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Dr. Chase's Ointment

WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER VI.

The Fortune-Teller's Warning.

As a rule it is only necessary to arrange a picnic to insure a wet day; but the day of Mr. Bradstone's picnic proved an exception, and the morning was as clear and bright, and almost as warm, as a spring day in the sunny south.

Mr. Bradstone had bestowed a great deal of thought on this little outing which he had planned for Olivia's amusement—and his own advantage, of course—and when, but only the day before, she consented, in response to the squire's pressure, to join the party, Mr. Bradstone redoubled his exertions.

Lord Carfield had been asked; but, while accepting for Bertie, he had declined for himself. "My picnic days are over, Mr. Bradstone," he said; "I have arrived at the period when cold pie and salad, when eaten in the posture absolutely unavoidable on these occasions, settle somewhere in the small of my back. But my son Betrie wil be delighted, I am sure."

And he had spoken the truth. Bertie would have eaten cold pie or poison, if, by so doing, he could insure a few hours of Olivia's society.

The only persons besides the Vanleys who had been asked were Mary and Annie Penstone, the two daughters of Sir William Penstone, whose estates lay about five miles from Hawkwood Grange.

They were going to ride over to Glenmaire, the spot Mr. Bradstone had fixed upon for the luncheon, and Mr. Bradstone had arranged to drive the squire and Olivia to the rendezvous in a brand-new mail phaeton, of which he was, not altogether without reason, exceedingly proud. Imagine his disappointment, then, when, having dashed up to the Grange door, he saw Olivia standing on the steps in her riding-habit, and Bertie just below her with his arm hooked in the bridles of his own and her horse.

"I—I thought you were going to drive with me and your father, Miss Olivia?" he said, as she gave him her hand; and he muttered some almost inaudible response to Bertie's cheery "Good-morning!"

"Did I promise?" said Olivia. "I don't think it was a distinct promise. I had to ride into Wainford this morning for some medicine for Bessie, and I kept my habit on."

"I am afraid I am the culprit, really, Mr. Bradstone," said Bertie, pleasantly. "I rode over to ask after Bessie at the Lodge, and, being lucky enough to find Miss Vanley just starting for Wainford, I persuaded her to ride to Glenmaire. Her horse really wants a little more work."

Bartley Bradstone bit his lip. After all his carefully laid plans, this young lordling had managed not only to balk him, but to snatch a tete-atete gallop with Olivia.

"I'm afraid you'll be tired," he said, ignoring Bertie's explanation. "I should have thought you would have sent for the medicine."

Bertie's eyes opened widely, and he looked at Olivia to see how she would take this piece of impertinence; but her clear, calm gaze did not change in the slightest.

"Yes, I might have done so," she said, quietly. "However, if you wish me to drive, I can change my habit in ten minutes."

"Oh, no, it isn't worth while," he said; don't trouble."

"Very well," said Olivia, at once.

With an effort Bartley Bradstone cleared the sullen cloud from his brow, and forced himself to look more amiable.

"And how is the girl?" he asked. "I heard some cock-and-bull story of this accident. I always knew she'd have an accident with that brute of a pony. One of my men said that that fellow who has taken The Dell had a hand in it—startled the pony or something."

Olivia did not offer to correct this amiable representation of the affair, and stood flicking her habit with her whip in silence; but the ready flush rose to Bertie's face in a moment, and he said:

"You have heard an extraordinarily wrong version of the story. Instead of being in any way the cause of the accident, Mr. Faradeane, at some peril to his own limbs and life, stopped the pony, and saved Bessie from a serious fall."

"Oh! quite a hero," said Bartley Bradstone, with as much of a sneer as he dared display to a viscount.

"As you say, quite a hero," assented the Cherub, simply.

At that moment the squire appeared at the door, and came down the steps.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, young people," he said, in a brighter tone than usual; but his face fell as he saw that Olivia was in her habit. "I thought you were going to drive with Mr. Bradstone and me, Olivia," he said.

"And so I shall, if you will wait ten minutes," she said.

But Bartley Bradstone had got his temper under mastery by this time, and he said, quickly:

"Indeed you shall not take the trouble to change, Miss Olivia. I won't wait a minute."

And with a nod and a smile he sprang up to the box-seat and took the reins.

Olivia watched them drive off in her calm, reflective way, and then allowed Bertie to lift her to her saddle.

He was in the seventh heaven of delight which followed the dread of the loss of her society, and the two rode side by side, as they had ridden scores of times when they were schoolboy and schoolgirl, chatting with frank freedom on Olivia's part, and with that half-shy timidity which the timorous lover always feels.

By the time they had reached Glenmaire the Cherub's light-heartedness had awakened a responsive sentiment in Olivia's breast, and she was laughing and forgetting the sudden and mysterious repulse which Mr. Faradeane had inflicted upon her on the preceding day, when Bertie pulled up, and uttered an exclamation.

"Good heavens! Just look at that!"

Before them in a space which had been cleared for the occasion by Mr. Bartley Bradstone's woodman—Glenmaire was a part of the property he had purchased—were four huge footmen in the Bradstone livery setting out an elaborate collation, adorned by a complete service of plate, and flanked by several magnums of Pommery.

A luggage fourgon, with a pair of horses in silver-plated harness, which had conveyed the feast from The Maples, stood at a little distance, and presiding over the whole of the preparations was The Maples' butler in regulation white tie and suit of solemn black.

"Good heavens!" exslaimed Bertie, "fancy a picnic with plate, four footmen, and a butler!" And he laughed; then, with his usual good-nature, he added, quickly, "But it is awfully good of Mr. Bradstone to have taken so much trouble."

"Yes," said Olivia, dreamily. "But he might have had a brass band."

This so tickled the Cherub that he burst into a loud laugh, which brought two bright-eyed, fresh young girls to their side. They were the two Penstone girls, who were in nowise remarkable, excepting for their position as Sir William's daughters—the baronetage was one of the oldest in the county—and their perfectly frank and unenvying delight in, and adimration for, Olivia.

To these two simple country girls there had never been, since the world was created, so beautiful and clever and altogether fascinating a creature as Olivia Vanley.

They pounced upon her, one on each side of the horse, and clung to her with loving eagerness.

"Why, dear, we thought you were never coming!" exclaimed Mary, drawing the supple neck downward that she might kiss the fresh, red lips. "How well you are looking!"

"And how beautiful!" murmured Annie, drawing her gauntlet from her hand.

"You flatterers!" said Olivia, kissing them both and slipping from her horse.

"We were so afraid you wouldn't come," said Mary, "and we are so glad to see you, you can't tell. And isn't this delightful? So kind of Mr. Bradstone! And you rode over with dear Bertie. No wonder he looks so bright and happy!" and she shot a half-playful, half-jealous glance from her boyish eyes at the Cherub, who, having got rid of one of the giants in plush, was mixing a salad.

"He will look ever so much brighter and happier when he has had some lunch," said Olivia.

"For Heaven's sake persuade him to send some of those fellows away, sir," said Bertie in a low voice to the squire, as they seated themselves; "it isn't a bit like a picnc wth them hovering like huge birds of paradise over us!"

The squire shrugged his shoulders.

"Let him alone—he means well," he said, good-naturedly.

Bartley Bradstone came up to them at this moment. He was looking flushed and excited and—fussy.

"Have you got all you want? Miss Olivia, let them give you some of this pate. Squire, I think you will find this champagne correct—Pommery '73."

The butler swooped solemnly down with the bottle, just as he would have done in the dining-room at The Maples.

It was fearfully and dreadfully unlike a picnic; but the high spirits of the two Penstone girls rose even above the overwhelming presence of the footmen and butler, and they were soon laughing and romping, and Olivia was smiling at them in sympathy, when suddenly, in the very middle of the informally formal repast, and just as Mr. Bartley Bradstone was mentally congratulating himself upon its complete success, a man and a woman, with a couple of children clinging to them, came through the opening of the trees. The woman stopped short, and, with the true gypsy whine, said, as she hungrily eyed the costly spread:

"Will the pretty ladies cross the poor gypsy's hand with silver, and let her tell them their fortunes?"

Mr. Bradstone looked up, almost choking with rage. That gypsies should dare at any time to trespass upon his property was bad enough to bear, but that they should inflict their odious presence upon his special picnic party was simply unendurable.

"What do you mean?" he demanded, angrily. "Here! Go away! Go away at once!"

The woman shrunk back a little; but the man, at the sound of his voice, gave a little start, and came a step nearer.

"We means no harm, gentleman," he said, whiningly, his dark eyes fixed upon Bartley Bradstone's angry face. "Let the wise woman tell the pretty ladies' fortunes."

(To be Continued.)

WOMAN AVOIDS OPERATION

Medicine Which Made Surgeon's Work Unnecessary.

Astoria, N. Y.—"For two years I was feeling ill and took all kinds of tonics. I was getting worse every day. I had chills, my head would ache, I was always tired. I could not walk straight because of the pain in my back and I had pains in my stomach. I went to a doctor and he said I must go under an operation, but I did not go. I read in the paper about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and told my husband about it. I said 'I know nothing will help me but I will try this.' I found myself improving from the very first bottle, and in two weeks time I was able to sit down and eat a hearty breakfast with my husband, which I had not done for two years. I am now in the best of health and did not have the operation."—Mrs. JOHN A. KOENIG, 502 Flushing Avenue, Astoria, N. Y.

Every one dreads the surgeon's knife and the operating table. Sometimes nothing else will do; but many times doctors say they are necessary when they are not. Letter after letter comes to the Pinkham Laboratory, telling how operations were advised and were not performed; or, if performed, did no good, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was used and good health followed.

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Your Boys and Girls

There is an inborn daintiness about little girls that makes them take to good grooming naturally. Women love to fuss over themselves and the characteristics begin to show in very tender years. Observe wee Gwendolyn powdering her bit of nose with the maternal powder puff or trying to pin up her curls in an imitation of mamma's coiffure.

The small boy, on the other hand avoids good grooming as the plague. Water—except for drinking and swimming purposes is the bane of his life. A wash cloth he abhors. Soap is an unholy nuisance. A tooth brush is an instrument devised for the unnecessary waste of time.

There is no use trying to teach the little boy to be fastidious about his person—if he is—before the age of interest in girls, he will not be a real boy, the sort his father wants to have—but every boy can be taught the importance of cleanliness—of fresh clear skin, well brushed hair and teeth and a critical sense of what constitutes a clean collar. These habits established in childhood, are even more important for the boy than the girl, whose natural instincts will probably teach her sooner or later to make herself as dainty as possible.

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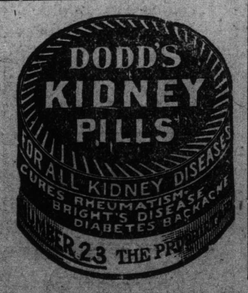

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War News.

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

MAIN GERMAN SECOND LINE CAPTURED BY THE BRITISH.

LONDON, Aug. 6.

The main German second line system on a front of 2,000 yards north of Pozieres, on the Somme front has been captured by the British it was officially announced by the War Office on Saturday afternoon. Including this during the last two days the British pushed forward their line north and west of Pozieres some 400 to 600 yards, over a front of about 3,000 yards. Troops from Australia, Kent, Surrey and Sussex participated in the operation and consolidated the position won, despite the shell fire which was especially heavy north of the Pozieres-Bapaume road.

In the fighting along the Somme front in Northern France, last night the British made additional slight advance in the high wood, according to an official announcement this afternoon. The Germans actively shelled various portions of the front during the night.

BOMBED BY SUBMARINE.

LONDON, Aug. 6.

Constantinople and the suburbs of Kartsland Penbik, recently were bombarded by a submarine from the Sea of Marmora, according to Constantinople advices.

ATTACKED BY TURKS.

LONDON, Aug. 6.

British positions near Romani east of Port Said, are being attacked by 1,400 (?14,000) Turks, according to an official statement issued to-day by the War Office. The Turks are attacking along a front of seven to eight miles, the statement says, and have so far been repulsed.

The strong Turkish force which attacked the British at Romani, 22 miles east of the Suez Canal on Aug. 4, were defeated and put to flight by a counter attack, says an official statement, issued to-day. The Turks, adds the statement, are being vigorously pursued by the British, who have taken more than 2,500 prisoners including some Germans.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

PARIS, Aug. 5.

All German attacks on French positions last night were repulsed, says a French official statement issued this afternoon, the Germans sustaining heavy losses. A bombardment of the most violent character took place over the entire sector of Thiaumont and Fleury. The battle lasted from 9 o'clock last night until this morning, the Germans making unsuccessful efforts to drive the French from Thiaumont Wood after a spirited engagement. In the village of Fleury

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