

MRS. MAYBRICK'S OWN STORY

dread past. Solitary confinement in Working Prison (as the reader may learn from these pages) was not such an elysium that one should voluntarily desire to hark back to it, nor is penal servitude in Aylesbury an Arcadian dream. While within their grim walls I did my best to exclude from thought the world without; and now that I am once again in the world (though scarcely of it), my one desire to shut out all the abhorrent things which so-called "prison life" stands for has thus far not only failed of realization, but, under conditions even more trying than the repressive prison régime (because of the free and happy life all about, which it seemed to poor me that I had some right to share), I have been compelled by force of circumstance to return to my cast-off prison shell, and live all the old heart-and-brain-crushing life over again. However, my second "trial and imprisonment," like the first, is at last