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Style 540

WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A Forgery.

But Lord Clydesfold shook his head. "I think I should like to walk," he said quietly, and, shaking hands with them, he set off, followed by the cheers of the people, who still lingered and watched him with eager but respectful interest.

An hour later Lord Clydesfold was seated in his little dining-room of The Dell. His man had rushed home and prepared a meal, and with affectionate anxiety had insisted upon his master eating some of it; and Clydesfold sat thinking of the woman he loved, the woman for whose sake he would have given his life, and yet whom he dared not go near, when the door opened and the servant announced:

"Mr. Vanley."

Paradeane sprang to his feet, and took the trembling hands which the squire held out to him; and for a space the two men looked into each other's eyes in silence.

Then the old man found his voice. "What can I say, my lord?" he faltered. "No words I could find would express a tenth part of all I feel—of my gratitude, my unpeakable gratitude to you! I have never read of a nobler act than yours. You would have given your life to shield my child's name from even the reflection of shame!"

"Yes," said the other, in a low, grave voice, as he led the old man to a chair, "and would do it again to-morrow. Tell me how she is, sir. All concealment between us is destroyed forever. You know how it is with me, how it has been ever since we first met. I have loved her, sir—"

He stopped.

"Dearer than your own life," said the squire, solemnly. "I do not know how she is. I expected to carry her

home more dead than alive; but she has not broken down or given way. Bessie, who has been like a sister and as good as gold, says that my girl will not give way; that—that I can scarcely speak of him—and he shuddered—that the sense of freedom, absolute freedom from that man, will sustain Olivia even through so terrible an ordeal as that through which she has passed; the sense of freedom and—and—he pressed Clydesfold's hand—"the knowledge that you are safe."

Clydesfold turned his head to hide the expression of joy which lit up his face.

"I have come to you not only to try and thank you, but to ask you what I am to do. When Bessie left the court at an intimation—a mere word and look—from Olivia, the girl went to the Grange and got a letter of Bradstone's which he had given to Olivia on her wedding day." He shuddered again. "This letter contained the voucher for a large sum of money given her, and yet whom he dared not go near, when the door opened and the servant announced:

"I need no assurance, sir," said Lord Clydesfold, laying his hand on the old man's shoulder tenderly. "Thank you, thank you!" faltered the squire. "Will you take it and restore it? You see, I still come to you in my trouble."

"Will you always do so? Let me see it."

He opened the paper, and looked at it; then went to his desk and compared it with some letters and papers.

"It is a large sum. There may be near relations to inherit the unhappy wretch's ill-got gold—"

"No man will be the richer for this," said Clydesfold, solemnly. "It is useless. It is—a forgery."

The squire started and looked at him with horror.

"A forgery!" repeated Lord Clydesfold. "I know the manager's writing quite well. See—there are his signs—"

How Near, and Yet so Far.

By Dorgan.



ANY MATHIANS I PERCEIVE A PIE IN YON WINDOW?

I SHALL ENDEAVOR TO DO THE SLIGHT'S HAND TRICK AND THEN FOR NOURISHMENT IN SOME SECLUDED SPOT

BUT—ME THINKS

NOY NOW

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

The Web;

OR,

TRUE LOVE'S PASSION.

CHAPTER I.

The Dread Messenger.

IN the front room of a cottage perched on a Devonshire cliff lay a woman waiting for that messenger who comes to all of us sooner or later. The rays of the setting sun, which dyed the scarcely rippling sea a brilliant crimson, fell upon her face and upon that of a young girl who knelt beside the bed and held the dying woman's hand. The face of the woman was softened by the approaching climax, and but for a strange restlessness and uncertainty in her eyes, it would have been wholly at peace.

She had been silent some time, watching the reflection of the sunlight on the wall, and the young girl had been watching her, silently, too, with tear-dimmed eyes.

At last the woman turned her head and looked at the lovely face, and forced a smile.

"What time is it, Miss Norah?" she asked, in a faint voice.

"The girl took out her watch.

"Nearly eight, Catherine, dear," she replied.

The woman sighed.

"I shall sink with the sun," she said, not complainingly, but with the listless apathy of one who is waiting and longing for peace.

The girl's tears fell, but she cried quietly and unobtrusively, and even endeavored to conceal them from her companion, who saw them, nevertheless.

"Don't cry, dear," she said. "Don't be unhappy. I should not be if I were not leaving you alone—all alone!"

"Don't think of me, Catherine, dear," said the girl, forcing back her tears. "Oh, if there were anything I could do!"

The woman shook her head.

"There is nothing," she said, feebly, "I am quite willing to go, but—but for the thought of leaving you. Norah, I have done my duty—"

"Oh, Catherine!"

"I have tried, since your mother died, to be a—mother to you!"

The girl put her arm round her and kissed her.

"You have been all that a mother could be to me—all, Catherine!" responded the girl, sobbingly.

A strange look came into the dying woman's face, and she raised her hand and laid it lovingly, wistfully on the girl's head.

"And you have loved me as if—as if I had been your mother, dear?" she asked, with a sudden intensity.

"Yes, yes, you know that, dear," assented Norah, fervently. "Why, I scarcely remember any other mother than you. You have been—"

She could not get any further.

Catherine Hayes' eyes closed, and a look of ineffable happiness and peace stole like the sunlight across her face.

"Yes, I know," she murmured. "It has been the only thing that has made it possible. If you had not loved me Norah—"

She stopped, and was silent a moment or two. Then she said, "Norah, have you thought of what you will do when I am gone?"

Norah shook her head gently.

"No, dear. How could I think of anything but you? You must not be unhappy or anxious about me."

The woman sighed.

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"You—you will stay here, Norah," she said, and her voice had grown more feeble, "till—till—for a time. The people will look after you as long as you stay. They are fond of you, and kind, and there is money. You have the last quarter's allowance."

Norah tried to soothe her gently.

"Don't trouble about me, Catherine, dear."

The woman smiled wistfully.

"There is nothing else that troubles me, only you—only you, dear." The restless, hesitating look came into her eyes, and she moved her head to and fro on the pillow. "Have I done wisely?" she murmured, more to herself than the girl. "God knows! I have done it for the best; but—ah, Norah, if I were only sure!" she gasped.

Norah raised her until her head rested on the soft young bosom.

"It is all so dark, so troubled!" continued the woman. "If I could only tell you—but I cannot, I dare not. Not now! It is too late!"

And she sighed.

"What is it that worries you, Catherine, dear? Is it anything you want to tell me, anything you wish me to do?"

The woman looked at her long and wistfully, with a tenderness which could not have been deeper in a mother's eyes; then she sighed again.

"No," she murmured, as if she had decided. "It is nothing, Norah—nothing I can tell you; but there is something you must do."

"What is it?" asked the girl. "I will do anything, everything you tell me."

"There is a letter under the pillow," said the dying woman, faintly.

Norah put her hand under the pillow, and drew out a closed envelope.

"Read—read the address," said Catherine Hayes.

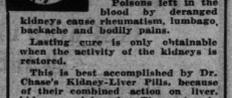
Hastily wiping the tears from her eyes, Norah read it:

The Earl of Arrowdale,
The Court,
Santleigh,
Berks.

At another time she might have expressed surprise, but now there was no room for any emotion but grief.

(To be Continued.)

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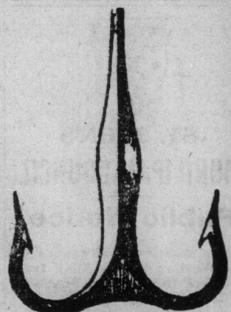
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oct11,13,16

WHY ME?

When you send your parcel to the front, don't you want it to contain just what your friend most needs? Read this letter and take the hint! Nothing ends pain like Zambuk, and prevents festering. Remember, too, it is just as useful in your home. Mothers who would always keep it handy for it is a sure cure for eczema, skin diseases generally.



Liner Flor Had Cl

Of Being Torpedoed Small Margin of a Was She Missed by Submarine.

The Red Cross Line W. Martin, arrived by York and Halifax, 8 noon, bringing a large and these passengers.

William R. Chesbrough, John R. Ross, Ella Bethune, Loring Byrne, John Dobbin, sep, Monte L. Hemm Richards, John Cousin, Reginald Venn, Henry in steamer.

PASSED DANGER

In conversation with representative Capt. that the Florist left noon on Friday last on Saturday at noon.

tucket Lightship, the marine U 53 was supplied there early in bound to Newport for the German.

from Wilhelmshaven, Florist made her depu York it was forty, on Saturday morning at midnight it became and lasted so until 6 a.m.

At one o'clock Sunday Martin received message from the Ad German armed sub Newpor, Oct. 11, left British ship attacked.

was sunk off Nantucket tions according to S. O. S. call from British ship.

Shortly after Capt. Florist was again the Admiralty as follows: British steamship, Norfolk, North American Company in last and 69 west longitude man submarine.

ready.

Later on Sunday Co received a message ally to take strict pre was another submarine.

From the tenor of it is evident that the Florist was in the vicinity of the un which, after visiting began her piratical ac which was the sinkin zel's consort—the STE

READY FOR EMER

As instructed, the made ready at Halifax emergency, the decks all lights removed, ropes made ready fo beats all ready to be all lights were order

RECEIVED AT THE

Charles Hutton.

Scien

Le need Ge jiffy, there Th Ho ha No protec diu unbat

Not This Fresh breeze ends a corn.

Not This Fresh breeze ends a corn.

Not This Fresh breeze ends a corn.

Not This Fresh breeze ends a corn.