

## WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Arenger.

She bit at her underlip till it showed a livid scar, and tore with one restless hand at the edge of her shawl.

"Suppose I'm not satisfied?" she said.

"Not satisfied!" he repeated. "Even you should be contented with your work, Bella!" and he smiled grimly. "Remember what I was when my evil fate threw me across your path, and think what I am now!"

She glanced up at him with a malicious sneer.

"Oh, you're sorry enough, I dare say," she said.

"Yes, I am sorry enough," he assented, sadly. "Sorry for you both. And now what will you do? Wait—for she had been about to answer furiously—"If you demand the rights our secret gives you, you know my reply, the course I shall adopt. It will cost me a great deal in shame and further suffering; but I shall not shrink from the cost; and you—what will you gain? Are you dead to all sense of shame? Yes, I suppose so. But there is something dear to you that you will lose—the money I give you to squander."

"Curse your money!" she hissed. "I can earn enough for myself. No; I want my revenge, and I'll have it. I want my rights, I want all the world to know what you are."

He inclined his head. "I see," he said, with grim resignation. "Go into the house and tell my man all that you care to tell him. Tomorrow you can make the whole story public," and he pointed to the open door.

She stood and looked at his calm face, still gnawing her lip. "And you, what are you going to do? Do you mean to try and give me the slip?"

"No," he replied; "I will leave you in possession, and go down to the village. You will find me there in the morning."

She did not even pretend to disbelieve him, but she hesitated and pondered, beating her foot on the gravel path with restless fury. "And you've made up your mind? You'd better think it over," she said, threateningly.

He looked at her. "I have thought it over, and my mind has been made up months, years ago," he said. "I always knew that you would not be satisfied until you had brought yourself and me to fur-

### Sunday

**The Corn Aches**  
You apply a little Blue-jay plaster. The aches end instantly, and it never will return. You can prove that in one minute. A million women prove it every month. A corn will never pain again after Blue-jay once goes on it.

### Monday

**No Corn Pain**  
On Monday you won't know you have a corn. It is gently disappearing. You know that corn is done for. You know it won't come back. You may also know that soreness will not follow. For Blue-jay is as gentle as efficient.

### Tuesday

**The Corn is Gone**  
In 48 hours Blue-jay ends 91 corns in 100. The other 9 per cent are tough corns which need another application. Such has been the history of 70 million corns, since Blue-jay was invented. And any user will assure you that such results are certain. Prove that fact tonight.

BAKER & BLACK, Chicago and New York  
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.  
15c and 25c at Druggists

**Blue-jay**  
Ends Corns

# How to avoid Operations

## These Three Women Tell How They Escaped the Dreadful Ordeal of Surgical Operations.

Hospitals are great and necessary institutions, but they should be the last resort for women who suffer with ills peculiar to their sex. Many letters on file in the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., prove that a great number of women after they have been recommended to submit to an operation have been made well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Here are three such letters. All sick women should read them.

**Marinette, Wis.**—"I went to the doctor and he told me I must have an operation for a female trouble, and I hated to have it done as I had been married only a short time. I would have terrible pains and my hands and feet were cold all the time. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and was cured, and I feel better in every way. I give you permission to publish my name because I am so thankful that I feel well again."

**Mrs. ERNE BEINKE, Marinette, Wis.**  
**Detroit, Mich.**—"When I first took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was so run down with female troubles that I could not do anything, and our doctor said I would have to undergo an operation. I could hardly walk without help so when I read about the Vegetable Compound and what it had done for others I thought I would try it. I got a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and a package of Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash and used them according to directions. They helped me and today I am able to do all my work and I am well."

**Mrs. THOS. DWYER, 989 Milwaukee Ave., East, Detroit, Mich.**  
**Bellevue, Pa.**—"I suffered more than tongue can tell with terrible bearing down pains and inflammation. I tried several doctors and they all told me the same story, that I never could get well without an operation and I just dreaded the thought of that. I also tried a good many other medicines that were recommended to me and none of them helped me until a friend advised me to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. The first bottle helped, I kept taking it and now I don't know what it is to be sick any more and I am picking up in weight. I am 20 years old and weigh 145 pounds. It will be the greatest pleasure to me if I can have the opportunity to recommend it to any other suffering woman."

**MISS HELEN FROELICHER, 1923 Manhattan St., North Side, Bellevue, Pa.**  
If you would like special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

ther shame; that the time would come when you would find me, track me down, and adopt the course you are taking, and I am, therefore, prepared."

"You'd best think it over," she said, huskily. "I don't want to drive you too hard. Look here, I'll give you till to-morrow night; if you come to your senses by that time and decide that—that—the color came and went in her face—"we are to be friends, we needn't stay in England. I don't care where you go." Her voice faltered, and her dark eyes dropped under his calm, steady gaze. "If you'll be sensible, things might be all right between us even now."

He smiled grimly. "Yes, they might. Anyhow, I'll give you till to-morrow night. I'll be here at—she paused a moment—"at six o'clock."

"My answer will still be the same," he said, quietly. "But take the time, and reflect yourself; reflect well and wisely. I am immovable. But you know that."

"You'll sing a different tune to-morrow," she said, threateningly; and she walked toward the gate.

He held the lamp to light her and opened the gate courteously. "Wait," he said. "Do you want money?"

She glanced at him, then kicked at a stone sulkily. "I always want money," she retorted.

He put his hand in his pocket and took out a leather pocket-book.

"Take this," he said. "Do not look upon it as a bribe, please."

She snatched it from his hand with an oath, and her black eyes glittered with mingled covetousness and anger.

"I could have every penny you possessed, if I liked," she exclaimed, "and I will if—but wait till to-morrow," and, with a threatening gesture, she swept past him.

### CHAPTER XXII.

The morning broke as brightly as even the most superstitious of brides could desire. Annie and Mary knocked softly at Olivia's door as the first bell rang, and Olivia opened the door herself, fully dressed in her plain morning-frock.

"Why, dear," they exclaimed, "up already, and dressed, too! We were afraid we should wake you."

do, dearest! Perhaps you would like to try your dress on again," coaxed-ly.

Olivia shook her head with another forced smile.

"I think not, Mary, dear. I'm afraid we are all rather tired of trying on the wedding garment."

"Oh, no, indeed we're not!" they exclaimed in chorus. "We like it. You can't tell how lovely you look in it, Olivia. I should like all the world to see you," said Annie, with a pensive sigh. "I wish I were a man and Mr. Bradstone."

"I wish you were," said Olivia, absently.

The girls laughed.

"What a strange speech for a bride-elect, Oly. But, oh, I wanted to ask you," said Mary, "is it true that Mr. Faradeane is not coming to the wedding? We only heard it from Aunt Amelia last night. She came into our room to look at our dresses."

Olivia was arranging some flowers which Bessie had brought up in her hand when she came to prepare the bath, and the two girls could not see her face or the swift and sudden quiver of her lips.

"No, he is not coming. He is engaged to-day," she said.

"How vexing!" exclaimed Mary. "I should have particularly liked him to have seen you. It's very disagreeable of him not to have put off his engagement; and it's not like him to be disagreeable, is it, dear—"

"No," said Olivia, in a dry voice. "Perhaps if you asked him—"

Olivia turned upon her with a flash in her lovely eyes, and the look of one tortured beyond endurance.

"How can you suggest such a thing!" she began; then, at the sight of the dismay on their faces, her voice softened and she forced a laugh. "You silly girls, you think everybody must think your goose is a swan, as you do! What does Mr. Faradeane care about weddings? All men hate them, and very sensibly, too."

"Oh, Oly! And he is such a great friend of yours!" said Mary, meekly.

"Is he?" said Olivia, with a laugh that sounded strangely in the girls' ears. "Well, all the more reason that we should spare him the infliction." She drew a long breath and turned to the window. "Let us go downstairs into the garden; it seems hot and stifling this morning," and she pushed the hair from her forehead with an impatient, weary gesture.

They went downstairs, the two girls feeling somehow chilled and perplexed, and found the house, as Mary had said, all alive. His lordship the bishop was in the garden discoursing on roses to the squire, who looked grave and pre-occupied, for he was thinking that in a few hours his choicest rose would be taken from him. Aunt Amelia, in a morning-robe of brilliant hue and Parisian fashion, was hopping about among the flower-beds, bestowing simpers and smiles upon all and sundry; and the stir and bustle of an unusual excitement seemed to pervade the air.

Olivia went up to her father, and kissed him with the tenderness which seemed to have deepened since her sacrifice, and with his arm round her waist, they were leading the way to breakfast, when a footman in the Bradstone livery rode up, and, touching his hat, delivered a box to Olivia.

Mary and Annie uttered an exclamation.

"Oh, do open it! It is only tied with a string."

"Allow me," said the bishop, benignly, and, removing the lid, he disclosed three bouquets.

One, the largest, was composed of rare, white blossoms, and had a gold bracelet round the stem, with "Olivia" inscribed in pearls. There were similar bracelets for the two girls, who fell to exclaiming, rapturously:

"Oh, they are too lovely, aren't they, dear? How kind of Mr. Bradstone! And all alike, too!" and they ran from one to the other to show their treasures.

"Extremely handsome," said the bishop, smiling. "Really, so generous a bridegroom deserves to be happy!" Olivia said nothing for a moment; then, as if suddenly remembering, said:

(To be Continued.)

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## Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Fashion Plates. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

UP-TO-DATE AND BECOMING.



Waist—1810. Skirt—1811.

This stylish model is composed of Ladies' Waist Pattern 1810 and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 1811. As here shown, gabardine in a pretty shade of gray was used. The waist fronts are full over the centre, and join shaped sides pieces. The skirt has broad front and back panels, to which yoke sections are joined, which are lengthened by full pieces over the sides. The sleeve has a deep shaped cuff, which may be finished with a flaring frill. The Waist Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The Skirt is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It will require 7 yards of 44 inch material for the entire dress for a medium size. The skirt measures about 4 1/2 yards at the foot.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

A SMART STYLE FOR THE GROWING GIRL.



1794—Juniors' Dress.

This model could be finished without the poplin, and may have a sleeve in wrist or elbow length, as preferred. The waist is made with a broad panel at the centre front and the neck is finished with a rolled collar. The skirt is a five-gore model, with plaits at the front panel. Striped suiting is here shown, with trimming of white linen. The dress is also nice for linen, poplin, repp, tub silk, taffeta, gabardine and serge. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a 14-years size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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But in the nights, and when you are away from home, you can

## Use one of our Alcohol HEATERS, at 50c. each.

It's a wonder. Boiler is complete with handle and cover, there is a tripod and a tin holder of solid alcohol (nothing to spill). Everything is compact. Tripod folds up and so does boiler handle, and the boiler will contain tripod and alcohol holder and a cup and saucer. Alcohol refills cost 15c. each. These Heaters are useful at all times, but especially for

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## Henry Blair

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## Belvedere Orphans Collect

The Mother Superior, of the Convent, Belvedere, gratefully acknowledges receipt of \$200.75 increase of about \$200.00 over year's amount.

A special word of thanks to the kind friends of the orphans who acted as collectors for the year \$25—His Grace Archbishop \$10 each—Hon. J. D. Ryan, E. Murphy, Messrs. James J. Kelly, J. J. Tobin, George H. ley.

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