

with French support. In 1869 the canal was opened, before the Khedive, the Empress Eugénie, the Emperor of Austria, the Crown Prince of Prussia, and a great assemblage of other notables.

De Lesseps is described by people who knew him in the heyday of his greatness, as having an almost hypnotic power. He was full of life, of vigor, of enthusiasm, of belief in his own plans. People loved him for his joy in life. He fascinated them because he promised them what they wanted, with the fullest conviction that he could give it. His manner to women charmed them, and at great entertainments he was always the center of the assembly.

At sixty he was left a widower with two sons. He had arranged a marriage for his nephew with a beautiful young girl, Mlle. de Bragard. As he walked with her one evening in the garden of her father's house, she told him that it was not his nephew she loved, but himself, the hero of the day. They were married, and had ten children, two of whom are soldiers in the French army. The eldest daughter is the Countess de

Gontant-Biron, the youngest is still almost a baby.

De Lesseps was very superstitious, and came to believe that the fates took care of him, that he was a son of destiny. The Panama Canal scheme seemed to him as simple as Suez had been, because he was in a measure ignorant of the real situation in both cases. The great engineers of the world pronounced against the project; but calm men listened to the flood of de Lesseps' talk, through which there was the everlasting clink of gold, with smiling faces. The peasants of France poured out the contents of their woolen stockings at his feet. He sat in his office telling gay and frivolous little tales, while crowds of businessmen waited in his anterooms. He lent his name, believing it would almost dig a canal of itself; and he was made the victim of the corrupt men who used it. Finally, in his extreme old age, his mind gave way at the downfall of his plans, and he spent the last years of his life daily expecting Queen Victoria to come and set matters right, believing that his destiny would care for him in the end.



## VIA SACRA.

THE woodland path is deep in leaves  
That mark a golden way  
Wherein, last happy summertide,  
We two were wont to stray.

All golden lies the way, to trace  
Where happy love hath been,  
That hearts unblest might see, and mark,  
And learn to walk therein.

*Florence Evelyn Pratt.*

# THE AFFAIR AT ISLINGTON.\*

By Matthew White, Jr.,

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## XV.

DEAN'S doom was sealed. He had been convicted of murder in the first degree. The jury were out but a few moments. In their eyes, as well as in the eyes of the people, it was clear that Dean had murdered his wife. His counsel's efforts to obtain a new trial were unavailing. The day was set for his removal to Auburn, and the week in which he was to die had already been named.

Estelle had come to Islington that she might be near him and with him to the last. She saw him but once. She found him broken down. He was an old man now. The steel of self accusation entered her soul when he came up to those cruel dividing bars and put his fingers through for her to touch.

"Can you forgive me, Gilbert?" she whispered, her eyes streaming.

"Forgive you, Estelle?" he repeated. "There is nothing to forgive. You are stainless, as I am stainless of that awful crime with which I am charged. If I had heeded you, I should not have laid myself open to the suspicion."

"But if I had not come into your life again, you would never have been brought to this."

"I am not so sure of that. My marriage with Louise was an unhallowed one. I did not love her as I should have done, as she was deserving of being loved. These matters always adjust themselves. In our case fate used you as the means. You are not to blame. God knows you warned me often enough of the folly of my course."

"But I ought to have gone away, Gilbert; gone somewhere out of the country, where you would never have found me."

"No, Estelle, your going away could not have altered my feelings for you. If there were sin in loving you, that sin was mine, not yours. For that I am willing to answer. We know, both of us, that it was a pure

love, not the sinful love poor Louise believed it. That is where I have wronged you, Estelle. I have made it possible for the world to say that of you which is false, but which you are powerless to disprove. Can you forgive me for that?"

"A thousand times, dear. But let us not speak of that. I have come to cheer you as to the future, not to lament the past. I am working to save you, others are working. There is yet time. You will be set free. Only keep up heart."

"That is like you, Estelle, to be a comforter. But the hope is vain. Only tell me one thing, that in your inmost heart you do not believe me——"

"Hush, hush! How can you suggest such a thing? You know I believe in you as I believe in my own life."

"Then God is good to me, very good, after all."

The keeper now touched Estelle on the arm to remind her that her time was up. She had not strength to say good by, could only murmur, "I will come again," as she pressed her lips to his finger tips. Then the jailer helped her from the corridor, only to see her faint in Wilton's arms.

That same night a letter was brought to her at her hotel. It was addressed in a strange hand. When she opened it, a stony look of horror came into her eyes.

## A WARNING.

Unless you leave Islington within twenty four hours from this date you will be dealt with summarily. There will be no favors shown you because you are not a man. Islington shall not harbor the mistress of a murderer.

(Signed) WHITE CAPS.

Estelle sat mute for an instant, the sheet shaking in her hand. Its every word stung her to the quick. To be sure, it was an anonymous communication, and as such deserved to be treated with contempt; but that it should have entered the mind of any one to write it was where the anguish lay.

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