

THE CHAINED WIFE

OR

THE FRIGHTFUL SUFFERINGS OF

MARY LESLEY.

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG AMERICAN GIRL, WHO FOOLISHLY MARRIED

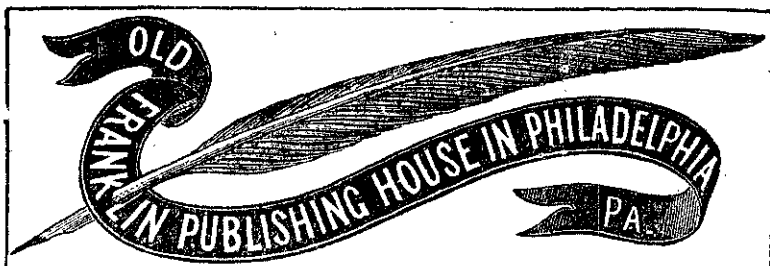
THE NOTORIOUS LORD GORDON

WHO LATELY COMMITTED SUICIDE.

AN EVENTFUL HISTORY.

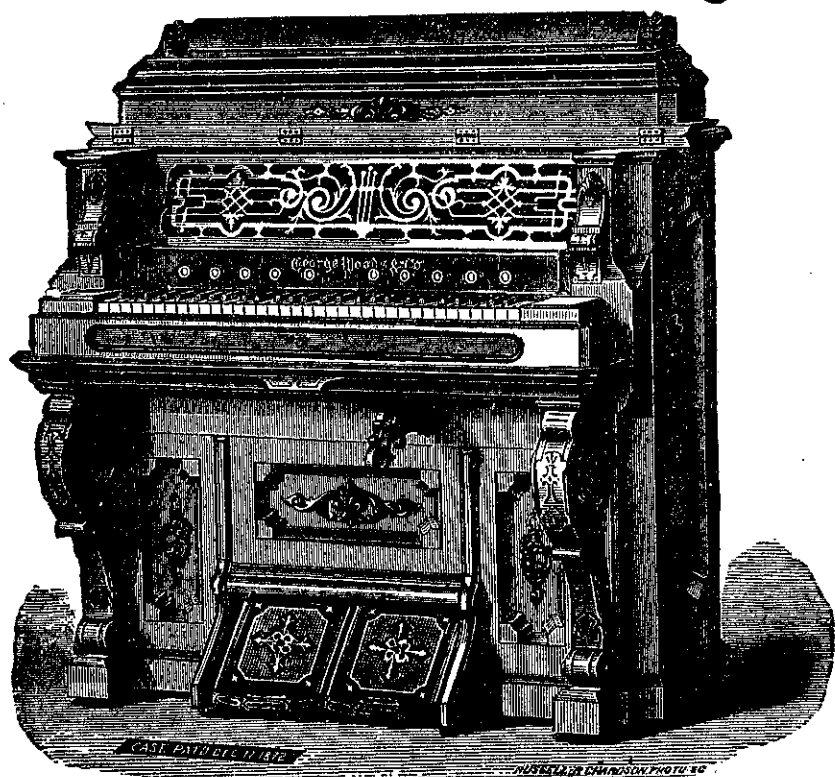
FULL OF WARNING TO AMERICAN GIRLS NOT TO BE
LED AWAY BY THE GLITTER OF BOGUS
EUROPEAN ARISTOCRATS.

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IN REPLYING CUT OFF THIS ADDRESS AND ENCLOSE IN YOUR LETTER.

Rev. Benjamin Tighe, April 15, 1953

THE CHAINED WIFE.

THIS awful affair, which has lately been brought to light in the city of London, may serve as a warning to our American women, not to suffer themselves to be deluded by the tinsel glitter of wealth and excessively high respectability of foreigners. There are several false pretences about Americans as a nation. About the meanest is, that while we are eternally boasting of our great Republic, and its institutions, we are persistently toadying to the aristocracy of Europe; very often too, in such a servile manner as to make ourselves the laughing stocks of the identical Lords Lofties we seek to so nauseously flatter. It has come to be quite a fashionable thing now for the wild sons and scions of wealthy people in Europe to make trips to America for "Larks" as they call it. The meaning of this, in plain language, is that these contemptible rakes come here to victimize the silly daughters of our would-be fashionable families, who have plenty of money, obtained by the genteel stealings of public office, or the equally dishonest stock operations of Wall Street.

The case, however, which has given the foundation for the following narrative, has a somewhat different phase, though it exhibits the same general brutality and lack of honor on the part of the fellow, Gordon, as do the bolder acts of men of his class.

HOW GORDON AND MARY BECAME ACQUAINTED

Mary Lesley was the eldest daughter of John X. Lesley of this city. The father—now dead—was a well-to-do carpenter, who by his own industry and thrift had managed to become foreman of a large builder's shop.

One Saturday morning, Mary, her mother being quite sick, went to market instead of the latter. As she came out of the market, carrying her well-loaded basket, she struck a tall, commanding-looking gentleman

—who was passing by at the time. Not only was it accidental upon her part, but unavoidable as well, because the weight of the basket kept her continually off her balance. He turned quickly, with a frown upon his face, to chide the rude porter as he supposed the collision to have been caused by. But on the instant he perceived how matters stood, his frown vanished, as he glanced at the flush of lovely confusion that suffused Mary's countenance, and, in place of the sharp reproof which he had on his lips, he said:

"Oh! Miss, pardon me, for my outrageous rudeness. That is too heavy for you, that basket. Why does not your servant bear it for you?"

This confused poor Mary beyond all else, for in a moment, she was certain that the magnificent gentleman must be at least a Lord, as from the language he used and by the accent of the words she knew he was an Englishman. She was confirmed completely in this opinion, when the grandee turned to a colored porter, who was standing by, and said, while he daintily drew from his vest pocket a shilling. "Here, you colored man, take this young lady's basket, to her carriage!"

Poor Mary! "her carriage." Why the gentleman must think her the daughter of a wealthy and aristocratic father. This pleased her pride. But in her trepidation, the natural candor and straight forward honesty, that she inherited from her father, caused her to confusedly explain:

"Excuse me, sir, we have no carriage; and when we go to market, we have to use the street cars. Here comes one now. I am very much obliged to you, but I can myself, easily carry this to the car which passes our door."

But the gentleman insisted, and Mary's head was in such a whirl that she did not object any more. So the porter, who was a shrewd fellow, in order to earn the forthcoming reward, actually captured the heavy basket against Mary's will, and, striding from the pavement took up his position in the street ready to stop the approaching car. Instead of a shilling the gentleman took a two dollar greenback from his vest pocket, and, giving it to the porter, said:

"My man, you go all the way home with that young lady, and see that she is not obliged again to load herself with that frightful basket. But also see that you ride on the outside platform."

Then he quickly returned to the side of Miss Lesley, and, as the car came up, he took her right hand in his right hand, raised his left forearm parallel with and a few inches from her shoulders and thus handed her into the car in true London style. Mary turned, and, as the car drove off, she bowed in her most gracious manner to the gentleman. So complete was her confusion by this time that, in sitting down, she was not aware she was deliberately smothering the chubly two year old darling of an Irish washerwoman, until that angered female unceremoniously pushed her to a standing position, and remarked, in irate tones:

"Is yer head so full av love and nonsence, thot yees can't see at all, at all? Bad luck to yees, ye'd be a killen av me darlint entirely."

The aforesaid "darlint" seemed to have survived the "killin" quite successfully, for without a murmur, it continued after its rescue, smearing its hands, face, and clothing with a huge lump of yellow jack candy it had been previously sucking. In spite of her double adventure, poor Mary's thoughts reverted painfully, anxiously to her shawl and dress, and she could scarcely restrain her intense desire to ascertain the extent of the damage to her dry goods. She could not do so until she reached home, where she found her worst fears realized; both her dress and shawl being plentifully gormed with yellow jack.

She concealed nothing of her adventure from her mother, who consoled her with all her ingenuity.

"Never mind, Mary, I don't wonder at your being upside down in your mind, after such an affair as that. I do wonder though, who he can be. From your description of him I take him to be a grandee of some sort. He has taken a fancy to you sure. But now you take care! look out for him. Encourage him! draw him on, but be careful now; for there's no telling you know, what a scampish set of fellows the men are now a days. It didn't used to be so when your father and I were courting; but times are awfully changed now."

"But he won't know where we live, mother, he never asked me that" remarked Mary.

"Oh! nonsense, silly-billy," said the mother, "can't you see through a ladder yet? What do you suppose he insisted on the darkey coming all the way home with your basket for, if it wasn't that he might ask the fellow next time he sees him, to give him the direction of where you lived?"

"Yes, but, mother, couldn't he have come with me himself, or called a cab and followed the car, like they do in the plays at the theatre?" asked Mary.

"Well, Mary, you 're a goose!" exclaimed Mrs. Lesley, "don't you see he couldn't? First, if he did that, it would look too hot-footed you know; and next, there's no cabs at the market. By sending the porter he knew he could get your address sure; because the porter would be at the market next Wednesday or Saturday, and he would pass there accidentally you kow, and accidentally see the porter, and accidentally ask him whether he accidentally happened to remember where you went with your basket."

The mother, as she uttered these tautological "accidentalls," increased the irony in her voice till it reached the climax; when in silence she fixed a stare upon her daughter's face, just like Charlotte Cushman does in her stage hits. Her manner irritated Mary, so that she deter-

mined to let her mother see that she was as smart as herself. So, after a pause, she said quite sharply:

"Well, see here, mom, don't you think there's too much accidentally about all this? Or if it must be accidentally, couldn't I accidentally go to market, and couldn't I accidentally see the gentleman, who would go there too so accidentally?"

The mother laughed heartily at this comic imitation of her own manner, and said:

"Good for you, Mary. Yes that's the best way. Now let us see—if you get that man for a husband, and he's a Lord, then you be a Lady, wouldn't you?"

"Yes."

"And if he's a Count, you'd be a what?"

"A Countess."

"And if he's a Duke you'd be a Dutchy. Lord I hope he 'aint a Duke, because the boys round the neighborhood, would all the time be holloaing Dutchey at you."

"Oh, laws, mom' if he's a Duke, I would be a Dutchess."

"Oh, well I wouldn't mind that; that would sound nicer. Suppose he's a Prince?"

"Then I would be a Princess. That's the highest, except Queen or Empress, and that I could not be, as it would be against the Englishlaw."

"Oh, well, never mind, I would't care to have you become an Empress. I'll be satisfied if he's only Duke."

Mrs. Lesley's face would have been a study for a master artist who desired to paint an ideal or rather a reality of sublime self satisfaction, as she uttered this contented remark.

"But, mom," suppose he's none of these?"

"This suggestion flitted a cloud of disappointment over the maternal face, but the sunshine quickly beamed from forehead to chin, as Mrs. Lesley replied:

"Oh, well, he must be a rich, aristocratic kind of man at the very least, and in that case, he can go into the society of all these other high folks; and that'll be almost as good."

"But, mom," and here the first shadow of real doubt fixed itself on Mary's features, "you know how pop is about aristocrats, and people that put on airs, and style. He won't like it."

"Just you catch this prize, Mary," said Mrs. Lesley, with the air of a General who knows he can crush or flank his opposing General, "and I'll settle all that. Your father has got to be *managed*. Your father has got to be *managed*."

So it was decided between the daughter and mother, that the rich and perhaps titled Englishman, must be caught and that the father—plain, honest, hard working John Lesley should be "*managed*."

THE SECOND STEP.

According to the plan laid out between the mother and daughter—the latter destined to be a sacrifice—Mary went to market for the former on the next market day, and we can truthfully assert, that her mind and thoughts were fixed entirely upon the elegant gentleman who had taken such a fancy to her, and whom she felt certain she should meet. As might have been expected, he took equal pains to be passing the market quite apparently by accident, though strange to say he thus *accidentally* passed the place four times before Fortune favored him with a sight of the beautiful girl with whom he had become so infatuated. For Mary's part, as soon as she beheld him she trembled with a variety of emotions, the strongest of which were pleasure and that maidenly diffidence natural to a young girl of her age, who knew not exactly how far she ought to go to attract the attention of a man she would like to win for her husband.

On the contrary the gentleman, with that graceful ease and masculine boldness, that a man accustomed to society invariably possesses, tipped his hat the instant that Mary smilingly recognised him, and then, placing himself beside her, shook hands and at once began a general conversation as he walked along. His manner was so genial, his language so polished, and his voice so melodious that Mary was captivated at once. Indeed she was enraptured.

"I was just passing this way," remarked he, as the two approached the corner," and the remembrance of your lovely face constrained me to linger about a few minutes in the hope of seeing you. And I am so glad to have had my desire in this respect gratified. But I shall not detain you any longer. I have some important business to attend to, and I see you have not marketed yet, so I will bid you good morning as soon as you have replied to a few questions, which, with your permission I would like to ask you. May I do so?"

"Certainly, sir," replied Mary.

"Thank you, said the gentleman. "I would inquire first, your name, second, your residence, and third, whether you or your parents would have any objections to my calling to see you, if you shall all be satisfied that my intentions are honorable, and my standing in society satisfactory."

Mary had never been addressed in this manner in all her life before. The tones, and gestures, and demeanor of her companion assured her that he was the essence of a gentleman. Hitherto she had been a child—but now she felt as though changed by an electrical shock into a real woman. She was delighted, and proud and confused. She already admired and loved the stranger, and in her pleasure and confusion, she quite innocently and truthfully replied:

Yes, sir, my name is Mary Lesley, I live with mother and father in Tasker street above sixth, and mother and I would be very much pleased to have you call and see us."

"Oh, thank you a thousand times over, and pray allow me to hand you my card, which please give your mother or father with my best respects and say to them that I will do myself the delightful honor to call tomorrow evening. Good morning."

With this remark and gallant adieu the gentleman again tipped his hat and walked away with rapid strides, leaving Mary the happiest, yet most confused young woman imaginable. Several persons beheld the scene, and it is quite safe to say with different ideas and not a few suspicions. Yet little cared Mary. She was oblivious to all else save her own thoughts, and these took the loftiest flights into the golden future. Indeed the poor girl was completely intoxicated with her prospects which was amply proved by the manner in which she marketed.

"I want fifteen pounds of butter, Mr. Lening," said she to the farmer of whom she always bought that commodity.

The farmer adjusted his spectacles so that he might get their sure, correct focus on Mary's face, and then exclaimed:

"Fifteen pounds! Well upon my soul Miss Lesley I was just on the p'int of sellin the two pound I allays keeps fur you seeing you was so late. I've been a waitin' half of a hull hour just so as you should have your reg'lar supply—two pounds. Ha! ha! you pretty puss! you're runnin' a joke on to me I see, so as to let on you 're bin an' got married to a big boardin' house keeper and want to take butter by the tub full."

Poor Mary blushed scarlet at her mistake, and at the rough but kindly bandinage of Mr. Lening. But she hastily corrected herself and said:

"Oh, Mr. Lening I was thinking about something else. But indeed I would like to have three pounds to day, for we shall have company tomorrow."

"Ha! I don't doubt you and I don't see what these city chaps are about. Miss Mary that you don't have company all the time. Why if we only had you out at Radnor Valley you'd just see all the young fellers a fixin' up to the nines and going around the house where you lived like snapper bugs does round a candle on a hot summer's night."

"Ah, now please don't Mr. Lening," pleaded Mary, in a half coaxing half abashed sort of manner, and the kind, bluff old farmer, said he wouldn't, in his hearty, mischievous tone. Then as he put the two pounds of butter into her kettle he turned round to his stall and taking down a bunch of sweet white and red rosebuds from a hook handed them to her and said:

"Mary, there's a bunch o' buds for you, girl; an' though they're sweet, they're not half so pretty as you are yourself. They'll do to set in the middle of the table when the company comes to supper tomorrow. And

Mary, let me whisper in your ear, girl, an old man's advice—don't be in a hurry to get married. Be sure you pick out the right kind of a man for a husband, and then you'll be as happy when you're old, as you was when you were young. It aint the handsomest looking wheat that hulls out the heaviest to the bushel; now you mind that, when you pick out a beau."

"Oh, I'm never going to get married," laughed Mary, "I'm going to live and die an old maid. Good bye."

"Good bye, you little rogue!" exclaimed the farmer, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, as he shook his finger at his fair customer. And all the time he was packing up his buckets, and tubs, and pans, to go home, he was now and then laughing to himself and repeating Mary's order.

"Fifteen pound o' butter! Well, bless my old ploughshare! if that gal aint in love, sure! Fifteen pound o' butter! Hope she'll git a nice man though, fur she's a pretty creature, and 'ud make a man a tip-top wife, she would."

Several times before Mary got through with her marketing she caught herself just on the eve of repeating just such blunders as she had made with her butter. But finally she finished her task and turned homeward,

As soon as she saw her mother she handed her Mr. Gordon's card, exclaiming as she did so:

"Now, hold on, mom till I take off my duds and then I'll tell you all about my adventure this morning. Oh, dear! My heart's going like a chicken's foot in a half peck measure!"

The mother could do nothing but gaze at the delicate card, turn it over and over, and smell it to enjoy the delicate odor with which it was so deliciously tinged. Yet all the while she was nearly "bursting with curiosity," to use her own strong expression, to hear the full particulars. Presently Mary was ready, and, seating herself on the lounge beside her mother, she commenced and narrated faithfully the entire interview with her admirer.

"What do you think of it all, mom?" inquired she, as she concluded. "Did I manage all right?"

"Yes, I could not have done better myself."

"Now then, mom, how about pop? You'll have to take charge of that part of the business. You know how rough he is about aristocrats. And if he was to do, or say any thing rude to Mr. Gordon I should die right straight of shame. I know I would."

"Oh, I'll take the best care of pap. Never you fear for that! Between this and tomorrow night he will be as sweet as a dove. Never fear."

All of that day Mrs. Lesley's brain was racking itself with manners, ways and means to over come whatever objections John, her husband, might chance to advance against the prospective acquaintance and courtship between the English gentleman and Mary. Finally, after all her

plans and plots had been cast aside by her almost as soon as they presented themselves to her, as being useless with her plain, straight-forward husband, she made up her mind to storm all his opposition by telling him the simple truth of the matter.

That night when he and she were alone in their chamber, she informed him of Mary's adventure, and also of the intended visit of Mr. Gordon the next evening.

"Well, mother," said Lesley, after a long pause during which he took off his boots, coat and cravat, "I don't know about such quickly cracked up acquaintances as this one seems to be. The way you talk about this chap, he seems to be an honorable, honest man, but I'll tell you better when I see him. If he is all right and don't put on any high dutch, nor no airs, then may be he and I can get along. But mind if does any thing like that, then out he goes, and you needn't get mad about it."

"I am satisfied with that," replied Mrs. Lesley, "and what is more John, I intend to pull the same way as you do in this affair, and if there's any double dealing, out he goes, as you say."

This was a shrewd bit of diplomacy on Mrs. Lesley's part, and gave her the victory completely over her honest but rather head-strong husband.

The sabbath was, we regret to say, decidedly bent if not completely broken, in several instances by the mother and daughter making preparations for the entertainment of their expected guest in the evening. The occasion came, and with it punctually arrived the Englishman to pay his first visit to the Lesleys. The mother, daughter and husband were all anxiety to behold Mr. Gordon, though as may be easily surmised each of them actuated by different emotions.

Very quietly and pleasantly the Englishman accepted the invitation of Mary—who opened the door in reply to his ring at the bell—to please walk in and be seated. Mary took his hat, cane and gloves, and when she had placed them on the little table in the corner, quickly returned and introduced Mr. Gordon to her father and mother.

As he took the hand of the stranger John eyed him keenly from head to feet, and then stood aside to permit of the introduction of his wife. This being done he invited Mr. Gordon to be seated again. The latter at once and gracefully opened up a conversation starting with the weather, news of the day and so forth, and finally with consummate candor—for he had already read John's blunt character in his face—he moved to the assault with this remark:

"Mr. Lesley, doubtless your daughter here, and perhaps Mrs. Lesley have at least partially informed you of the object of my visit. By quite an accident I met Miss Mary a short time since and was so struck with her great beauty, that I could not help liking her instantly. Yesterday

I saw her again and took the liberty of addressing her, and sending by her my card to you and her mother, with the request that, under certain conditions I might with your permission pay my addresses to her. And I am here to-night for the purpose of obtaining your permission to do so."

John Lesley liked the bluff, manly manner of his visitor, and he at once replied:

"Well, Mr. Gordon, I have no objections to make to your proposition if Mary nor her mother has none, which, from the way they talked about your visit already I don't think they have."

Mr. Gordon thanked Lesley for his acquiescence to his request, and at once made himself perfectly easy, and as much at home with his new acquaintances as though he had known them for years. From a book of poems which Mary had borrowed from a neighbor, Gordon read several selections with such exquisite power and pathos, as to induce John Lesley to assure him, he could read just as well as the great tragedian, Edwin Forest—no mean compliment by the way—for Forest was to the plain workman quite a demi-god.

Eleven o'clock struck ere Gordon rose to take his farewell and yet it seemed as though his stay had been scarcely half an hour, so entertaining to all three was his converse.

After he had gone there was a general interchange of favorable opinion and criticism about Gordon, the conclusion of which was that mother and daughter thought him "perfectly splendid," and Lesley thought he was a "first rate fellow, and not so airish, as he had always thought them aristocratic chaps was."

This initial visit of Gordon was succeeded by other visits and calls, and soon the insinuating Englishman was looked on as quite one of the family. Shrewdly enough, he saw that to make his suit sure he need only keep on the safe side of the father and this he accomplished completely when he insisted on advancing him sufficient money to purchase quite a nice house up town where he could erect a shop on the back end of the lot and become a boss at his trade, instead of a journeyman.

Finally after going to see Mary thus for about one year, Mr. Gordon proposed that he and she should get married, as he wished soon to return to England, at least on a visit. It was of course entirely superfluous for him to ask consent from the parents as this had already been long ago tacitly given, so all he had to do was to name a day agreeable to Mary. He did so, and the two married in a quiet, unostentatious manner, quite in keeping with John Lesley's ideas of propriety.

One month, after the marriage, Mr. Gordon returned from Toronto, Canada—whither he had been obliged to go on pressing business the same day he was married—the happy, smiling bride started to England on her wedding tour with her husband, amid the smiles, and tears, and blessings of her father and mother, and of the few of her intimate friends, whom

she had invited for the occasion. There is no manner of doubt that at this time Gordon liked his wife well enough, but that he ever loved her at all is impossible. Because if he did, he never would have treated her in the brutal manner in which he did afterwards. How lucky it was that poor Mary could not see far enough into the future to behold the dreadful fate which thus awaited her, like a stormy wintry sunset after a bright summer morning.

Mrs. Lesley had a singular and as events afterward proved, an ominous dream about Mary the same night that her daughter sailed for Europe with her husband. She dreamed it three distinct and separate times before morning, and it worried her so much the third time that she woke her husband up, and related the dream to him. But he only laughed at her for her superstition and quoted to her, her own often made remarks that dreams go by contraries. The dream was this. She thought she was walking along the bank of a broad, deep, rapid flowing river, part of the water of which was quite black and the other quite silvery. The silvery part was next to the bank along which she was walking, while the black part was next to the opposite shore. Suddenly she beheld a ship, the exact counterpart of the ship in which Mary had sailed with her husband. As she thus walked along, she thought the ship moved parallel to herself and that it never went faster nor slower than she was walking for a long, long time. During all this while the vessel kept straight on in the bright silvery water, and the mother saw Mary sitting beside Gordon, her husband, in a very contented, loving way.

Presently, while Mrs. Lesley was looking, she beheld a shadowy figure glide to the wheel of the ship and pull it rapidly round. In a moment the ship quit her previous course, and ran over to the dark side of the river, where she at once began to pitch and roll at a fearful rate. As she did this, Gordon sprang up, but instead of doing anything to save or assist his wife, he pushed her violently from him, and repulsed her in a brutal manner. The mother, with anguished feelings, clasped her hands and called to Gordon not to do so. But, if he heard her, he paid no attention, but continued his unmanly treatment to his wife. The latter, however, clung to him, and seemed to be imploring him. Suddenly the ship gave a lurch, and the next instant broke in half. As the forward half parted from the stern, Mrs. Lesley saw Gordon clutch her daughter by the throat and choke her down till she fell upon her knees, at which the mother uttered a wild scream and woke up.

This dream was repeated three times, and made, as we have said such a frightful effect upon poor Mrs. Lesley that she roused her husband and narrated it to him.

"Oh, go to sleep, mother," said he, "you had something for supper that did not agree with you, but has set you gathering wool. There now, roll over, and I will put my arm over you so as to keep the spooks and goblins

away from you. There now, that's the way. Now they won't trouble you any more till morning."

But for all this affectionate assurance by her husband, Mrs. Lesley could not compose herself any more that night, though she laid very still in order not to disturb John, as he had to get off quite early in the morning to his work.

At half past four o'clock the alarm-clock struck off with its rattling merry ring and started Lesley from his slumber. After a yawn or two and a stretch to get himself thoroughly awake, the industrious fellow sprang out of bed and began dressing himself previous to going down to make the fire. This was a part of the domestic routine that Lesley invariably performed himself, because he used to say that it was not a woman's place to get up in the morning and do such mule work as making fires. He always liked to have the kitchen warm, and the kettle boiling for the women to come down and get the coffee ready for breakfast. Very often his fellow workmen would make fun of him and call him a granny. But their jeers and jibes never troubled him a moment. He would only laugh and say:

"It may do very well for you chaps to treat your wives and daughters like heathens and Indians; but I love my women at home just well enough to make as much sunshine as I can for them. And it would be better for your women folks if you fellows would do the same thing; let me tell you that!"

CLOUDS DISPELLED.

It was perhaps five weeks or six after Mrs. Lesley had dreamed her ugly dream that John Lesley came home one night from the shop in high spirits:

"Come, mother!" he exclaimed as he strode into the house, "let us have a jolly good supper to night, and while we're getting ourselves round that I'll read you Mary's letter——"

"A letter from Mary!" interruptingly cried Mrs. Lesley. "Where is it? how is she?"

And she sprang at her husband and began rummaging in his pockets for the precious epistle. John was in a mischievous, humorous mood and for several minutes the pair had a good tussle, at the end of which, through John's intentional carelessness his wife was successful in obtaining the coveted letter.

She sat down on the lounge, and pulling off the envelope handed it to her husband who had also seated himself at her side. Then she opened the four sheets of pink note paper all the sides of which were covered closely with writing. Though not a highly educated woman, Mrs.

Lesley was an excellent reader; and so, at once commencing her daughter's letter, she read it aloud to her husband. Every once in a while the reading would stop and the two gratified parents would laugh and converse over some salient point of the letter. This was kept up until the finish when the happy wife completed the setting of the supper table. While eating their meal John and his wife talked incessantly concerning their fortunate daughter.

"By the by, mother!" presently laughed Lesley, "how about that woful dream of yours, eh?"

"Well, didn't I always tell you dreams go by contraries?" replied the wife.

"And I hope in this case, mother," remarked the husband, "that you will always dream awful dreams about Mary. Because then they'll always be good omens, sure."

"Mary gives a delightful description of her English home, don't she, John?" asked Mrs. Lesley.

"Indeed she does, mother. It makes a fellow feel like as though he would like to go there and live."

"Well, who knows? perhaps one of these days you and I will leave here and lay our bones in England."

"No m'am! mother! never! As Ned Forest says in Jack Cade or Spartacus, "perish the thought." I don't want to live or die any wheres but just here in America. This country may have a good many faults and all that sort of thing but it suits my heart and feelings."

Before the worthy couple retired that night Mary's letter was again perused just as carefully, and, with just as much delight by Mr. and Mrs. Lesley as it had been at first, and ere the two closed their eyes in slumber, they talked about Mary and her prospects just as earnestly as they had done at the supper table. It is certain also that the last image which floated before the imagination of each was Mary's dear face, and the last thought in the mind of each was about the darling girl; and the last prayer on their conscious lips was for her who though so far, was yet so near to them both.

The next morning the letter and its contents again furnished the two Lesleys a theme for conversation from the time they got out of bed till the moment the father kissed his wife good-bye and went to his shop. This was a pleasant little benediction that John Lesley never omitted in his home worship, because, as he used to say, "there's no knowing when a man may be brought home dead to his family."

Strangely enough his own sad fate was a peculiar fatality, and carried out his morbid ideas on this habit exactly, for the time did come when one of these sweet morning kisses was the last he ever gave his wife; when the only kisses she afterward gave the strong noble husband were at sundown, but not in the usual way.



"Have you no mercy? My baby is dying!" she pleaded.

„Giebt es bei Dir keine Gnade, mein Kind liegt im Sterben!“ flehte sie ihn an.

A strange man came to the door and told her Mr. Lesley was not well, he could not walk home. He had broken both his legs, and an arm, he was rather badly hurt. He had a long fall, and was internally injured; indeed the surgeon could hardly give any hope for him. In falling he had struck on his feet and then——pitched back in such a way that the back of his head had come in contact with an iron casting for a sink and——and——” The messenger of it was breaking as gently as he knew how, the news——*“they’re bringing his body to you.”*

He stepped back from the door to the middle of the pavement and beckoned up the street. Presently four men appeared bearing carefully a settee on which lay the lifeless form of John Lesley cruelly crushed but not disfigured in the face. Mrs. Lesley uttered very few groans or sounds to indicate the anguish that consumed her. All night she sat alone with the dead, at intervals uncovering the white face and kissing its cold lips. Two days later John left her once more——this time forever——and thence forward she walked life’s pathway alone.

Lesley’s death occurred four years after his daughter had married Gordon and consequently he was spared the agony of knowing her sore tribulations and tortures at the hands of her brutal, savage husband. Indeed had he been living he would have rescued her or perished in the effort; for bravery and determination were two of his strongest characteristics.

MARY’S MARRIED LIFE.

As we have said in a previous page of this narrative Gordon at first after he wed Mary Lesley liked her exceedingly well, merely because her personal beauty was so great. But after he had become used to this and she was no longer like a new toy to him, then he began to neglect her and in due and speedy course of time he hated her in his heart, wished to be rid of her. This was a dreadful change for poor Mary, who all her life had been used to nothing but kindness and love from her mother and father, and now to be so illy treated by one whom she had looked up to as a person who was to love her till death better even than mother or father, was worse to her sensitive heart than death itself. For two years they had been married and there was about to happen the birth of her first offspring, an event which Mary felt sure would reconcile her husband to her and fix again upon herself his love once more. How sadly and cruelly she was deceived the sequel will show. She would hardly see him now twice in a week, and when she did, he scarcely noticed her at all, except in anger or insult.

After the birth of her baby, a little girl, her husband visited her less often than ever. Finally the wretched Mary made up her mind that her

husband really hated her, and, with a broken heart she thus addressed him when she next saw him:

"If you please, Gordon, give me enough money to get home to America I will go away there to mother and father with my baby and you will be rid of all your trouble with me. I always thought you loved me but I find you do not."

"Send you home, eh?" he hissed out with a fresh volley of oaths, "No! I'll not let you have that satisfaction. Not only will I not let you go home but you shall not go outside of this house. I hate you just well enough to torture you to death."

"Then you had better kill me at once," groaned Mary.

"Oh, no, that would be too merciful for such a jade as you!"

Mary had never been called such an outrageous name as that and in an instant with flashing eyes and quivering lips she hurled back at her husband wild words of anger and justification of herself, and wound up by calling him a contemptible Englishman. This fired all the latent anger in his disposition, and rushing upon his unfortunate wife he beat her with his fists in a most shameful manner blacking her eyes and cutting her face in several places with the sharp points of a diamond ring which he wore. As he paused for breath, and while still clutching her by the throat, he hoarsely exclaimed:

"If you don't get down on your knees and beg my pardon for that I'll pound your brains out!"

"Then do it!" cried Mary when she got her breath, "for I never will. You're a cowardly poltroon to beat a woman. But I don't care if you kill me by inches you'll never force me to beg your pardon. If my father knew this he'd soon be here and then you'd beg my pardon or get such a thrashing as you never had in all your life before."

Gordon stood off from his wife now and contemplated her silently for a full minute, she meanwhile returning his scowls with defiant glances of proud anger, and wiping the blood from the wounds on her lacerated face. She had always submitted so patiently to the villain before without more than a passing murmur; but now she stood defiantly at bay, though she did not attempt to return his physical violence as she was aware that with a powerful man like he was such an effort would be useless.

After he had thus eyed his wife he exclaimed in a low threatening tone of voice: "Ha! my vixen, just hold on. I'll break your spirit! I'll teach you what it is to raise my rage. I'd kill you anyhow if it wasn't for the reason that if I did I couldn't satisfy my revenge enough on you. But I'll show you my lady what I am, before I'm done with you, depend on that."

With this threat he left the room violently slamming to the door after him.

The moment she found herself alone, though her bruised and bleeding

face pained her frightfully, the reaction caused Mary to sink down upon a rocking chair as weak and limp as a roll of wet cloth. Then she sobbed and cried for two hours at least before she exhausted herself that she fell asleep just where she sat. When she woke up she felt utterly bewildered and did not recollect anything that had happened until again her wounds brought all to her mind with horrid distinctness.

"I wish I was dead! Oh! I do wish I was dead!" she groaned in the bitterest anguish as she glanced in a mirror and turned quickly from it that she might not see fully the swelled and discolored lumps upon her once beautiful face—now rendered almost hideous with the cruel disfigurements inflicted by her husband.

At this moment her baby began to cry, and attracted her attention. She sprang to the crib and catching up the infant hugged it convulsively to her bosom and as her tears started afresh she exclaimed:

"Oh, my darling! my darling look up into mama's battered face, and then nestle close to mama's poor broken heart! Oh! baby! baby! I wish you and I were both in our graves. Then we would be at rest forever forever! forever!"

Then she sat down still holding the infant to her breast, and rocking back and forth she moaned in mental as well as physical anguish.

She saw no more of her husband for a week and then one evening he entered her room and catching up the baby out of the cradle he passed through the doorway closely followed by Mary who was fearful he intended to take away her child from her, and so deprive her of what little remnant of pleasure his harshness had hitherto left her.

"Come on," he exclaimed with a sneer going up stairs, "the cow is sure to follow her calf!"

"What are you going to do with my baby?" she asked in tones of dread.

"Going to take it and you to your new quarters up stairs!" was the laconic reply of the husband as he strode on without deigning to turn his head.

"What! in the servants' room?"

"I'll show you where!"

And on he walked up stairs with his wife after him till he reached a little room at the top of the house, the window of which looked out toward a blank brick wall that prevented any other view whatever save a little morsel of sky. The first fact that attracted the attention of the wretched young wife was that this solitary window had been adorned with *new* iron bars placed so closely together as to preclude the possibility of a person thrusting the head forth to look at any thing. The next fact she noted was the extreme meagreness of the furniture which consisted of nothing except a single maplewood bedstead, a wooden chair and a little

cheap crib cradle. On the bedstead was a hard straw mattress covered with a blanket and coverlet.

"Will you walk into your future parlor and dwelling room?" inquired Gordon with mock politeness, addressing his wife. She scarcely knew what to make of this new demonstration, it was so entirely unexpected. She suspected from the malignity of his former threat that her husband was about to do something terrible, and had it not been for the baby she would at once have fled downstairs and forth into the street where she could claim and receive protection from the police. But her love and anxiety for the little one induced her to face the new peril, whatever it might be.

Gordon half tossed, half laid the infant on the bed and motioned his wife toward it. She sprang forward and caught it up in her arms. At the same moment Gordon swiftly stepped behind her, and thence to the door which he closed and locked, and then put the key in his pocket. Half stupefied Mary gazed at the man while he stood and contemplated her with a grin of sardonic triumph upon his features. At length he spoke:

"Well, how do you think you will like your new quarters?"

"I suppose while I am here it makes no difference whether I like them or not," replied she "It makes no difference to me whether you like them or not, though it might to yourself as you won't change them in a hurry."

"Why, what do you mean by that?" asked Mary trying to control her voice and keep it from trembling.

"I mean just this, that, till you die and are buried, you will never leave this room."

"But you will not rob me of my child?" inquiringly remarked Mary.

"Oh, no I don't care for the little brat. You're welcome to it."

"Then thank Heaven, I can endure any thing your malevolence may inflict upon me. I do not need to leave this room, for, outside of it, henceforth the world is dead to me."

"What! is it no torture to be away from your darling pa and ma?" he answered.

"Oh, no, it would be far worse torture to me to know that they should become aware of the unworthy fate which has befallen me, for it would make them utterly unhappy to know that I had thus fallen a victim to your machinations."

"Ha! do you really think it would? Why, faith then, I must find some way to let them know it all. But, wait a bit; in case you may, at any time, conceive the idea of running away from me, I have had another feature added to this delightful little boudoir for your special benefit. I'll show it to you."

Thus, speaking the brutal man stepped forward to the bedstead, and pulling it away from the wall thus disclosed a heavy double chain depending from a ring staple that had been fixed firmly into the wall itself.

On the extremity of this double chain was a spring lock and socket. As he had moved forward to the bed, Gordon adroitly pushed his unfortunate wife before him, in such a manner that, at the same instant he uncovered the chain, he also had her within grasp. Seizing her, he slipped the chain round her waist, drew it tightly and caught it firmly with the spring lock.

Mary turned, looked blankly at her husband, and, while her face assumed the hue of a marble image, she sank down on the floor, and, clasping her hands in her lap, she wept bitterly:

"Oh, man! man! what have I ever done to you that you should treat me in this barbarous manner?"

"You have done that which king Richard's wife did to him—out lived my liking."

"Then in the name of Heaven," rejoined Gordon's victim; if that be the case, give me sufficient money to return home to America to father and mother."

"Oh, no, that would not do. There'd be a terrible row, quite likely, then."

"No! I pledge you my word there shall not be any row. You shall never hear one single word concerning my fate. For I shall be too ashamed to speak of what, or why I have suffered since I married you."

"Wouldn't trust you, or I should have sent you back home long ago!" was the cruel reply. "No," he continued, "I have resolved on my course with you, and I will not swerve from it. You will remain in this room for the rest of your natural life, whether that be one year, or a hundred years. I shall have one new servant whom I can trust implicitly, and she will take you in charge, when I am not here myself."

"Please go away and leave me!" groaned Mary, in the new agony of spirit which this suggestive remark caused her; please *do* go away and leave me!"

"Yes, of course I will. Anything in the world to please you, you know!"

Taking the key from his pocket Gordon unlocked the door and went out, being careful to lock it again, however.

For several minutes Mary sat just in the same position, and quite likely she would not have moved for hours, had not her baby uttered a sharp cry. In an instant she sprang to her feet and toward the bed. But from the position of the latter, she could not reach the infant, and besides, the chain gave her such a cruel jerk as to deprive her of breath, and cause her great pain round the waist, where its unyielding links buried themselves in her tender flesh. By pulling the bedstead round, however, she quickly managed to get her baby in her arms, and sitting down upon the bed, she kissed the little innocent wildly, her hot tears raining plenteously over its features.

"Oh, my baby! my sweet! my darling! he loves you no better than he does your poor mother! He, who ought to cherish us both has buried us here in this prison room forever! No! thank God! he cannot do it forever—only while we live. He cannot follow us beyond Death's portal."

Until dark Mary sat or laid on the bed with her infant, or walked it up and down the floor so far as her chain would permit. Now and then she could faintly hear the rumble of a heavy cart, or the rattle of a lighter, swifter-moving vehicle passing up and down the street, and occasionally the sounds of the voices of children at play rose faintly to her ears. All this served only to make her desolation the more complete and her captivity the more doleful.

It had been quite dark for sometime before any one came to the room, and the captive began to think that, to her imprisonment was to be added the other torture of starvation. At last she had concluded to go to bed as well as the chain would permit her, taking off her outer garments only and arranging the bed coverings in such a manner as to prevent the links of the chain from hurting her. Commending herself to God, she closed her eyes, and was trying to go asleep, when suddenly the door was unlocked and opened, and Gordon entered, followed by a woman of about thirty two years old, whose countenance, though handsome, was not a prepossessing one.

"Ha! gone to bed so early!" exclaimed Gordon, advancing into the room.

Mary rose to a sitting posture; but did not make any reply, and, Gordon resumed: "I have brought this lady friend of mine to introduce her. Hereafter, when I am not here, she will have full charge of you. And while she proves true to her duty of keeping you secure and not too happy, she will be my favorite at a good salary. Do you understand?"

The miserable wife's heart was too full to allow her to reply one word to this cruel question, and she nodded her head mournfully, as she noted the familiar manner in which the woman leaned against Gordon, and the ominous scowl with which the creature regarded her.

"Do you think," continued Gordon, turning and addressing the woman, "do you think, Sally, you can attend, to this invalid lady properly, just as I have instructed you to do?"

"Leave that to me, my dear fellow," and she leered up into his face in a manner that caused Mary's blood to boil to behold.

"Hot words rose to her lips, and she was about to pour forth her rage and grief. But one reflection restrained her. She felt that no one can torture a woman like a woman. Here was evidently a lewd wretch, with whom her husband had associated himself, in order that he might have a trusty accomplice in Mary's persecution. He had taken up with this strumpet, knowing that she would prove true to his purpose. Had

Mary had no one but herself to suffer she would have defied and denounced both Gordon and the woman. But her baby—if she provoked them further they might rob her of that. So, for its sake she held her tongue.

"Well," said Gordon, after a pause, "Sally, I must leave you now don't forget what I instructed you to do."

"I won't my dear," and the wretch threw a kiss at the contemptible fellow, as he passed out of the room and went downstairs, without ever so much as glancing at his wife.

"How do you think you and I will get along with each other?" inquired the woman of Mrs. Gordon after the husband's footsteps died away on the stairs below.

"I am helpless in your power," replied the prisoner, "so it is useless for me to make any attempt to answer your question. But I wish you would answer me a question."

"Let's hear it first, and then may be I will, and may be I won't."

"It is this—what do you intend to do with me?"

"Oh, take the best care of you; keep you here safe in this room, not let you get downstairs. Lick you well with a cow hide if you don't behave yourself. Bring you what you are to eat and drink, and—et cetera, et cetera, as they say in the play.

"Well, am I to be always kept chained in this manner?"

"Don't know about that. I'll ask him when I go downstairs."

"I would like to have a pitcher of water," said Mary after a pause.

"I'll bring one up when I come up to bed. But I suppose you don't want anything to eat till morning. However, it don't make no difference if you do because you won't get it till morning if you do."

Mary made no reply, and, after a short silence—during which the woman walked about the room and looked provokingly at her prisoner, as though to excite her into some violence—she picked up the lamp and went out of the room.

It was fully three hours before she returned, bringing with her a tin bucket full of water in which was a tin cup. This she set down just within reach of the chained wife saying:

"Here's your water, that's all you'll get. He and I have had several glasses of wine."

"And you ought to be ashamed to say it," retorted Mrs. Gordon in a quiet sarcastic tone.

"Oh, I merely told you because I thought it would make you feel extra happy to know it, that's all!" laughed the woman maliciously. "And he kissed me and told me he loved me a thousand times better than he ever did you."

"Indeed! that don't surprise me at all, for you are prettier than I am. And he had need to love you a thousand times better than he did me. For your woman's heart must tell you if you have any perception, that

he really never loved me. I see it all now. I was a poor girl; he was rich; he took a passing fancy to me and married me. He knew that, by bringing me to this foreign land, he would have me entirely in his power, where no friend nor relative of mine could interfere with his cowardly plan that he has since put into operation. Do you suppose that a man like this can love *any* woman at all? Do you suppose that a heart like his could ever love? If you do you are mistaken. He hates me already and he has only taken up with you for the reason of having a willing accomplice to torture me. He is making a tool, a cat's paw of you, and when he is tired of you quite likely he will get a second chain for you, put you in this room with me and get a third love to take care of us both."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the woman, "no danger of that! You wager all you have on that. I'll take care of that myself."

"A bad man is capable of anything!" replied Mrs. Gordon, sorrowfully.

"But a bad woman can match him, give odds and beat him at his own game. You're an innocent green one any way."

"I believe I am! groaned the wife in mental agony, "I believe I am."

"And so, you see," continued her attendant, "green ones like you ought to be kept in close cages, where nothing may harm them. But, good night! By, bye! I must go down to him he's waiting for me."

With this doubly cruel remark, Sally left the captive to her own heart-breaking reflections.

It was not until nearly morning that the wretched Mary fell asleep; and then it was only owing to complete exhaustion. Like the famished traveller in the waterless desert of Sahara—who dreams of rivulets of sparkling cold water and green, luxuriant meadows—so Mrs. Gordon saw naught but visions of happiness. Bright angels came and ministered to her. Her chain was gone, and she no longer felt its galling, heavy links pressing into her flesh. With her baby she went roaming through delightful places, places of the sweetest, solemnest beauty. On she floated rather than walked and after a lapse of time she began to recognize scenes familiar to her eyes in former years—the schoolhouse where she used to study, the various houses and gardens that she used to admire and notice so much when she was a child. And blessed reality—for the angels paint their pictures well—she at last beheld her mother's house. By some indefinite conveyance that she could not understand, she was brought home from England to America. She stood on the door step and raised the latch—it just made exactly the selfsame sound as it used to do—and in she bounded. There was her mother sitting in the usual place in the corner by the window sewing.

"Oh, mother! mother!"

"Oh Mary! Mary! this is a surprise! Mary heard and spoke these words of interchanged surprise and welcome as plainly as any she ever



"Your husband loves me better than you!" tauntingly said she to Mrs. Gordon.

„Ihr Gatte liebt mich mehr wie Sie," sagte sie in verletzenden Ton zu Frau Gordon.

uttered in her life. And she held forth her baby toward her mother, and cautioned her against waking it up, for somehow or other she felt that if it was aroused the scene would be changed. But the mother stooping over its face kissed it fondly and it cried out.

In an instant, like the visions in the Arabian nights' entertainments, everything became a blank of darkness. And poor Mary awoke to the reality of her chain, and the horror of her captivity. She knew now she had been only dreaming, and had been summoned back from fairy land by the crying of her infant. Quickly she pressed the little one to her bosom petting in with her hand and soothing it with the endearing words of a mother's love. For a long time her frame trembled violently with the shock of reawakening to the dreadful reality of life from such a beatific illusion. But finally between the care necessary for the baby, and a firm resolution to conquer her nervousness, she became calm again, and was quite herself when about eight o'clock the next morning Sally Dunton—for such was the name of the woman who acted as her jailor—appeared with her breakfast. This consisted of a plate of meat and potatoes fried, a little pot of coffee and two slices of stale bread already buttered. The meat had been cut up, and there was neither knife, fork, nor spoon. When Mary inquired for something with which to eat her meal, Sally grinningly replied:

"Lord bless you, he said you must not have a knife, or fork, nor yet a spoon; because if you did you'd commit suicide!"

"What! kill myself!" exclaimed Mary, "Oh no, God forbid that I should ever be guilty of such a crime as that. You never fear that, so please let me have at least a spoon and a napkin."

"No, I won't get either one for you. You are not the lady of this house any more. You are only a prisoner—I am the mistress of this house now, and I want you to know it and keep your own place. That is just here in this room at the end of that chain. And mind, if you don't, he has given me free permission to cowhide you. So look out, for I shall always have it handy so as to give it to you well."

So speaking she drew forth from its concealment beneath her skirt a rawhide switch, such as dog trainers use in their business, and gave it several whistling sweeps in close proximity to her prisoner's body.

"Do you hear that!" exclaimed she, with each cut of the air that she made, and which caused Mrs. Gordon's flesh to creep with horror.

"Ha! I tell you!" she continued, if you provoke me to give you a dose of that, you'll feel as you never felt before in all your life!"

Mrs. Gordon was exceedingly hungry, and seeing that the brutal cruel woman was determined, she was obliged to submit and eat her meal with her fingers, in spite of the disgust and loathing this necessarily caused her.

"Thank you, I have had enough!" she said, when she had consumed about three fourths of the quantity that had been brought to her.

"You're not welcome that I know of," said Sally, "so in future when you get your food don't make any fuss about it, in the shape of thanks, because it aint necessary at all. Give me that bucket and I'll go down and get you some more water."

Mary handed the bucket to her jailoress, and, in spite of her previous threats about bothering her for anything she said:

"As I am to stay always in this room, and am of course unable to help myself, I wish you would allow me to have one or two little matters of convenience, which will make you less trouble and give me at least comparatively a little more comfort."

"What are they, and I'll consult with him and see if he objects to your having them."

Mrs. Gordon named what she wished, and Sally withdrew. In about an hour she returned again bringing about three fourths of the things for which Mrs. Gordon had asked.

"Here," said she, "that's what you can have and no more. Don't bother me about anything else for your comfort as you call it. Remember, he didn't put you here in this room for comfort but just the reverse. The comforts of this house are for me not for you."

As on the previous day, the hot blood mounted to poor Mrs. Gordon's cheeks and hot words to her lips but again, when she thought of her baby she restrained her emotions, and resolutely choked down her just anger not for her own, but for its sake—for she had a terrible, undefined dread of what vengeful act might be done to it to make herself feel the more poignant anguish. During the rest of the time the woman Dunton was in the room, she kept up a tirade of offensive remarks to Mary, who however, never allowed herself to reply. Finally Sally, exclaimed, as she shook a dust brush at her victim:

"You miserable huzzey, you haven't got the spunk of a louse! or else you've lost your wits and your tongue together."

And with this she left the room.

THE BABY DIES.

For a long time these scenes continued almost daily, the captive always maintaining the silence she had imposed upon herself. But the time was fast approaching when the cause of her restraint was to be removed. Her baby began to be troubled with teething, and the mother of course wished it to have the benefit of medical skill. But, beyond a few, simple remedies that she herself had heard of from her mother, and which she told the woman Dunton to obtain for her, she could get nothing for the poor little sufferer.

One day while the infant in this pitiable condition, the brutal husband

made his appearance for the first time in several weeks. Hoping to awaken at least a lingering affection in his heart for his only child, the wearied out, heart broken mother took up the baby in her arms and going down upon her knees she implored her husband, by all the memories of the past, to get skilled medical aid for the child.

After a long silence he informed her that he was now tired, not only of herself and the child too, but also of the trouble of keeping her a prisoner. And he finally proposed to her that she should set sail immediately on the first of the next month for America, and he would give her a good purse of money on the steamer. He also told her he had never loved her, because she was not of aristocratic birth, and of course it was impossible to love the child if he did not love its mother. He did not think it would come to any harm through not having a doctor. If it needed a physician, if it did he would have it taken at night to a hospital, without disclosing whose it was. He gave her till evening to think about it whether she would give it up. The poor mother was in the wildest doubt and fear. If she kept the babe it would perhaps die, if she let it go, and it should live she did not believe she would ever be allowed to see it again. But Fate settled the question during the afternoon, for the little creature suddenly fell into convulsions and died.

During the next ten days the mother lingered between life and death herself. And then from that time forward until the moment the police entered the house and rescued her Mary endured the most terrific sufferings both mental and physical. When she no longer had the restraint of her child upon her she gave her temper full sway, and neither the woman, Dunton, nor Gordon ever entered the room and said anything to her that she did not castigate them with her tongue for their cruelty and outrageous villainy.

The result was that both of them used to abuse her, beating and pounding her shamefully, and really they seemed to take a fiendish delight in so doing.

At last they became a little too careless of their acts; and the whole affair was made known to the police. When the latter arrived on the scene, however, both Gordon and his paramour had left. What ever became of the latter is not known, though there were strange reports that she had been put out of the way in order that her tongue might tell no dangerous facts, in case she should betray her employer at any time. Gordon, as is well known already to the community came here again to America, where he figured extensively in huge alleged swindling operations in New York stocks against Jay Gould and others. Thence he fled for safety to a distant part of the Canadian Provinces, whither the English detectives followed him and arrested him. When they handed him the warrant of his arrest he saw there was no escape. He also knew that he would be sentenced for life to the penal settlements, so in a

fit of desperation he drew from his pocket a revolver, and ere he could be prevented blew his brains out, killing himself instantly. So ended his miserable career. A few days since Mary Lesley who is really Gordon's lawful wife sailed for England where she will receive the great bulk of her husband's estate which after all costs are defrayed will net her somewhere about a hundred thousand dollars. Thus after all her storms and all her trouble, the much abused lady has come into a handsome fortune. Whether she will again tempt fortune by a second marriage is doubtful, after her sad experience in the first.

THE CLERGYMAN'S STATEMENT.

Rev. Mr. Tennis gives the following description of the rescue of Gordon's wife from the prison room in which she had been chained so long by her brutal husband.

"One evening about 8 o'clock a young woman called at my lodgings and sent up word that she must see me. I went down and found her much excited. She at once told me that she was lately employed in Gordon's house. Her suspicions being aroused she watched both him and the housekeeper—a woman named Dunton. The result was that she discovered a prisoner in an upper room—a woman she thought. At first I discredited her story but finally I was so impressed that I at once put on my hat and coat and took her down to Scotland Yard, where she made oath to her assertions, and a search warrant was issued the next morning. I went with an officer myself to Gordon's house. Gordon and his housekeeper were gone, no one but the servant being home. Upon reaching the room where Mrs. Gordon was confined the sight was awful. She was chained to the wall and seemed like a maniac; begging us not to beat her any more, and also to kill her and thus end her misery. The smell in the room, too, owing to the manner in which the lady had been neglected, was frightful, and made us so sick that we were obliged to hold our noses. I never saw such a sight. We loosed Mrs. Gordon from her chains, and sending for a hack hurried her into it, and drove in haste to the nearest hospital, where she was at once put under careful medical treatment.

Happily she was of a powerful constitution, and though she had been subjected to such awful brutality she rapidly improved until she was discharged. We collected funds to send her to America, whither, we had ascertained, her brute of a husband had escaped, and where we thought, as all her family and friends lived, she could have him arrested and obtain redress for her many grievances. I lately received a letter from her, and she is completely restored to health; but she said nothing about him.

REV. JOHN H. TENNIS."



"How horrible!" exclaimed both the clergyman and the police officer
Wie schrecklich!" riefen der Geistliche und der Polizeibeamte aus.

NEW DETAILS OF THE LIFE OF THE CHAINED WIFE.

Since we printed and issued the first portion of the sad history of the beautiful but unfortunate Mrs. Gordon, we have received from the clergyman, Mr. Tennis, through whose exertions she was rescued the following deeply interesting account of the latter portion of the tragedy. Mr. Tennis' version of the sad affair is written with all the power and pathos for which that justly popular man is celebrated. He writes as follows:

Dear Sir!

I have thought that your American readers might perhaps be possessed of a strong desire or curiosity to know more of the details of the horrible manner in which the notorious man, called Lord Gordon, treated his wife, whom we rescued from his clutches and sent home to the United States. I hear that she has made no movement toward seeking the legal redress which is certainly her due at his hands. This I attribute to her christian spirit, and her observance of the admonition given by our saviour to forbear from taking vengeance on an enemy. And I am sure you will agree with me that a woman can have no worse, no bitterer, foe than a cruel, bad husband.

Still I do not hesitate to say that I am strong in the conviction, that Mrs. Gordon ought to seek by legal means to at least compel her recreant husband to support her in at least comfortable circumstances, as he is fully able to do so. And if he is allowed to go scot free in this piece of iniquity, there is no doubt that he will repeat the offence at the first fitting opportunity which presents itself to him.

Therefore, I am convinced she ought to throw aside her retiring modesty, and false shame, at having been the victim of such a man, and have a warrant issued for his arrest. Rest assured that we all here in London pity her, and will leave no stone unturned which may aid her in her effort to obtain justice.

We are the more earnest in our desire to have Gordon brought to justice in this matter; because of the very fact that he is an Englishman, and I hold that an Englishman when he travels into a foreign country—especially a foreign country so friendly as the United States he should make it a religious duty to so conduct himself in morals as not to bring discredit upon his nation. For somehow or other, when a man does anything wrong in another land that nation to which he belongs invariably receives a great portion of the condemnation and obloquy of his acts. Will you please be kind enough to hand to Mrs. Gordon the enclosed letter and also tell her in the strongest language you can, how we feel

for, and respect her in her great desolation, and how we rejoice that through a kind Providence we were enabled to assist her. The account, which I also enclose, in manuscript, of how we first ascertained of the manner in which she was being used by Gordon, and how we went about her release, I think your readers will be deeply interested in.

One evening about eight o'clock, I was sitting in my library engaged in composing a sermon. At these times I never liked to be disturbed at all, even by members of my own family, as it would break up the mood in which I might be, and which, perhaps you know, once interrupted is never recovered. So, when Gordon's maid servant came and rang the bell, our porter informed her that it would be impossible to see me, giving her the reason. But she would not be denied.

"Tell Mr. Tennis," said she that is a matter of life and death, and murder it may be."

This had such an effect on the porter that he at once told her to come in and he would run upstairs and tell me. He did so, and, seeing from his excited manner that there was something wrong, which it was my duty to investigate, even at the expense of my sermon, I immediately told him to show the girl up.

As soon as she came into my presence she began with some trepidation her story, said she:

"Oh, Mr. Tennis there's a woman chained up stairs, where I am living at service, and I think she's chained that way because her husband wants to starve her to death."

"That is very strange!" remarked I. "Are you sure there is no mistake about what you say?"

"No, sir, I am sure I am right. I have watched them all for over a week now."

"All! who are they all? Are there any other women in the house except yourself?"

"Oh, yes sir, there's one other woman; that's the housekeeper."

"And does she know of this?"

"Yes, sir, she helps to do it, she's just as bad as the man is."

"As bad as the man!" I exclaimed, "well what is the man's name?"

When she told me, I was astounded. I thought to myself that it could not be so. Still the girl's manner was so positive and her details so circumstantial that I could not but give some credit to it. And at last after consideration I put on my hat and went with her to Scotland Yard where I stated the whole matter to Inspector Jameison. He and I talked the matter over and finally the girl was sworn and then detained at the office. Next morning a shrewd detective, Bryson by name, and myself went down to Gordon's house, which was situated in Victoria street West End, and was withal an exceedingly respectable locality; indeed, I may say quite aristocratic. We took the precaution to have the girl

along with us, and after we had rung and knocked for sometime without being able to obtain ingress, she led us round to a rear door. But this also being locked, Bryson forced it and we at once entered, and began a search of the dwelling, taking great care to first hunt those who would be culprits. It did not consume much time, however, to find that both those offenders had quietly slipped away. They must, by some means or other, have become informed of our visit before hand, and fled to prevent their arrest.

As soon as we found there was no person down stairs, I told the girl—whose name, by the by, was Sarah Corning—to lead us up to the chamber where she had said the lady was chained. But she seemed to be in dread of doing so. However, she consented to walk behind the officer and point the way. This she did; and we soon were standing before the door of the prison room in which Mrs. Gordon was confined. This door we tried and found it locked, and there was no key in the lock. I told Sarah to run and get us all the keys she could find about the house. In a few minutes she returned with several of different shapes and forms; but, upon trying them, none would fit. While we were experimenting with these keys our ears were astounded with the half crying groans of the unfortunate prisoner, and were horrified by the clanking and clinking of the chains by which she was fastened to the wall.

My blood ran cold as I listened to these dreadful sounds. In truth my habitual feeling of christianity, I am sorry to say, was overcome almost entirely, as I heard these awful clinkings, for I then felt that all which Sarah had told us was true, and this made me feel next that the villain who was the cause of it ought to be severely punished.

The detective turned to me and said:

"What shall we do, sir?"

"Do!" I exclaimed, "do! why beat the door to splinters and let us rescue this poor, unfortunate immediately!"

I would not tell this about myself, but I wish to show how much the brutal affair excited me, who am naturally a quiet man.

In a few moments later the door yielded to our combined efforts, and flew from its hinges and lock, and we entered the room. A wild shriek from Mrs. Gordon's lips greeted us as we stood and contemplated her in her dreadful, desolate, heart-touching misery. I had often seen pictures of wretchedness, of degradation, of suffering, of horror and terror; but never before had my eyes looked upon such a superlatively frightful scene as this.

It resembled more than aught else the den of a wild beast. The room floor, outside the range of the chain by which Mrs. Gordon was secured to the wall, was half an inch deep with furze and dust that had in the course of time accumulated. The only spot clear of this deposit was just within the entrance and was where the jailoress, Dunton, used to step

when she brought food and drink to the wretched prisoner. The bedstead, with its heap of ragged bedding was excessively offensive in its appearance, and had evidently not been changed nor washed for an indefinite period. Within the range of the chain's length the floor and wall were in a terrible condition. Neglect of all conveniences ordinarily used in civilized life, or rather the cruel deprivation of them had reduced the once beautiful, charming young wife to a most pitiable object indeed. Her finger and toe nails—for she had no shoes—were grown long like bird's claws and were split, rough and dirty. Her skin, too, once so white, and as fair as alabaster was begrimed and discolored. Her long flowing hair was tangled and matted together. For such thing as a comb her persecutors never allowed their unfortunate victim to have in her possession. It seemed to me as though the wretched woman had been left for weeks together, chained there, helpless to avail herself of the most ordinary necessary attentions to prevent her lapsing into the same condition as an animal would do. Her personal condition and the condition of the floor round her to the length of the chain, it would be simply sickening to describe.

"What is your name?" asked the officer addressing her. She did not reply, but crouched down like one in mortal but undefinable terror, her eyes staring widely open, her mouth agape, and her lips trembling. Indeed she was trembling all over like an aspen leaf. After a pause I said to her:

"We are friends who have come here to release you and restore you."

"Please don't beat me any more! don't beat me any more!"

My own idea now was that she was really insane, and that the family had kept her home and let her get into her present state by their neglect. Yet when I approached her and looked into the pupils of her eyes, I was at once satisfied that she was perfectly sane, but at the same time had been driven into a mental as well as physical wreck for the time being by the cruel treatment to which she had been subjected. Feeling sure of the correctness of this conviction I acted accordingly. After consulting with Bryson the officer we concluded to take the responsibility of releasing the lady. It did not consume much time to rid her of the galling chain, and it was surprising to behold what a change this one act caused to come over Mrs. Gordon. First she sat down upon the bed and wept tears of joy: "Then you are really friends, come to save me!" she gasped at last.

"Certainly madam; that is exactly what we are here for," replied officer Bryson.

"And I shall not be beaten any more, nor starved by Gordon nor his housekeeper?" she asked.

"Oh, no!"

Where are they?" inquired she.

"That is just what we would like to know ourselves. If we only did," replied Bryson, "we would soon place them in custody."

For several minutes the unfortunate lady, in the excess of her newly-found joy cried as though her heart would break, and as we stood there we felt quite awkwardly; but presently an idea came into my mind and I at once suggested that it be put into practice.

"Mr. Bryson," said I, "suppose we let this maid servant, who has brought us here, hunt up some good clothing, and then give Mrs. Gordon a good thorough cleaning bath, and dress her respectably. Then we can get a hack and take her to the hospital for medical treatment, of which she will certainly stand in great need."

"A very good suggestion," replied the officer.

The girl was then called to the room, and informed what we wished her to do. She gladly complied, and the released lady was half helped half carried by ourselves down to the washing, or bath room, where we left her in care of the servant. We waited two full hours before the girl reported to us in the library, that Mrs. Gordon was ready for her journey. Officer Bryson at once called a hack, and, placing the lady in the vehicle we drove her rapidly to the hospital where she was put under the most careful medical treatment.

As was expected, she fell sick and for several weeks was in quite a precarious condition. But finally, owing to a strong constitution and the skill of her attendants she fully recovered.

The next step was to find, if possible, Gordon, who belonged to a branch of a noble family, and had assumed the title among his associates of "Lord," to which, however, he was not at all legally entitled. After expending considerable time and trouble we ascertained that Gordon had slipped quietly out of the country and had gone to the continent. To follow him thither, would have cost a great amount of money, and beside, his unfortunate wife, whom he had so shamefully abused, seemed to have a complete terror of his coming back—notwithstanding our re-iterated assurances that, in bringing him back, our sole intention was to force him to take proper care of herself so far as the matter of support went, as we found out that he had ample means to do so.

He was a shrewd man, as all such knaves generally are, and instead of holding real estate, kept his money in floating cash and stocks, which he could, at any moment, convert into cash, whether he was at home or abroad. What matters and articles were found in his house, which was rented, were sold, and, after liquidating the balance due for rent, and one or two odd bills which were sent in, there remained for Mrs. Gordon about nine pounds; which, with some additional money, raised by subscription was handed to her. Her only desire seemed to be to get home to America, away from a land that had been to her a hell upon earth. Of course we could not wonder at this for her sufferings must have been

worse than frightful. So when we found her resolved we did not continue any contrary counsel, but gave the unfortunate lady as good a send off as we could. She expressed great gratitude, and had but one regret which was that her infant had not been spared to her."

MARY'S MOTHER.

In due course of time the released wife reached the home of her youth and found her mother, from whom she learned of the violent death of her father. This was quite a shocking piece of news to her, yet not more so than was her own story that she told to her mother who was indignant and horrified at the recital.

"I tell you what it is Mary," exclaimed Mrs. Lesley, in a fury, "you're not worthy to be called my daughter if you don't go right back to England in the next steamer, and have that villain, taken to the full extent of the law! The puppy! the scoundrel! the bla'guard! He's a meaner, cowardlier wretch than Barnum's what-is-it! the skunk of a rascal! I wish I had my clutches on him! Oo-oogh! but I'd teach him to be running round spoiling other peoples' happiness!"

And the demonstrative woman clinched her hands, and pulled and tugged at some imaginary man's hair, in a manner which would have made the dainty Gordon shiver, if he could only have seen her at the moment.

"Oh, no, mother," wept Mary after a pause, during which the mother was industriously continuing her suggestive tugs and twitches of the hands, "let me pass the rest of my days in peacefulness and quiet with you. If I was to see that man's face again I would almost die with fright. I know I would!"

"No you wouldn't! not if I were along side of you, Mary," exclaimed the combative Mrs. Lesley. "Just give me a good broomstick in one hand and your Lord Gordon in the other, and if I wouldn't make them well acquainted with other my name's not Lesley! Why, Mary! I could just jump right out of my skin at him! that I could! he makes me so furious mad, when I think of him!"

Mary's mother would not be quieted. She was a woman of a very positive nature. Being of English descent, her blood was of that obstinate, enduring nature, which will not be backed down by any danger or hardship. Every day and every night, all the time, she was constantly importuning her daughter to go back to London and sue Gordon for support. At last Mary consented to take this step, and accordingly the next European steamer that sailed carried her and her mother toward England. The voyage was without incident of any importance except that the ship nearly ran into a huge ice berg. It was just before day break, and the

vessel was slowed up till sun rise would make it safe to move on, as there were several of the arctic monsters in close proximity. The only effect these had upon Mrs. Lesley was to cause her to regret that she was unable to take the largest one along to London with her that she might by some magic means put it on the top of Lord Gordon.

"That's just what I would like to do!" said she with frightful emphasis. "I'd like to be able to take up that ice-berg—how much did you say, the captain said it weighed, a hundred thousand tons? All the better! that would cool off the scoundrel and keep him from running round the world with his infernal iniquity!"

Upon their arrival in London the two women commenced their search for Gordon, but could ascertain nothing of his whereabouts, until finally, the mother, in one of her inquisitive moods, chanced, while in a cook shop, to mention his name, at the same time expressing a strong desire to see him. An employé of the shop chancing to over hear her, told her he knew where she could find that gentleman, or at least ascertain where he was.

Mrs. Lesley embraced this opportunity with avidity, and soon learned that about six weeks previously Gordon had taken lodgings at a house in Piccadilly the direction of which she was careful to get correctly. In her anger she did not lose her self possession however, and she therefore soon got the place. But, unfortunately—or rather, in the height of subsequent events, it was fortunate—she found that Lord Gordon had only a short time previously taken passage for America. After his escape from the house where his poor wife had been discovered, he had gone to the continent; but, just as soon as the immediate excitement had died out, he had returned to London, merely taking the precaution to select his new lodgings in a different portion of the city to that in which he had resided.

"Now then, Mary," said the mother, with a delighted expression on her features, "we'll go back on the very next steamer and just the moment we land we'll get a warrant for him and catch him, and then won't I fix him!"

Mary had wasted so much breath and patience hitherto endeavoring to restrain her mother's ardor within bounds at least of expression, merely smiled to herself at the latter's earnestness, trusting that if she should really come upon the fugitive at any time, she would then try a little pacification with Mrs. Lesley.

Within two hours after ascertaining that Gordon had gone to the United States Mrs. Lesley and her daughter had taken their passages in a steamer that was to sail the next day for New York; and, in two weeks more they were seated in the parlor of the Brevort House in New York City. Mrs. Lesley did not have much faith in her daughter's combativeness, so she persuaded her to remain in doors while she travelled

round the city in search of Gordon. Her full determination was that she would have him arrested the moment she laid eyes on him.

Fortune so willed it that one day, as she was riding up Broadway in an omnibus, she glanced out into the street crowded with vehicles of all descriptions. Lo! and behold, who should she see, but "my Lord, the villain," as she was so fond of calling Gordon, seated in his fancy carriage, drawn by an elegant span of horses, with a livried coachman mounted on the seat. Beside him, reclining upon the elegant damask cushions, sat a handsome young woman. The way Mrs. Lesley narrated the story of this adventure, or encounter, was so irresistibly funny that we give it in her own words, and only too sorry that we cannot adequately convey to the reader the expressions that alternated themselves on her face, or the motions that she made with her hands and arms. Said she:

"Well, the minute I clapped eyes on the scamp, I got excited, and I could feel the hot blood running through me like boiling water. I jumped up and tugged at the strap to make the omnibus man stop, and in trying to do this and to stop, stooping down at the same time, so as to look through the window and keep my Lord the villain, in sight, I bumped my head into a disagreeable woman's face, and my umbrella handle into a sour old gentleman's stomach. I got myself well rated for this double accident. But I didn't mind that. I only thought of the carriage. Presently the omnibus stopped, and, as I was getting out the crabbed old man holloed:

"I say, old lady you'd better hunt round for your good manners for you must have dropped them in the gutter somewhere!"

"Oh, you please to mind your own," I said, "or you'll be in need of them."

But waiting to get this back at that old wretch, nearly cost me my life, for just then, the omnibus jerked forward, I stumbled backward, and came near falling under the horses' feet of another omnibus which was coming on right behind the one in which I had been riding. But a large, gentlemanly policeman sprang out from the side walk, and grabbing me up in his arms leaped back and set me down on my feet upon the pavement. All this time though, I never lost my thoughts about Gordon and so as soon as I found I was alive still, and unhurt, I dashed off up the street in the direction that I was sure the carriage had taken. Broadway is a terribly crowded street, and it really seemed to me as though all the people on it were in league with that Gordon, and wanted to prevent me from overtaking him; for they'd get in my road and hinder me awfully. It also was certain that they had no manners for they would laugh and jeer at me and say:

"That woman's as crazy as a loon! why don't the police arrest her?"

All such expressions I had hurled at me but I did not mind them a bit but kept straight on after that carriage. I went a good many blocks

before I overtook it. And now the trouble was for me to get to the carriage. The street was packed with other carriages, and omnibusses and wagons of all descriptions, and somehow or other just as I would get ready to leap out into road way from the pavement, up would dash an omnibus, on a wagon, or a butcher's cart. Those butcher carts were the worst of any for the drivers were a good deal more reckless. I don't know how many blocks I ran in this way and finally I am that were was no use in my trying to get to the carriage I wanted, for if I attempted it, I would get run down and killed.

Next I ran ahead of it till I saw a policeman and going up to him I said:

"Mister policeman don't you see that handsome carriage coming up the street there with grey horses, and the tall, red-headed coachman. There now it is just crossing on to this block."

"Yes, madam," said he, bending down over me, for he was a large man.

"Well, I want you to stop it and arrest the man who is riding in it."

"What for? what did he do to you? Didn't run over you, I guess."

"No, but he'd like to run over me first rate if he could."

"Couldn't arrest him then, madam, without at least he tried to run over you."

"What are you good for then? Aint you put here to arrest people?"

I expect that fellow thought it was comical, for he laughed right out in my face and said:

"Well, yes, madam, I am put here to enforce the law and protect ladies especially from injury or insult."

"Well but that man did injure me, or at least he injured my daughter Mary, for he married her and shut her up in a room and chained her like a dog."

"Oh, that's what's the matter is it, well, my dear madam, then you must get out a warrant for him in a regular way and have him taken legally you know. I could not help you about that."

I did not waste any more words with that useless officer; for, just at that instant, Gordon in his carriage passed the spot where I stood, and away I put after him.

I was nearly done over with fatigue before he stopped in front of a palatial-looking brown stone house upon Fifth Avenue. And when he did and got out of the carriage to go into his splendid house I could not say a word to him for want of breath. But I just seized him by the arm, and motioned to him that he must stop and wait till I would be able to speak to him. The lady with him stood still also, though she nearly stretched her neck off looking round him at me.

At last I got breath, and I do assure you gave it to him—not in any loud or low language, for I abominate anything like that; but I let him

have it in the severest style. For several minutes he appeared not to recognize me. Whether it was all put on or not I don't know. But I hardly think it was, as he changed color when I told him who I was and also that Mary, his wife was in the city, and that she intended to prosecute him to the fullest extent of the law.

"Upon my honor, Mrs. Lesley," said he when I told him this, "I did not know you, or I would have invited you into the house. Come in, and sit down, and we will talk this matter over. I am willing to do what is right for Mary. There has been great exaggeration about it by interested parties."

I wasn't going to let him talk in that kind of way about my Mary, because I knew she would not tell a falsehood, and I mighty quick snapped him up by saying:

"Look here, Mr. Gordon, as you call yourself, if you mean to say that Mary has exaggerated—whatever that may be—I say she didn't, nor never did. And I won't stand and listen to such a villain as you are talk about my Mary so. Unfortunately her poor father's dead, or you would not be living twenty-four hours to deceive any other young girl, like you did her, I can tell you, Sir. But her mother's not dead, and that's me. And I am just going to push you as far as I can."

"Won't you come in, Mrs. Lesley?" begged he, "and not make a scene here on the street?"

"Yes, to be sure I will come in; and I'll stay there till you do what is right for my poor girl."

He went up the steps leading the lady, who had nothing to say but hurried away out of sight as soon as she got into the house.

"Just step into the reception room," said Gordon to me throwing open a door which led into a gorgeously-furnished parlor. But all this splendor did not frighten me nor make me feel the least nervous. I marched myself in, and sat down in a velvet covered chair. He drew up a chair close to mine and said:

"Mrs. Lesley, I had intended all along to do what was right by your daughter; but I have been surrounded for years by a set of harpies who make me beside myself sometimes."

"Now, look here, Mr. Gordon; that won't do with me!" said I interrupting him, "because my Mary wouldn't tell a lie. And the tale that poor girl has given me about your treatment to her is perfectly horrible. Yet you come and try to bamboozle me with you talk about enemies and such nonsense as that. What had your enemies got to do with your brutality to a good wife like Mary was? They wouldn't cause you to nearly murder her by slow tortures like you did. That is all nonsense. But I don't care to waste any time talking with you. I just want to know what you want to do about it."

"Well, I will take care of Mary for all the rest of her life and will

settle so much money on her every year. And to make an earnest of it I will give you here in your hand fifty dollars. And give me your address that I may call on you to night. I would like to see Mary, and have a long talk with her."

"Oh, you needn't bother yourself about her. She wouldn't look at you if you'd go down on your knees. All we want with you now, is that you support her as you ought to do. She is your legal wife, and you know it very well. You thought, I expect that may be she had died in London, or that if she did survive and got back to the United States, she would never attempt to call you to account for your villany. But, I tell you, her mother is alive! That's me! And I don't intend you shall escape so easy. Oh, no! you have got to pony up, now."

"Well, well, my dear Mrs. Lesley——"

"Don't you dare to dear *me*! I won't be deared by such as you! I interrupted him.

"Very good, Mrs. Lesley, I do not wish to dear you in reality. That is only the way real gentlemen have in addressing themselves to ladies in conversation," replied he. "But, excuse me, take this money to Mary, and let me have your address, and I will come and see you this evening as I said."

"I'll take the money," said I, "but I won't let you come to see me."

"Then, pray, will you come and see me again, this evening?"

"Certainly I will, and I will bring my lawyer along with me, and then we can settle matters in a lawful way, and have no mistakes nor catches about the business."

"That is it exactly!" answered he, "that is it exactly. Really, Mrs. Lesley, you are the most practical woman I ever came across in all my travels. You are an honor to your sex, madam."

"Never you mind about the honor to my sex," said I, not wishing to have any compliments from such a man as he was, "just tell me what hour you will be here this evening, and you will find me here punctually I assure you."

"Well, say eight o'clock. That will suit me if it will suit you. Will that be convenient?"

"Oh, yes, that will be convenient enough, and I shall be here sure."

"Very well, I will be here to talk matters over with you and to see what is to be done."

He got up off his chair as he said this, as much as to intimate to me that he wanted me to go. I knew there was no necessity, nor use to remain any longer, and so I left at once. As quickly as I could, I made my way back to Mary, and detailed all that had passed between Gordon and myself and gave her the fifty dollars. At first Mary was very angry that I had taken the money. But I soon convinced her of her folly, and showed her that it was not only hers by right, but that she ought to have

that many hundred, or that many thousand; and, that, if she would only fight the thing right, the opinion of the whole public would be on her side.

Not only this, but I persuaded her at last to make up her mind to go with me that same evening and see the villain, and to let him know, from her own lips, that she intended to insist on the fullest legal reparation for the tortures he had inflicted upon her.

During the afternoon she and I went down town to consult a lawyer about the case, for we were both afraid of some trick being played upon us by Gordon, which would clear him from doing anything for Mary.

We were obliged to wait at the lawyer's office almost an hour before we could see him, and when he heard what we had to say, the first remark he made was:

"Do you mean to tell me, Mrs. Lesley, that this man is the notorious Lord Gordon Gordon, as they call him, who was mixed up with Jay Gould in those stock operations lately."

"Really, I don't know, Sir," replied I, "but if it's any rascality he's been mixed up in, I've not a bit of doubt but that it's him."

"Let me see," said he, "is this Gordon living up on Fifth Avenue, and is this his personal appearance?"

Then he described Gordon to a T.

"Yes," quickly said I, "that is the villain!"

"Well, madam, my advice to you is to secure him *before* tonight; for if he made an appointment to meet you at eight o'clock, you will find that when you go there to see him you will *not* see him at all."

"Why, do you think he will run away?" I asked in astonishment.

"Oh yes, I not only think it but I know it," replied the lawyer.

"Yes, no doubt that's a fact," remarked I, "I might have suspected it myself. What must I do first to prevent it?"

"Well, the first thing you must do is to go at once to a magistrate's office and have him issue a warrant for Gordon's arrest on the charge of desertion; then we can change it when we get hold of him to something else that will make it more formidable to the gentleman, and cause him to rue the day that he ever set foot here in the United States."

"That suits me, exactly," said I, "but I will not waste any more time; but go right off and get the warrant. Who's the nearest magistrate?"

He gave me a name and direction, and I with Mary went off right away to swear out the warrant. This being duly attended to, a constable took a carriage and with us proceeded directly to Gordon's house. The officer rang the bell; and, after some delay, a servant appeared, who, to the former's inquiries for Gordon, replied that the latter had left the house an hour and a half since. He had also left word that he would not return for sometime, several weeks at least, as he had been suddenly called off on a business tour. The constable, suspected what the real

truth was, and bowing himself quietly out he came round the corner where he had left us in the carriage, and told us the circumstance.

"I left him a card with a fictitious name on it," said the officer "and left word that I would call in the morning and leave a letter that they might give him whenever he should return or send then to his address. I also left word that I was an old time friend of his. All this was only to enable me to get away without his knowing that I suspected he was then in the house."

"Do you think he is?" I inquired.

"Yes, madam, I believe he is."

"What will you do then?"

"Well, by that ruse I have just mentioned to you, I hope if he is there to keep him there, and in the meantime I will remain up at the corner; while you drive back to the office with this note. It is to get a detail of several officers whom I will post in such positions that Gordon cannot get away without showing himself, and being captured. You see, if I were to demand admittance, and begin to search the house, it would be the easiest thing in the world for him to quietly slip out at one door while I entered at the other.

"So, you take this note, as I tell you, and hurry the men back here as quickly as possible. And while you are gone, I will see that the gentleman we want shall not get off in this direction at least."

The officer put the note into my hands and the driver of the carriage applied the whip to his horses quite lavishly, I assure you. The consequence was that we were soon back at the office. Fortunately the men wanted were there, and on reading the note they jumped into the carriage and we immediately returned at as great speed as we had gone. The constable was waiting for us.

"No one has appeared yet," said he, "and I guess we shall catch our bird now sure."

He then posted his men in such a way that it would be impossible for any person to leave the house without coming into some one of their views, and so being captured. Then he went to the door himself and rung again. Again there was considerable delay before the servant opened it, and as soon as he did so, the constable strode into the hall without waiting to be invited. Not only that, but turning round he closed the door himself and locked it, and putting the key in his pocket said to the astounded servant:

"Is this Mr. Gordon's own house?"

"No, sah, dis is de house whar Mr. Gordon boarded. It aint his house no how."

"Well just lead me to the gentleman or lady who keeps it."

"All right sah, I'll call her down."

And the servant was on the point of going upstairs. But he was restrained by the officer, who said:

"Oh, no, if you please, not so fast. I wish you to take me to the lady; but I cannot permit you to leave my sight."

"Oh, sah, can't do dat ar! no how. She'd sack me right off, for such a thing as dat."

"I'll take care of that; you just do as I tell you, I am an officer."

"Oh Lor!"

This was all the servant said, and he led the constable at once to the room where Mrs. Taylor's, the boarding house lady, was. Tapping on the door he heard that lady say:

"Come in!"

He obeyed and to the surprised lady he stated the nature of his business. Said he:

"You must excuse me madam; but I have quite a disagreeable duty to perform. I have here a warrant for the arrest of a person who boards at your house, a certain Lord Gordon Gordon, he calls himself I believe, on a charge of felony. If you can show me this man's room and he is in it so that I can take him, than I shall not be obliged to make any search of the house generally. Otherwise that will be my painful duty."

Mrs. Taylor became quite excited and said:

"No, Sir, I shall not! How dare you come unbidden here in this manner. I shall see that you are punished by the law, Sir."

"Pardon, madam," replied the constable, I have come in obedience to the law. Here is my warrant."

He pulled the document from his coat pocket and read its mandatory language to the incensed lady in a forcible style.

When he had concluded he returned it to his pocket and then said:

"Madam I will now proceed to my duty."

Finding that there was no help for it, Mrs. Taylor succumbed with as good a grace as possible, and rising, said:

"Well, I suppose I must submit to this inquisitorial prying into my house, though it is the most outrageous thing I ever heard of."

"I regret to acknowledge that it is a disagreeable business, madam," replied the officer, "but you must see that at the same time it is my duty; a duty that no sentiment can permit me to evade, or even to slightly perform. Will you accompany me in the search, or shall your servant here do so?"

"Oh, John, there will show you round, Sir. I suppose the majestic law does not compel me to do that myself, does it?"

"Oh, no, not at all," graciously answered the officer, not in the least ruffled by the snappish, insulting tones of Mrs. Taylor's inquiry, for, in the course of his execution of just such duties continually, the constable had become case hardened to it.

"Well, madam, I will take this room first. John, please come in here and stay with me."

This latter remark was addressed to the servant, who was in the act of moving off, a proceeding the officer did not wish. Not that John might not be thoroughly honest in his intentions; but the constable did not trust to average human nature.

It did not consume much time to search the apartment and when he had done so the constable said:

"Come along, John," and to Mrs. Taylor, "pray madam will you do me the favor to remain in this room until I return?"

Without waiting to hear Mrs. Taylor's ungracious reply of "Yes, anything to be out of *your* sight," he went out on the passage.

"Now, John, the first thing I want to do is to fasten all the back doors of the house up. Come be lively, now let us see where they are."

"Yaas, sah!" exclaimed the servant, "yaas, sah, I'se gwine right fur dat now." And he hopped down the elegantly carpeted stairway closely followed by the officer, who, in a few minutes later, had all the means of exit from the rear of the house secured. He first took the precaution, however, to examine the alley, and one or two outhouses in the yard, before he locked the doors of the house itself. He made a quick note also from the outside of such windows as were convenient to the lower roofed near buildings. These he fastened down with handy little screws which he carried conveniently in his pants' pocket.

"Yous'e didn't fasten dat dar front door, sah," said the servant.

"Oh, no danger from the front door, young fellow," rejoined the constable, with a knowing twinkle in his eyes. It's not likely that the gentleman I wish to see will attempt to leave by that door, even if it stood wide open. Now, John, I want to go straight to the roof. Come, lively now, let's see how quick you can get to the scuttle."

Upstairs both ran three steps at a time, till the scuttle was reached. It was fastened on the inside. And the keen eyes of the officer saw that, as the hook was thickly covered with dust, in which no finger marks appeared, the trap had not been opened for a long time. Therefore no person could have recently passed out to the roof. Another one of the handy little pocket screws fixed the hook firmly and the officer, having then stopped up all escapes began his search of the house thoroughly. No room, not even a closet, nor an empty box in the cellar, escaped his experienced, prying eyes. Lord Gordon Gordon was not in the house. He had evidently gone away, as was represented. The constable, therefore returned to Mrs. Taylor's apartment, and, begging the lady's pardon for the confusion and disagreeable sensation his enforced appearance had made, bade her good day and left.

Going round the corner to where he had left his companions, the

constable stated to them the fact of his non-success, and also his conviction that Gordon had really left the house.

"You see, Mrs. Lesley," said the officer, "that you moved too fast at first in this affair. After you first found him out you ought not to have let him know you had seen him, or let him know that you were in the city. Then, just the very moment you really found out where he was putting up, you ought to have gone quietly and sued out the warrant. He would have been perfectly ignorant of your being here. Then you could have had him arrested just as slick as a whistle, brought him into court under heavy bail and cornered him like a rat. But now there'll be a good time hunting him I tell you. It isn't like as though he was an American, you know. Things could be managed much easier then. But his being a British subject alters them amazingly."

MARY'S MOTHER PERSEVERES.

Notwithstanding the chagrin of her disappointment, Mrs. Lesley was by no means disheartened; but at once set about the almost hopeless task of ascertaining the whereabouts of the fugitive Lord Gordon. For fully two months she labored faithfully at her self imposed task ere she got a clue to the object of her hate and vengeance. But, at last, her indomitable perseverance was rewarded, by her discovery of a place where Gordon was in the habit of frequenting. This time she exercised all, the caution of which she was capable and she managed so well that she ascertained exactly when he might be expected to be there. This much settled, she next obtained an officer to serve the warrant, which she had already caused Mary to swear out. She accompanied the officer to the house; but unfortunately this very fact upset all her calculations; for Gordon's servant recognized her. Now this fellow had been previously instructed by his master in regard to what he should do in case of her appearance on the scene at any time. It is almost certain that Gordon would have been captured this time had it not been for his servant's shrewdness. The latter the instant he saw Mrs. Lesley, hurriedly warned Gordon who slipped quietly away only a few minutes before the officer entered with the warrant. This was a far more bitter disappointment to Mrs. Lesley than the first escape of her intended prisoner had been, because she thought that this time she had been so careful as to certainly have Gordon captured.

But for all this she did not entertain any notion whatever of giving up the chase; and accordingly she set about concocting new plans of operation. Quite by an accident she came across a card photograph of Gordon, and of this she had a number of copies made. These copies she distributed around at the various depots with the offer of a reward to any

one who could tell her if that man had at any time recently passed there. One day she received a note from an employè of one of the offices that just exactly such a looking man had gone through toward Canada that very day. The traveller had bought a ticket through to Montreal. As she was constantly expecting to be obliged to start at a moment's warning, it was not more than a few hours before she and Mary were seated in an outgoing train for Canada.

"Now then, Mary, this time we shall get hold of that villain as certain as my name is Lesley."

"Oh, well, mother, I do wish this were all over. Really I think you are only wasting money, and worrying yourself till you will be sick and poor beside. I really do. I will go this once; but, if we do not succeed in getting Gordon this time, you must promise for my sake to give it up as a bad job."

"Not a bit of it, Mary," curtly rejoined the mother. "I tell you, I'll have that wretch if I am obliged to sell the last house I have, and spend the last cent I can raise. I've still got a pair of hands and I know how to use them. I've made my living before, and I can do it again. But catch that Gordon I will. So now don't you make any more objections."

"Well, but mother, it is quite likely that you will always miss your design exactly at the moment which you think is the most propitious, because, you see Gordon has so much money and can therewith employ so many friends to watch you and his other foes, that it will be impossible to arrest him. You have seen how easily he avoids you. Another thing that I begin to be in dread of, which is that he may hire some of these obsequious helpers of his to kill you. I do assure you he would do it in an instant. He would like to have us both silenced forever, and I know him too well to suppose that he would hesitate for one instant to have the atrocious deed done."

"Oh," replied the mother, "I know he would not stand at killing us; but don't you frighten yourself about that, he's too big a coward in the first place to do such a thing himself, and he knows that the officers we employ are after him all the time. He knows, too, that if either you or I were murdered, then he would be the first suspected party and he would then increase his trouble by a thousand fold. Oh, no, he will attempt nothing of that sort, you may depend. He would not be so apt to get out of our road if he contemplated that."

ACROSS THE LINE TO CANADA.

It is not to be much wondered at that Mrs. Lesley found it a difficult task to instil into her daughter Mary's mind courage enough to keep up the pursuit of the cruel renegade of a husband. The poor wife's experience of the excessive, wicked brutality of Gordon caused her to have an utter dread as well as an utter abhorrence of him. And it had only been by reason of the mother's indomitable bravery, that she had been induced to keep up with the latter in her relentless pursuit of the fleeing monster. By herself Mary would have shrunk in terror from coming near Gordon. And now it appeared to her as though he were drawing her mother and herself farther and farther away from their own homes into a land where the English government would be more likely to protect her husband, than either herself or her mother. This was of course a mistake, as the English government would give her full protection did it but know the villany of Gordon. And it would have been equally prompt in punishing him had his conduct been brought to its attention. Another thing—unlike the United States, his money would not have afforded him the slightest opportunity to evade his responsibility to the law. He could not there get bail and run away, and have the indictment against him quashed as he could in America. This is a glaring fault of our government. Here a villain with plenty of money is almost sure to get scott free from punishment for whatever offense he may commit, as his money helps him out. This is a fact that no one can deny. People talk about Tweed and such cases as showing a different state of affairs. We say that if it had not been for political reasons, Tweed and his fellow thieves would never have been brought to justice. And even as it is, does he not still hold on to the bulk of his enormous, ill-gotten wealth. The city has got none of his stealings back again. No, he has divided with the legal fraternity who tried to help him, but the people never get back a cent, nor they never will. Let us not digress, however, from our subject.

Mrs. Lesley, though she at first really thought lightly of Mary's fears and suspicions of Gordon, soon began to regard them with more seriousness; and finally she concluded to keep a sharp look out that nothing should happen either to herself or to Mary.

Being recommended to the detectives of Toronto as the best in the Dominion, if not in the world, she employed two of them to work up the case for her; stating to them the facts from beginning to end except her own disastrous pursuit. These officers at once began to search in connection with Mrs. Lesley herself, who, instead of pursuing her own hitherto, head strong way of doing things suffered her experienced companions to direct all her movements, and even those of her daughter to suit the plot that they had laid for the capture of the fugitive, Gordon.

The consequence was, that very soon the detectives informed her that the latter was living in Montreal, and that it would be necessary for her and Mary to go thither at once. They gave her the direction of a house, however, in a retired suburb of the city to which she and Mary were to make their way and remain concealed until they received a note when and where to come to.

Had the officers known all the circumstances and incidents which had already transpired, they would not have allowed either of the women to precede themselves. Because they would have been aware that Gordon kept a servant to stay continually at the depot, and watch the incoming trains and give him timely warning of the arrival of his persevering enemy.

The consequence of their ignorance was that within an hour after Mrs. Lesley's arrival, Gordon was told of it, and he at once left the city. Strangely enough he stepped into one end of the train just as the two detectives stepped out at the other end, they having arrived in the city in the next train to that in which Mrs. Lesley and Mary had arrived. Had he delayed a half minute later he would have been seen by the detective who knew him. This officer lingered also on the step of the car and glanced scrutinously along the cars, not so much with any idea of seeing Gordon, or even any other criminal that he knew of; but merely because his peculiar profession had given him the habit of doing so. Of course, if the detective had seen him, he would have instantly taken him. But both the officers were sure, of course, that, as yet Gordon had not the slightest intimation of their coming, and therefore, they were just as sure that they would take him that same evening at supper time. Getting a carriage they drove over to the house where Mrs. Lesley and Mary were, and had an interview with them in which all the details of future operations were arranged between the four, or rather between the three, because Mary had too much dread of the villain, Gordon, to be of much use in aggressive measures against him. So, as we say all the measures and details of the pursuit were talked over and fixed among Mrs. Lesley and her two detective friends, though of course it was essential that Mary be at hand when wanted, as, without her after the arrest might be made nothing could be done with Gordon. She was the aggrieved wife, and it was to be her testimony that would fix the crime upon the fugitive, bogus Lord. After a moderately long conversation the detectives left Mrs. Lesley and Mary, telling them that quite likely about seven or eight in the evening they would take Gordon, and that as soon as they did they would send post haste for them.

Going to the boarding house at which Gordon lived the officers inquired for him, and were told that he would most likely be in at tea-time, which was between seven and eight. The detectives were perfectly satisfied that their intended prisoner knew nothing of their coming. Indeed so

certain were they in this belief, that, for the rest of the day they did nothing except amuse themselves in a billiard hall. Taking an early supper, they ordered the hack, and, lighting their segars, told the driver to take them leisurely to Gordon's address. Upon arriving they alighted, went up the steps, rang the bell and composedly awaited the appearance of the servant.

"Is Mr. Gordon home yet?" asked the officer who knew him.

"No, Sir, not home yet; but no doubt he will soon come. Won't you walk in and wait for him?"

"Certainly we will!" laughingly rejoined the officer, "Won't us, old fellow?" he continued, turning to his companion as he entered the doorway and speaking in a serio-comic tone that made the latter laugh heartily as he replied. "Us won't do nothing else, if us can help it!"

Then changing his manner to one of less familiarity, but equally off-hand, he said to the servant:

"Say, young woman, as soon as Mr. Gordon arrives, ask him to step right in to see us before he goes down to supper, because we are old friends of his. Have not seen him for many years, and he will be so happy and surprised to see us. Don't forget this, will you please?"

"Oh, certainly, gentlemen, I'll be quite sure to tell him what you say," replied the girl as she showed the officers into the parlor.

Eight o'clock struck, and still no Lord Gordon came. Ten, twenty, thirty, forty minutes went; and now the detectives began to get tired of waiting, though not in the slightest suspicious of the real state of the case.

When ten o'clock sounded, however, the vision of success vanished from their sight, and they rose and took their departure. Before going out they inquired and obtained from the other inmates of the house a list of places at which Gordon might possibly be found in the evenings.

"I do not understand what keeps him away, however," said the landlord's daughter, who, at this moment, made her appearance, "because he promised to come home particularly tonight to tea, so as to take me to the Baring Concert. Something must certainly have happened very unexpectedly to cause him to disappoint me."

The detectives hurried themselves out of the house, and, as soon as they got well away from the door, the eldest said to his companion.

"Sold! Aleck, as sure as fate!"

"Faith Tom, I believe you!" replied the other. "But, how, in the name's sake could the scoundrel get wind of us?"

"Oh, easily enough. I see it all now. That old woman has been following him around from place to place. I am certain of it from what she herself has told us, and he has kept somebody to watch her and let him know whenever she makes her appearance. As soon as she goes in he goes out and leaves her stuck in the mud. She's terribly enthusiastic,

but she's too green to catch an old bird like Gordon. If she don't take care that fellow will get some of his tools to knock her in the head."

"I think you are about correct in that view," rejoined the other detective, "and our next steps had better be taken independently of her."

"Oh, yes, we must leave her behind and pipe Gordon by ourselves."

"But then, she is such a suspicious old lady, that, if we do the slightest thing without consulting her or telling her about it, she will set us down as being in league with Gordon. And that won't do."

"Well, I tell you," said the other, "what I would do. I would go and tell Mrs. Lesley exactly what the matter is, and then leave it to her own judgment whether we shall continue the pursuit by ourselves or give it up altogether and let her do the best she can for herself. Because, I tell you what it is, if we keep her round us all the time we will never get hold of Gordon, and after awhile she, of course, will become tired of paying us and having him slip away continually. Besides, she will blame all the failures on to us."

Early the next morning the two officers called upon Mrs. Lesley told her unreservedly of their failure, and explained to her with candor why they had failed, and stated at the same time firmly that if she expected success in the future, she must suspend entirely her own enthusiastic, but mistaken efforts.

"But, gentlemen," said she, in an argumentative way, "did I not give up all my own ideas in this affair in order not to hamper you? Have I not done just exactly as you instructed me? If Gordon has seen me, I am sure he saw me because you sent me on to the city ahead of yourselves. You must acknowledge that at any rate."

"Yes, ma'am, we do acknowledge that point," was the reply, "but had we known those very facts which you did not communicate to us until we suspected and asked you concerning them, we most certainly would have been exceedingly careful not to let you be seen by Gordon, and, therefore would not have sent you ahead of us. You must perceive, without our arguing the matter with you, that Gordon has seen you, or at least heard of your arrival by some means or other, or he would not have slipped away so quietly, and thus escape us. You will recollect that he did not, and could not, know that you had employed us to trace and arrest him; and that therefore even if he had seen us, he would not have thought it necessary to get away from us."

She acknowledged all this and then said:

"Well, gentlemen, I am willing to do exactly as you say in future if you will but certainly catch that scoundrel."

"All right then we will continue on with the search. We may lose some little time in getting a clue again; but if we get on his track at all we will very shortly afterwards take him. Then we will telegraph you immediately, because we shall need you at that time."

Soon afterwards the officers found the desired clue to Gordon's whereabouts. He was then in Manitoba.

HUNTED DOWN AT LAST.

Relieved of the presence of the two women the officers made their way rapidly but cautiously to Manitoba, so as not to excite the suspicions of their intended prisoner. An additional precaution they took was to leave the train at the second station outside and to get a countryman to drive them into the place by a round-about road. Once in, it took them but a very short time to ascertain the exact residence of Gordon. On the occasion of their first call he was out; but the second time he was at home.

"How do you do Sir, Mr. Gordon Gordon, I believe," said the officer extending his hand to the "nobleman."

The latter, from his constant dread and expectation of being arrested at some time or other, had given himself the habit of extreme caution and reticence, with strangers especially, and so when the detective spoke to him he merely replied, without taking the proffered hand:

"Ah, Sir, you have the advantage of me. I do not know you. I think you must be taking me for some other person."

His manner was so perfectly cool, polished, and collected, that, had not the second officer been so well acquainted with his personal appearance, they would have been most afraid to take him. But there being no doubt, he answered by pulling from his pocket the warrant of arrest and serving it at once on Gordon, with the remark:

"I am personally sorry to be obliged to disturb or incommode you Mr. Gordon. But you know duty is duty, and so, I must request you to accompany us, without further demonstration either by us or yourself. It will only make a scene and excitement without the slightest benefit."

Gordon was fairly cornered. He stood for a moment irresolute, and then said with a sort of relieved sigh:

"Oh, well, gentlemen, this brings me to the end of my rope, and I might as well give up. The struggle is over. It is useless for one man to struggle against such overwhelming odds, and so, I might as well go back and worry the thing through to some kind of settlement. I do not refer to this particular case or charge; that is a mere excuse to get me into the United States, or rather to New York where that Yankee crowd of Jay Gould's wants to put me through what they call a course of sprouts. I will do everything that is right about this particular affair with my wife. She is a noble, good woman, and I treated her very badly I know. That bad treatment I intend to make up to her by leaving her all my

possessions at home. Now there is only one favor I ask of you, and I ask it as one English subject asks it of another!"

"Anything we can do for you, Mr. Gordon," said the detective "consistent with our duty, we pass you our words shall be done."

"Well, the favor is this. In taking me back with you do not take me into the United States but keep me in the Dominion where the Yankees won't get me for I've got a mortal dread of those fellows."

"It shall be as you request" was the reply.

"Thank you, gentlemen, then I am very well content to go with you. Pray be seated, and I will get ready at once."

"Duty, of course, you understand, Mr. Gordon," explained the detective, "prevents us allowing you to go from our sight, so you will not feel grieved, we hope, at our insistence on your preparations being made in our presence."

"Oh, my dear fellows," laughed Gordon gaily, "I am aware of all that, and I do not intend to leave the room at all. All I do shall be done in your presence."

The peculiar emphasis which Gordon laid upon these words was fully explained by the subsequent tragic denouement. This we prefer to give in the officer's own words as he detailed it in the Coroner's Court:

"I told Gordon that I had come to arrest him and that I had a warrant; I showed him the warrant; he said it was all right—just glanced over it; don't think he read it at all—and he said he was ready to go; gave him a few minutes to put on warmer clothes; he wanted to know if I intended taking him through the States; I told him I did not; he got dressed and was all ready to go, with the exception of a Scotch cap; he called for it; he made a sort of rush into the bedroom; where he got the revolver I do not know; I was standing in the door within four feet of him; the next thing I saw was his turning around with his back against the wall, with the revolver in his hand; I made a rush towards him to prevent his shooting; I expected it was meant for myself, and as I was about getting hold of him the gun went off; he made some remarks while holding the revolver in his hand, but I did not catch their meaning; he sunk down against the wall just as I got hold of him; I saw the blood coming out of his left ear; that was the first I noticed; afterwards saw the wound in his right temple; I believe he was dying fast and was dead immediately; I intended taking him out of Winnipeg that night, and had made arrangements to that effect; the particular object I had in view in making the arrest on Saturday night was that Gordon could be got out of the country without his getting any legal advice; am not aware that Gilbert McMicken knew that our intention was to take Gordon out of the country in the way we intended; was acting all through Hardy's advice; Hardy, I understood, was a lawyer from New York; don't know who

Reid was except that he was from New York, believe these were their right names, but don't know; I have only their word for it."

The only other important witness, Thos H. Pentland testified as follows:

"I walked out of the room, and think Mr. Gordon followed me, but am not sure: I walked into the dining room, and on returning saw Mr. Gordon in the bedroom; the policeman was standing between me and Gordon, at the door of the bedroom; I saw Gordon then standing facing the policeman, with the pistol pointing very near the policeman, I cried "don't," or something like that, and he turned the pistol round very sharply and shot himself in the head; I do not know him as any other than Gordon Gordon; I know nothing of his past life, except what he has told me of his school days at Cambridge and his career in New York; I do not know that he has any bonds, stock or scrip here, but he said that he had a large amount locked up in the American courts; he has given most of his jewelry away; he has not made any investments to my knowledge in this country; he has spoken of having a sister somewhere in Europe; he has said that both his father and mother were dead; I am not aware that he left any will; he has now some silver plate which he gave to me when he was going out on the prairie; he had very little jewelry left; the silver is solid silver; he had no money in his pocketbook except thirty-seven cents, and which he handed to me in presence of Mr. Bain; when he first came in from the prairie he had \$1,600, and that he made spin out until now; he had written a letter on Friday night to a Mr. Westfal, banker, Minneapolis, the contents of which I am not aware of; the letter is in the house now; he very seldom wrote to any one; I do not know that he had invested any amount in lands by way of mortgages; I have heard him say if he did die he had no one to leave his property to, as his brothers were all dead; I have no idea what the value of the jewelry left may be; he had no diamonds or watches; he was working Mrs. Corbett's land for her, and had a good crop in; he had in his possession three horses, one of Dr. Brown's, the other two were mine; he gave them to me a year ago or thereabouts as a free gift, as I had been kind to him and served him; there are different coats of arms on the silver, but only one motto that I know of; he has no buggies or wagons; has a cutter and harness."

THE VERDICT.—That Gordon Gordon, at the parish of Headingley, in the county of Selkirk and province of Manitoba, on the night of the 1st day of August, in the year of our Lord 1874, at about ten o'clock, after having been arrested by a police constable from the city of Toronto, under two warrants said to have been issued by Alexander McNabb, Police or Stipendiary Magistrate for the city of Toronto, in the Province of Ontario, and while laboring under the excitement resulting from said arrest, did commit suicide, by shooting himself in the head with a pistol, causing death.

Of course the sudden and violent death of Gordon did away with the necessity of the detectives telegraphing to Mrs. Lesley and her daughter to come immediately to Manitoba. But they at once wrote a long letter to the ladies giving the full details of the tragic event and in concluding requested Mrs. Lesley to telegraph them at once on receipt of the letter whether she and Mary would start for Manitoba or whether, they, the detectives, should return.

SUNSHINE AFTER STORM.

As soon as Mrs. Lesley received and read this letter she said to her daughter:

"To be sure; we'll go right off. Mary hand me that time table and let me see when the next train starts. Ah, here it is; half past two. Get things ready and away we'll go. You get the travelling bag packed and meantime I will run out to the telegraph office and send a message back. I won't be long."

Mary was so excited and astounded by the terrible and unexpected news that she could not make any reply; but rose up mechanically and proceeded to obey her mother. The latter put on her bonnet and shawl and started to the telegraph office. On her way thither she had an adventure that might have proved quite disastrous to herself at least had it not been for the good nature and forbearance of the gentleman concerned in it.

As she turned round the next corner from the house, she happened to look up and there just a few yards ahead of her she perceived a man who it must be confessed would have passed for Lord Gordon himself. The moment her eyes lighted upon him, she instantly rushed at the conclusion that he was the veritable Gordon, and that, having deceived the detectives in some way or other, he had come straight back to the city, knowing that she and Mary would be there alone. At the same time the idea of his wishing to murder both of them flashed upon her. That was enough for Mrs. Lesley. She made up her mind that she would be beforehand with the diabolical villain. The gentleman looked at her and she gave him a fearful scowl; at which he looked astonished, and then laughed. She was now certain it was Gordon and grasping her umbrella firmly in her right hand she dashed at him like a flash of lightning, and before he could defend himself, his hat, crushed and broken with furious blows of the umbrella lay sadly in the gutter, while his bare head, back and shoulders seemed turned into a sort of anvil on which the old lady fiercely kept up a rapid ten-pound-ten hammering with the formidable gingham. All the while also she screamed spasmodically between the blows:

"Help! police! police! take this man! villain! the scoundrel! help! help! police!"

Though two officers and several citizens ran forward to interfere in the assault, as quickly as they could, the gentleman was thoroughly belabored by Mary's mother ere the latter's arms were secured.

"Why! my good woman!" exclaimed one of the citizens "what is the matter?" why matter enough! This Gordon Gordon here,—a 'Lord,' he calls himself forsooth! has wronged my daughter, my Mary, who's the best girl that ever lived. He married her and shut her up in a room, and chained her like a dog, and then he run away and left her to starve to death. I've been chasing him all over the world, and, till now, he has always give me the slip. But I've got him now! Oh, you dirty scamp! you dirty scamp!"

As she uttered these words, the irate woman broke from the two citizens who were holding her; and, swinging her umbrella again aloft would have hammered the stranger's head once more had not the implement been caught by one of the officers.

Here was a terrible dilemma for the policemen. They did not know what to do. The old lady was so awfully in earnest, and so positive; that they suspected the man had been guilty of some frightful crime against her and her family. And yet he was evidently so surprised and so overcome, that he did not at all resemble a really guilty man. Finally one of them said:

"Madam, if this gentleman——"

"Out upon you!" interrupted Mrs. Lesley, "don't you dare to gentleman that scamp to me! Don't dare to do it."

"Well, if this man then, has done anything to you," resumed the policeman, "it was your place to make charges against him and bring him before a magistrate, in a regular way. But you ought not to have assaulted him in this way. As it is, without he says no, we shall have to arrest you for breaking the peace in assaulting him."

"Arrest your granny!" exclaimed Mrs. Lesley, most vigorously. "I dare you to arrest me! I say you shall arrest *him*. What did I get a warrant out for him, if it was not to have him arrested?"

"Oh, ah! you have a warrant for him, have you? Where is it?" inquired the officer.

"Why, the detective has got it."

The policemen looked at the gentleman in a quizzical kind of way as much as to say, "what will you do now?"

"There is some horrible mistake here, it is quite evident," said the gentleman to the officer, "I do not wish to do this old lady any harm. But, as you witnessed her attack on me, I call on you, Sir, to arrest her and bring her with me to the nearest magistrate."

Mrs. Lesley was at once made captive, notwithstanding her numerous

fierce denunciations, and threats of vengeance. Her captors, during the progress to the court kept a close watch upon her umbrella. The moment the magistrate heard a statement of the affair his experienced judgment told him it was a clear case of mistaken identity, and, by a few well directed questions, he showed Mrs. Lesley the dreadful error she had committed.

When the dumbfounded woman recognized this she scarcely knew what to do with herself. She asked to be allowed to converse with Mr. Edwards—the name of the gentleman she had battered so—and this being granted she narrated to him the history of Mary's unfortunate affair. After doing this, she drew from her pocket a card photograph of Gordon and said:

"There is his likeness, Sir, and you will see that it looks so much like you that I could not tell you and him apart."

"Well," smilingly rejoined Mr. Edwards, "I must acknowledge that is a most capital portrait of me; but if that is the style of Lord Gordon, I do exceedingly regret that I so closely resemble such a villain."

"Oh, he is a villain, Sir, and can you wonder that I am nearly crazy, and could not do anything sane, when I saw you?"

This would have been rather a harrassing question, and a most irritating one to a person of ordinary perception and temper. But Mr. Edwards was a man of great, good, common sense and discernment. Thus he was able to understand Mrs. Lesley properly; and so, with much tenderness he extended the pardon she asked for her assault, even refusing her proffer of paying for his demolished hat. He further satisfactorily explained all to the magistrate; who, as he discharged the prisoner, could not resist the humorous and advisory remark:

"Mrs. Lesley, whenever you come across another gentleman who looks like Gordon, I would seriously counsel you to ask him if he really is Gordon before you begin operations with your umbrella."

And Mrs. Lesley set every body in a roar of laughter, by the innocent earnest manner of her reply:

"Faith, Sir, I'll be more careful next time to umberrel the right Gordon! And I'll give it to him good, I tell you."

After this mis-adventure, which might have proved a real misfortune to her, Mrs. Lesley hastened home, and just had time enough left to reach the train with Mary. She was careful to say nothing to the latter about her morning's experience.

In due time the two arrived in Manitoba, where they found the officers ready to meet them. They were at once taken to the house. Mary recognized the body as that of Gordon. It was impossible for her to exhibit any grief at his death, though she could not help but feel bad about the manner of it.

And so far from her mother's feelings suffering, it was just the reverse. She was glad that her daughter was thus released from so brutal and

cruel a husband. Not only that, but she insisted that Mary assert her legal rights as the wife of the deceased. Mary was loath to do this; but her mother had more practical ideas than her daughter, and finally succeeded in inducing her to follow her opinion in the matter.

The result was, that, on taking possession of the papers and effects of her husband, she ascertained that property to the value of about one hundred thousand dollars invested in England would become her own. Immediately after the obsequies of the suicide, which were entirely private, Mrs. Gordon and her mother sailed for England. They there found, that, beside Mary, Gordon had no heirs living, all his brothers having died. The whole of the wealth, therefore, came into Mary's possession. So, that, after all her tempest-tossed married life, she had sunshine at last; at any rate so far as this world's goods were concerned.

After settling down, there was one thing that still worried her, which was the fact, that she did not know where Gordon had buried her baby. Her mother advised her to advertize it. The result was one, such as no novelist would ever have dreamed of in the wildest romance. A few days after the advertisement appeared, a woman came to the house, and, with her brought the *baby itself*, for which she demanded three hundred pounds—about fifteen hundred dollars! The mother's heart nearly broke with doubt and joy. In an instant she stripped the child's back, and there found a peculiar birth mark which convinced her. The woman explained the whole mystery in a few words. She had been hired by Gordon to take the dead child and bury it as her own. On getting it home it showed signs of life; she applied restoratives, and the infant not only recovered but grew healthy and strong. The woman took the best care of it—feeling convinced that at some future time it would be wanted—and the result showed her sound judgment. Mrs. Gordon handed her fifty pounds more than she asked, beside thanking her over and over again.

The little creature is growing and thriving splendidly, and repays her doating mother for all her past sorrows and tribulations. Mrs. Gordon never speaks of it without shedding tears of joy, and making some remark of devotional gratitude to God for His great and enduring mercy and goodness to her. Grandmother—that's Mrs. Lesley—says, that, as long as *she* lives, she will see that no villain, high or low born, shall inveigle *little* Mary, like her mother was inveigled. And there is no doubt that she will be as good as her word.

This true narrative exhibits in a vivid light the strength of the old adage, that "Truth is stranger than fiction."