

"Tell Him I Loathe Him."

CHAPTER XXXI.
The Tragedy of the Commune.

ETIENNE MILLET had already guessed their frightful danger, already understood the hideous outrage that had overtaken the apparently doomed city.

The rapidly approaching voices rose and fell like those of a pack of starving wolves that have scented the maddening odor of flesh upon an almost deserted prairie.

But there was even less chance for self-protection against them than wild beasts, for a single victim did not stop the lot even for a fevered moment.

Even in that intense moment Millet noticed the ever-increasing glow of the ominous red in the sky telling its own pitiless story. Then the flames of some doomed house were seen leaping and flashing like a fierce reptile striking upward for a prey a trifle beyond its reach, waiting for a horrible second to coil and strike again.

He had with him no weapon of defence even had there been any hope of its successful use against a crowd so dense, so maddened! Even as he hesitated the driver had disappeared, and while the horse stood for the moment paralysed into inactivity he leaped to the ground, snatched Bebe from the vehicle as the terrified horse plunged forward and was off like the wind.

Neither cry nor moan escaped Bebe's lips. She stood beside the Frenchman, trembling, but quiet.

'Trust yourself to me, my darling, without fear,' he whispered hurriedly; 'I will save you.'

'I am not afraid,' she answered bravely. 'There is but one thing I would ask: If you see that I must fall into their hands, shoot me first. You promise?'

He did not reply, but kissed the blanched face that was raised so confidently to his as he lifted her in his arms and fled.

It happened that they were in a locality which he knew well, and hastily conceiving a plan of escape, he ran on as fast as he could under the weight of his burden.

The Communists were then less than two blocks behind them. By the light of the burning buildings, he could distinctly see the fierce faces, with the courage almost of despair, Millet hurried on.

The fiends were gaining upon him. Once or twice he turned and looked

backward. The red glare of the flames but increased the frightful brutality of their countenances. He shuddered slightly, and drew the form he held more closely.

At the corner of the street he turned and dashed into a small public house, the door of which stood ajar. A woman sprang up, her eyes blurred with eager excitement.

Millet released Bebe, and removed the cold moisture from his brow with his handkerchief.

'Where is Jean?' he asked of the woman hoarsely.

Something of the eagerness had faded from her face, and in its place came an expression of mingled shame.

'I don't know!' she answered, with a wave of the hand indicating the street.

'The Communists are almost upon us!' cried Millet quickly. 'You have always claimed that you owe me a debt which nothing could ever repay. Wipe it out now! Your husband is with those men—you know it! You and your house will be safe from them. For the sake of this helpless child give us shelter and protection!'

She hesitated a moment, the shame of her countenance increasing.

'They would kill me if they should discover,' she gasped. 'You are one of the class—'

'Have you forgotten your child, Lisette?' he cried. 'Did I stop to consider my safety when her life was endangered? Quick! There is not a moment to lose. I would not ask shelter for myself! It is only for this lady, whom I love as you loved your little one.'

He had touched the right chord. The woman sprang toward a rear door, motioning him to follow her.

Drawing Bebe's arm through his, he hurried after. He was led to a small room on the floor above.

'Don't go near the windows,' exclaimed the woman, her excitement increasing as the noise of the voices grew. 'If anything should happen, I will let you know.'

She did not wait for his reply, but hastened out, closing the door behind her.

Bebe placed her hand passionately upon Millet's arm.

'You do not think we shall be safe here!' she cried, curiously quiet. 'I can feel it in the very quiver of your arm. You think she will betray us?'

'Not intentionally; but she is terribly excited. I knew in an instant that her husband would be with the devils. You must not be frightened, Bebe.'

'I am not—with you!' she answered gently. 'I do not fear death. There are so many things worse. If they should find us, you must remember that, Etienne.'

'We are not to think of death now, but life, dear one. We love each other.'

'But there is another life that will stand between us forever!' she answered wearily. 'Don't you know that if we escaped the Commune, we must never meet again?'

'Bebe!'

'You see now why I am not afraid. If we escape the Commune, we shall only avoid the lesser evil to face the greater. Death has not the terrors for me that life has.'

'You mean that you would banish me?'

'Would you have it otherwise, when our meeting would be a sin?'

'But there is a release—'

'None but death, Etienne! I interrupted by a shiver. 'Oh, my love! you do not love me, if you could plead against the right, no matter how hard it may be. We have not the power to allow inclination to form our laws in opposition to those of God! I cannot control my heart, Etienne, but I am responsible for my acts. I love you, which is a sin. My atonement shall be never to see you again after to-night. You see how great a coward I am now, in that death seems so much the easier. But

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you know that I am right, do you not, Etienne?

He took the little wistful, pleading face between his hands and kissed it, with a passion which even the terrible din in the street had not the power to cool.

'Conscience is the instructor, the guide, dear love,' he said tenderly, 'and I should be forced to love you less to plead with you to disregard its dictates. We will leave it with God, my darling, and trust to His mercy. There can be no sin in our love at this hour when we face death together, dear heart.'

He held her close to his breast, his hand pushing back the clustering hair from the low brow, her hat having fallen to the floor.

The blind eyes were lifted happily. In the lovely countenance there was not a trace of fear.

And standing so, they listened to the howling of the mob. Around and about them the flames were springing up, cracking and hissing, carrying death and destruction to men, women, and even children.

Now and again the wild, terrified shriek of a new victim would be heard, quickly swallowed up by the hoarse cheer of a thousand hideous tongues.

With blanched faces the two held each other and listened. The mob was in the street below them, continuing its deprecations unchecked, but at that moment a sound from behind them caused Etienne Millet to

turn his head in the direction of the door.

His arms tightened about Bebe, while an exclamation that was upon his lips froze them.

A short, hateful laugh from the intruder told Bebe the truth. She sprang from Millet's arms, her face for the first time rigid with terror.

'Lilford!' she gasped.

To be continued.

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Ash, Jennie, Carter's Hill	Curney, Wm., care Mullock Street	Jones, W. E., care Reid Nfld. Co.	R Ryan, Jim, late Grand Bank
Ansty & Co., St. John's	Connolly, Mrs. Ellen, care Mullock Street	Jones, J. P., care Gower Street	Rankin, Robert, Cabot St.
Anderson, Sophie, card	D Davis, Mrs. Benjamin, Pleasant Street	King, Mary Ellen, card	Ryan, Miss Katie, retd.
Andrews, Miss Eliza, late Gen'l Hospital	Delaney, Miss Bessie, Military Road	Kavanagh, Mary, New Gower Street	Redmond, Michael, late Honne Bay
Alcock, Miss Stella, care Mrs. Cross	Devereaux, Miss Mary, Water Street West	Kenedy, Lillie, Le Merchant Rd.	Rowe, Mrs. Arthur, Duckworth Street
Associated Mail Dealers, Duckworth St.	Dickenson, H. W., care Mrs. J. Doyle, Miss D., card	Kenedy, George, York St.	Rogers, Mrs. John, Circular Road
B Baxter, Thomas, late Sydney	Doye, Miss D., card	Kavanagh, Fred W., Lealle Street	Royal, Mrs. John, Cabot Street
Bradford, H., care Mrs. Leonard	Dudey, Peter, New Gower St.	Kennedy, Fred, card	Roberts, Christopher, 26 Street
Barley, Miss C., care Wm. Knowling, Circular Road	Dunlop, James, card	King, Annie, care John Skinner	S Sanson, Lavinia, Hamilton Street
Barter, Jack, card, late Sydney	E Evans, Bob, card	Knowling, Miss A., Henry Street	Sheppard, Miss Mary, card
Benmore, Jas., Blackmarsh Rd.	Edgar, Miss S., McFarlain's St.	Keboe, Miss Maggie, Water Street	Sheppard, Capt. Cabot St.
Bell, Wm., Nagle's Hill	Everett, Wm., late Philadelphia	LeDrew, Anthony, card, St. John's	Stead, Miss Fannie, care G. P. O.
Bell, James, Nagle's Hill	English, Robert, late Norris' Arm	Lockyer, Thomas, Bell St.	Smith, Miss Annie, Maxle Street
Breaker, Henry, care Empire Wood W. Co.	Ennis, Wm., care Wood's Candy Factory	Lodge, Edmund, late Grand Falls	Simms, W. H., Snow, John, Alexander St.
Brennan, Miss Catherine, care Monroe Street	Ellard, Mr., care Wood's Candy Factory	Mahoney, Lizzie, Cook St.	Starks, Miss L., Water St.
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Bridges, P., care Mrs. E. M. Bishop, E. M. Brown, Samuel	Fisher, Prescott, care John Campbell	Maddigan, Miss Maggie	Squires, Helena E.
Butler, Master Cecil	Flight, Thomas, late Bonavista Railway	Mercer, Richard	T Taylor, Mrs. Duacan
Burke, Miss Annie	Fowler, Miss Bride, Power Street	Mitchell, W. A., retd.	Taylor, H., Tiller, Peter, card
Butler, Samuel	Forward, F., care Mrs. A. Graham	Mullins, L., card	Towers, Mrs. Wm., Tomlin, Mrs. Alfred
Blundon, Robert	G Grant, Mrs. A., late Grand Falls	Murphy, Joseph, card	V Verge, Mrs. Robert
Butler, Azariah, card, Lion Square	Grant, Mrs. Brown, Terra Nova House	McKellop, Daniel, retd.	Verge, Mrs. Robert, Allandale Road
Baggs, Richard	Gardner, Bernard, Flower Hill	Nelson, Bertram	W Walsh, Thomas, Neagle's Hill
Barron, Wm., card, Barnes' Road	Gregory, Mrs., Harvey, Miss Victoria, card	Newhook, Mrs. Wm., care Mrs. Brown	Walsh, Patrick, care Mrs. Woodley
Branchford, A., card, Walsn's Lane	H Hawkins, Chas. G., Harvey, Mrs. Patrick	Neider, Miss Annie, Power Street	Walsh, Mrs. George's Street
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Croke, Edward, Pleasant Street	Hull, Edmund, card	P Parsons, Albert J., late Carbonate	Wellman, Miss D., Circular Road
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Connors, Theodore, care McLean's Tannery	Hickey, John, Buchanan Street	Pittman, George, retd.	Williams, George, late Clarendville
Cox, Mrs., care G.P.O.	House, Mrs. J., care Mrs. F. Newbury	Phippard, Mrs. G., care G. P. O.	Whitlie, J. H., White, Mrs. George, care G. P. O.
Coffin, C., card, Colonial St.	Hooper, Thomas, Flower Hill	Phillips, Mrs. Thos., card, Hayward's Ave.	Wood, C. R., Woodcombe, Miss
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Coopers, Mrs. M., George's Street	Henderson, P. S., Henderson, P. S., care G.P.O.		
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Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has proved to be the most successful remedy for curing the worst forms of female ill, including displacements, inflammation, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pain, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result has been worth millions to suffering women.

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