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"Tell Him I Loathe Him."

CHAPTER XXIII. "AN ETERNAL FAREWELL."

FIFTEEN minutes after he had left Bebe, at her earnest request, alone in that room, Edwin Chapman returned it. With the same nervous horror that had characterized his movements in leaving, he opened the door and entered.

He rang the bell with haste and violence, meeting the half-frightened domestic as she was ascending the stairs.

"Have you seen my wife? he asked hurriedly, his haggard countenance telling but too plainly what he feared.

"No, sir!" she answered breathlessly. "See if she has gone to Miss Beaufort's room, or if Mr. Quintard has seen her. Quick!"

The maid hurried away to do his bidding, but Quintard brought this own answer.

"What in Heaven's name has happened?" he asked breathlessly. "God knows," returned Chapman. "I left my wife but for a moment—I came back to find her gone. You heard what they told her—that she was not my wife! Heaven knows what my leave happened—what she has done! There is not a moment to be lost. Will you help me to find her?"

Even the little river Man was dragged in the fear of a ghastly discovery; but there was nothing—nothing to speak either of Bebe living or of Bebe dead.

And gradually the search ceased, hope giving place to despair.

Chapman had cabled to Meredith Lansing, and the unhappy father had arrived on the first steamer.

"I thought I was insuring your happiness, my boy, and I have only put a greater blot upon it than there was before," he said miserably, with his white, quivering face buried in his hands.

"But though the unhappy man shrank from the white face and stony, haggard eyes of his son-in-law, he

did not require words to communicate Charlie Quintard's answer. The quick, warm grasp of the hand was sufficient. But the precious moments had been lost.

clung to him with curious, dog-like devotion that never wavered. And then at last the Quintards decided that they must go. The remainder of the party with whom they had been traveling had already set sail for America, but they had lingered on, urged by the young Quintard, and upon the last morning of their stay Miss Beaufort had wandered out to the old forest under that same tree where the tragedy in Bebe's life had been enacted.

Chapman found her there. By tacit consent they had avoided each other, meeting as seldom as possible, and speaking only when necessity demanded; but upon the last morning he had seen the white dress flashing in and out among the trees and he had followed her.

There seemed to be no surprise in the handsome eyes that were lifted so quietly to his, but beneath the apparently calm bosom the rebellious heart was throbbing wildly.

"You are going away to-day, Duchesse," he said slowly, pronouncing the old name wistfully, "and I have come to thank you for your kindness to me, and to say good-by—forever. It is a long time, does it not?"

"The eyes were downcast before he had finished, while the usually calm fingers picked to pieces a flower they held."

"Very," she answered briefly. "May I—stop and talk to you for a few minutes? or—had you rather have me go at once?"

She lifted her eyes desperately. There were tears in them that would not be forced backward.

"Why should you not remain?" she asked hoarsely. "Is life to be a sacrifice, a mistake from beginning to end?"

He flushed slightly; then, when it faded, he was paler than before. "For me it seems so, Duchesse," he answered gently. "God knows I have suffered enough for my faults to satisfy the sternest judge. There is just one thing that I should like to tell you, if you will allow me to refer to the past, and that is that I thought my wife—knew—about—you! Her father requested me to allow him to tell her. He even told me that he had done so. Do you believe that, Duchesse?"

"Yes." "Thank you! I am very glad, for it would have hurt me to think that you could have believed me base enough to have deceived her after my frightful lesson," he said simply. "It has all been such a terrible mistake!"

"Oh, hush! The heart-broken sound of your voice is killing me! Oh, Erle, why could you not have trusted me? Could you not see that my love had swallowed up every thought in life? Could you not understand that it was my love for Edwin Chapman that had slain the memory of my husband? Did you not know that my heart and soul were crying to their only love, and that it was the eye alone that was deceived? Oh, Erle, what is life worth under this endless torture?"

"Don't!" he whispered, unable to force his voice upward through the excess of his emotion. "You forget that you are my promised wife of my friend, that I am married, and—that my brother was hanged for murder!"

"Yes, I forgot everything, even to my own womanhood, where you are concerned, and it is only of me now that you are thinking. You love me. See how I have put aside my pride when I can ask you if it is not true?"

"It is true, oh help me!" he answered, in the same stony way. "You are more than my life, more than my soul, more than my God to me. I know that weak and sinful as I have been, your life would yield itself to my slightest touch, an that is why our farewell must be an eternal one. A man does not deprecate his religion Duchesse. You may measure my love by the sacrifice I shall make in allowing you to go from me."

"They stood a moment in silence, she being the first to break it. "What shall you do when I am gone?" she asked tremulously. "You know the trouble that France is in. I shall go to her."

OPERATION HER ONLY CHANCE

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Lindsay, Ont.—"I think it is no more than right for me to thank Mrs. Pinkham for what her kind advice and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. When I wrote to her some time ago I was a very sick woman, suffering from female troubles. I had inflammation of the female organs, and could not stand or walk any distance. At last I was confined to my bed, and the doctor said I would have to go through an operation, but this I refused to do. A friend advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now, after using three bottles of it, I feel like a new woman. I most heartily recommend this medicine to all women who suffer with female troubles. I have also taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills and think they are fine."—Mrs. FRANK EMSLEY, Lindsay, Ontario.

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"Inactivity, what stagnation would mean to me now? You must not hinder me; Duchesse, you must bid me go."

"Then let me go with you! Can't you see there will be hospitals and nurses needed for the wounded and dying? Oh, Erle, this butterfly life is hateful to me. I've long to be of some use to someone somewhere. Perhaps in doing good I might atone in some sort for the cruelty and injustice that I once did you. Let me go, Erle. Say that you will. Say that you will."

The enthusiasm, the pleading of the passionate voice, caused him to waver for a moment; then he answered firmly: "No, dear, I can't better not."

"No, dear, I can't better not. You don't know what the trials are and you are unused to hardship. Your duty is to your parents, and—to Charlie Quintard. You must perform it bravely."

"Never! Do you think Charlie Quintard so poor a thing, that he would marry me, when my heart is locked up forever with you? Do you—"

"Duchesse, don't! Cannot you see that our love for each other is a dreadful sin? Don't you know that we must starve and starve it? Oh, darling, my dearest heart, say good-by to me now while I have the courage, and let me go!"

She glanced up almost heroically, and placed her cold fingers in the scorching of his hand. "Good-by!" she said gently. "I have not turned you from your purpose, nor have you turned me from mine. Poor France! If she needs soldiers, she needs nurses also. There! don't argue, because all you could say would prove useless. Good-by, Erle, and God bless you! We have both made mistakes, and we are both suffering. There is a little consolation in the thought that we have that in common."

"But, Duchesse—"

"Please hush! You may be sure that the thought of you will enable me to do my duty well and nobly. It is all for your sake, Erle. Because I love you!"

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UNCLAIMED LETTERS, REMAINING IN G. P. to OCT. 10th, 1910

Table listing unclaimed letters with columns for names and addresses. Includes entries for Adams, Miss Bond St., Adams, Kenneth, Anderson, Miss M. E., card, etc.

SEAMEN'S LIST.

Table listing seamen with columns for names, ship names, and agents. Includes entries for Thorpe, Frederick, Ryan, John J., Winsor, Arthur, Reid, Richard, etc.

G. P. O., October 10th, 1910. H. J. B. WOODS, P.M.G.

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