misery into his presence; she told him that he
did not love her; she accused him of deceiving
her. Her tears and supplications, threats and
entreaties, only irritated and angered him; they
did not move him.

It was all true. Ceased to love her! He
had never loved her. The trouble culminated
in a stormy scene a year after the marriage, in
which the man's utter heartlessness and base-
ness were unveiled, and he revealed himself
in his true character to her. He struck her
down with a hideous revelation. She was not
his wife! There had been no marriage; it
was a mock ceremony. Coldly, and with
fiendish deliberateness, he told her this. He
laughed at her anguish; he took her roughly
by the wrist and shook her from him, forbid-
ding her to come near to him again; and after
telling her with threats of his intention to de-
sert her, he went away, leaving her uncon-
scious on the floor where she had fallen at the
last moment. But the end was not yet. Cap-
tain Darcy obtained leave of absence for six
months, and disappeared. A child was born
to the deserted woman. For months she lin-
gered between life and death. When she re-
covered, the -th Cuirassiers had departed on
an up-country expedition.

She wrote letters,—threatening letters, en-
treating letters. They came back unopened.
How she lived through that period before the
return of the troops, she hardly knew. At
last they came back. But in the meantime
something happened,—something that changed
her misery to a semblance of happiness; her
hate to love. The -th Cuirassiers encountered service on the African frontier. Capt.
Cordella Darcy was seriously wounded,—as he
thought, wounded to death. Evidently his
conscience smote him. This was the story
May was told many months later, when the
-th Cuirassiers once more marched into quar-
ters at Siout. The wounded man had sent for
his colonel, who was a very dear friend of the
family, and unfolded a tale into his superior's
ear.

When Colonel Erhart left him that night, he
knew what May did not know,—that she was
Cordella Darcy's lawful wife, and that she had
been made the victim of a shameless, heartless
lie. He had scarcely been able to believe his
own ears. That one of his officers,—his own
friend and the future Lord Chellingworth,—
should be capable of anything so dishonor-
able, so despicable,—if an outsider had told
it him he would have given him the lie. He
went back to his quarters utterly dazed by the
keen sense of disgrace. He hardly knew
what he should do. He almost felt a sense of
relief that Darcy would probably die. He
could not get so far as to think what should
be done for the wife waiting in far-off Siout.

The days passed, and Darcy lingered; he
began to rally, and finally the surgeon pro-
nounced him out of danger. In his weak state
he was nothing but repentant. But his supe-
rior officer had decided upon his course. In-
deed, there was only one open for him. The
honor of his regiment must be preserved.
Besides, justice must be done to the one who had
been wronged so deeply. His friendship for
Darcy but made him the more decided.

As soon as he was able to get up, Capt.
Cordella Darcy was summoned into the pres-
ence of his chief. There he heard his sen-
tence. It was in vain that he appealed to
Erhart's friendship; in vain he stormed. His
colonel was firm. He was finally convinced
that the course laid out for him was the only
one whereby he could conceal his own dis-
grace, preserve the honor of the name he bore,
and satisfy his colonel's sense of justice. And
these were the terms to which the unhappy
man acceded. Having utterly refused to rec-
ognize the woman he had caused so much
misery as his wife, to take her to his father's
home and atone for what he had done,—having
refused to do this, it was decreed that he should
sell his commission and depart from the regi-
ment forthwith. For the sake of his friend-
ship to the family, Colonel Erhart agreed to
be silent. But he had a price for that silence.