DE BELLEVILLE'S WIVES.

THEY NEITHER DIVORCED FROM ONE WOMAN AND CLAIMED BY TWO.

Denying his Marriage with an Australian Beauty who Accuses him of Cruelty and of an Attempt on her Life—Mysterious Allusion to her Death for a Divorcee.

Edith De Belleville's suit against Frederick De Belleville, now an actor at the Union Square Theatre, is about to come up in the Supreme Court before Judge Donohue on her motion for alimony and counsel fee. Mrs. De Belleville asks for $25 a week, and says that Mr. De Belleville receives $125 weekly salary. She describes herself as penniless, and without any means of support whatever. She is a handsome young woman, 26 years of age.

In her complaint she says she was married to De Belleville at Geelong, Australia, on Jan. 1, 1880. She asks for an absolute divorce, on the ground of his relations with Miss Effie Fletcher, with whom he is now living at the Sheridan House. In his answer Mr. De Belleville denies that he was ever married to the plaintiff. He says that in May, 1878, he was married at London to a Miss Julia J. Josephs, and that he was still her husband at the time of his alleged marriage with Mrs. Edith De Belleville. Subsequently he procured a divorce from Miss Josephs, and on Oct. 30 last he was legally married to Miss Fletcher.

Mrs. De Belleville recites in a long affidavit her story of her engagement and married life. She says that she was born in Melbourne in March, 1858, and first met De Belleville in November, 1878. She was then a pupil at the Australia Female Seminary near Melbourne, kept by a Miss Grant. When he asked her to marry him she refused, in Mrs. Hurd's service, because he was a comparative stranger. He seemed very disconsolate, and made her promise to write to him. He left town, and soon afterward she received a letter reproaching her for not writing. She says she discovered then that she loved him, and she telegraphed and wrote to him. He answered as follows:

ADELAIDE, Friday, Nov. 22, 1878.

DEAR EDIE: I received your telegram yesterday—somewhat late, but welcome. This morning my letter was set on some by your sister, and I answered it immediately. I am so sorry you have been ill. * * * I will leave for Melbourne in the afternoon, and try and get a living somewhere. For I have saved no little, and that will soon be gone. However, I don't despair. I have courage and a strong will, and I shall succeed. Dear child, I don't want to have a regret upon your affections, but if you really care for me I shall be glad to see you and have a chat—that is, if you care to. I am very miserable and unhappy. Shall you be glad to see me? I wonder if * * * is good to your sister Edith. Write.

When he returned De Belleville again urged her to marry him, and the daughters of Mrs. Hurd sided with him, and on their advice she consented. He wrote her an affectionate letter and gave her an engagement ring. He soon began to show such excessive jealousy that she broke with him and took off the ring. He wrote a recital of remorse and entreaty, and signed "Your own Fred for life, he hopes." Then he called on her and threatened to kill himself. She relented and renewed the engagement, but soon broke it off again. She then received the note from him:

ADELAIDE, Wed. Why do you treat me like a dog? I am heartbroken. You play with me. Do you think it is right to send a man home nearly mad? In what I said there was no harm. I try in every way to please you, and the first thing you say is good by. I don't care what becomes of me. I don't seem to please you in any way. You take no trouble to keep me. If I thought it would make you happy I would end my misery immediately. As it is, I am miserable. I am so sorry you have been ill. * * * I will leave for Melbourne in the afternoon, and try and get a living somewhere. For I have saved no little, and that will soon be gone. However, I don't despair. I have courage and a strong will, and I shall succeed. Dear child, I don't want to have a regret upon your affections, but if you really care for me I shall be glad to see you and have a chat—that is, if you care to. I am very miserable and unhappy. Shall you be glad to see me? I wonder if * * * is good to your sister Edith. Write.

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