

liquors. She resorted to all kinds of expedients to secure something to drink, and even went so far as to drink up all of Lady Clinton's cologne and other scents. Day and night she would cry aloud for something to drink; but the servants had their orders, and dare not disobey their instructions.

The day before her death, which occurred on Wednesday, July 21st, Mrs. Wetmore and Lady Clinton had a long interview, during which the latter entreated her friend to stop begging the maid for liquor as under no circumstances would any be furnished her. Mrs. Wetmore threw her arms around Lady Clinton and exclaimed, "Oh, you are such a dear darling. How can I ever repay you? How little you know the great blow I shall bring on you!" Lady Clinton now knows what was meant by those last few words, and is of opinion that at that very moment Mrs. Wetmore was meditating suicide.

That night Mrs. Wetmore moaned and groaned more than ever, and all through the night kept crying out to the maid to fetch her some brandy. The next morning she appeared in a better state of mind, and Lady Clinton went out for a few minutes on matters of business. She was soon followed by her maid, who informed her that Mrs. Wetmore was dying. She hurried home, and on entering Mrs. Wetmore's room found her suffering terribly. She sent the maid in one direction, and the coachman in another, for a doctor; but before they had returned with a physician, Mr. Hunter, an elderly American gentleman, an old acquaintance and friend of Mrs. Wetmore's, came in and assisted Lady Clinton in trying to bring life back to the dying woman. Presently two physicians arrived, and they, too, did their best; but all was in vain. The poor creature died at 3 o'clock, in the most dreadful agony.

The police authorities, after the usual formalities,

gave the body over to Lady Clinton, who became responsible for the funeral arrangements. The following Saturday the funeral service was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Morgan, at the American Chapel in the Rue Bayard, but not more than eight or ten persons being present. Then the body was taken to St. Germain, and there deposited in the Protestant burying ground; and thus ended the last sad rites over the remains of the unfortunate woman.

All of the expenses of the funeral had been cheerfully borne by Lady Clinton; but she received a note from Lord Anglesey's lawyer curtly informing her that his Lordship would be responsible for the same to the extent of £50 sterling. Lady Clinton at once replied that the amount expended had already exceeded that sum, and that she intended that her dead friend should have at least a burial befitting one who had so long been the intimate friend of a marquis.

Perhaps Lord Anglesey has his own excuses to give for leaving Mrs. Wetmore, but certainly his friends are ready to make them for him. One of his kinsmen, a young man who frequents the boulevards, has said, since Mrs. Wetmore's suicide, that the Marquis left her because of her exceedingly dissipated habits. It has been stated since her suicide that last spring, at the Artists' Ball, at the Grand Opera House, she became so intoxicated that she had to be taken out of the building, to the great annoyance of the Marquis. Another report is that at a private dinner given at the house of a French Count in the Boulevard Haussmann, she stepped up to the buffet and drank six or seven glasses of cognac without stopping.

The Marquis of Anglesey came into his present title some two years ago. One of his nephews is married to the daughter of the late Paron Stevens of New York.

CHAPTER XV.

CRIME HAUNTED.

Eighteen years ago, two girls, familiarly known as Amadine and Françoise, solicited passers-by on the outer boulevards of Paris, licensed to do so by the police of the section of Montmartre.

These two budding women, not more than seventeen years old each, pretty in the two types of blonde and brunette, were, nevertheless, harlots of the most debased class. The courtesans of the outer boulevards and to Paris what the painted effigies of Greene and Aro streets are to New York.

The girls were bosom friends, united by a common

tie of ignorance, of misery and shame. They lived in the same hovel, fed from the same dish when Fortune sent them anything to feed on, and starved in company. Thanks to their beauty, they contrived to keep body and soul together after a fashion, and a trifle better than their sisters in shame.

One night Amadine, the blonde, fell in with a young workingman who was celebrating his birthday with a drunk. He accompanied her to her den. There, with the assistance of Françoise, she stupefied him with drugged brandy, robbed him of the couple