

pursuit must be made to-night. Light, light, was upon me now—the light of noon! I had been the tool, the fool, of an intriguing woman. From her I felt there was much to learn regarding the past. Creighton had said, ‘Let her go—the loss of money is nothing.’ ‘All that is true,’ I replied; ‘but she can explain, and that is much. Of course my hand has been forged, my letters suppressed. I have been watched, how closely, the events of this night show. Rely upon it, we were seen to meet. There were three thousand pounds in that desk: she shall have it, but she shall earn it, too. How vile and despicable I have been! Julia! Julia!’

“Suffice it to say, we obtained passports, and by the aid of Creighton, who now really wished to see my strangeness unveiled and explained, I was dashing along the road as fast as four horses could drag our calèche. Whatever diligence had been used by the fugitives, ours was greater in pursuit. We literally flew. They were overtaken at last in the open road. I will not go over the *eclaircissement*. Mrs. Morton admitted her double infamy. By her connection with Antoine, she had been enabled to watch every movement that I made. Not only had the contents of my desk been perused, but the balance in the hands of my bankers had been withdrawn. It was Antoine who had forged and presented the drafts, and the power of Attorney also, by which the interest of Mrs. Manners had been sold. I found in their possession about thirty-seven thousand pounds. This obtained, their confessions had to be reduced to form, and legally attested. When all had been done, I turned to the affrighted criminals: I spoke not of the enormity of their offences, as I felt I had been too deeply a participator. I handed to Mrs. Morton the pocket-book she had abstracted from my desk, and bade her farewell. Since that time I have heard little of her life, but that little has deepened the gloom that dwelt around me.

“Hitherto I never doubted I could soon recover Mrs. Manners and my child, and I hoped—yes, sometimes I dared hope—that there was even for me days of happiness. I returned the monies, with interest, paid on the fraudulent sale of the estate. Mr. Turnpenny hesitated; but I think his legal friends considered that to be the best mode of closing the affair, for the morning after my Attorney had visited him, while consulting with me on the steps to be pursued, a letter was received from the agent, assenting to our proposals. On learning the death of Mr. Steady, to whom I wrote immediately on my arrival in London, and who I never doubted was in the confidence of Mrs. Manners, I hastened down. My friends received me kindly. They appeared desirous not only to forget the past, but to have it forgotten by me also. The papers of Mr. Steady were closely searched, but no memorandum could be found that indicated the course taken