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WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A Gypsy's Evidence.

Bartley Bradstone rose and nervd himself for the struggle.

"What information can you give them? You say you know something of this murder. How much?"

"Everything," retorted Seth. "Why, guv'nor—"

He bent forward and whispered a few words in Bartley Bradstone's ear. Bartley Bradstone shrank back, and great beads of perspiration stood out upon his forehead; but then, bracing himself together, he laughed.

"Oh! that is it, is it?" he said. "My friend, you know too much. You threaten me! You seem to have forgotten that a man who knows so much, very probably knows more than is safe for himself."

Seth looked at him with knitted brows.

"What d'yer mean?" he said.

Bartley Bradstone thrust his hands into his pockets.

"It seems to me," he said, "that if you carried this story to the police they'd probably be inclined to ask you how it happens that you haven't spoken before. They'll want to know what was your connectiop with the dead woman, and what has become of the property which she had on her person when she was shot; and I should think it not unlikely that the police would make it unpleasant for a gentleman of your appearance, and with your past history. In fact, if you ask me my opinion, I should say that before an hour had passed you yourself would be charged with the murder of the woman of whom you know so much. What's to prevent my telling them what you've now said against me? In fact, my friend, why should I not turn the tables? Now, come;

Never Be Too Sure.

By Doraan.



think I'll be able to show you that you'd better comb to terms. I was only playing with you, up there at the house. I've got evidence that'll put you out o' the way without an ounce o' trouble."

"Evidence?" said Bartley Bradstone, with a sneer; "evidence of a gypsy pickpocket against the word of a well-known gentleman."

"Yah!" snarled Seth. "Look 'e 'ere!" and he took from his pocket an envelope torn in two. "Look 'e 'ere; do yer know that?" and he flourished it in Bartley Bradstone's face.

Dark as it was, Bartley Bradstone saw the piece of paper and knew that it was the confession which he had dropped in the Grange avenue. With a cry he sprang forward, but desperation even could not lend him the activity which is the gypsy's birthright. With an answering cry of triumph Seth whipped the letter behind him and caught Bartley Bradstone by the throat. For a moment or two the men struggled in that deadly silence. Despair and excitement lent Bartley Bradstone fictitious strength, and as he locked his arms round the gypsy's lithe form, he exerted every muscle and succeeded in getting him down upon his knee; but as he did so, Seth slipped, as if he had fallen, and, turning like a greyhound, again caught Bartley Bradstone by the throat and laid him full length upon the ground.

Panting as much with rage as with breath, the gypsy glowered down upon him.

"You're a pretty customer to deal with," he said. "Get up! Put your hand on me again and I'll—I'll kill you. Now, what do you mean to do you ain't got to deal with a helpless woman, Mr. Bradstone, but with a man. Will yer give me the thousand pounds now, or shall I take this letter to the police?"

Bartley Bradstone got up and leaned against a tree.

"I'll give it you," he said.

"Walk in front, then," said Seth, motioning to him suddenly.

Breathing hard, he obeyed. They went slowly to The Maples. Bartley Bradstone unlocked the door and went into the library. Seth looked round.

"Give me something to drink," he said, hoarsely.

Bartley Bradstone, without a word as if he were completely cowed, went to the sideboard and got out the brandy. Seth instantly took the decanter from his hand and helped him self.

"Now," he said, "look sharp—the money—the money!"

Bartley Bradstone drew a check book from a drawer. Seth watched him suspiciously.

"What's that?" he said.

"A check."

"What's the good of that to me?" said Seth. "I want money—gold notes."

Bartley Bradstone forced a smile.

"Do you think I keep a thousand pounds in the house in gold or notes?" he said. "You're not so ignorant as you pretend. You have only to take this check to the bank to get it turned into money—gold or notes."

Seth looked at him with half-closed eyes.

"And suppose you stop it?" he said. Bartley Bradstone smiled again.

"Is that likely?" he said. "Do you think that I am likely to run any more risk? Give me the letter. Take the check and leave me in peace."

Seth took the torn note from his pocket and looked from it to Bartley Bradstone's white face, doubtfully and suspiciously.

"What hold have I got on yer," he said, "if I give yer this note and find the check ain't honored?"

Bartley Bradstone raised his eyebrows.

"You'll have to trust me," he said. "You shall have the check on no other terms. I'm a desperate man to-night; I feel so sick, so driven, that I'd as leave balk you of your money and tell the truth myself. I give you five minutes to decide. Take the check, give me the note, and be off, or go and do your worst."

Seth slouched round the table, still holding the note, and looking fiercely into Bradstone's eyes.

"By God!" he said; "if I thought you were playin' me false—but I don't think you'd dare. Give me over the check; there's the note."

Bartley Bradstone clutched the two

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Salves of the envelope and pointed to the door. Seth, still looking at him, poured out a glass of brandy.

"All right, guv'nor, I'm off. And now, if a cove as knows what's what may offer a word of advice, I'd say, make yersel' scarce as soon as possible. This is an awkward business. This 'ere Faradeane has got friends, and they won't let him be scragged if they can help it. Why, even now they may be on the right scent. When I was a-follerin' you in the city, there was a gent with a smooth face as came across you twice, and looked at you in a way as I knows pretty well by this time; and I see him at the station agen when you was comin' back. It might mean nothin', but a nod's as good as a wink to a blind hoss. Hook 'e guv'nor, sharp, and with a nod he turned up the collar of his coat, pulled his cap well over his face, and went out.

(To be Continued.)

What Are You Doing for that Eczema?

"Nothing; I've about given up trying to cure it."

"That is not wise. Do as I did and you will probably be cured in a short time. I used Zylex and Zylex Soap with it and my Eczema began to improve at once. A couple of boxes cured. You can get Zylex at your druggists."

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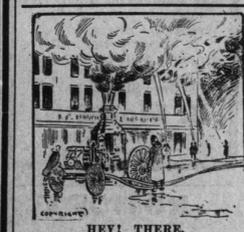
JOHN SULLIVAN, Inspector Genl. Constabulary. W. H. RENNIE, Captain (in charge of Musketry Instruction). July 14, 1916

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MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GARDEN IN GOWN.

Interference Now Would be Deemed Pro-Germ

Special Star Cable by Roy W. He... President of the United Press... Copyright, 1916, by United Press. (Copyrighted Great Britain.)

London, Sept. 28.—There is no time for the war in sight. Any step at this time by the United States, the Vatican or any other neutral in the direction of peace would be construed by the land as an unneutral, pro-Germ move.

"The United Press is able to state these statements on no less authority than that of the British man of hour, the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, Secretary of State for War."

"Britain has only begun to feel the British Empire has invested thousands of its best lives to purchase future immunity for civilization; investment is too great to be thrown away," was the Welsh statesman's side-up of the situation: "More than at any time since the beginning of the war there is evidence throughout England a popular opinion toward America, a suspicion that did not exist a year ago."

"This feeling appears directly attributable to the notion generally entertained by the man on the street that President Wilson might be induced to butt in for the purpose of stopping the European war. A similar suspicion of Spain and the Vatican is also manifest."

Fighting For Fair Play.

Mr. Lloyd George was asked by the United Press in the simple possible language the British attitude toward the recent peace talk.

"Simple language" he queried with a half smile. Then he thought a moment.

"Sporting terms are pretty well understood wherever English is spoken," he replied. "I am quite sure they will be understood in America."

"Well, then, the British soldier is a good sportsman. He enlisted in this war in the sporting spirit of the best sense of that term. He went to see fair play to a small nation trampled upon by a bully."

"He has fought as a good sportsman by the thousands. He has been like a sportsman. He has not asked anything more than a sporting chance and hasn't always had it. When he couldn't get it, he did not squeal. He played the game. He did not squeal, and certainly he never asked anyone to squeal for him."

No Time Now To Let Up.

The Secretary of State for War continued:

"Under the circumstances, the British, now that the fortunes of the game have turned a bit, are not disposed to stop because of the squabbling done by the Germans, or for that matter by the misguidedly well-meaning humanitarians. For two years the British soldier had a hard time of one knows so well as he what a hard time it was. He was sadly inferior in equipment. On the average he was inferior in training. He saw the field cause beaten all about the world but he didn't appeal to either spectators or a referee to stop the fight on the ground that it was brutal nor did he ask to have the rules changed."

"He took his punishment. He was beaten like a dog, he was game dog. When forced to take refuge in a trench, when too badly up to carry the fight to the enemy, he hung on without whining, fought every attack, bided his time, endured without wincing, worked without flagging."

Will Fight To Finish.

Mr. Lloyd George's eyes snapped at sitting at his desk in the War Office he tilted back his chair and studied the ceiling as if seeing there a picture of Tommy's game fight in the early stages of the contest.

"And at this time, under these conditions what was the winning German doing?" he asked. "Was he worrying over the terrible slaughter?"

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