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THE BLOW THAT KILLED

Or. The Beginning of the End :: :

CHAPTER XVII.

Edith Melville, under pretext of a headache, which her face did not belie, returned home immediately, promising her husband to send back the carriage for him.

Shortly after, Beatrice, obeying a secret sign from Leroy, rejoined him in the retired boudoir, which recalled to them both the most culpable incident of their lives. She sat down beside him on the luxurious sofa with a haughty nonchalance.

"Well, what is it?" she asked.

"Why do you watch me so closely?" demanded Leroy. "It is unworthy of you."

"Ah, an explanation? Disagreeable thing. It is the first between us—at least let it be quiet and complete."

She spoke in a voice of constrained passion; her eyes fixed on her dainty foot, which twisted in her dainty shoe.

"Well, tell the truth," she abruptly said. "You are in love with your wife?"

He shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"Unworthy of you, I repeat," he said. "What then, were these delicate attentions to her?"

"You ordered me to marry her, but not to kill her, I suppose?"

She made a strange movement of her eyebrows, which he did not see, for neither of them looked at the other. After a pause she said almost wildly:

"She has her son! She has her mother! I have no one but you. Hear me, Leroy; do not make me jealous, for when I am so, ideas torment me which terrify even myself. What an instant. Since we are on this subject, you love her, tell me so. You know the way you know I am not fond of pretty affectations. Well, I fear so much the sufferings and humiliations of which I have a presentiment, I am so much afraid of myself that I here offer you and give you your liberty. I prefer this horrible grief, but which at least is open and noble, it is to snare that I set for you, believe me. Look at me, I seldom weep." The dark blue of her eyes were bathed in tears. "Yes," she continued vehemently, "I am sincere. I beg of you, if it is so, profit by this moment, for if you let escape you will never find it again."

Leroy Melville was little prepared for this proposed proposal. The idea of his breaking off his relations with her had never entered his mind. The secret intimacy seemed to him very recognizable with the sentiments his wife could inspire him with.

It was at the same time the greatest wickedness and the perpetual danger of his life, but it was also the excitement, the pride and the magnificent voluptuousness of it.

He shuddered.

The idea of losing the love which had cost him so dear disengaged him. He cast a burning glance on this beautiful face, refined and exalted as that of a warning arch-angel.

"My life is yours," he said. "How could you have dreamed of breaking like ours? How could you have snared yourself, or even thought of my feelings toward another? I do what honor and humanity command me—nothing more. As for you—I love you—understand that."

"Is it true?" she asked joyously, "It is true. I believe you."

She took his hand and gazed at him a moment without speaking; her eyes dimmed her bosom palpitating, then suddenly rising she said:

"My friend, you know I have guests, and hurriedly kissing him, she left the boudoir, a satisfied smile playing about his lips.

This scene, however, left the most disagreeable impression on the mind of Leroy.

He thought of it impatiently the next morning while trying a new horse in Central Park—when suddenly he found himself face to face with Senator Raymond's former secretary Forbes. He had never seen this personage since the evening he had shown that fatal letter to Edith.

The park was almost deserted at this hour. Forbes could not avoid, as he had probably done more than once, encountering him.

Seeing himself recognized, he saluted Leroy and stopped, with an uneasy smile on his lips.

His worn black coat and doubtful linen showed a poverty unacknowledged but profound. Leroy did not notice these details, or his natural generosity would have been awakened and have curbed the sudden indignation which took possession of him.

"Ah, it is you, Mr. Forbes," he said. "You have left Boston, then?"

"What are you doing now?"

"I am looking for a situation. Mr. Melville," said Forbes, humbly, who knew the editor too well not to read in the curl of his moustache the prognostic of a storm.

"And why," said Leroy, "do you not return to your trade of locksmith?"

You are skillful at it. The most complicated locks had no secrets for you."

"I do not understand your meaning," muttered Forbes.

"A nice fellow you are!" and throwing out these words with an accent of withering scorn, Leroy struck him a sharp blow across the shoulder with his riding whip and then calmly passed on at a walk.

Forbes was truly in search of a place, that is, had he consented to accept one for his talents; but he was as yet unremembered, one of those whose vanity was greater than his merits, and one, too, who loved employment better than work.

He had at this eventful period fallen into the very depths of want and distress which, if aggravated, would prompt him on to evil, and even to crime.

After his encounter with Leroy in the park, fairly mad with rage, he immediately turned his steps towards Miss Selina's house, and an hour later had the pleasure of knowing all he knew of the liaison between the distinguished editor and the Senator's wife, and was welcomed with the customary precautions;

tions; and this time we shall follow him there.

In traversing the garden, he raised his eyes to the window of the Senator's own private room, and saw a dim light burning behind the curtains.

Beatrice awaited him at the door of a lower room, which opened on a passage at an elevation of a few feet. He kissed her fervently, and in a few words told her of her husband's sadness.

She replied that she had been very uneasy about his health for some days. This explanation seemed natural to Leroy, who followed her through the dark and silent rooms.

She held in her hand a small lamp, the feeble light of which threw on her delicate features a strange pallor.

When they passed up the long winding staircase, the rustling of her dress was the only sound which betrayed her movement.

She stopped from time to time, all shivering as if to better taste the draught which surrounded her, turned her shapely blond head a little to look at Leroy, then cast on him her inspiring smile, and laid her hand on her breast as if to say, "I am fearful," and continued to proceed.

They at length reached her boudoir, where a dim lamp faintly illuminated the sumptuous magnificence, the sculptured wainscoting, and the heavy draperies.

The door stood open, and yet both seemed reluctant to enter.

Leaning against the wall, he traced with his fingers the marks of contempt, which whitened her heart.

It was true she had been badly compensated of the anonymous letter by which she and the ex-secretary had previously attempted to open the Governor's eyes; from that moment the Senator, Beatrice and Leroy himself, without an open conflict, and to be revenged on Barlow and Leroy. They should be made to suffer, and the Senator's wealth should become hers.

These revelations, though not unexpected, filled the woman's soul with joy, She at once resolved that her kinsman, the Senator, should know all.

She seated herself on the warm-hearted old man. She caressed him with her feelings. She cared only for his property, and to be revenged on Barlow and Leroy. They should be made to suffer, and the Senator's wealth should become hers.

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