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CHAPTER XXXIII.

"I Die Content!"

'LITTLE one,' he said tenderly, 'God is sending me to take care of you. You will not be afraid to cross the dark river if papa is with you, will you, my darling?'

'No dear,' she answered softly. 'It was so good of Him to give us all back to each other just at the last, and it is so much better that things are as they are. You believe that God knows best, papa?'

'Yes. You shall tell me all about your life, little one, when we are over there in His presence. We must think of the living now. You love me, Bebe?'

'So much!'

'Yet you know that I deceived you!'

'You thought you were doing right. I have forgiven you, dear, even as God has forgiven me.'

The stiffening hand closed over hers with a sort of spasm; then Meredith Lansing turned his eyes in the direction of Soeur Mathilde.

'There is so little time,' he said, with the effort of death strangling his utterance. 'Won't you come near me, Miss Beaufort?'

She came at once, and took the disengaged hand in hers.

'There is something that I must tell you,' he continued—'something you will be glad to hear. Come nearer to me. I am strangely faint.'

She sat upon a low stool beside him, brushing the hair, dampened with the dew of death, back from the brow.

'Is it something you wish me to do?' she asked softly.

'No—only to tell you. It is a horrible secret that darkened all my life, that poisoned all happiness, all hope. Child, there was once a man who did a great wrong to one I loved. I thought to punish him, and, in my endeavour to take vengeance from the hands of God into my own, I killed a man who had never injured me!'

"Heavens!"

"You shudder! What will you do when I tell you that an innocent man suffered for my fault? When I tell you that Harold Childes, the brother of Erle Childes, was hanged for a crime of which I was guilty?"

Through the death film he saw the agonized whiteness of her face, the curious blue that overspread her lips.

"Harold Childes was innocent," she gasped.

"As a martyr."

"And Erle?"

"Believed him guilty until my odious secret was forced from me only a day or two ago."

"He never knew that you killed Ralph Breckenbridge until you told him here in Paris?"

"Never!"

"Oh, my God! my God! what have I done?"

She buried her white face in the cover of the cot beside him and groaned.

He placed his hand upon her head.

"What is it?" he whispered. "You believed him guilty. The fault was mine, not yours."

"I believed that Erle Childes himself was an accomplice," she groaned. "He will never forgive me—he could not."

"Yet you loved him through all?"

"Heaven help me, there is nothing that would have the power to kill my love."

"And do you think that such affection as that should not meet with the reward of forgiveness? Oh, child, he will give it without the asking. Look at his face and see!"

But Virginia Beaufort did not look. Her suffering face was still covered when some one touched her lightly on the arm.

"There is a man dying in Ward 6 Soeur Mathilde. He wishes to see you. Will you come?"

Miss Beaufort was again the Sister of eMrcy. She went. The sacrifice was terrible to her, but she forgot self after the struggle of a moment, and with bowed head softly left the room.

As she closed the door the sound of Bebe's voice reached her; but there was no jealousy in the purified heart when she knew that it was Erle Childes that was called—Erle Childes who kneeled beside the suffering girl. She left them there without hearing the words that were spoken.

"You are there, Edwin?" Bebe whispered faintly.

"Yes, dear."

"Won't you come nearer? Won't you let me feel your hand in mine while I make the last request of you that poor Bebe ever can make?"

He took the tiny, child-like hand and kissed it.

"Don't say that, little one," he said gently. "There will be many more——"

"No. If you think I shall get well you are wrong. I am dying now, and I am glad—very glad. I want you to tell me that you forgive me again for making you happy, and I want you to make me a promise."

"I promise anything you may ask.

"I knew you would. You were always so good to me, Edwin. I should be you to remember that when I am d. There is nothing for which I could ever reproach you—nothing! I could not be content even with God Edwin, knowing that I stood between you and happiness, and I want you to promise me that as soon as I am dead you will go back to her who has always been your wife in spite of me. Tell her that I said you were worthy of her, and beg her to accept again the allegiance of which I unintentionally robbed her. I have your promise, Edwin."

The silence was only disturbed by a long-drawn sigh from him.

"Edwin!" she said, even more faintly, after the pause. "Speak! Tell me again that you will."

"I promise, little one."

"That is right. Will you kiss me and say farewell?"

His lips pressed hers for a brief instant.

"Farewell, Angel!" he whispered brokenly. "Farewell until we meet in the presence of God!"

She held his face between her hands for a moment, closely, tenderly, then smiled as she motioned him away.

"Etienne!"

The name was scarcely more than a movement of the lips, but he heard and was at her side in an instant. The soldier-husband arose and walked to the far end of the room.

"Let me feel your arms—about—me—dear," she murmured.

As he complied a heavy tear splashed upon her face.

"You are weeping, Etienne," she said. "Dear heart, why? Would you detain me here if you could? Remember how I should—have suffered—without you! It is farewell only for a little while, dear love, such a very little while! I wish that I might have seen your face first, but God will let me know—you when you join—me in heaven. Let me hear the sound of your voice once again, dear, that I may carry it with me into heaven."

"My darling, my heart is breaking. I cannot give you up!"

"It is only for a little while! Such a very little while. Be brave, for my sake, Etienne. Be happy, dear heart, but—don't quite forget me. Good-by!"

"Not yet. Bebe, my darling, not yet!"

Even before his sentence was finished, a wild, glad cry rang out through the room. With the strength that sometimes characterizes the dying, Bebe had raised herself and flung her arms about his neck.

"Etienne!" she cried joyously. "Etienne, I see! I see your face. Oh, God! I die content! content!"

Her arms fell from him inertly.

He held her closely, raining mad passionate kisses upon her face; but it was the unresponsive face of the dead.

Erle Childes took her gently from him, laying her back amongst the pillows, and one of the physicians led him, unresisting from the room.

With nervous dread of what effect the scene might have had upon Meredith Lansing, Childes turned in his direction.

He was lying very quiet, ominously quiet, a peaceful smile resting upon his lips, already growing blue.

Even as Childes looked, an attendant drew up a sheet over the still, cold face, and the tragedy in those two lives was ended.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The End of the Tragedy.

WITH a heavy heart Virginia Beaufort silently followed the sister who had come to request her presence at the bedside of a dying man. He lay upon a couch, so bandaged about the head that nothbut a pair of filmy, suffering eyes were visible, which were lifted pleadingly to the beautiful face bent over him.

'Will you grant the last request of a dying man?'

'If it is within my power,'

'That is right. Now listen. My God who are you?'

The hands were suddenly flung out from beneath the sheet and caught hers, his eyes seeming to defy death in their burning intensity.

"An American? You are Virginia Beaufort! Tell me that it is true!"

"I am; but you——"

"How came you here? They call you Soeur Mathilde. You have not joined the sisterhood? Tell me that quickly!"

"I have taken no bows except to serve France in her great need."

'Thank God for that!'

'But who are you that know me and are so interested in my fate?

'I must be changed indeed when even you do noa recognize me, Duchess. Those hungry wolves, the Communists, have done their work well."

An expression of slow horror crossed her face.

"Not—Lilford?' she gasped.

"Yes, Lilford," he replied bitterly. "Overtaken at last by a fate which you should not regret."

She caught his hand between hers and held it closely.

"But I do! I do!" she cried earnestly. "Can you think me so small of soul as that? Oh, Lilford, is there no chance for you?"

He was looking at her curiously.

"None!" he answered slowly. "The doctor has already told me. Why should you care? I ruined your life for you."

"No!" she exclaimed passionately. 'The ruin I brought upon myself! It was all my hideous selfishness, my stubborn pride. 'You gave me, perhaps without intending it, a husband whose only fault was loving me too well. I willfully threw away a heart that I could give now all the world to possess again. The error was mine, not yours."

"You say that because I am dying."

"No, believe me! Let me go for a doctor—'

"It would be useless!" he interrupted. "Besides, I don't wish to live. What is there in this world now that is worth living for? I have done all the harm I can, I have lost the only woman who ever had the power to save my soul, and now I am ready to pass the remainder of the years of which eternity is composed in that perdition that is prepared for such as I."

"Lilford!"

"Do you know what I have done, Duchess? I have wound up an unholy life in a fitting way. I have murdered the woman whom I loved!"

"My God!"

To be continued.

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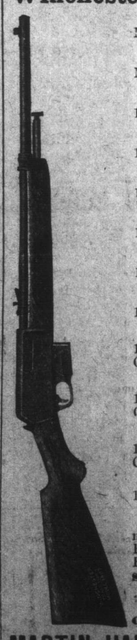

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Cooper, Thomas, Goodview St.
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Curren, Mary A., late Gen'l Hospital
Churchill, John, New Gower St.
Coyell, Miss, card
Campbell, C. J., Duckworth St.
Curnew, Wm.
Connolly, Mrs. Ellen, Mullock Street

D
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Dudey, Peter, New Gower St.
Dunlop, James, card

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