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WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"God knows!" he said, reverently. "We are all in His hands. If you knew all—and you never will know, thank God!—you would understand; and you would say that if you had been in my place you would have done the same."

"You say that?" she asked, with an inscrutable expression in her eyes—"that I should do as you are doing; that I should take another person's crime upon my shoulders and suffer for him?"

"Yes," he said, and he met her gaze steadily. "I do say that; and you know that I would not speak untruthfully, even to persuade you to do what I want you to do."

"What is it?" she said, with a little pant.

"I want you to forget that such a person as Harold Faradeane ever existed; to erase from your life all memory of him, and—his misfortunes. Don't let me have to reproach myself with the thought that I have cast a shadow over the life of the only woman I ever—"

He stopped. Her lips quivered, and her gaze fell for a moment, then she raised her eyes again.

"You ask me to do this?" she said. "I do with all my heart and soul," he responded.

"Then I tell you that if I were capable of such baseness, I should be as vile—as vile as the man who committed the murder—the man you are screening! No! You ask too much. The fate of the world may take your silence for guilt, but I will not accept it! I will not rest until I have discovered the truth you are concealing."

He uttered a cry of alarm, of dread. "Olivia!"

"Yes!" she repeated, her eyes flashing, her lips trembling. "I am only a woman, but I will do what you would have done in my place—save my friend even in spite of himself!"

He grasped her arm, his face white and set, his eyes full of a terrible fear. "If any words of mine, if any entreaty can stop you in this course—Believe me—believe me—it would be useless. The evidence is conclusive. No jury in England could fail to find me guilty. No one can stretch out a

hand to save me—

"Excepting yourself!" she said. He turned away, and laid his hand upon the door.

"And you will not?"

"And I—cannot!" he responded. "Go now—every moment—"

He put out his hand to her, and she took it in hers and held it for a moment, her tearless eyes fixed on his, as if she hoped even against hope, at that last moment, to see some signs of yielding; but his eyes met hers with the sad firmness and resignation they had worn all through.

"Good-by—God bless you—the best and sweetest and truest—" His voice broke; the warder opened the door, and Faradeane, seeing Bessie standing in the corridor, beckoned to her. "Bessie!" and he held out his hand with a faint smile. "Take care of her! She looks so ill—and weak. Take care of her—and never let her come here again! Good-by—don't cry, Bessie."

"Now, ladies, please!" said the warder, respectfully, but firmly. As the door closed with a heavy clang, Olivia started and turned with a little cry of agony and despair toward the cell.

Then Bessie drew her aside. The colonel put them in the brougham, and Olivia sank back, white and exhausted; but there were no tears in her eyes, though Bessie cried bitterly.

When they had got home Olivia made her way upstairs, and, throwing herself down on her knees beside the bed, hid her face in her hands, one thought taking possession of her to the exclusion of all else. She forgot that she was married to Bartley Bradstone, forgot that in the bosom of her wedding-dress was the sum for which she had sold herself, forgot even her father and his great need. All she remembered was that Harold Faradeane lay in prison charged with the awful crime of murder; and that, unless some hand was stretched forth to save him, his days were numbered.

CHAPTER XXX.

"Quits."

That afternoon a policeman walked up to The Maples and inquired for Mr. Bradstone. That gentleman was standing at the window, his hands thrust in his pockets, his head sunk on his breast, and the sight of the constable sent the blood rushing through his head, and made him clutch at the window-sill with a gasp of dread.

"A letter, sir, from the prisoner," said the man.

"Oh? Oh, yes, certainly," stammered

Barley Bradstone; and he took the note to the other end of the room. It was only one line: I wish to see you.—F.

Barley Bradstone stared at it, and bit at his lips nervously. "Just say all right, will you?" he said to the policeman. "You—you can get something to drink in the servants' hall. Er—er—by the way, is Mr. McAndrew back yet?"

"No, sir," replied the man. "Not yet, sir. Rather strange his keeping away so long; but I suppose he's getting evidence in London. There's never any knowing what these big detectives are after."

When the policeman had gone, Bartley Bradstone dropped into a chair and bit his nails, glancing now and again at the peremptory summons.

"He—he orders me about like a dog," he muttered, with an oath. "Just like a dog! But I've got to go. Yes, though I'd rather give a thousand pounds than face him, I've got to go. He's got me, curse him! Got me tight! If there was any way out of it, any chance—"

He got up with a groan, and went to the sideboard for the familiar brandy, then put on his hat, and with a calm countenance as he could command, walked down to the prison.

Faradeane was pacing to and fro with a steady, thoughtful stride; and, as he faced his visitor, Bartley Bradstone started at the change which the close confinement—and the ordeal of Olivia's visit, though Bartley did not know that—had worked in the handsome face and stalwart figure.

"You—you sent for me," he said, unsteadily, and carefully avoiding Faradeane's stern, searching eyes.

"Yes; you were wise to come."

"Of course I should come," mumbled Bradstone. "If there is anything I can do—God knows I'm wretched and miserable enough," he broke off with a whine. "I feel as if I could shoot myself."

"I dare say," said Faradeane, not contemptuously, but with simple assent more biting than the most polished scorn. "But you cannot do that; it would reveal the truth, and cover her with the shame from which I—and you—have resolved to shield her at all cost. At all cost, do you hear me?"

"I hear," said Bartley Bradstone, leaning against the table and looking round the cell with a shudder. "I'll do anything. I said I would when—"

"I agreed to take your crime upon my hands and suffer for you," said Faradeane, grimly. "I have sent for you to tell you what you must do."

He looked up almost eagerly. "What is it?"

"You must leave England," said Faradeane, slowly and deliberately, as if he were propounding a carefully considered scheme.

Bartley Bradstone's eagerness increased.

"I'll do it," he said. "I—I've thought all along it would be better for me to get away. There's no knowing what may turn up. This detective fellow from London, I don't like the look of him, and he covertly wiped the perspiration from his pallid forehead. "He might find out—"

"What can he find out?" asked Faradeane, sternly, and with a searching look. "What had this woman done to you that you should shoot her?"

"I didn't mean to! I swear it!" exclaimed Bradstone, with a terrible oath. "I—I only meant to frighten her, and—and the cursed thing went off, and—"

He dashed his hands before his eyes and shuddered.

Faradeane turned away with a spasmodic disgust.

"What hold had she on you?" he demanded.

Bartley Bradstone shot a suspicious cunning glance at him.

"She—she wanted me to marry her," he said, in a low voice.

"You—you cur!" he said, not angrily, but with infinite scorn.

"When—when she found I was married already she threatened to—go then and there to the Grange and blare out a scandal before—before Olivia."

Faradeane winced as the beloved name left the man's lips.

"And I—I couldn't stand it! It drove me mad! That's it! I was mad—mad! But I didn't mean to shoot her, only to frighten her."

Faradeane got as far from him as

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the small cell would permit, and, looking down at him, said, slowly and sternly:

"Take that paper and write as I tell you."

Bartley Bradstone looked up fearfully.

"What are you going to get me to do?" he whined. "Don't—don't be hard on me for—her sake."

Faradeane pointed to the paper.

"Let there be as few words as possible between us, if you please. Write as I tell you. Refuse, and I give you up here and now."

Trembling and shaking, the wretched man clutched the paper.

I, Bartley Bradstone, shot the woman called Bella-Bella in Harkwood Spinney.

"Sign it."

Bradstone lifted his aching face. "Good God! You—you seem to mean to hang me, after all," he gasped. "After all your fine talk of saving her from trouble—"

"Silence!" said Faradeane, sternly. "Do as I bid you. There is no time for hesitation; the warder will be here in a very few minutes. If that is not written and you have not solemnly pledged yourself to carry out my scheme for your safety—for your safety, do you hear?—I send for Colonel Summerford and denounce you."

With a groan, Bartley Bradstone wrote the short confession. It was so feeble a scrawl, so twisted and broken as to be almost illegible.

Faradeane took it—and as he did so the real criminal noticed that he touched it as one touches some noxious thing—then folded it and put it in an envelope.

"Address it to Miss Van—to your wife," he said, grimly.

Bartley Bradstone started and clutched at the table.

"To Olivia! To her!" he gasped. "Is that your game? You—you know what she'd do. You know she'd hang me twice over, with joy, to save you!"

Faradeane raised his hand, but let it fall to his side.

"Do not try me too hard," he said, hoarsely. "Address it."

With another groan, Bartley Bradstone obeyed. Faradeane took a sheet of paper from his breast-pocket and placed it before him.

Bartley Bradstone read it and uttered an exclamation, and staggered to his feet; then sank down again, as if too weak to stand. This is what Faradeane had written:

Your husband has left England forever. If, at any time, under any pretence, he should break the vow he has made to me, and attempt to claim you, open the enclosed envelope. While he refrains from troubling you, keep it sacred and inviolate, and if he should die, leaving you unmolested, burn it. You have spoken of your friendship; in the name of that friendship, with all the earnestness of a man over whom hangs the shadow of death, I leave you this charge. My honor is in your hands.

HAROLD FARADEANE.

(To be Continued.)

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"Later, also, when saying the same thing to one of our leading diplomats at home, who thoroughly know

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Many of those who protested against an alliance with Russia overlooked this fact, and they should carefully read a striking article by Right Rev. Herbert Bury, the English Bishop of North and Central Europe, contributed to that most interesting review, Twentieth Century Russia (1st.).

In Russia, says Bishop Bury, "faith and wide is the conviction, already firmly held and steadily increasing, that there are no two people, notwithstanding their distinctive characters, more naturally adapted to agree together, and so support each other and bring their common interests into mutual confidence and interest."

The Coming Together. The Russians are feeling every day more affectionately attracted towards ourselves, while the English people are feeling even more interested in all things Russian. We are both believing in our national characteristics in the progress—for I like to think there is progress—of our alliance. The Russians are putting their hearts into it, as led by their friendly dispositions and affectionate natures; while we, with our habitual caution and reserve, are learning all we can; and consulting and pondering how far we can trust and repose confidence; but the result is a sure and steady coming together of the two peoples.

"It was in Siberia that I first began to see the great possibilities of a permanent Anglo-Russian alliance, I learnt at the different mines where the proprietors and staff are British, and all those employed are Russian subjects, and excellent relations are maintained between the two, how well fitted we and they are to get on together and understand each other."

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