

"Tell Him I Loathe Him."

CHAPTER XVII. TWO BROKEN HEARTS.

HERE was such wistfulness in the tone, even under the brilliant smile, that he trembled like a child beneath it.

"Why do you ask my forgiveness?" he cried passionately. "What is my pain to you? You are cruel! Do you know what you are doing? You are making me false to all the better resolutions of a man's nature."

"You mean your faithfulness to your friend?" Her face grew very white. She thought she saw a little difficulty arising, one of which she had never dreamed.

"It is so much better that I should not tell you what I mean, Duchess," he answered wearily. "What difference can it make? I cannot remain here with you."

"I will tell the servant," she replied frigidly. He was glad of the change in her manner, glad of her coldness, and unwilling to risk himself any further he started for the door.

But the weakness of mortal nature overtook him as he realized that he was about to leave her presence forever, and he turned to her again.

"Will you let me say good-by?" he asked in a voice rendered almost inaudible from his attempt to steady it. "I am going away to-morrow. It may be an eternal farewell."

He was looking directly at her, and through the mist that swept before his eyes, he saw how deadly white she had grown. He saw her stagger. There was nothing by which she could catch herself, and for the sake of humanity he sprang forward and threw his arms about her to support her.

She misunderstood the act. She did not lift herself from his breast, but leaned against him, unable from lack of strength to regain her composure.

"You are going away!" she whispered. "You are leaving me forever!" And then, for the first time, he saw it all.

A low cry fell from his lips. He forgot his newly made wife, forgot the honor that he esteemed above his own happiness, forgot everything upon earth save that he held her to his breast. He drew her closer; he lifted the startled face to his own.

SELF CURE NO FICTION! MARVEL UPON MARVEL! NO SUFFERER! NEED NOW DESPAIR!

YOU will not take me away soon, will you, Edwin? In the Sherwood Forest, where I can hear the voice of Robin Hood, I seem to find eternal delight.

"I cannot see the waste and change of which you speak, but I can hear the swift purring of the crystalline brooks, I can feel the coolness of the sweet, limpid springs and beautiful sheets of water."

"How was she to know anything of the death that lurked in his eyes? How was she to understand that which he called her 'Angel'?"

"Others saw the tragedy in his face, but no one ever had the courage to refer to it in the hearing of the sweet, blind, child-wife."

"His tenderness to her never faltered! His attentions were those of an indefatigable slave! He anticipated her every desire!"

He waited upon her with the devotion of a lover, but Bebe herself was the only one who was ever deceived upon the subject; she herself, who might have been the first to read the fatal truth, was the only one who suspected nothing of the living perdition he endured.

"I am afraid I have been very thoughtless, little one," he said tenderly. "I do not think that I considered it at all before, but I realize now that I have been racing you over the country at almost breakneck speed."

"Why did you not speak of it before, Angel? I hope you are not afraid to make your wishes known to me, dear? It is perfectly absurd, now that I think of it! Let me see! Why, I don't think a balloon could cover ground much more rapidly than we have."

"I really laughable. We have been all over Russia, and Prussia, and Persia, and France, and Spain, and Germany, and Ireland, and oh, it is too absurd to think of it! And here we are in England, in the heart of Sherwood Forest! I declare you deserve a medal. Bebe, there is not another woman in Christendom that would have honored a man as you have done me! I shall repay you for it by remaining here just as long as ever you desire!"

"You shall see how patient I shall become. I tell you what we will do, dear. We left off on the tenth chapter of 'Longing' something like six months ago, did we not? Suppose we take it up to-day and finish it before we leave Mansfield?"

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The busy housewife will not fail to recognize in the accompanying illustration, a most attractive and practical outfit, consisting of apron, cap and sleeves. It will afford protection to the daintiest gown, and will leave the hair neat and tidy even after a busy morning's work.

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Table listing unclaimed letters with columns for names and addresses. Includes entries for Adams, Miss Bond St.; Fraser, A. M.; Luther, Miss Jessie; Roberts, Mrs. James; and many others.

SEAMEN'S LIST.

Table listing seamen with columns for names and ship names. Includes entries for Thorne, Frederick; Ryan, John J.; Winsor, Arthur; Reid, Richard; and many others.

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