

ONE LOVE TOO MANY

OR THE FUGITIVE BRIDE
By P. W. CHAPPEL

"Bel," he whispered, brokenly, "you stab me to the heart."

"Oh, Charley, Charley!" she cried, frightened and unsteady. "Oh, what shall I do? Oh, how can I bear to see this?"

She struggled to free herself from his grasp, and stood up before him wringing her hands. Suddenly she threw her arms around him and fell to crying with him. Which was doubtless the best thing she could have done, for it then became his turn to essay the role of comforter, and being more skilled in such matters than she, he succeeded so well that when the sheriff knocked at the door soon after, he found them sitting quietly upon the sofa, talking about that ever memorable first of October.

"Surrender to the law," he said, bristling, "but time's up. You see I wouldn't exactly like it known that you've been out to-night, Mr. Marshall, so I'll have to get you back before daylight. I'll get witnesses to your wife's identity the first thing in the morning, and you can be out again by noon. The next thing will be to get bail for her, and then, if you choose, you can get aboard the five o'clock train and be down to Marshall House in time for supper."

Mr. Judson looked the personification of a fat, respectable good genius, and as he beamed upon them with his pleading suggestions, Charley felt deeply grateful and rose reluctantly to go. Bel rose with him.

"Charley," she said, "please come back here the first moment you are at liberty. I want to say something to you before you apply for bail."

"Never fear," he replied, "but that you will see me the first moment I am free."

He looked at her fondly, kissed her hand and then her lips right before the sheriff, and turning, hastily walked out into the darkness. He stood in the door where he had left her, her cheeks burning, her eyes bright with mingled emotions of modesty and tenderness.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Bel had in Weston several acquaintances whom she named to the sheriff as "good and sufficient witnesses," and shortly after breakfast she had been lawfully proved to be the true "Belinda Marshall, nee Pointer."

Jim was duly telegraphed to, and immediately set out for Weston upon his high trotter, "Nance," in a state of exhilaration delightful to behold. It would take four hours' hard riding to get him there, and very little if any in advance of the regular train, but this was better to him than the irksome waiting for its hour of starting. His old hands trembled with eagerness as he went out and saddled his horse, and he could scarcely make the buckles fit into their accustomed holes. On the road he laughed, sang, yelled and conducted himself generally that the women and children ran out of their houses as he passed and looked after him with fear and astonishment. One small person of African descent ran back to his mother howling, "mammy, mammy! he's a crazy man done throwed me a doilah! Does you reckon he's a-con-jurin' of me?" Mammy being a person of advanced ideas, sniffed scornfully, went out with the tongue, picked up the money, fumigated it and put it in her pocket much to the disgust of her defrauded old spring.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

Well, gentle reader, the tale is told. The wife and her lover are tender and happier perhaps than if they had never aimed and achieved. Jim Pointer is proud and satisfied, but not much given to society or its follies. He lives serenely in his own home, and will not accept the hand of some apartment so cheerily offered him at Marshall House, though he visits the young people daily with evident enjoyment. He will address his son in-law as "Mr. Charley," and the latter still calls him "Jim," yet he is a proud and happy man, and is never by word or look made to feel himself a drop.

Bel makes a rare and lovely mistress of Marshall House, and year by year grows greater in Charley's heart. As her presence has shown, her is a more earnest nature than his, but he is ever gentle and true to her, and in her young heart she sees no lack. Peace and prosperity reign at Marshall House.

Bel has erected a tomb to Aunt Phibby's memory, and Charley has presented old Maria with the "forty acres and a mule," so dear to the freedman's heart. He has also furnished her place with all necessities and comforts, and given her money till she considers herself a second Croesus.

Miss Valine has never revisited county, and Bel has seen her but once since that hazy glimpse in the car. She and Charley went down on the Esplanade to St. Louis, and, upon entering a large dry goods establishment, espied the cold beauty they so well remembered. She was at a stand staring some time. Charley turned his head aside, but Bel, dropping his arm, walked up to her old rival.

"Miss Valine!" she said, touching the girl's arm lightly.

Dore stared and turned round.

"Miss Valine!" repeated Bel. "I ask your forgiveness for the sin I committed against you."

Dore stared at her with a little scornful curl of the lip.

"What difference does it make whether or not we have my forgiveness?" she said, lightly, "since you already have that of the law?"

"Nevertheless," persisted Bel, "I desire yours."

"Does your husband send you to me with this request?" asked Miss Valine, maliciously, with a glance at Charley.

"No," said Bel, quietly, "he thinks with you that you have nothing to forgive."

"Oh," said the girl, a little nettled, "is that the case? Then why do you ask me?"

"Because," replied Bel, with grave dignity, "whatever the law or my husband may say to the contrary, I know I have sinned against you, and in that belief sincerely desire your pardon."

Such sentiments were past Miss Valine's comprehension.

"My dear madam," she said, flippantly, "I once said I would give you some trouble. I believe I have kept my word, and that your account is pretty well balanced. Therefore, I bear you no malice, and am quite ready to add my mite to the sweetness of your honeymoon. Certainly, Mrs. Charles Rupert Marshall, nee Pointer, I forgive you. Certainly you have my pardon, with a sweeping courtesy, and the same old smile so well remembered by her listener.

"Thanks," said Bel, quietly, and went back to Charley.

He was very red in the face.

"Why did you subject yourself to her insolence?" he asked, frowning.

"Because," said Bel, "I considered it a part of my atonement. Now," she added, drawing herself up with a proud gesture, "now, at last, I am free!"

THE END.

A Sluggish, Inactive Liver

When the liver is clogged by the inactivity of the kidneys and bowels, it becomes torpid and fails to filter the bile from the blood, thus producing biliousness and a general impairment of the digestive system. The tongue is coated, the head aches, digestion is imperfect; there is aching of the limbs and back, feelings of fullness, weight and soreness over the stomach and liver; the eyes become yellow and jaundiced, and the complexion muddy; the urine is scanty and highly colored, and the bowels irregular, constipated and loose, alternating. There is little use of treating the liver separately, as it can never be set right until the kidneys and bowels are made active in removing the waste matter from the body. It is for this very reason that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have always proved so wonderfully successful in curing the most chronic cases of liver complaint, biliousness and constipation, and all ailments of the kidneys, liver and bowels. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box. All dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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in his death a sadder tragedy than this. His very action in attempting the ruin of his rival had been the means of bringing him into possession of the woman they both loved. Perhaps he thought that he himself had commiserated his ending was more than his feeble and passionate nature could endure, and seeking the only relief he was aware of, he fled from the insupportable blunders and miseries of this world into "the evil that we know not of."

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He Had Some Information.

Saturday Evening Post.—Alben P. Mm, the inventor of incandescent lighting by the use of carbon filament in a vacuum, is still active, strong and industrious, though well beyond the three-score-and-ten years' limit. He looks more like a huncher than a scientist, and in the subdued light of a lecture room appears at a distance like a young man. Not long ago he attended a lecture in Brooklyn, New York, upon the higher problems of electrical science, delivered by a professor with many titles and degrees. At the close the speaker called for comments and criticisms from the audience.

Man, who was sitting well back in the hall, arose and, quoting a long statement from the lecture concerning a difficult process, asked if he had heard it correctly.

"With remarkable accuracy, sir," replied the lecturer. "They are almost my very words."

The inventor then clearly but cogently laid the lecturer's argument to pieces, greatly to the latter's astonishment and to the amusement of the audience. As he sat down the lecturer said:—

"I can hardly reply at present. You seem to have some information on the subject."

"Yes," replied Mr. Man. "I discovered the process myself nearly thirty years ago."

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