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Blue-jay Ends Corns

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BAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

WHEN LOVE

Came Too Late.

CHAPTER VII.

A Simple Bit of Charity.

"What's the matter with her?" asked Bertie, in quite a different voice.

Faradeane leaned against the gate, and looked on with an absent air of preoccupation.

"She's ill, sir," replied the gypsy. "She was took ill yesterday. I don't know what ails her. It's my only one, kind gentlemen, and——" She stopped and looked at Faradeane. "Ah! it's hard to understand a mother's feelings."

"I dare say," said Bertie, gently. "But why do you keep her out in the open air? The day is chilly, and you earned plenty of money yesterday to find shelter for her."

The gypsy shook her head slowly.

"That's gone, sir," she said, with that quiet resignation which women acquire, Heaven help them!

"I see," said Bertie. "Your husband—the man who was with you—"

She nodded, and raised her hand to her lips with the action of drinking.

"Yes, gentlemen, he's my husband, and the money's gone where it always goes. If he'd only left me enough to buy a blanket or a thick shawl for her; but——"

She stopped and rocked the child, crooning to it soothingly.

Bertie put his hand in his pocket, then uttered an exclamation of disappointment.

"By Jove! I've left my purse in my other coat. Faradeane, lend me—"

Faradeane straightened himself and came forward.

"Let me look at the child," he said, in his low, musical voice.

The woman looked up at him for an instant with the mother's searching glance; then, reading something in his eyes that reassured her, threw the shawl off the child's face and turned it toward him.

It was a poor, thin little mite, whose face should have been white, but was flushed and burning.

Faradeane took it from her.

"Don't be afraid," he said, gently, as she clung to it a little.

"Are you a doctor, gentleman?" she asked, looking up at Faradeane, eagerly.

"No, no," said Bertie. "But you can rely on what he says. What is it, Faradeane?" he asked, in a lower voice.

Faradeane looked at the child attentively.

"Fever," he said. "The child has been exposed to this charming English spring of ours. Poor mite!"

The woman's dark eyes grew moist, and her hands clasped together with a spasmodic action.

"Is—is it going to die, gentleman?" she asked, huskily. "It's—it's the only one I've got left, and—and, bein' a girl, I've got fond of it like," she added, apologetically.

"I hope it won't die," he said, gently, "but it is very bad. This thin shawl—wait a moment," and he handed the child back to her.

She pressed it to her bosom with a choking sob, and bent over it speechlessly.

Faradeane came out of the cottage again presently with a traveling wrap of gray fox and sable; a rare and costly fur even for a man of wealth—a wrap which many a lady would have coveted with the fiercest longing.

As he was wrapping this round the child, touching it as gently as he had done poor Bessie, Bertie laid his hand upon his arm.

"Isn't that rather extravagant, old fellow?" he said, in a voice too low for the woman to hear. "A blanket would have served the purpose; besides the father will requisition that the moment he sees it."

Faradeane shrugged his shoulders.

"It will keep the little one warm till it gets to the hospital. That's where you're to send it." He took out his pocket-book, and, tearing out a sheet, wrote a few lines on it. "Take the child on to the doctor's at Wainford, and do as he tells you. He knows me; he is the doctor who is attending Bessie Alford," he looked round, to explain to Bertie. "Tell him that I will pay what the hospital people demand, and here is some money to go on with. Keep it from your husband—if you can," he added, grimly.

The woman took the paper and the money, and looked from the child, whose wailing seemed already less despairing, to the costly rug, and, lastly, up at the handsome face and the sad eyes regarding her with a grave pity.

Her black eyes filled, her lips twitched, but for a moment she seemed speechless; then she looked at Bertie appealingly.

"I—I can't tell him," she said, piteously. "If it was for myself, I could thank him; but it is for the child, and —and I don't know; but in my heart," and she pressed the child to her with a fierce energy, "but I feel it in my heart."

"That's all right," said Faradeane, nodding to her, soothingly. "Oh, wait; I must give the doctor your name. What is it?" and he took the paper from her.

"Liz Lee," she said, with a little catch in her breath.

He filled it in instantly, and returned the paper to her.

She looked at Bertie.

"Ask him if he will tell me his," she said, addressing Bertie again instead of Faradeane, as if she could not trust herself to speak to him directly.

"Faradeane," said Bertie; "go and do as my friend tells you."

The woman nodded, and, with a long, steady look at Faradeane, turned down the path and out of the gate.

Bertie turned to Faradeane.

"That was kind of you, old fellow," he said. "Just like you, too—so thoughtful and—and considerate."

Faradeane seemed to wake up, as if from a reverie.

"My dear Cherub," he said, banteringly, "why will you try and throw a glamour over a simple bit of charity which really costs me nothing?"

"Yes," said Bertie, "that's true; it costs you nothing to speak and look so that the woman was too moved to speak and look at you. And you tell me that you have committed a wrong which ought to shut you out of society," he burst out.

Faradeane's head drooped, and, with a half-suppressed sigh, he laid his hand on Bertie's shoulder.

"Hush!" he said. "Let us go in now and get some lunch."

The woman moved rapidly, and yet carefully, so as not to disturb the now sleeping child, down the lane in the direction of Wainford.

She had gone about a couple of hundred yards when the man who had been with her at the picnic came along the road.

His face was flushed, and his gait distinguished by that unsteadiness which is displayed by the individual who is just on the brink of the drunkard's seventh heaven.

She shrank back and looked round, as if with the idea of avoiding him, but his sharp, black eyes—sharp even when dim with drink—saw her, and he came across the road.

"Hallo, Liz," he said, thickly, "whadger done? Wher'yer been? Is that the kid? Why——" He stopped short, and laid a hot hand upon the fur. "Where'd yer lift this?"

"I didn't lift it, Seth," she replied. "It was lent to me by a gentleman. Have you got any money left, Seth? I want it for Lizzie; she's that ill," she added, with the cunning of her kind, knowing well that if she didn't ask for money of him he would of her.

"Money! no," he replied, with an oath. "It's gone, every copper of it. Why didn't you get some from the soft as gave you this? It's a stunner!" he went on, stroking the fur lovingly, his eyes growing sharp and covetous. "This 'ere's worth a mint o' money—two or three pound, most like. Give it to me, Liz, and I'll sell it to the landlord o' the George."

"No, no, not this, Seth. It was given for Lizzie. Look how warm she is——"

"Hang the kid!" he retorted, harshly; "wrap it in a sack—anything. What! Do you mean as you'd waste a valuable thing like this on a brat?"

"Leave it alone," she said, her voice changing from the pleading to the fierce. "Let go of it, Seth. You shan't have it!" and her spare hand closed on it with the clutch—well, the clutch of a mother defending her child.

The man snarled and snatched at the fur, and in doing so turned up a corner and showed the lining of crimson silk. There was something embroidered on it in gold thread, and he bent down to look at it.

The design, whatever it was, had been partly picked out or cut away; but a portion of a crest and an initial still remained, and Seth's eyes were glued to it for a moment.

Then, in a changed voice, he said: "Who gave you this, Liz?"

"I don't know," she panted. "Let it go, Seth. You shan't have it, if I die for it. Let me go with the child."

"Hold your noise," he said, between his teeth, and glancing round. "Who wants it? You may go to the devil, and the kid with you, for what I care. Just let me know where you got this skin, that's all."

"I got it from the gent as lives in the cottage in the hollow, Seth," she said, drawing the fur from his hand. "He was good to me, he was——"

"He gave you money!" he said, sharply.

"No, no money," she replied, with ready falsehood; "nothing but the rug. But it wasn't that; it was the way he spoke and handled poor Lizzie. And he says she's bad, Seth! And I'll lose her—yes, I'll lose her like the rest." Her voice broke. "Let me go!"

"Stop your sniveling!" he snarled, and as he spoke he tore out the corner of the lining which bore the partly-erased coat-of-arms.

"There you are," he said. "That's all I want. Be off with you."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Too Late!"

Two days after that of the incident with Liz Lee, Harold Faradeane walked with his slow, firm step up to the Grange, and inquired for Mr. Vanley, and as he stood in the drawing-room, to which the footman had conducted him, his handsome face wore a look of half-bitter, half-cynical self-contempt. Only a few days ago he had assured Bertie that nothing would induce him to emerge from his seclusion, and here he was returning the squire's visit.

"No man is so great a fool as he who knows himself to be one!" he muttered; then, as the door opened, he turned to greet the squire.

He was received by the squire as if the latter had quite forgotten that he had been refused admittance to The Dell; and Mr. Faradeane was too cultivated a gentleman to offer any apologies for the denial.

The two men got into conversation at once, and the squire, who had been much prejudiced against the newcomer, almost unconsciously began to be "taken" with him. The grave and self-restrained manner and the handsome face, which had fascinated Olivia, prepossessed her father.

Whatever mystery hung like a dark cloud about Mr. Faradeane, it was patent that he was a gentleman, and anything but one of the common or garden kind. No matter what topic the squire started, his visitor could converse upon it, and, what was more, evidently knew something about it.

And he talked in that most pleasing of fashions, as if he were talking for the sake of hearing what his host had to say, and with the easy deference which marks the man of good birth and breeding and high refinement.

Nearly three-quarters of an hour passed before Mr. Faradeane, glancing at the clock on the mantelshelf, rose, and said:

"I have detained you an unconscionable time, Mr. Vanley; but, indeed, that is more your fault than mine."

(To be Continued.)

Pale, Sallow Cheeks

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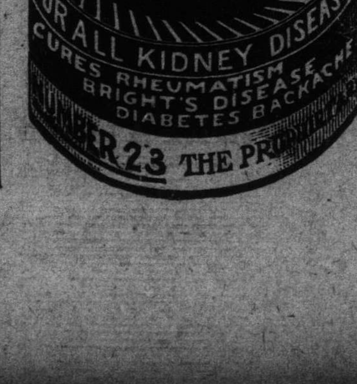

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From a letter to ... from her son Jim:—

On the morning of ... o'clock, the attack wa[s] ... our artillery. For the ... diately preceding we ... incessant fire on the ... es. It was nothing, h[owever] ... terrific fire which now ... tumult was awful. ... tinuous roar, and thu[s] ... an hour and a half. ... taliation was but sli[ght] ... he was reserving his ... bombardment is on ... our plan of attack.

Each line of enem[y] ... sists of three trench[es] ... support trench and ... nected by communica[tion] ...

The 86th Brigade ... first, their objective ... line, the 87th were ... line and the 88th the ... line. Two Battalions ... gether, closely follow[ed] ... two in support, the o[ther] ... the brigade following ... der.

At 9.20 a.m. one of ... sisting of 25 tons of ... off, blowing up the ... mont Hammel, just ... man 1st line.

The German machi[ne] ... up at 7.30 a.m. told ... started the game. ... machine guns and th[e] ... lets could be heard ... the roar of our artil[lery] ... had lifted from the ... line. Soon rumors ... the 1st line had been ... the 87th had gone ... men now began to ... lines and these told ... had failed to achie[ve] ... The 87th were now to ... and hold the 1st line.

Our battalion was ... the 88th to go over. ... down the line "twent[y] ... to go"; it was quick[ly] ... call for company ... now we learned that ... the 86th and 87th ... to the enemy first lin[e] ... strong enough to hol[d] ...

At 9.20 a.m. we clim[bed] ... deavor to get where ... brave men had tried ... ed. But as we put ... meant to go right to ... has said that "what ... landers couldn't do ... could," and it seems ... we were the last batta[lion] ... the others being held ... to resume, our men ... the open as if on para[de] ... smoking cigarettes, ... were lucky enough to ... 'Mayos' were exercisi[ng] ... Some faces were dra[wn] ... determined looking, ... were smiling and joki[ng] ... machine guns were n[ow] ... The air seemed full ... of lead all bent on the ... rand. Our comrades ... round us, and now a ... where before a sectio[n] ... did not stop, however. ... Those who were left ... ly dropped. Shrapne[l] ... bursting overhead, ... their toll of human ... outside our own barb[ed] ... thing struck me and ... like a wet rag; for a ... was all up, but after ...

Holds a sol[u] ... of a deliciou[s] ... of tea and ...

"...

Postum, ... wholesome ... of the good ... from the tr[ouble] ... drinking.

If tea ...

It com[bines] ... Cereal, whic[h] ... soluble—ma[de] ...

Made ... cost per cup ...

G...