

WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER II.
"The Cherub."

"How nice of Mr. Bradstone to arrange this picnic, Olive," said her aunt, when Mr. Sparrow had sorrowfully taken his departure. "He is always so kind and thoughtful in planning these little parties. Of course you will go, dear."

"I don't know," said Olivia, absent-ly.

She was standing by the window, looking down on the chimneys of The Dell, as her father had done, and thinking of the strange character who had become owner of the cottage.

"You don't know! My dear Olivia, what a strange reply. Why shouldn't you go?"

"Why should I?" said Olivia, without turning her head.

Miss Amelia sniffed, and uttered the little cough which always served as a prelude to the lectures which she frequently felt it "her duty" to deliver to her niece.

"Now, my dear Olivia, I do hope that you will not permit yourself to—disappoint our excellent young friend. It is evident that he has got up this little affair in your honor, and it would surely be ungracious to disappoint him. Ungraciousness, if I may coin a word, in a lady is, in my dear Olivia, unpardonable. Often and often have I, at great inconvenience, accepted an invitation rather than appear ungracious. And I do hope—"

"Is there any tea left, auntie?" broke in Olivia. "You forget me when you are surrounded by your admirers."

Miss Amelia bridled, then smiled, and stammered:

"My dear Olivia, how can you be so ridiculous! My admirers! I'm sure Mr. Sparrow is old enough to be my grandfather"—in which case poor Mr. Sparrow must have been a modern Methuselah—"and as to Mr. Bradstone, it is not me whom he admires—"

"No sugar, thanks," said Olivia, cutting in abruptly.

"Not! Any one with half an eye could see who it is that he admires, and whose society he seeks. And I must say, my dear Olivia, while I am on the subject, that for a young girl, scarcely out of her teens, your conduct is too cold—"

"This tea is cold," said Olivia.

"Far too cold," continued Miss Amelia, disregarding the interruption.

"Mr. Bartley Bradstone is a young man worthy of every respect."

"It is a pity his horse doesn't share your opinion, auntie," said Olivia, looking through the window. "It doesn't appear to respect him in the least. Some of these days it will carry its disrespect so far as to throw him off."

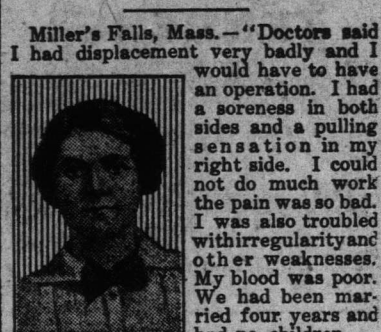
"Mr. Bradstone may not be a jockey. I repeat, he may not be a jockey; but all the same, he is a young man worth due consideration. Olivia, do you forget that he is a millionaire—a millionaire!"

"Neither I nor he forgets it," said Olivia, succinctly.

"Wealth—wealth, my dear Olivia, has its responsibilities and its—its—"

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may say its claims to our respect."

"Yes, I know," said Olivia. "No one accuses you of forgetting what is due to it, auntie."

"No, my dear. I can lay my hand upon my heart—"

But Olivia had already stepped through the window, and what Miss Amelia would do or say when she laid her hand upon her heart, must remain a mystery.

Olivia paused a moment, looking out upon the view which stretched over an exquisite panorama of wooded vales, and

Meadows all bedight
With buttercups and daisies, elves
delight."

Then she wandered down the broad garden path, and, with the same air of dreamy self-communion, "passed over by the lodge gate into the road. Two dogs, which had been lying asleep on the lawn, had sprung up at the sound of her light footstep, and followed her, barking and yapping in frantic delight."

As she stopped to speak to and pet them, there came out from behind the lodge a small pony-cart, in which was seated a young girl. She was about seventeen, with a pretty, innocent face, from which a pair of soft, brown eyes looked out appealingly. It was the lodge-keeper's daughter. She colored, with timid pleasure at the sight of Olivia, and pulled up the pony, who resented the operation, and made the courtesy she attempted an impossibility.

"Why, Bessie!" said Olivia, going up to the side of the cart. "Are you going for a drive?"

"Yes, miss," replied the girl, with respectful affection alike in her eyes and in her voice. "I am going to Wainford for father."

"To Wainford?" said Olivia. "I am almost tempted to go with you."

"Oh, Miss Olivia," murmured the girl, with a rapturous delight, "if you would!"

Olivia shook her head laughingly.

"I'm afraid I mustn't, Bessie. Wainford is too far; I should be late for dinner, and the squire would never

forgive either of us. Never mind," she added, consolingly, as Bessie's face fell from the dizzy heights of eagerness to the uttermost depths of disappointment; "I will go some other time. I have often wanted to have a ride with you behind that famous pony. What a restless little monkey it is! Take care of him, Bessie! But I suppose you understand each other?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Olivia!" said Bessie. "And you won't come?" with a sigh.

"Well! Is there anything I can do for you, miss? Anything I can bring you?"

Olivia was about to shake her head, when, divining that the girl would be somewhat consoled for her disappointment if she had some errand to perform, she said:

"Oh, yes, Bessie! Will you bring me a yard of ribbon to match this on my hat?"

"Yes, miss," said Bessie, brightening up. "To match exactly?"

"Oh, near will do," said Olivia. "Stay! And taking off her hat, she clipped a piece of ribbon off a box."

"There, as near as you can get it. I hope you will have a pleasant drive, and remember I am coming with you some day—soon."

"Oh, do, Miss!" Bessie exclaimed, or rather jerked out, for the pony, having completely exhausted its patience, declined to wait any longer over such trifles, and dashed off; and Olivia stood watching Bessie's frantic efforts to reduce the gallop to a trot, until the pony and its pretty, innocent-faced mistress were lost in a bend of the road.

Then, all unconsciously, though she was thinking of Mr. Sparrow's account of the new owner of The Dell, Olivia wandered in that direction, and it was almost with a start that she found herself within a few yards of the gate, through which, according to Mr. Sparrow, no female would be allowed to pass.

The Dell was one of those picturesque cottages which all of us have, at some time or other in our lives, had a hankering after. "It stood in a hollow, shaded by some beautiful trees, and in a garden which was literally ablaze with crocuses and hyacinths, and the spring flowers which Wordsworth and Lord Beaconsfield—so dearly loved. The roof was of thatch, the windows diamond-paned, and the whole place as choice a specimen of a country cottage as ever shone on painter's canvas."

Olivia glanced at it for a moment, then turned aside to follow a lane opposite the gate, when a voice called in accents of delighted greeting:

"Miss Vanley! Olivia!" and a young fellow sprang over a stile and ran toward her.

He was young, not more than twenty, with bright blue eyes, and hair—too short to allow it to curl—of a bright golden yellow. When he smiled—as he was doing now—his whole face, eyes, lips, and even his slight yellow mustache, seemed to smile, and his voice rang out soft and musical almost as a girl's. This was Viscount Granville, the Earl of Carfield's son and heir, though Bertie and the Cherub were his usual appellations, bestowed on him by a vast circle of friends and admirers of both sexes, who did their level best to spoil one of the sweetest natures which Heaven had ever bestowed upon a lad.

Olivia went to meet him with a smile which Mr. Bartley Bradstone would have given a thousand pounds to have called up.

"Why, Bertie!" she exclaimed. "I'm the luckiest beggar in the world," he said, laughingly, as he wrung her hand in his own ridiculously small one. "Do you know I was going up to the Grange; but I just stepped into the wood to see if I could find an anemone or two—I know you like them—and I saw the dogs. Now, fancy my meeting you, and having you all to myself to walk up to the Grange with! But perhaps you weren't going back? If not, let me come with you, will you?"

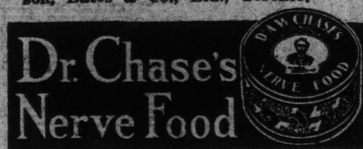
"I'm not going anywhere in particular," said Olivia, still smiling at the fat, girlishly boyish face. "I'll go back. Why, what a time it is since I saw you!"

"Isn't it! Isn't it!" he responded, letting go her hand reluctantly, and taking his hat off his forehead, which was the only part of his face un-

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tanned. "I am so glad to come back. Yes, two years; seems like twenty. Have I got very gray? Now, be candid, Olivia—I mean Miss Vanley," he corrected himself, with a blush.

"Why Miss Vanley?" said Olivia, blushing too, but looking at him with her frank eyes in a sisterly way that was inexpressibly sweet.

"Well," he said, raising his eyes to her face, "you—you have altered so, you know."

"Is that a polite way of informing me that I am gray?" said Olivia, archly.

"You—you have grown such a woman," he said, his blue eyes all aglow with admiring wonder. "You were quite a girl when I left; at least, I seem to remember. And now—the pause was as significant as any verbal finale could be—"I suppose I must mind my manners, and call you Miss Vanley."

"Better keep to the old name," said Olivia. "Why, it seems only the other day we used to play cricket together."

"Yes," he said, wistfully. "I suppose you'd rather die than play now."

"Much rather," she said, laughing. "And, besides, look at my long dress! But tell me all about yourself and where you have been and what you've seen."

"All," he said, with a smile. "All right; but perhaps, we'd better sit down, for it will take some time; say three weeks. Oh, we had an awfully high old time! Been everywhere. And everybody and everything were so jolly, don't you know. But I'm very glad to get back to the governor and"—he glanced up shyly at the lovely face so intent upon and absorbed in him—"and all of you. I wanted to come up last night after dinner, but my father didn't seem to care about my leaving him for an hour or two. And you are all well? You can't tell how jolly it is to come back to the old place. It's all just the same. No, it isn't, by the way. What on earth is that big red place, like an asylum gone aesthetically mad, on the hill?"

(To be Continued.)

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1617—Junior Dress in High or Low Neck, Empire Style, with or without bolero, and with two styles of Sleeve. Cream chaille, with a pink floral design and pink faille for bolero, is here combined. The model is nice for batiste, lawn, crepe, tulle, silk, voile, nun's veiling, net or chiffon. The Empire waist is especially pleasing and girlish. The dress will be lovely for dance or party wear. The bolero is new and attractive, and could be made of embroidery or sash ribbon. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for the dress, and 2 yards for the bolero, for a 14-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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July 25, 28, August 4, 8

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The Booksellers have recently received from the Publishers of Everyman's Library:

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War News

Messages Received
Previous to 9 A.M.

THE FIGHT FOR POZIERES LAST ED ELEVEN DAYS.

PARIS, July 27.—The capture of Pozieres from the Germans puts the British in complete possession of this line in the Somme region. The fight for Pozieres lasted eleven days from July 14th to 24th. The place was defended by 200 Chinese guns, of which all but 30 were destroyed or put out of action by British artillery. A species of machine gun, of which all but 30 were destroyed or put out of action by British artillery. A species of machine gun, of which all but 30 were destroyed or put out of action by British artillery. A species of machine gun, of which all but 30 were destroyed or put out of action by British artillery.

ITALIAN AIR CRAFT BOMB NEW YORK, July 27.—A cable from the Rome Journal says that an official announcement was made today that Italian air yesterday bombed Durazzo, Italy, across the Adriatic. The planes dropped bombs on the Austrian aero-batteries and landing sites, then returning safely to their bases.

LONDON, July 27.—An official statement of the progress in the British campaign in East Africa was given out to-night. British General Northey reports on the 24th that he drove the main German southern detachment of the enemy from strongly organized positions astride the new Langenburg-Insel road to Mahabang. After counter-attacks, the enemy retired hurriedly in the direction of Israel, abandoning 3 1/2 inch howitzers and machine guns. Among the number German Europeans captured previously was Dr. Stir, late Governor of the New Langensberg district. Stir has since died of wounds. The majority of the surviving members of the crew of the German cruiser Koenigsberg form part of the German forces.

RUSSIA'S ARMY.
NEW YORK, July 27.—A despatch from Switzerland and the Journal, says that carefully sifted information to-day shows that the Germans have about 900,000 men and the Austrians about 800,000 men, of whom, they say, the latter has already lost some 600,000. The total Russian forces under the orders of General Brusiloff, General Kuropatkin, equals 1,377 divisions of infantry, and 35 divisions of cavalry.



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