

The Torture Of Love

By C. C. L.

Then can you wonder that her face turned white and her heart almost stopped beating when she faced her lover of old.

"Good afternoon," Jack said, "with extended hand."

Mary answered him coldly but ignored the outstretched hand. "How are you?" he next asked.

"Very well, thank you," she answered in the same cold tone.

"Would you like to go to a picture show? I should like to talk to you." "No, indeed," Mary replied "I am going to meet my husband."

"Oh, very well," he answered in sneering tones.

See you again sometime when hubby is away."

Just then the car that Mary had thought would never come slowly came to a stop. And Mary left the man she once thought she loved without a word.

Never will Mary forget that home coming; also, the days that followed were a whirling Kaleides cope of imagined horror.

She had thought the old dim horror over and done with, but now she knew it never would be.

Maybe Jack would come to Mark with the story, or maybe some of the letters she had written him still existed. Had she been mad this last happy year to forget the danger in which she stood?

Her breath almost stopped short

"Oh, if I had only told Mark, my dear good husband; now I might disgrace him forever," were her thoughts, as she lay tossing in her bed long after her husband was asleep. A thousand different menaces threatened her.

She was still the beautiful Mrs. Andrews. None of her friends or even her husband suspected the trouble she was in.

Much as she loved her husband, it was a great relief to her when his ship was ordered back to Mexican waters.

On the night before the departure of the ship, the officers gave a ball and banquet.

Lieutenant Andrews had looked forward to enjoying the last evening of his visit at home with his wife and friends.

After Mary had put the babies to bed, she threw herself across the bed; her strength was fast leaving her under the strain.

"Please go without me, dear," she begged.

When Lieutenant Mark saw his wife so exhausted, he took her in his arms and said,

"What is it darling, that is making you so nervous and ill?"

Mary put her head on his shoulder and cried bitterly, her wet face pressed close to his heart, his arms holding her tight.

"It's, it's because I love you so much," she sobbed.

Then she insisted upon him going to the ball alone.

"Well, he said, I will be back in an hour, darling," as he kissed her good-bye.

He had gone but a few moments when the door bell rang and the maid brought Mary the card bearing Jack's name and saying that the gentleman insisted upon seeing her mistress when she, the maid, had told him Mrs. Andrews was ill.

He had watched the house and saw her husband leave, and knew that Mary was alone.

She dragged her self from the bed, put on a house dress and went down stairs.

She felt as a person who had just swallowed poison; agonies that would drive the life from her body.

When she entered the reception room, Jack stood smiling and handsome in evening dress.

As she approached him, he tried to take her in his arms, but she pushed him away with all her strength.

"Come, Come, Mary," he said, trying to soothe her.

"I don't want to harm you, only let me love you once in awhile"

"My God, girl, my very soul is thirsting for you" he cried holding her closer.

"Love you," she cried wildly. "No, no I will die first. All the affection I ever felt for you is dead, long ago."

"Wretch," she panted, "let me go I will call the servants."

"Call them," he said mockingly; Call them, and I will let your handsome devoted husband know how his darling wife has lain in my arms for hours; how I have kissed your lovely face time and again. Right here, in my pocket, are the letters you have written me, begging me to name our wedding day, as you loathed the way we were living," he continued.

Can you live with Mary through those awful moments expecting every second her husband to return and find her in the arms of a mad man?

"Yes, yes," she wailed "Anything only leave me now."

He kissed her passionately again, then released her, and taking his hat from the rack left her, saying as he stood in the doorway:

"Remember I expect you to keep your promise."

Mary knew now there would be no escape.

"Oh God, she moaned, the horrible scandal, and to think any girl could cloud her life this way."

Like a tired child, she crept back into bed, and with a sigh dropped her head on the pillow and from sheer exhaustion she fell asleep.

When she awakened, the dawn was breaking; her husband was up and dressing. She arose and hurriedly prepared to accompany him to the ship.

When they reached the ship, the level waste of the sea was pearl color and rose under a slowly rising mist.

Husband and wife stood on deck hand in hand, and watched the birth of the day. As the shining rays of the rising sun warmed her, hope and confidence crept once again into her heart.

After all, she was young and pretty, and her husband loved her, but at the thought of him leaving her in her bitter need of him in this desolate hour, Mary fell to violent crying again.

The sun shone high in the heavens as a bugler called "All visitors ashore." Mary clung to her husband in a last embrace.

"Be brave, my darling," Lieutenant Andrews said as he kissed her good-bye.

For weeks Mary did not hear from Jack. She filled her life caring for her babies and thinking of her husband.

She still smiled and no one noticed any thing strange in that smile.

A heart can bleed drop by drop, to its death, without even the loved ones knowing it, if the eyes of the person still beam with brightness, and Mary's eyes did.

She was just beginning to hope again that Jack had left Los Angeles, when the awful thing occurred.

It was a warm night in September. Mary was awakened by the loud peel of the door bell as it sounded through the silent house.

The servants were asleep which was a great relief to Mary.

She went stealthily down stairs and opened the door.

A messenger boy stood on the veranda, "Mrs. Anderson?" he asked. Mary nodded in the affirmative. He then handed her the message. With trembling hands Mary opened it and read:

"Please come at once. I am dying—Jack."

In a few moments Mary was ready and as she stepped on the walk, she thought "My God, a late home coming neighbor might see me, or maybe we will meet the policeman on his beat. He also knows me."

A block away a taxi-cab stood waiting to which the boy directed Mary.

When they reached the number, Mary told the driver to wait, she then bounded up the steps in nervous terror.

The door of the room stood open. She rushed in and saw Jack sitting on the in his pajamas with a revolver in his hand. As he came toward her, Mary thought he intended killing her, all her pleadings were in vain. Still holding the revolver in one hand he drew her to him in a fond embrace, crushing her to him kissing her white frightened face.

Then when he released her, he stepped back to the bed with a look

of raging self abhorrence and remorse. He turned the gun to his own heart and fired. As the shot rang out in the stillness of the dawn, Mary fled hysterically down the stairs.

The driver anxious to get away threw open the brakes and a few more minutes and Mary was safely back home. She gave the man a liberal fee and he drove off without a question.

Mary went into the nursery and falling on her knees thanked God again and again that the old horror was out of her life.

In the morning the maid found her unconscious, lying beside the babies' bed with her husband's photograph clutched in her hand.

A siege of brain fever ensued. As Mary grew well again, many were the prayers she offered up for the unfortunate man.

No one ever thought of connecting Mrs. Andrews with the unknown man who had left a note saying,

"With this money pay all expenses, do not try to find out who I am as there is no one who cares. I have taken my own life," the envelope was addressed to the Coroner.

Mary is a devoted mother and loving wife with no clouds in her sky.

But never will she forget her first unhappy love affair.

WONDERFUL CITY OF LONDON

Properly Speaking, There Are Five or More "Cities" Contained in the Great Metropolis.

London the goal of conquest of which the captain of every Zeppelin, every U boat and every other Teuton, has set his heart and eyes, is truly the hub of an empire whose center for its very bigness never ceases to attract the attention of the lover of numbers. But which of the five or more Londons do you mean? That inner London, which has one of the oldest courts of law in the world, is the city of London, whose population is diminishing. It has now less than 20,000 people. Outside of it is ecclesiastical London, diocesan London, so to speak, over which the bishop rules. Then comes the county of London, which has 4,521,685 people in it, against the total of 3,811,827 persons in the bishopric. In the next outer limit, the criminal court district, there are 6,610,031 souls. That makes four concentric Londons whose radius is tethered at Charing Cross. But out and beyond that lie those rapidly growing suburban units whose location the inner London has not only overtaken but is helping to fill up with astonishing rapidity. Greater London has an area of 699 square miles and a radius of 15 miles. This outer rim has 2,730,002 persons, making, with those within, a grand total of 7,254,683.—Wall Street Journal.

FOOTBALL WINS OVER CUPID

British Soldiers Turn From Writing Love-Letters to Devote Their Time to Favorite Game.

Football as a cure for love-sickness may appear to be a somewhat novel remedy, but it has proved particularly efficacious at the front, according to Lieutenant Crosby Smallpiece of the Army Service corps:

"For some time," he says, in an amusing letter written at the front, "the section of which I am in command was sent to rest at a base, and it was part of my duties to censor all the letters the men wrote home. They had nothing else to do but write letters, and the censoring became a very serious business for me, as I frequently had at night carefully to wade through 150 love-letters.

"Ultimately, however, the men secured a football. The result was quite magical. The men took to it so keenly that they played football all day, and had very little time left in which to write love-letters. After the introduction of the football I never had more than five love-letters to censor at night."—London Tit-Bits.

The Reason.
He leads a lazy life, that's true,
And loaf's till he's despised;
But he works for a merchant who
Has never advertised.

Ocular Proof.
Finnegan—Ye asked Mulligan phwat he thought av the Orangemen, did ye?
An' did he tell ye?
O'Brien (pointing to a black eye)—No, he showed me.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

More Interesting Than the Election

During the next few months the voters of Washington Parish will begin to take notice of the approaching election and wish to advise every man in the parish that at present Bogalusa is the most interesting place in Bogalusa because we are disposing of our stock of clothing and furnishings at low prices as a matter of fact below cost.

It will require a personal inspection to know the good things which await you

HARRY THE TAILOR

TAXES NOT DELINQUENT

There will be no penalty on delinquent taxes in the City of Bogalusa until the assessment roll as approved by the Parish Assessors has been received and filed with the Tax Collector for the City of Bogalusa.

J. K. Johnson,
Com. Accts and Finances.

Mrs. George Rich and daughter, Miss Bertha, left for their home in Houston, Texas, Friday after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. George Powell, of Ave E.

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