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## WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A Forgery.

"A little after four," said Seth. "Say twenty minutes, half-an-hour."  
 "Who was with him? The deceased?"  
 "She was."  
 "Alive?"  
 "Alive."  
 "Then you saw her killed? Be careful."  
 "I'm careful," replied Seth, doggedly. "I saw her killed; yes, shot."  
 "Now, on your oath; who fired the shot?"  
 "Bartley Bradstone!" was the grim reply.

No pen can describe the sensation which for the moment seemed to paralyze the court. The judge raised his head, the jury craned forward; a murmur that was almost a cry ran through the court.

Faradeane drew a deep sigh, and looked toward Olivia. For a second it seemed as if she were about to fall; but she caught her father's arm, and hid her face on his shoulder; then she turned and looked at Faradeane.  
 "Bartley Bradstone," said Seth. "I see it all. I knew he was to meet her. I watched 'em from under the brackets; I could have touched 'em a'most."  
 And in rapid but perfectly distinct words he told the story of the crime. Amusement sat upon every face. Mr. Sewell, himself pale and disturbed, held up his hand as McAndrew whispered in his ear.  
 "More slowly, please; every word is of importance."

"Do you know the relationship between the deceased and Bartley Bradstone? You know that they were married?"

"They were," said Seth.  
 "Before or after her marriage with Lord Clydesfold?"  
 "Before," replied Seth.  
 Olivia sank into a seat, and hid her face.  
 "Come away, my poor darling," murmured the squire.

But she made a gesture of refusal.  
 "Then she was his wife?" asked Mr. Sewell.  
 "No," said Seth, grimly, "she was neither his nor his lordship's here. She was mine. We were married years ago, quite boy and girl like. She was a reckless one, was Bella. I allus told her that she'd get into trouble with her desperate ways, but she took

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no heed of anybody. She'd have married twenty times over, to get money. She was my wife, true and fast enough."

Faradeane made a strange and involuntary movement; it was the gesture of a man who had suddenly been relieved from an intolerable, galling burden—a burden weighing down the soul, instead of the body.

"What followed when Lord Clydesfold came up?" inquired Mr. Sewell. He used the word "prisoner" no longer.

Seth told them, and the recital of Faradeane's great sacrifice of self, of honor, of life, for the woman he loved, so thrilled the crowded court that it was in vain the usher shouted "Silence!"

"It was for her, the lady, Miss Olivia, he did it," said Seth. "He'd have hung rather than let her be pointed at as the wife of a murderer."

The judge held up his hand to still the murmur of excitement.  
 "Silence!" he said. "The court shall be cleared if these demonstrations are repeated. Why did you not appear before, and tell us what you have told us now?" he demanded of Seth, sternly.

Seth hung his head, then looked furtively this way and that.  
 "I'm a poor man," he whined, "and he said he'd give me a thousand pounds. Curse him!" he snarled, with a sudden change of voice and manner. "A thousand pounds! And he did! Yes! And when I takes it to the bank, he laughs at me. He'd drawn all the money, every penny," and he shook the check in the air.

Mr. Edgar deftly seized it, glanced at it, and handed it to the judge.  
 "Then when I come outside, vowing as I'll go for him and settle him, this gentleman collared me, and brought me down," and he pointed to McAndrew.

The judge passed the check to the jury without a word. There were some among them who had often seen Bartley Bradstone's writing, and they recognized it instantly.

"When did you see Mr. Bartley Bradstone last?" asked Mr. Edgar, springing to his feet.

"At his own house, the night afore last!" said Seth.  
 Amusement again.  
 "At his own house!" said Mr. Edgar.  
 "My lord!"—and he turned quickly to the judge—"I ask for a warrant, for the arrest of Bartley Bradstone."

Mr. McAndrew looked up gravely.  
 "That's been done already," he said.  
 "Have you any other evidence?" said the judge. "Can you call some one, produce something confirmatory of this man's testimony?"

Before he could reply a commotion arose in the corridor, and, with much shouting and talking and pushing and fro, a policeman entered, followed closely by Bessie.

He went up to Mr. McAndrew, and said something, amid a dead silence; then Mr. Sewell very gravely and solemnly said:

"I have one piece of evidence more to produce, my lord. It is a letter written by Mr. Bartley Bradstone. It is addressed to Mrs. Olivia Bradstone, and is a distinct and clear confession that he was the murderer of Bella Lee."

"Read it," said the judge.  
 Mr. Sewell read it slowly and solemnly, then handed it to the judge, who passed it to the jury.  
 Mr. Sewell then motioned the policeman to the box.

"How did you obtain this letter?" he said.

"One piece of it from the hand of Mr. Bartley Bradstone," he replied, evidently with suppressed emotion; "the other was on the table just beside him, sir, and near the burnt-out candle."

Intense silence.  
 "Then Mr. Bartley Bradstone—where is he?" asked the judge.

"At his own house, The Maples, sir. When I went with the warrant Mr. McAndrew had brought this morning from London, I met this young woman—Miss Bessie. She'd got a letter from her mistress to give to Mr. Bradstone, or to leave at the house if he was away. And she and me went into the hall together. The servant said Mr. Bradstone was out—had gone to London some days since. Then I told them that I'd information that he'd been back. They all said they hadn't seen him. But they owned that he might be in the library, which they weren't allowed to enter lately. I went to the door and found it locked, my lord, and me and the butler forced it. The room was quite dark, with the blinds down; but when we pulled 'em up, we found Mr. Bartley Bradstone lying down face downward across the table with the half of the letter clutched in his hands. He was quite dead and stiff. There wasn't no mark nor speck upon him, and the doctor as we fetched says that he died all in a minute of heart disease."

They let him go on with his tragic story interruptedly, and, when he had finished, the judge said, solemnly, amid profound silence:

"Gentlemen, this case has been tried by a higher court than this. It still remains for us to humbly put on record man's verdict as made plain by Him who sees all things and weighs all hearts. Do you find the prisoner guilty, or not guilty?"

"Not guilty!" came the quick, sharp response.  
 A roar burst forth from the hot, parched throats of the excited crowd. Two or three men standing near the dock made a rush for it; in an instant they were followed by a hundred others, and before the police could interfere, Faradeane was torn out of the box and carried—a free man!

A scene of the wildest confusion followed. Men—ay, and women, too—shouted and danced, as if they had suddenly gone mad. It was in vain for the police to attempt to clear the streets, in which the crowd seemed to grow thicker every moment. Amid the intense excitement, the Grange carriage was seen to be making its way slowly through the throng, and the mob instantly surrounded it, and cheered for the squire and Olivia.

At last they set Faradeane down on the steps of the market-place, and permitted him to speak.

At first he seemed unable to speak, and stood looking at the crowd with his grave eyes moist with emotion; then he said:

"I thank you—I thank you with all my heart for your kindness. I think that many of you believed in my innocence."

"All of us! All of us!" some one shouted. "You're a nobleman all round, that's what you are, my lord!"

"What I have done, any man placed as I was would have done—yes, every man worthy the name of man. And now will you go home quietly, my friends, remembering how dark and heavy a trouble hangs over those both you and I—love?"

"That we will; we'll do anything you ask us, my lord," shouted the man, and the crowd began slowly and reluctantly to melt away.

Colonel Summerford sprang up the steps, and held out his hand.  
 "Thank God, thank God, my lord!" he said, and his strong voice trembled. "I can never be too grateful that I believed in you all through."

"And I," said Mr. McAndrew, quietly.

"I have one piece of evidence more to produce, my lord. It is a letter written by Mr. Bartley Bradstone. It is addressed to Mrs. Olivia Bradstone, and is a distinct and clear confession that he was the murderer of Bella Lee."

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**H.P. SAUCE**  
 never varies, good to the last drop.  
 You need not shake the bottle, there is no sediment.

"I'm afraid your lordship thinks I was rough on you in letting the case go so far. But what was I to do?"  
 "You did your duty—I am sure," said Lord Clydesfold, holding out his hand.

Mr. McAndrew took it respectfully.  
 "You see, my lord, I had my doubts from the first. The very first time I saw Bradstone in the squire's library I felt—well, we detectives have our presentiments like other people. But what could I do? I knew you would stand firm and bear the brunt to the last, and I could only wait and hunt up evidence; and it was difficult work. It was all so strong against you; and Bradstone was clever and cunning. If it hadn't been for the egypte skirt tracking him down and getting the check I should have been driven hard. If it hadn't been for the confession, indeed, I wouldn't have answered for the case even now!"

"And he is dead," said Lord Clydesfold in a low voice.  
 Mr. McAndrew nodded gravely.

"Yes; they found him as the constable said. He must have fallen across the table almost the moment Seth left the room with the check. Heart disease. The strain that man must have endured—without food, and drinking continually—must have been a perfect hell. And to think that he committed the murder without any real reason. Ah, she was a wonderful woman, and deceived you both. If Bradstone can know what is going on, and is conscious that she was not his wife after all, and that he might have been living still—" He stopped and shrugged his shoulders. "Well, I could almost pity him. Not that he deserves it, my lord, for he was a bad lot. He fairly trapped that poor young lady; got his net round her father, unbeknown to him, and fairly drove her to marry him. When I tell you all we've discovered you'll be surprised, my lord."

"He is dead, now," said Lord Clydesfold, solemnly.  
 Mr. McAndrew nodded.

"I've a message from Lord Carfield," said Colonel Summerford. "He wishes me to tell you that Lord Bertie has gone home with the squire—poor fellow! and that he—Lord Carfield—doesn't wish to intrude upon you; but that he will feel honored—I repeat his words, Lord Clydesfold—if you will go straight to him and stay with him."

Lord Clydesfold inclined his head, deeply moved.  
 "Thank him for me, Summerford," he said; "but I will go to my own place. I—I must have time to think. Bertie has gone with the squire?" and he breathed a sigh of satisfaction.

"That is like his thoughtfulness!"  
 "Yes; he said he knew you would rather he went and took care of him and Miss Vanley than come to you, and now, if there is anything I can do, my lord, I shall be only too happy."

Lord Clydesfold thought for a moment or two.  
 "This unhappy man who lies dead," he said; "we must not forget that she bore his name, though for only a few days, Summerford."

"I understand, my lord," said the colonel, gravely. "Everything shall be done as quietly as possible. Leave it all to me and McAndrew here, who feels that he owes you something for his part—unwilling one as it was—in the terrible trial you have so nobly borne. And now, will you have my carriage?"

(To be Continued.)

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## WAR NEWS

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

CUT OFF BY FRENCH.

BERLIN, Oct. 11.—The German troops in the east of the River Struma, in Greek Macedonia, are projecting towards the town of the River Somme, has been cut off by French forces. It is stated in a man official today.

TWO MORE TOWNS OCCUPIED.

SALONIKA, Oct. 11.—British troops yesterday occupied two more towns on the east of the River Struma, in Greek Macedonia, was announced to-day in an official statement published at British headquarters. They were Papalova Fosenik, the latter a town seven or eight miles from the coast. British mounted troops had reached a point two miles south of Seres.

ENEMY ARTILLERY ACTIVE.

LONDON, Oct. 11.—The enemy's artillery, says a British official statement issued to-day, is somewhat more active during the night on a quarter part of the front in Northern France. North of Neuville St. Vaast the enemy canaded early this morning without inflicting casualties. A successful enterprise was made by our troops against the enemy's trenches south of Hulluch.

ITALIANS FORWARD MOVE.

ROME, Oct. 11.—The Italian troops fighting in the Carso region southeast of Gorizia have resumed the march toward Trieste, capturing several lines of Austrian trenches and more than 5,000 prisoners, says an official statement issued by the war office today and in addition they have occupied strongly defended heights between

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MINARD'S LINIMENT USED BY PHYSICIANS.

## No Patch Declares

Prime Minister Resists Asks for Further Cheer

LONDON, Oct. 11.—This is no time for faltering, or for wavering purpose, said Prime Minister Lloyd George, in addressing the Commons today. This war cannot be allowed to end by some patched-up, precarious compromise, masquerading under the name of peace.

One desires to prolong for a moment longer than is necessary that tragic spectacle of bloodshed and destruction, but we owe it to those who have given their lives, that we make no compromise which shall not have a just and adequate reparation for the past and adequate security for the future.

House cheered the Premier while he made these remarks. Concluding his address he moved a vote of credit for £300,000,000. When the Premier moved the vote of credit for £300,000,000, he brought up the total for the current financial year to £1,350,000,000. Parliament, said the Premier, has been asked this vote for war purposes, what was equivalent to the aggregate expenditure for twenty years before the war, although the post-war period included the present year. He moved the last vote of credit July, he estimated the average of expenditure approximately at 600,000,000 a year, and that forecast proved to be almost exactly correct. At commencement of the present year the Premier continued, there was in hand £100,000,000, which was carried on the war until October 5. He gave the aggregate expenditure for 113 days of the financial year follows: Navy and Munitions, £2,000,000; Loans to Allies and Dominions, £157,000,000; Food Supplies, £15,000,000; The average expenditure had risen slightly, he said, and was now £5,070,000 the last seventy-seven days. The annual year expenditures for the Allies have fallen off slightly, while those of our own country have risen slightly. He said that the British had been self-denying in connection with war. Although the expenditure was growing beyond the estimate, he

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