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**WHEN LOVE
Came Too Late.**

CHAPTER V.

The Key to the Riddle.
Olivia ran upstairs on tiptoes, and entered Bessie's room.

The girl turned her large, innocent eyes upon the lovely face of her young mistress with eager gratitude. "Not gone yet, miss?" she said in a low voice.

"Not yet, Bessie. Are you better?" "I am all right now, Miss Olivia; only weak and trembling like. Has—has the gentleman gone?"

"Mr. Faradeane? Yes?" said Olivia, and she leaned down and smoothed the white coverlid.

Bessie drew a long breath. "And I scarcely thanked him," she said.

"Oh, but I think you did, Bessie," said Olivia.

The girl shook her head, and the color came into her pale, childlike face.

"I couldn't thank him long enough, miss. He did save my life, though he made light of it, and put it off as nothing at all. Toby had bolted, and was racing like the wind, and the gentleman—tell me his name again, miss; it is a hard one to remember, and yet it sounds nice—"

"Faradeane," said Olivia.

"Ah, yes, Faradeane! I shan't forget it. Well, miss, he came out of the cottage, straight like a lion, and he leaped onto Toby. I could just see him before I fainted, and Toby knocked him down, and I thought he was killed, and then—I don't recollect any more till he carried me in here. He said he wasn't hurt, miss; but I saw the blood running from his forehead." She shuddered. "Ah, miss, if I were a lady like you I could thank him as he deserves; but I'm only a poor girl that doesn't know how to speak what she feels."

"I think you thanked him very prettily, Bessie," said Olivia. "But I don't think he wanted or liked being thanked. He would not stop to speak to papa outside just now."

A swift look of apprehension rose to Bessie's face.

"Ah, miss, he was hurt, and was trying to hide it; he didn't want the squire to see. Oh, Miss Olivia, what shall I do? There is no one there to see after him."

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Throw off the handicap of petty ills that make you grouchy, listless and depressed. Get at the root of your ailments—clear your digestive system of impurities, put it in good working order—keep it healthy with

BEECHAM'S PILLS

They act promptly on the stomach, liver and bowels, removing waste matters and purifying the blood. Not habit forming, never gripe, but leave the organs strengthened. To succeed in life, or work, first have a healthy body. This famous remedy will do much to

Help You

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 25 cents.

Olivia soothed her and returned to the squire.

"Bessie thinks Mr. Faradeane was hurt, badly perhaps—and that was the reason he did not stay, papa," she said, with a little catch in her voice.

"Eh?" said the squire. "Well, that may be so." And, instead of turning up the drive, he went down the lane toward The Dell. Olivia walked in silence by his side, and the squire stopped at the gate, and put his hand upon it. It was fastened securely. "The gate is locked," he said, looking puzzled and baffled.

Olivia touched his arm, and pointed to the window, upon the white blind of which was the shadow of a tall figure pacing up and down.

"Look, papa," she whispered. The squire stared at the shadow with a thoughtful frown.

"That is an unhappy man," he remarked to her, also in a whisper. "At any rate, he is not so much hurt as Bessie imagined."

"No," said Olivia, with a little sigh of relief. Then she touched her father's hand. "Come away, papa," she said, almost inaudibly. "I—I feel as if we were watching him."

"Well, so we are," retorted the squire, with a suppressed laugh. Then he looked at her uneasily. "Yes, let us go home," he said. "You look tired and upset. This has been too much for you. I will walk down in the morning and inquire how he is. I suppose he will not refuse me admittance. I am not a woman."

And he laughed. But Olivia did not echo the laugh as he had expected; and she remained silent all the way along the drive.

Meanwhile Mr. Bartley Bradstone had ridden back to his splendid and gorgeous house in anything but a good humor. Your parvenu, while he would give half his newly gotten wealth to be a gentleman, invariably hates every gentleman he meets. Bartley Bradstone had taken a dislike to Lord Bertie, first because he was a gentleman, and secondly because he was, evidently, an old friend of Olivia's, and possibly a lover. As he contrasted her manner to Bertie with the cold reserve with which she treated him, he clinched his teeth and jerked at the reins, making the horse start and shy.

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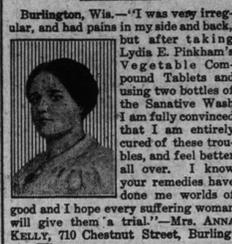
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PAINS IN SIDE AND BACK

How Mrs. Kelly Suffered and How She was Cured.



Burlington, Wis.—"I was very irregular, and had pains in my side and back, but after taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Tablets and using two bottles of the Sensitive Wash I am fully convinced that I am entirely cured of these troubles, and feel better all over. I know your remedies have done me worlds of good and I hope every suffering woman will give them a trial."—Mrs. ANNA KELLY, 710 Chestnut Street, Burlington, Wis.

The many convincing testimonials constantly published in the newspapers ought to be proof enough to women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the medicine they need.

If there is any peculiarity in your case requiring special advice, write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass., for free advice.

thrust in his pockets, wandered about the room. Presently he cast a glance at the many pictures, all in heavy gilt frames, and stood before one representing a girl reading a book. It was a recent purchase, and he had bought it because he fancied that it somewhat resembled Olivia; and twenty times a day he would stand before it and gaze at it.

"I'll have her own portrait here presently," he murmured, moodily. "I'll give Millais the commission to paint it the day we're engaged."

This resolution seemed to afford some satisfaction, for with something less of his recent sullenness, he rang the bell for his valet to dress him for dinner.

As he did so the footman entered with a note on the salver.

Bartley Bradstone opened and eyed it with an expression of displeased surprise.

"Where is he?" he asked. "The person is in the hall, sir," replied the footman.

"Show him into the library," said Bradstone; then he stood looking at the sheet of paper, which contained only two words—"Ezekiel Mowle"—with a thoughtful frown, and a few minutes afterward went into the library.

In the brand-new room with its brand-new furniture and rows of newly bound books sat, on the edge of one of the morocco chairs, a thin, hatchet-faced man, dressed like a clerk. He would have served very well as a model for Uriah Heep; but instead of that "umble" personage's round hair he wore a palpable wig, whose hyacinthine curls, clustering in pious falsehood upon the cadaverous forehead, made the face look like a skull; indeed, being close shaven and without a single eyebrow or eyelash, it would have closely resembled one under any conditions.

Bartley Bradstone shut the door close.

"Well, Mowle," he said, with marked coldness, "this is an unexpected pleasure. What has brought you down here?"

Mr. Mowle stretched his thin, colorless lips by way of a smile, and

During the hot days a little child must be kept cool. Don't forget that barefoot sandals—the little heelless foot coverings that children wear without stockings are cheap and sensible and that children like them. Supply the younger generation of your household with this species of footwear and let them don the sandals every hot day and go where they please in them. They are the next thing to going barefoot.

Sponge the little body very gently with tepid water if the child seems too tired for a tub bath, and repeat the operation several times during the hottest days. A teaspoonful of ammoniated toilet water will make this sponging doubly refreshing, but if this is used be careful not to have the water get into the youngster's eyes.

When the little head feels burning hot and the hair is wet with perspiration and is sour as well, a shampoo would not be amiss and it would doubtless be relished. The massage the small one gets at this time would be an added comfort.

When it is time to dress for the afternoon pay more attention to finding the garments that will keep it cool than to putting on those for mere looks.

High neck and long sleeves are a crime in hot weather.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

Staggish action of the liver, kidneys and bowels leave impurities in the blood which render it poisonous. Poisoned blood is the cause of tired, languid feelings, loss of appetite, headache, backache and bodily pains and aches. By awakening the action of these filtering and excretory organs, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills thoroughly cleanse the system, purify the blood and cure such ailments as indigestion, biliousness, kidney derangements and constipation. 25 cts.

coughed apologetically behind a huge bony hand.

"I thought it best to run down, sir," he said, and his voice matched his person, being hollow and strained, as if his throat were totally devoid of moisture. "I considered the question most anxiously, Mr. Bartley, and I thought it best to run down," and he glanced upward with a peculiar expression of servile obsequiousness.

"What's wrong?" demanded Bartley Bradstone, eyeing him with suppressed irritation. "Why didn't you telegraph, whatever it is?"

Mr. Mowle fingered his chin and blinked his lachrymose lids.

"The wire's useful, but not always to be trusted, especially in country places like this. The young lady at the office is generally so curious, having so little to do, Mr. Bartley, I might have written, but I thought from what you said that time was important; so I ran down."

"Yes, yes, I see you have," said Bartley Bradstone, with ill-concealed impatience; "and now you're here you had better stop to dinner—"

Mr. Mowle shook his head. "No, no, thank you, sir. There is a train in an hour and half's time, and I've kept the fly—"

Bartley Bradstone frowned. "There is no occasion for that," he said, with bombastic pride. "I dare say I can find something to take you back to the station." He rang the bell. "Pay the fyman and discharge 'im," he said to the footman, "and order the dog-cart."

Mr. Mowle, paving at his lank chain watched the pompously attired footman with a rapid air, and then allowed his eyes to roam round the extravagant decorations and furniture of the room.

"You'll have some wine?" said Bartley Bradstone.

"Thank you, sir; thank you, Mr. Bartley; but I'm a teetotaler, if you remember."

Bartley Bradstone nodded. "Oh, yes, I remember. But what is it?"

Mr. Mowle produced a pocket book from the interior of his shifty frock coat, and, taking out a paper, handed it to Bartley Bradstone.

"You can rely upon that information, sir," he said in his hollow voice. Bartley Bradstone looked at the paper.

(To be Continued.)

If Subject to Colds Here is Good Advice.

Don't load your stomach with cough syrups. Send healing medication through the nostrils—send it into the passages that are subject to colds and Catarrh. Easy to do this with Catarrhazone, which cures a cold in ten minutes. Even to the lungs goes the healing vapor of Catarrhazone—all through the bronchial tubes, nostrils and air passages—everywhere a trace of disease remains will Catarrhazone follow. You'll not have colds, nor will you suffer from sniffles, bronchitis or throat trouble if Catarrhazone is used. Get it to-day but beware of dangerous substitutes meant to deceive you for genuine Catarrhazone. All dealers sell Catarrhazone, large size, two months treatment, costs \$1.00; small size, 50c; sample size 25c.

Your Boys and Girls.

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50 crates Cabbage—green.
60 bunches Bananas.
50 cases California Oranges—all counts.
PRICES RIGHT.

BURT & LAWRENCE.

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War News

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

FRENCH ORGANIZE POSITION.
PARIS, Aug. 3. North of the River Somme several German attempts last night against French positions on Moncau Farm were repulsed. It is officially announced, this afternoon that French troops have organized their positions between Moncau Farm and Heu Wood.

RUSSIANS ADVANCING ON KOVNO.
LONDON, Aug. 3. According to despatches received from Petrograd, the Russian advance against Fovel continues. General Kaloties' troops have pushed forward ten miles since they crossed the banks of the Stokhod River, which would place them only ten miles from Kovno.

AUSTRIAN DESTROYERS SHELL ITALIAN SEAPORT.
ROME, Aug. 3. An official statement says that two Austrian destroyers shelled Bisceglie an Italian seaport on the Adriatic near Bari.

A REMARKABLE LETTER.
LONDON, Aug. 3. A Frankfurter Zeitung despatch from Rotterdam, reproduces from the Rheinisch Westfaelischen Zeitung of Essen, a remarkable letter, arguing that the Germans had the right to treat as common murderers any subjects of neutral states caught fighting on the side of Germany's enemies. The letter in part says: "We are waging no war with the United States, but North Americans, whom we encounter with arms in their hands ought to be treated as the Frankfurter Zeitung says." It adds: "If the Rheinisch Journal would consider it legal for England to have shot German who fought against Britain in the Transvaal."

ROGER CASEMENT HANGED.
LONDON, Aug. 3. Roger Casement was hanged at Pentonville jail for high treason at 10 o'clock this morning. He was pronounced dead nine minutes after nine. A small crowd gathered in front of the building at seven o'clock this morning. There was some excitement when a telegraph messenger arrived at the prison gate, and an eleven-hour reprieve was speculated upon. The death bell tolled eight minutes before nine; this was greeted with an outburst of cheering, which was repeated at intervals. When the clang of the bell announced that the hanging was over, many cheered, while others groaned. Father McCarrell, who attended Casement during the hanging, told the Associated Press that the condemned man met his death courageously. "Casement went to his death like a brave and bold man," said Father McCarrell. "Just before the black cap was adjusted he said in a clear, distinct, slow voice: 'Into Thy hands I commend my spirit.' Then, still standing at his full height, he added: 'Jesus, receive my soul.' The trap was sprung at one minute after nine o'clock. According to one of those present, Casement

Makes work

Always depend

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Imperial