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WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER II.
"The Cherub."

"The Maples, do you mean?" said Olivia, her face crimsoning for an instant, ever so slightly. "That is Mr. Bartley Bradstone's new house. You don't admire it?"

"Good heavens! it is like a blot of red with— He stopped and colored. "I beg your pardon, Olivia; perhaps he's a friend of yours."

"Oh, we know him," she said, carelessly. "Isn't it ugly; isn't it? But that is the only change, Bertie; you will find us just the same, and very, very glad to see you."

"Isn't that just how you used to speak in the old times?" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "Now you're the little girl with the long, black legs— He stopped and stammered, and Olivia laughed. Suddenly the two dogs set up a violent barking, and the two young people, hurrying to see the cause, saw a huge mastiff with a broken chain attached to his collar traveling down the road toward them.

It is needless to say that neither Olivia nor Bertie was alarmed; but the dogs were very much upset at the terrific apparition, and, yelping, half-indignantly, half-frightfully, made a noise loud enough to rouse the sleepers in Hawkwood churchyard.

"Is this one of your dogs?" asked Bertie. ("Be quiet, you two! Quiet, Fritz; shut up, Folly!") It has broken loose and followed you, I suppose?"

"It isn't mine," commenced Olivia; but before she remembering Mr. Sparrow's story—could explain, a tall gentleman opened the gate of The Dell, and came toward them, calling, "Leo! Leo!"

The dog stopped instantly, and the owner seemed about to go back with him, when, as if reluctantly, he came forward and raised his hat.

Olivia felt rather than saw his dark eyes fixed on her, and, lifting hers, saw with this distinguished-looking man, with the handsome and strangely grave and reserved face, must be "the mysterious stranger," as she had jestingly called him. He was young, as Mr. Sparrow had said, but the dark hair was touched where it was cut close on the temples with faint streaks of gray, and the eyes, with their singularly impressive expression, were full of a reserved melancholy.

"I am afraid my dog—" he said, in a grave voice. Then he stopped; and Olivia, looking up to see the cause, saw a strange thing.

On Bertie's frank face were two expressions struggling for mastery—astonishment, that might or might not have been recognition, and a desire to crush down all sign of this recognition, if recognition it was. On the stranger's face was simply

a set look of almost grim impassibility. No one, judging by his face, would have guessed that he had ever seen Lord Bertie before.

The pause was only that of a second, a flash of time; and as he continued his sentence, removing the steady gaze of his dark eyes from Bertie to Olivia, his voice remained just the same unflatteringly grave one. "I am sorry that my dog should have annoyed you; he has broken his chain, as you see. I may add that he is particularly quiet, and would not have attacked the dogs. Please forgive me."

He raised his hat again to Olivia, she inclined her head, and the dog following close upon his heels, he turned and walked back to The Dell.

There was a moment's silence; then Olivia, a little pale—why, she could not have told—said:

"I forgot to tell you of another change. Mr. Sparrow has sold The Dell, and that gentleman, I suppose, is the owner."

"Really?" said Bertie, slowly, and without lifting his eyes to hers. "What is his name?"

"Paradeane," replied Olivia. "Do you know it?"

Bertie shook his head. Olivia looked at him half-curiously. "I fancied," she said, "that you looked as if you knew him."

For a second, for so short a time that the pause was imperceptible, Bertie hesitated; then he shook his head.

CHAPTER III. "To Know Her Is to Love Her."

"Paradeane?" replied Bertie. "I never heard the name before." Nothing more was said on the subject. It was dropped as if by the tacit consent of both; which showed plainly how much they were both affected by the incident; for what would have been more natural than that they should discuss the appearance and manner of this stranger who had come so suddenly and mysteriously into their neighborhood?

Olivia could scarcely have told how much, or explained why, his appearance had affected her. She saw him for a few minutes only, he had spoken about half a dozen words, and yet she felt that if she were never to see him again she should never forget the strange expression of the dark, sorrowful eyes, or the peculiar music of the deep, grave voice.

Mesmerism is a recognized fact; and if she had known anything of it Olivia might easily have explained the sensation she felt as that resulting from mesmerization. The dark eyes had seemed to penetrate to her inmost heart, the voice to have set up an echo within her ears which should never fade.

A shadow seemed to have fallen over both her and Bertie, and for a time they actually walked towards the Grange in absolute silence. And for Bertie to be silent was a very remarkable state of things.

It was in the midst of this silence that a voice was heard coming from a walk behind the shrubbery. It was

the voice of Mr. Bartley Bradstone, and both Olivia and Bertie heard these words:

"It's a deuce of a mess, a regular tangle; but we'll get out of it. Just trust to me—"

Bertie looked up at Olivia, and saw her start and her dark brows come together.

"Who is that?" he asked, in a slightly lowered voice.

"That is Mr. Bradstone," she said. The same moment that gentleman and the squire came out upon them.

The squire started slightly, and Bartley Bradstone looked from one to the other with the suspicious, searching look peculiar to him. Then the squire's face cleared, and he gave both hands to Lord Granville.

"Why, Cherub!" he exclaimed, in altogether happier tones than he have hitherto heard him use. "Welcome back! How well you look, my boy!"

"Doesn't he, papa!" exclaimed Olivia, eagerly.

"Why, you've—yes, you've actually grown," said the squire.

"Oh, come now!" remonstrated Bertie, laughing and blushing. "That is rather too thin, even for me, squire."

"But you have. How glad I am to see you! And your father—is he well?" As he turned he caught sight of Mr. Bartley Bradstone, who was standing looking at them with a half-sullen, half-jealous air, and the smile vanished from the squire's face. "I beg your pardon," he said; "let me introduce you to our neighbor and friend, Mr. Bradstone. This is Lord Granville, our old friend Bertie, Bradstone."

The two men exchanged bows; Bertie with a pleasant frankness and cordiality, Bartley Bradstone with hardly suppressed sullenness.

"I was going to call on you tomorrow, Mr. Bradstone," said Bertie. "I am happy to make your acquaintance. My father tells me that you have gone in a very heavily for preserving. By George! it was time some one did, for, begging the squire's pardon, pheasants and partridges in Hawkwood were getting very rare birds, indeed!" and he nodded with much gravity at Mr. Vanley.

"Oh, yes," said Bartley Bradstone, with an unaffected drawl. "I'm going to preserve; it's the duty of every country gentleman, I take it."

Bertie looked at him quickly, and a shade of disapproval swept over his handsome, girlish face. Bartley Bradstone's voice was that of the cad, and of course Bertie detected it.

"The squire hasn't preserved as closely as he might have done," he said, rather gravely for him, "because he is too tender-hearted to the village people."

"The village people will find me a very different kind of customer if they come poaching on my land, my lord," retorted Bartley Bradstone.

Now, a gentleman, though he be a commoner, does not address a nobleman, to whom he has been introduced on equal terms, as "my lord," and this time Bertie glanced coldly at the new neighbor, and, apparently now quite satisfied, turned from him to the squire and talked with him.

They made their way to the house, Olivia and her father chatting over old times and Bertie's travels with her, and thus Bartley Bradstone was left out in the cold, or thought that he was. He stopped at the bottom of the flight of steps and looked at his watch.

"It's time I was going," he said, sullenly.

The squire started. "I hope you'll stay to dinner, Bradstone," he said, and the preoccupied and almost anxious look which had been absent while he had been talking to Bertie, came over his face again.

"No thanks; I've got an engagement," replied Mr. Bradstone. "Good-day; don't trouble, I can get my horse;" for the squire made a movement to accompany him; and raising his hat a couple of inches to Olivia, who bowed in silence, he strode off.

An awkward silence fell upon the three.

"That's—that's a very clever young man," said the squire, with a little cough; "very clever. I think you'll find him quite an acquisition to the neighborhood, Bertie."

"Oh, yes," said Bertie; "rather a—"



Little Lectures by NURSE WINGARNIS. (Lecture No. 1.) Anæmia

Our blood is composed of red and white corpuscles—the red to nourish the body, the white to fight disease. In Anæmia—or bloodlessness—the red corpuscles are more or less deficient. Thus the blood cannot provide sufficient nourishment for the body. Therefore the face becomes white and "pasty"—the eyes become dull and "heavy"—and a feeling of intense weariness pervades the whole system. To overcome Anæmia, the blood supply needs recharging with red corpuscles. And it is here that



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"Tough kind of fellow, isn't he? Not very good—tempered, is he?" and he looked with a smile from the squire whose brows contracted, to Olivia, whose face seemed like a mask in its cold reserve. "Not quite a gentleman."

The squire bit his lips. "Well—he is a very good-natured young fellow, and"—he paused again—"very rich."

"That's more his misfortune than his fault, perhaps," said Bertie, with a laugh.

"Misfortune!" echoed the squire, in a strange tone; then he laughed. "I don't think he would so describe it if rather think it is his fault."

"I see," said Bertie, easily. "Made his money himself, and all that. Well, tant's in his favor, anyhow. I dare say he is a good fellow, and it's a capital idea of his, this preserving. Oh, yes! I like a man who has made his own fortune, don't you, Olivia?"

"It all depends," replied Olivia, dryly.

The squire glanced at her, not impatiently, but anxiously, questioningly, doubtfully.

"I've never heard a word against Mr. Bradstone," he remarked, with a querulousness which was so new to him that Bertie almost stared at him. "He is the essence of good-nature, and has exerted it on—on several occasions. I hope you'll like him, Bertie."

(To be Continued.)

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O memories that bless and burn!
O barren gain and bitter loss!
I kiss each bead, and strive at last to learn
To kiss the Cross!

The great consolation always is that the Dark is followed by the Day; Good Friday is followed by Easter Sunday, and the Cross by the Resurrection.

IF HE IS GIVEN, BUT MONEY IS LOANED.

To one who sits down and thinks, the thought must come that if Life belongs to the Empire, it must surely be true that all material possessions belong to her as well. Almost the whole of her wealth has been created within her boundaries. It has been created by the sweat of her people's brows. All have had a share in this. Whether, in the processes of business, this wealth has accumulated in a few hands or been circulated among many, does not matter. The time is past when money is a criterion either of character or men-

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