

FEDORA BY VICTORIEN SARDOU

(Continued) "Tell her," she said, huskily, and tried to telegraph to him to deceive her...

CHAPTER XXV While Loris sang Fedora thought, and presently, to the surprise and perhaps to the misgiving of Olga...

"I will never die by his hand," she said. "I will come again after dinner tonight?"

"Ask the proprietor to step out here," said Fedora to the footman. The proprietor came out, looked with awe at the splendid equipage...

"Yes, yes; that would be right. It is what any man would do," said Fedora. "It is what I would do."

"I think not," said Fedora, gravely. The man laughed respectfully. "No, it is not such as you who are guilty of such folly. It is only the poor wretches who are unhappy about something—love, very often."

held him off with a terrified gesture. "No, no, not yet," she gasped. Olga watched her closely...

"I will see him down stairs," said Loris, with a frown. The color had all gone out of Fedora's face...

CHAPTER XXVI The letter was Fedora's last hope. If it betrayed her, then there was nothing left for her but the death which he little vial contained...

"I see now that there has all along been some mystery which has tormented your soul. I seem to dimly suspect what it is, but I do not care to know, my Fedora..."

"Let her go, Loris. It will be best for you to hear the story. If it were only for Fedora's sake I would say let her go..."

"The handsome Pole made various endeavors to obtain some of his wife's money, and falling in that, tried personal abuse of the good woman, therein showing that he was not as good a judge of character as Olga..."

he was wretched. That he should lose a wife for such a cause was heart-rending. He put the case to Marka in just so many words...

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