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BY HUGH CONWAY.

Author of "Called Back" and "Dark Days"

CHAPTER XXX CONTINUED.

"What a pity," said Beatrice, "that I have come so long to see you. I have much to say to you... Can we go to some place where we can talk?"

"Yes, we can go to my home," Beatrice called her boy, and Frank, glad of anything to break the awkwardness of the moment, greeted the little fellow and made friends with him to such purpose that he insisted upon Mr. Carruthers holding his chubby hand and walking with him.

"What a pity that that bright hair!" said Frank to Beatrice. "It was more than pity—it was cruel, but it was cruel necessity," she said sadly.

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"How are they all at home?" she asked. "How are my mother and dear old mother?" Her eyes were full of tears.

"Do you know why I left?" she asked. "A look of pain settled on Carruthers' face. "Yes," he said, softly. "Chance has given me your story. But to me only to you."

"Do you know all—that I have done, all that I have suffered?" He rose. There was strange agitation in his manner and voice.

"All?" he exclaimed. "Beatrice! how can I find words to tell you what I know? Beatrice, did I not just now hear that child call you mother?"

"Yes, he is my son," she said, calmly. "All?" continued Carruthers, excitedly. "Need I know all? Need I be racked by hearing the one I love tell me all? Need I pain her by forcing her to hear me? Have I not heard enough? Why should I seek to know more?"

"Let me tell you my story, Frank," she said, beseechingly. "No!" He spoke in that imperious tone which she had once before, in a slight degree, noticed.

"No!" he said, Listen to me, Beatrice, believe me, I have longed to tell you all that I have done. If I have surprised your secrets it was not for my own ends. Beatrice, when chance showed me where you were I came to you with but one object. This I have done. I have told you all that I have done.

"You love me," he went on, passionately. "Is it for my sake you will not do this thing? Look at me—read in my eyes what my heart desires—know that you have the power of making or marring a man's life. Beatrice! My love, my one love, answer me!"

"I have nothing to forgive. From whom did you think I fled—from what danger? Frank, I fled from the man who is my husband—the man who more than five years ago took advantage of a girl's folly, married her and made her life a misery."

his first thought upon hearing the truth should have been one of sorrow showed him that he could not resist the temptation and degradation which no love could excuse or condone. He blushed for himself, and for the sake of his manhood strove until he regained composure. There was a strange calm on his face when, once more, he drew near Beatrice.

"Tell me all," he said, in a quiet voice. "No, don't fear for me." She glanced at him inquiringly. "Tell me all; I can bear it. I can help you."

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"Yes, do you know him?" "I have seen him twice." As he spoke Carruthers involuntarily clenched his hands. There was a kind of savage satisfaction in thinking under what conditions he last saw the rogue. He wished he had struck even harder. He frowned, and his mouth grew hard and stern. Beatrice saw the facial change.

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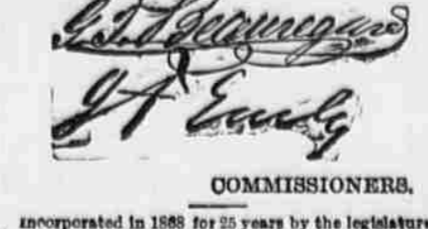
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[TO BE CONTINUED]

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