

"Tell Him I Loathe Him."

CHAPTER XXII. LOYD-MOSTYN'S RESOLUTIONS.

AND you will promise to obey me in everything? You promise always to try to remember what has occurred here to-day and that it was at your earnest request—day, entreaty—alone that I consented to take you?

'I promise, oh, I promise! Let us go! Surely God sent you to relieve me from this frightful torture.'

He arose without a word and drew her hand through his arm; but, seeing how weary she was, he flung his arm about her and almost carried her onward, his strides curiously long and swaying under the weight of his burden. But he never seemed to feel it. The burden became heavier and heavier, but his steps seemed to quicken under it. His face was red as white as marble.

The greatest passions that man has ever known have been those that were born of impulse, for what is impulse but inspiration whether for good or evil? And inspiration comprises completion or perfection.

The war that was being waged in Lloyd-Mostyn's heart was a curious one. He had scarcely attempted to think of himself, but in his cowardly soul there was a suddenly awakened bravery that would have enabled him to strike the man dead who dared insultate that he meant to wrong Bebe in any way.

And so he held her protectively if passionately and trudged on to Nottingham. There he sent for the team that he had engaged for his own private use while remaining there, and, taking his valet into his confidence as much as he deemed advisable, he placed Bebe inside, himself beside her, and with his valet acting as coachman they were driven rapidly away.

He heaved a long sigh of relief as he saw how rapidly the distance between Chapman and himself was increasing, and how little chance there was that his old-enemy would ever suspect him of being an abductor.

He drew Bebe closer to him. Her head had already fallen upon his shoulder. Then he realized that exhausted nature had asserted herself and that the unfortunate girl slept.

Long and earnestly he gazed into the pale, beautiful face; then, with the reverence that even a bad man has for helpless purity, he raised the small hand to his lips and kissed it.

'She was never his wife!' he muttered passionately. 'He had deceived her with a cruel lie, and after all I am saving her from a fate more bitter to woman than death! She has thrown herself upon my protection and she shall have it to the end of the chapter. I will save her reputation by making her my wife. Mad or not she shall have the protection of a lawful name. I may have stained it, but her love would make me pure. She has turned to me already unconsciously. I shall marry her, and after I am secure

of her love she shall have the best medical attendance. It will be but a short time until her mind is restored, and then, Lilford Lloyd-Mostyn, you must begin life again! Begin with innocence to assist you in forming a different future.'

His reflections were interrupted by realizing that a pair of sightless eyes were fixed upon him.

'Have you enjoyed your sleep, little one?' he asked with infinite gentleness.

She sighed as though relieved of a terrible fear.

'So much,' she answered. 'Where are we?'

'We are going to London,' he replied evasively. 'Are you glad?'

'Very glad. But you are not like my dear papa. If always is it of his little Bebe. Is it that you do not love me now?'

'She uttered the words after the manner of a half petulant, half tearful child. The remembrance of Chapman seemed to have been effaced by that sleep.'

A smile, both amused and embarrassed, played over Lloyd-Mostyn's lips.

'I love you more than I have ever done in all my life, Bebe,' he answered truthfully.

'Then kiss me!' she exclaimed.

He looked at her a moment, his face coloring painfully, then he obediently pressed his lips upon her brow.

'Poor papa!' she murmured. 'Did you have one of your restless nights last night? I always know that you have been unhappy when you kiss me upon the forehead. Am I still your 'little comforter,' papa?'

'Yes, darling. But, Bebe, try to understand me, dear. You know that I would advise only what was for your good, do you not?'

'Yes.'

'Then—don't call me papa, darling. It is best that you should not just at present. It will not make us love each other less, you know?'

A puzzled expression crossed the sweet, distressingly blank countenance.

'Not call you papa?' she said slowly. 'What would you have me call you?'

He hesitated a moment, then answered: 'Lilford.'

A shudder passed over her, strangled in its inception.

'No, not that!' she exclaimed. 'I seem to have heard that name before—somewhere—somewhere! I can't remember. What is it that makes life seem so changed? What is it that makes me feel old and withered when I am only a little girl—such a very little girl? I think my heart has vanished into the decay of ages, and that very soon I shall die and go to God and my mother in Heaven. Do you think it is because I am blind that I have grown to be an old woman while yet I am a little girl?'

The sightless eyes were lifted piteously, hopelessly, and Lloyd-Mostyn groaned.

Perhaps one of the most singular things in life is the manner in which certain of God's children are punished for their faults. Lilford Lloyd-Mostyn was suffering for his through his heart.

As he gazed into that white lined face he thought of Bebe Chapman as he had seen her only a few short hours before, radiant in her perfect happiness; now helpless, her reason dethroned. A wild remorse filled all his soul, a remorse so great that passion and selfish desire were crowded out, leaving a nature purified by self-teaching.

'Hush, my darling,' he whispered, pressing the lids down over the strained eyes with the tips of his fingers. 'You love me, do you not?'

'You are all I have,' she answered, with a sigh that was almost a moan. 'I love you so much.'

'Then you must trust me. Never while I live will I leave you—I swear it! You shall be the sweetest charge of my whole life. And in return you must forget all about what you have just said. You must remember only that you are my own little girl, and that I will be your eyes, your life. You will not speak of death again because of me, for I have none but

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8763. A Practical Outfit for the Busy Woman.

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The pretty little over dress here illustrated can be most attractively reproduced in white or colored pique, which is as suitable for wear in winter as well as summer. The surplice front and short sleeves finished in buttonholed scallopes, render the mode very dressy, but any other mode of decoration may be adopted, such as insertion or edging. The blouse waist is in kimono style the front and back being cut in one piece. A belt of the material encircles the waist, or one of leather may be used. For a girl of 8 years 3 1/2 yds. of 36 inch material will be required for the making. Sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 years. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in stamps or silver.



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you, as you have none but me. Your heart will live again for me, Bebe. I will warm it and cherish it into new existence, and you will help me, will you not? Soothed by the tenderness of his voice, she nestled her head against his shoulder, a low sob escaping her lips that which leaves the lip of a tired child.

Eczema's Tortures

All treatments failed for three long years—Cure complete with Dr. Chase's Ointment. Mrs. Link, 12 Walker St., Halifax, N. S., writes: "After three years of miserable torture and sleepless nights with terrible eczema, and after trying over a dozen remedies without obtaining anything but slight temporary relief, I have been perfectly and entirely cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment. After the third or fourth application of this grand ointment I obtained relief, and a few boxes were sufficient to make thorough cure. It is six months since I was freed of this wretched skin disease, and as there has been no return of the trouble I consider the cure a permanent one."

"I will try," she murmured faintly. He spoke no more, but holding her closely, they were driven onward rapidly, while he dreamed strange dreams and formed strange plans for their future.

King Edward's Joke.

King Edward's good nature was illustrated by a London correspondent at the Press Club in New York. "The King," said the correspondent "was visiting Rufford Abbey, and one morning, in company with his host, Lord Arthur Vaville, he took a walk over the preserves.

"Suddenly, Lord Arthur, a big, burly man, rushed forward and seized a shabby fellow with a dead peasant protruding from the breast of his coat.

"But the King's handsome face beamed, and he laughed his gay and tolerant laugh.

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

Table with columns A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z listing names and addresses.

SEAMEN'S LIST.

Table listing names of seamen and their respective ships.

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A BROKEN-DOWN SYSTEM. This is a condition (or disease) to which do not give heavy nature, but gives first of them really understand. It is simply weakness—a break-down, a failure of the vital force that sustains the system. No matter what may be its cause (for they are all most numerous), its symptoms are such the same: loss of vitality, depression of spirits, and want of energy for all the duties of life. Now, what is the remedy? It is a course of life. Now, what is the remedy? It is a course of life. Now, what is the remedy? It is a course of life.

THERAPION No. 3. This is a course of life. Now, what is the remedy? It is a course of life. Now, what is the remedy? It is a course of life.

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