"Tell Him I Loathe Him."

CHAPTER XX.

A LOVE TRAGEDY.

'WHAT is the use of all that?' inquired Loyd-Mostyn easily. 'If you wanted so much to do that, why did not you do it on the day that you married my cousin, Miss Virginia Beaufort?

A quiver passed over Bebe like tha which marks the loins of a terrified horse. She almost sprang from Chapman's arms, her face turned in the direction of his accuser. Her blind eyes seemed struggling violently beneath their veil.

'The day he married Miss Virginia Beauford!' she repeated, like a faint echo that some intervening hill has given a tone like sobbing.

'Is it impossible that he has not told you that? questioned Loyd-Mostyn. 'I fancied that would be the subject nearest his heart for future boasting. It was romantic enough to have formed the basis for any novel. I suppose you can laugh now with the rest of us at the violence and insanity of your infatuation, eh, Childes?'

But something, he knew not what, in Bebe's manner seemed to have attracted Chapman even from the old enemy. He was silent, watching the girl with peculiar unrest.

'Oh, I see!' continued Loyd-Mostyn, breaking the intense silence that followed his speech. 'You have not overcome it. Then why in the name of all that is wonderful have you ruined this young girl's life as you have? You claimed that I wronged you before. You claimed that I tempted you to deceive Virginia Beaufort into the marriege that spoild her life. May I ask who tempted you to deceive this young girl into believing herself your wife, when you know that you have one already?'

'You—lie!' exclaimed Chapman, so hoarsely that one would have found it difficult to recognize his voice. 'And for that lie——'

'Oh, come!' interrupted Loyd-Mostyn carelessly. 'Do you mean to assert there never waa a marriage? I can assure you, madam, upon the word of an eye-witness, that he did marry Miss Virginia Beaufort, and that to-day she is his wife.'

Because of the insinuation against Bebe, Chapman sprang by her and clasped his fingers about the throat of the man.

The girl rushed frantically forward, but before she could reach them Loyd-Mostyn was forced to his knees.

A scream so shrill that it seemed to echo and re-echo through every portion of the aged forest fell from the girl's lips.

It was quickly, almost instantaneously, answered by Charlie Quintard, accompanied by his fiancee

With a smothed exclamation, Quintard threw himself between the two men.

It is impossible to say what might not been the result of the encounter but for his timely interference.

With whitened cheeks Miss Beaufort watched until he had succeeded in throwing Loyd-Mostyn backward; then with an exclamation of horror recognized Chapman.

'You! she cried, her voice quivering with irrepressible excitement. 'What does it all mean? My God!'

The ejaculation was called for by recognizing Chapman's assailant. She staggared and caught herself by the trunk of a tree.

Loyd-Mostyn had already recovered his perfect self-possession. A smile of bitterest scorn played about his mouth.

'This is a pleasure that I did not anticipate!' he said coldly. 'I was not aware that you were in the same country with this gentleman, or Miss Virginia, but I suppose the old infatuation still exists. Perhaps you may be willing to do that young lady a service by admitting that the gentleman from whose murderous assault your friend has delivered me is your husband.'

The look upon the lovely face was frightful.

Chapman stood as a man does who is condemned to death, knowing that release is impossible. In that hour he would have sacrificed his life for the foolish privilege of concealing his identity from her.

A gasping sigh escaped him, heard and understood to a very limited extent by Loyd-Mostyn.

'What is it you mean?' demanded Miss Beaufort, some horrible fear seeming to be tugging at her heart.

'Is it posssible that even as I did, you have failed to recognize in Edwin Chapman the man whom you married—Erle Devereux Childes?'

Bebe was listening with an intent that was painful, but she seemed to have been forgotten. No one noticed the curious stare in the blind eyes, no one saw the tightly clinched fingers that were making great gashes in the tender flesh of the other hand, no one observed the short, gasping breath that she seemed trying to suppress in order to hear all the more distinctly.

It was Virginia whom they were watching, Virginia whom they saw spring forward and lay her hand upon Chapman's arm.

'Tell me that it is not true!' she cried hoarsely. 'Tell me that you are not Erle Devereux! I cannot, will not believe it! Speak to me! Is it true?'

'God help me, it is!' he answered bitterly, turning aside as though that could deafen her to his groan.

A silence fell upon them, broken by a voice that contained the note of death.

It was Bebe!

Slowly she had groped her way to the side of Miss Beaufort, the small hand was placed upon her arm, the white, set face was lifted, and in a voice that no words could describe she whispered:

'Tell me. Is what that man said the truth?'

And Miss Beaufort, without looking at the face that might have told it so much of its wearer's mental struggle, without intending to do the hideous thing that she did, answered:

'Yes! Heaven help us all, it is true!'

With a laugh that told them all the truth, Bebe threw up her arms and flung herself face downward among the heather.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Flight of Bebe.

With a smothered sob, Chapman kneeled reverently beside the form of his prostrate wife. His whole being was quivering with conflicting emotions, but, as he lifted that ghastly, strangely changed face to his own, he forgot all but pity for the blind girl whose sweet, pure life had been so suddenly broken.

The hatred in his heart against Loyd-Mostyn was even forgotten in his hideous fear for her. She shivered as if under the influence of intense cold, while the terrible laugh was frozen to silence upon her lips.

'Bebe,' he whispered, 'speak to me, little one. Tell me that you knew all this wretched story before from your father!'

For the first time the blindness of the sweet eyes became apparent to all,

It seemed to strike Chapman with a peculiar force that was uncanny. He shrunk away from her with a low, quickly suppressed exclamation.

'My father—my father!' she moaned, closing her eyes wearily. 'Poor Edwin! poor Bebe!'

Helplessly Chapman gazed upward, his eyes meeting the sympathetic ones of Charlie Quintard, who stepped forward and placed his hand upon the shoulder of his old friend

'You'd better take her home and send for a doctor, Chapman!' he exclaimed huskily. 'Don't be frightened, old fclow. She is suffering only from the effects of the shock. Let me help you to get her home.'

Mechanically Chapman acceded to the proposition, his own face scarcely less lined and ghastly than the insensate one that rested upon his bosom.

Virginia Beaufort, meanwhile, was forgotten, save by Quintard.

Very silently, with fixed, glassy eyes, she was watching Chapman, watching him with parted lips and bated breath, forgetful of Quintard, Loyd-Mostyn, and even Bebe, remembering only what she had lost by her own mad folly, her stubborn pride.

It would have been difficult to understand her emotions from the expression of her set, cold face, but her hands were clasped above her wild beating heart, as if to force it into subjection!

She became conscious only when she felt the touch of Quintard's hand upon her arm, and glanced up at him with a shuddering start.

'We are going to get her home, Chapman and I,' he said gently. 'Will you come?'

(To be continued.)

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Tim Shannahan on the Industrial Exhibition. He Suggests a Holiday.

I see we're going to have an Industrial Exhibition on the last of October, said Mrs. Tucker, as she laid down the **Telegram,** and also an Agricultural Show. We must be on hand, Tim, and take these in.

"Do you know," says she, "I was thinking what a strange people we are. We find it no trouble to close for a sham battle, but we're too busy to shut up shop to see these Exhibitions. They tell me all the factory hands are going to get a half holiday, and they tell me, mind you, they are going to be paid for it."

"That's wonderful," said Delancy, as he gave one of his haw-haws. "They're breaking their hearts, sure enough, and the worgmen out to put a 'notch in the beam' for 'tis the only holiday ever they got paid for in their lives."

"Don't be 'cross-acling,'" said Mrs. Tucker. "Take all the good things that are coming your way and don't be throwing obstacles in the road. We should have a close up day all round for this Exhibition, and the clerks and the lady assistants should get a chance to see the show. What humour is a man in to go to an exhibition after warking till half-past nine? Why I was over to Harbor Grace this summer when their Exhibition was on, and every shop in the town was closed up black. Harbor Gracians are a long way ahead of us in this respect. They can close up over there at a moment's notice, and the people of that town are no small potatoes in the way of business, and don't you forget it. If we are going to boom our industries we must get people interested, and the only way we can do that is to get all the people to visit the Exhibition and afford them a chance of seeing what is made in the country. It's no use having the employees of the factories looking at their own work, what we want is to interest those on the outside. Get all the outport people to come to the show. Shut down business on the wharves and in the stores for one half day at least. It will give the outharbor man and the city man a chance to meet and talk the matter over, and I'm sure 'twill be the means of boosting trade. Get all the school children to visit the Exhibition and give them an early impression of what can be done in their own country. We are only waking up to the fact that we have valuable industries in the country, and 'tis only now we are learning to have a good word for ourselves. If, then, we allow the Exhibition to go off without giving the shop-hands a chance to see it, it will have a bad effect on the success of the enterprise. The enthusiasm of the clerks should be aroused, for it lies in their hands to push the sales of the homemade articles."

"We should have plenty music," said Mrs. Tucker, "for those Exhibitions are inclined to become monotonous. Looking at boots and twine, soap and cans of paint, is tiresome work if not enlivened with the strains of the 'Banks of Newfoundland' now and again. Not all 'Banks of Newfoundland,' you know, an odd dab at it, just to show we're getting fond of our country. One band is not enough, they take too long a spell between the tunes. Give us two bands, so as one can begin when the other knocks off, and have them play good old-fashioned airs like we used to hear from Johnny Bennett."

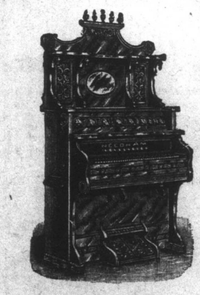
And that's true. What's wrong with getting Bennett's Band, the people love the strains from Bennett's cornet.

A few good talkers telling us about the different industries would enliven things up a bit also, providing, of course, he would know when to knock off and not give us any big long figures to wrestle with.

But don't, now for goodness sake, don't trot out a politician who will cry over the industries, they have been wept over for many years; now let us enliven them a bit and bring them into real life.

TIM SHANNAHAN.

ORGANS



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