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WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER XXIX.
A Terrible Self-Sacrifice.

He looked at her for a moment, then turned away slightly, as if he could not meet the direct gaze of her lovely eyes, which said so plainly: "Let others think what they may, I know you are innocent!"

He did not offer to draw forward the only chair, but stood in silence while one could count twenty. By this time he had recovered his usual self-possession, and could speak to her without a quiver in his voice.

"You have been ill," he said, gently. "You are ill and weak still, too unwell to—come here. Why did you come?"

She sank into the chair, and looked up at him, leaning her arms on the table and clasping her hands. There was entreaty, and yet a touch of firmness and resolution in her attitude and her face.

"Yes, I have been ill," she said. "I think I have been very near death. I tell you this that you may know why I have not sent a message to you, why I have not come."

He fought hard against the thrill of joy which ran through him, and, keeping his eyes closely guarded, as it were, responded:

"Why should you send to me? I—I have no claim upon you."

"Have you not?" she said at once, her eyes fixed on his with the light of a woman's truth and devotion shining in their depths. "Are you not in trouble?"

"Yes," he assented, "in great trouble, God knows!"

"And did you not offer me your friendship, did you not insist upon my accepting it—for Bertie's sake?"

"For Bertie's sake, yes," he said, in a low voice. "It was a promise I made him, and I would have kept it; but I am no longer capable of keeping it. No one's friendship could be more valuable—or dangerous—than mine."

"Because you are in trouble," she

said, and her eyes glowed upon him with tender indignation. "Because you cannot help me, you think that I do not care for your friendship. It was to be all one-sided. Is that it? I was to be your help and advice as to a true and firm friend; and then—when you were in trouble I was to desert and turn my back on you!"

He hung his head, and sighed.

Mr. Faradane, your experience of women must have been unfortunate!

He looked up, as if her words had cut deeper than she had intended.

"You are right, Miss Vanley," he said, so gravely and sadly that she uttered a little cry of dismay and remorse.

"Ah, what have I said?" she murmured.

"Nothing, nothing!" he replied, quickly, soothingly. "Nothing you could say would wound me. But—forgive me—I know the kindness of heart which prompted you to pay me this visit; but was it wise? Your father—"

"He does not know that I have come. But I should not care if he did." She spoke calmly and resolutely. "I am not ashamed of standing by a friend when all the world is against him."

He shook his head as he looked down at her tenderly, reverentially.

"It is like you; yes, I might have known!" he said, almost to himself. "But you have not counted the cost. Already the story of Miss Vanley's visit to Harold Faradane, the murderer—"

He stopped in time, warned by her sudden pallor—"the prisoner, is on his round. Why should you make yourself a victim to scandalous tongues? Tell me why you came, and—forgive me once more—but you must not stay here another minute. Why have you come?"

"I have come because I want you to tell me who did this thing!"

He turned away from her, and looked through the barred window again, a wistful, anxious expression in his eyes.

"I cannot do that," he said. "You— you ask too much. You have heard the evidence—"

She uttered an exclamation of impatience.

"Yes, oh, yes! But what is all that to me who know that you are innocent?"

He sighed, and glanced at her sadly.

"You cannot know that," he said, gravely.

"But I do know it!" she said. "Do you think if I had doubted your innocence—"

"That you would have come to see me," he finished.

"No, that was not what I was going to say," she retorted at once. "If I had thought you were guilty I should still have come; yes, if they had to carry me here!"

He uttered a low cry, and held out his arms to her, then restrained himself and sank back upon the pallet.

"Ah, yes!" he murmured. "I might have known! I might have known!"

"Yes," she assented. "You might

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have known. You should have judged me by yourself. Would you not have come to me if I had been accused of a crime—yes, even if you had thought me guilty?"

He looked at her; it was sufficient answer.

The look seemed to sink into her heart, and for the first time her eyes faltered in their steady gaze.

"And now you will tell me who did this, will you not?"

He remained silent, shading his face with his thin, and already wasted hand.

"You will tell me," she persisted, and her voice floated across to him like the sweetest, softest music. She saw his hand tremble. "You will tell me, alone, if you like. Have I not proved that I can be staunch? I can be secret. Tell me, and I will promise that I will never repeat it until you give me permission!"

By leaning forward she could almost touch him, and he felt rather than saw her white hand near him.

He dropped his hand from his eyes with a cry that was like a smothered groan.

"I cannot!" he said, simply.

She fell back a little. She was still weak, and the excitement was telling upon her.

"Ah, how hard you are with me! How distrustful!" and she gave a piteous little sigh. "I thought that I had only to come to you, only to ask you, and that you would have told me—"

He leaned his head upon his hands, and set like one tried almost beyond endurance.

"If," she went on in a low, soft voice, every note of which rang in his heart—"if I had been in your place, and you had come to me and asked me to confide in you, as I now ask you, do you think I would have refused? No! I could not have done so! See," she pleaded, touching him timidly, tenderly, "see how little it is I ask! I do not want you to tell me why you have refused any explanation to the world at large; no, I don't do that! I only ask you to tell me the name of the man for whom you are enduring all this, whose burden of crime you are bearing—will you not do that? Can you refuse me?" She slid nearer to him imperceptibly. Before he knew it she was on her knees at his side, her hand, soft and quivering as a bird's, upon his arm.

"Ah, tell me! Tell me!" she murmured.

He took her hand and held it in both his, his white face working like a man's in a mortal agony, his eyes gazing into hers with intense entreaty.

"Oh, don't ask me! don't, don't!" he said, hoarsely. "I cannot tell you! It is impossible! Will you believe that? If you knew what it cost me to refuse you! If you knew how I dread that you should come to think me guilty—"

He stopped and compressed his lips as her face flushed and her hand closed on his arm.

"Go on!" she breathed, "go on!"

He turned his head aside.

"No, I can say no more! Not one word. There is danger—" He stopped. "Miss Vanley—" He started, and put his hand to his brow with a sudden gesture of despair and sorrow.

"Ah, I forgot! Forgive me. Does he—your husband—know?"

Her face paled, and her lips twitched.

"No, he does not know. I—I have not seen him since the wedding."

He was silent a moment; and she, glancing up at him, saw a strange look of trouble and anxiety in his face, and she knew that he was thinking of her.

"I—I have a message for him," he said, slowly, as if he were guarding every word. "It—it is a matter of business, which I had intended telling him before they arrested me. Will you ask him if he will be so good as to come and see me? No! do not!" he said, suddenly; "I will write. If—if it be possible, do not let him know that you have been here. Tell me who knows it already."

"There is Bessie—she came with me; and the coachman and the colonel," she replied, listlessly and indifferently.

"Good, faithful Bessie," he said, thoughtfully. "You—you will keep her near you. She loves you with all her heart and soul."

"Yes, I will keep her; you sent her."

He looked at her gratefully.

"And those are all who know? It may be kept from the scandal-mongers, even now. You must go." He rose quickly, and she stood looking at him. "They need not know that you have seen me—that you have come in contact with the contamination of a prison cell. You may have come to see Colonel Summerford!"

She shook her head.

"I care nothing for all this," she said; "all the world may know."

"No," he said, "but I care. To know that your name was being lightly dealt with, would increase my unhappiness tenfold. Go now. I have not thanked you for coming. If I were to try and tell you, I could not. My heart is too full of the sense of your goodness and sweetness—" He stopped. "Let happen what may, the remembrance of your presence in this cell, your gentleness, pitying voice will be with me—yes, even to the end. Oh, hush! Forgive me!" for she had uttered a little cry, and wavered as if he had struck her.

"No, I cannot tell you; but some day, perhaps—" He stopped, his voice breaking. "Go now," and he took her hand and gently drew her to the door.

"And you?" she said, faintly; "are you going to keep silent? Are you going to let them do what they will with you? You spoke of the end! what is that? Do you mean to let them—kill you?"

Her voice died away into a sob, and she gazed up into his face with dry, anguished eyes.

(To be Continued.)

The much disputed hoopskirt effect is undoubtedly disappearing. Paon and mirror veils are especially liked for millinery purposes. Catawba is one of the colors likely to be seen among broadcloth suits.

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War News.

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

THE ZEPPELIN RAID.
LONDON, Sept. 23. In a raid over the eastern counties of England last night, two Zeppelins were brought down out of 15 which took part in the raid, according to an official statement to-day. One airship was brought down in flames in Essex and another fell on the east coast. The losses of the German crews were 28. The attack was made from the north and southeast, about midnight and was beaten off by the anti-aircraft defenses. A crew of one, numbering 22, were captured and of the second airship all the crew were killed. Three Zeppelins also reached the outskirts of London, two from the southeast and the other from the east. Twenty-eight were killed and 99 injured by bombs dropped in the south and southeastern districts.

AERIAL ACTIVITY.
LONDON, Sept. 23. South of the Atlantic hostile gun-pits were destroyed and 14 others severely damaged and five ammunition pits blown up by gun-artillery. Great aerial activity is reported since a raid was made by fifty machines on a railway junction. Much damage was done and two trains containing munitions were destroyed. Three hostile airships were also destroyed and five others damaged, says a British official.

FRENCH REPORT.
PARIS, Sept. 23. There were violent artillery duels in Bouchavesnes and Bellefleur-Berny region. No infantry action is reported.

A RUSSIAN SUCCESS.
PETROGRAD, Sept. 23. Official—Russians and Austro-Germans are engaged in stubborn battles on the Russian and Galician fronts. The Russians took 500 prisoners on the Upper Sereth River.

STEAMER ASHORE MAY BE TOTAL WRECK.
PORTLAND, Sept. 23. The steamer Bay State, from Boston to Portland, is ashore at Helmsboro Rock and may be a total wreck. The passengers were taken off.

IN MACEDONIA.
LONDON, Sept. 23. On the Struma front our patrol successfully raided enemy trenches in the neighbourhood of Kavadar. Casualties on both sides are said to be to-day. In regard to the Macedonian campaign our naval aircraft have barbed an enemy transport near the Struma, apparently with good results. On the Doiran front, we raised German trenches at three points.

AIR RAID.
PARIS, Sept. 23. Flying nearly 100 miles beyond the German border, Flight Warrant Officer Baron last night bombarded important works at Ludwigshafen in the plateau on the Rhine, and at Mannheim, across the River from Ludwigshafen. An official to-day says that bombardment caused a large fire and several explosions at Mannheim.

A STRIKING SPEECH.
WELLINGTON, Sept. 23. A striking speech was made at the closing-session of the House of Representatives in the New Zealand Parliament 1916. Dr. Pemrose, member of the Cabinet and a Maori, one of the aboriginals of New Zealand, a resolution was before the House expressing "the inflexibility and determination to continue the war to a successful conclusion" when Dr. Pemrose rose and said: "To-day as gentle breezes stir the grasses over the graves of mine and yours, wherever a Maorian breathes the moan of the wind, whenever he hears the boom of guns, it reminds him the way beyond the grave the Maori to termination to end the war victoriously is just as inflexible as that of the White Man. One result of the war will be cohesion of the Empire and mutual understanding of the different races under the British flag."

HUN AERODROMES BOMBARDED.
LONDON, Sept. 23. British naval aeroplanes have successfully bombarded German aerodromes at several points in Belgium. The Admiralty announced to-day of the statement follows: "Enemy aeroplanes at St. Denis were attacked yesterday by a squadron of naval aeroplanes."

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