

of hundred francs he had about him, and threw him into a sewer excavation.

A vigilant policeman noticed their movements, and they were arrested. They had been more than once in trouble on account of petty thefts, but this was their first offense of any magnitude. The law took into consideration the strong provocation of their misery, and was lenient. They were each condemned to St. Lazare for two years.

Among the prisoners there was an elderly English woman, whose peccadilloes are unknown. The erring daughter of Albion was a woman of good intelligence and of more than ordinary education. Amadine became her cell-mate.

Before the girl left the prison her companion had taught her to read and write and to speak English and German.

These lessons, imbibed eagerly to relieve the monotony of a dungeon, made a deep impression on the pupil's mind. Her heart, corrupted as it was, was not wicked. In her new knowledge she saw a glimpse of a better life, and was filled with horror at her past. She fled from it to London.

Before her prison earnings were exhausted, she obtained employment as a nurse in the family of a rich shipping merchant named Brockingham.

Within a year her employer's son fell madly in love with her. He proposed marriage; she accepted, and they were united. She retained her position in her husband's family until her pregnancy could no longer be concealed. Then young Brockingham revealed all, and threw himself upon his father's mercy. The latter did as such men commonly do. He cast the pair forth, penniless.

They were rich in love for one another, however. The young man set to work manfully to support both. After a time he obtained employment as an agent for a manufacturing firm at the Isle of Bourbon. His wife accompanied him to his post, and was at his bedside when he died, five years later, already a rich man.

Among the officials on the island was the Marquis de Varbaray, a young spendthrift, who had been sent away from Paris to recoup his damaged fortunes and mend his broken morals. The expatriated patrician had been a frequent visitor at the merchant's house, and had been deeply smitten by the charms of Mrs. Brockingham. When her husband died he offered to supply his place.

There was no vestige left in the elegant young widow of the one time stroller of the outer Boulevards. To the teachings of her prison companion her quick mind had added stores of other knowledge behind which her loathsome past disappeared as be-

hind a veil. She had, in short, advanced from a harlot to a fine lady.

The respectability of her late husband set aside any questions as to herself. So, when she became the marquise de Varbaray, society made no doubt of her worthiness of the title.

The Marquis returned to Paris with her, and for a time proved a most devoted husband. His old habits gradually grew back on him, however. The dissipations of the past began to draw him to the debaucheries of the present, until, in 1876, there was no wilder blade in the wild city than the now middle-aged Marquis de Varbaray.

However this may have troubled the neglected wife she did not openly exhibit her distress. It was only when she found that her husband's irregularities had engulfed his fortune and treached on hers and her children's that she began to act. His connection with a well known cocotte of the Quartier Breda was notorious. He promised but failed to keep his word. To her renewed importunities he responded with insults and finally with blows.

This roused the dormant tiger in her, the remnant of her old savage outcast life. All her education had not stamped out, and she determined to face her rival, to frighten her into submission.

The woman was easily found. Driving to her house one morning she discovered her in her husband's arms. Varbaray fled. His paramour faced the wife she had injured with a brazen front, and the latter felt her senes leaving her.

The woman for whose caresses her husband had abandoned her was her old comrade in misery, Françoise.

The ex-harlot of the outer boulevards did not at first recognize her ancient friend. She only saw in her a woman over whom she had triumphed, and whose respectability made that triumph all the more glorious. This woman owned her husband's name. His mistress owned his body and his soul. A scene whose violence can be better imagined than described followed. It ended by the marquise revealing herself and throwing herself completely on her rival's mercy.

It was the worst course she could have taken. It roused a bad woman's envy. Françoise only hated the old companion who had been so much more fortunate than herself.

"Your husband loves me," she said. "He is mine without hope of escape, unless I choose to let him go. Of course I only want his money. Pay me, then, ten thousand francs and you can have him--and much good may he do you."