed a cab that we might go home. I had entered the cab, and Dr. DeSalaberry had his foot upon the step about to enter, when the man who sold me the furs came hastily up, laying his hand on my husband's arm so as to prevent him entering the cab, and saying hurriedly:

"Will you come back, sir? My master wants to speak to you for a minute."

"It is impossible I should return now, my man," replied my husband; "if there is anything amiss about the furs they need not be sent home to-night. I shall see your master to-morrow morning."

"I wish you would come," urged the man earnestly; "there is something wrong about the money, sir, and I am answerable for it because I sold you the goods."

"Oh! if that is all," said my husband, as he jumped into the carriage, "I shall put that all right; have no fear."

I was shivering with cold, and my husband called impatiently to drive on, while he did at a brisk pace, yet not before I had observed that the furrier's man, instead of going home, had entered the grocer's shop, at the door of which the carriage stood.

There was a nice fire in my dressing-room, to which I went directly on entering the house. I knew dinner would be on the table in a few minutes, and that I would just have time to dress and no more, before it would be announced.

The warmth of the room, the bright fire in the grate, the crimson glow from the curtains, the bright soft carpet, all so redolent of comfort, so different from the cold November night, outside, made me feel so thankful and happy in my pretty home.

I had scarcely changed my dress, put the last touches to the ribbon which confined my hair, when Adolph entered already dressed, with baby in her white frock and scarlet sash, crowing in his arms.

My loving, handsome husband, my beautiful baby—how happy and thankful I felt.

Adolph praised the kidney soup, the roasted fowls; everything on the table, he said, was nicer than at the Mesa, he wished he could dine always at home. Poor fellow! poor fellow! where did he dine next day?

Why do we, short-sighted creatures, know so little of what is to come on the morrow? That question is easily answered: because if so we would go all our lives with bowed down heads.

At any time Adolph dined at home, since baby was four months old, he had always gone himself to the nursery and brought her downstairs, that she might sit on his knee during dessert. He had just brought her down, and she was crowing over the possession of a very red apple, in which she was vainly endeavoring to insert her little tooth, when a loud ring at the door (I am sure it was louder and hastier than usual) startled us both.

"That man is in a hurry," said my husband, with a smile; "he feels it cold and sharp outside."

Adolph had left the door of the dining-room open as he entered with the baby, and from where I sat at the top of the table I could see straight into the hall. Immediately as the servant responded to the loud ring by opening the outer door, two tall men entered, similarly dressed, with caps on their heads which they did not remove. I took in the whole in one glance, their clothes and faces and the look of quiet determination with which both men entered, and standing side by side, looked into the room.

My heart fluttered and beat strong. I felt they were come for ill, although what that ill was to be I had not time to think of. I could never have thought of it if I had.

They said something to the girl, who immediately entered the room, and going close to her master, said in a half-whisper, "There are two men at the door who wish to speak to you alone."

"Tell them to wait," said my husband, whose back was to the room door and did not see the men.

"We have not time to wait, sir," said one of them, in what appeared to me rather a gruff voice.

He immediately got up, and putting the child into the girl's arms, who stood there as if waiting a reply, walked into the hall.

One of the men spoke to him, saying some words which sounded to me like "The Queen's name and authority," putting his hand on my husband's shoulder as he spoke. I felt indignant with the man's familiarity; woe is me,

During the next twelve months I had to court the familiarity of such as he.

My husband went upstairs, taking one of the men with him, and returning in a few minutes came into the drawing-room with his overcoat on and his hat in his hand, the man who had gone upstairs with him following into the room.

"Euralie," said my husband, coming close up to me, "I am going out with these men. There is some mistake about the money which I got this morning from the paymaster; it will all be easily put to rights. I shall be back in an hour."

I trembled like a leaf that, seared and yellow, is ready to fall in the autumn time; something told me he could not come back in an hour. Alas! alas! he never set foot in that house again.

CHAPTER III.

TRIED FOR FORGERY.

As they went from the door I noticed that one of the men preceded my husband, the other followed him, the latter carrying a writing desk in which Adolph was in the habit of locking up the money he kept for the use of the house. All had passed in less than five minutes from the time that sharp, loud ring came to the door, so quickly that I could not for my life compose my thoughts sufficiently to understand what could be the meaning of it all.

"Who are those men, Eleanor?" said I to the woman, who had the baby still in her arms.

"I think they are policemen, ma'am," said the girl in a subdued voice, and turning away her face as if she would prefer not looking at mine. The table-maid was busying herself removing the dessert. She was a smart Irish woman, of coarser frame and mind both than Eleanor, and at once said, although she had not been spoken to:

"Once the chief of the police; they call him a detective; he searches for stolen goods. I was with a mistress once who lost a valuable ring; and that same man took it out of the coachman's trunk, and took the coachman to prison with him."

Mary had said enough. If she had not opened my eyes, she showed me at least how the current of her own thoughts ran. I passed that weary night and heard every hour strike, pacing back and forth between those two parlors. Had I known where to go to search for my husband, I would have most certainly followed him. I felt there was some hidden disgrace, although what it was I could not define. Thank God, in my heart of hearts I never for one moment mixed up Adolph with it. I had full faith in his innocence; it was clear to me as the noonday.

At nine o'clock next morning I was still walking up and down that parlor, my only seasons of rest the time when I went to the window and tried to see if he was coming up the road.

It was beginning to dawn upon me that somehow, the men from whom my furs were bought had something to do with all this. I recollected now that the young man who spoke to my husband as he was entering the carriage had said something about the money being wrong, but why should that keep him away all night? Why should policemen be sent to settle a thing that could be settled without their interference? I determined to go and see the furrier myself, and, ringing the bell, I ordered the girl to bring down my hat and cloak. I could not bear to leave the room to go into any part of the house but the room I had last seen him in. I had lifted up my cloak and was about to put it on when a ring at the door told me that Adolph had come home. I flew to open it myself, followed by Eleanor, who had brought down my hat and cloak.

The door was opened, and, with a start of dread, I beheld Sir Frederic Liddle. He entered without my asking him to do so. I was sure he came to me with evil news; he kept his face as subdued as possible, but his eye had a wicked triumph in its expression that told of the deed whom he served.

"Where is my husband?" I demanded, as I followed him into the drawing-room.

He was not studious in his politeness, now he had already begun the course by which he was to hunt me down into misery and death.

"I hope you will pardon me, Mrs. DeSalaberry," said he, "for not executing the commission given me by your husband last night. He sent for me at nine o'clock, and I promised to come and give you his message; but I thought it was better for you to have a quiet night's rest before you should know all."

A quiet night's rest, indeed! Frederic Liddle knew well the quiet night's rest a loving woman would have who saw her husband depart in such company. Thank God! He sent me strength; so that my tormentor could only imagine, not see what he made me suffer.

"Deliver your message now," said I, with a voice that rung as hard as steel. I dare say my face was white enough, but a muscle of it I know did not move.

"I came by your husband's desire," said he, "to tell you that he is now a prisoner—in jail for forgery. I fear it will be a serious business."

"I do not fear it," replied I, in the same clear voice as before. "He will soon be able to prove his innocence. My father and his own will give bail to any amount."

"I offered bail myself last night," replied he; "but it was refused. You see, this is no common case of forgery. Your husband pretends he received the forged bills from the paymaster, in which case it would just amount to this: that the Queen's government was issuing forged money by sending it to the Colony to pay her troops."

I looked in his face with an eye as clear and

unmoved as ever I had in my young girlhood, when he first knew me, and I said with a steady voice, that showed him I knew no fear: "Colonel Devereux, how dare you say to me my husband pretends?"

"Pardon me, madam," was his reply; "my lips uttered unconsciously the thoughts of my heart. Should Dr. DeSalaberry be able to prove himself guiltless of the crime laid to his charge no one will rejoice more sincerely than I. It is an awkward thing for a man of my rank to have been holding fellowship with a felon so long a time."

I do not know how I was able to allow him to say all this; but I neither moved nor winced under his bitter mocking words nor his triumphant looks, which told me but too surely that he was the felon, Adolph DeSalaberry his victim.

Although I did not ask Sir Frederic Liddle to sit down, I had done so myself, leaning back on one of the fauteuils, with my arms folded across my bosom. I held him with my eye as he spoke to me, expecting that he would continue standing until asked to sit down. He was more than a match for me, however. He at once drew a chair in front of mine and spoke to and looked at me with a half-compassionate look; it was as if he intended it to be the most bitter mockery. I rose and rang the bell, he continuing to look in my face the while, as if he expected me to reply to his last insolent words.

On the servant appearing I said to her in the same tone I would have used to give her an ordinary command, "Open the door for that man and show him out. Should he come here at any future time do not permit him to enter."

He was not to be outdone, and rising slowly from his chair, said:

"I am now going to the jail to see your husband, and shall tell him that you are more composed than I expected to find you."

The girl stared in stupefied surprise; in a few minutes more every servant in my house knew where my husband had passed the night.

I drove down to the jail, (there was no need to go to the furrier's now) and with little trouble was allowed to see my husband; he was alone in a little miserable place, but he told me it was by great favor and only through the influence of Sir Frederic Liddle that this had been effected.

I soon knew all, that is, all he had to tell; he knew as little who had committed the crime he was charged with as I did myself; as to my idea that Sir Frederic Liddle had any hand in it, he would not permit me even to suggest such a thing; all he knew was that he was arrested for uttering forged bills, that those bills he had received from the paymaster, that simultaneously the complaint was made by the three tradesmen whose shops we were in the day previous, of their having received forged money; while the landlord of the inn at Lachine where Sir Frederic and he had stopped came nearly at the same time with a forged note that he had received from one of two gentlemen who stopped at his hotel in the forenoon of the same day.

The paymaster on looking at the bills declared that he had never given those bills to Dr. DeSalaberry, the clerk through whose hands they also came giving the same testimony; what made the matter, if possible, worse was that in his desk, which the detective requested him to allow him search, were a thousand dollars in fifty-dollar bills of genuine money, which the paymaster on being shown declared to be of his knowledge to be those he had paid to Dr. DeSalaberry in the morning.

This money belonged to me, and had only been given into my husband's charge a few days previously; it was money I had drawn from time to time, being the interest of my bank stock, saving it up until I had a thousand dollars therewith to buy the cottage and garden where we had lived before we came to Montreal.

How time passed until the day of his trial I scarce can tell; his parents and my own came all of them into Montreal to be with me; had I been alone perhaps I would have become crazy; I wished to be present at his trial, but this his father and mine would by no means allow. During all those many weeks that intervened between his committal and trial I saw his cheek growing paler and his hand thinner and more transparent day by day; yet, whatever he felt in his inmost heart he never allowed me for a moment to think that he despaired of proving his innocence. In that cold place, inside those stone walls, he smiled fondly upon me as he assured me of his strong faith that on the day of trial all would be well.

But on the day of trial it was all otherwise. Everything against him; Sir Frederic Liddle was called in as evidence, and everyone said his evidence was conclusive; he had seen the paymaster give the bills into my husband's hands; they were new bills, so were the forged ones; but he said, (my father and father-in-law told me) giving his evidence with the greatest reluctance, "am sure the bills given by the paymaster were not those forged bills I see before me."

And then the Queen's advocate summed up the evidence, and the jury, without retiring, gave their verdict as "Guilty,"—and the Judge, some cruel, unfeeling man, gave the sentence; my husband, my dear love, was to be sent to expiate a crime he had never committed, for fourteen years in the Penitentiary.

Old Madame DeSalaberry, my husband's mother, had an attack of paralysis in consequence of her excessive grief for the fate of her only son, and before the day that he was to be taken to Kingston her husband brought her back to their old Manor home in the country.

My father was lying sick of typhoid fever, induced by the same cause, in my own house; I