

WHEN LOVE
Came Too Late.

CHAPTER XXXVII.
Conclusion.
The squire started and stared at him.
"At—the Grange?" he faltered.
Clydesfold nodded, and drew the old man's arm within his. "Yes; I have already written instructions to my solicitor to secure the place. And"—he added, slowly and distinctly, for the squire had begun to wince and draw his arm away as if he feared Clydesfold was going to offer to give it back to him—"and I am not going to part with it. I always liked it. I have learned to love and covet it. You don't mind my buying it, do you, sir? I shall treat it reverently, be sure."
"No, no, no!" said the squire, the tears starting to his eyes. "I would rather you had the old place than any man in the world. If you had been my son—" He stopped. "We shan't keep you waiting long, Clydesfold," he said.
"Don't, please," said Lord Clydesfold, quite calmly. "The sooner you go the better I shall be pleased, for you see, I want to do it up, and—and take her away at once, sir!" he broke off, rather inconsequently. "Come inside and let us talk over your plans. I wish—the color rose to his face—" wish I were going with you."
The squire returned to the Grange in about an hour.
"My dear, could you guess who has bought the old place?" he said.
"Yes; Lord Clydesfold," she replied, with her eyes flashing. "And—and—oh, papa, papa," and she burst into tears, "you would not take it from him!"
The squire soothed her.
"My dear, he hasn't offered it to me," he retorted, rather dryly. "He intends living here himself."
She stared and wiped her eyes.
"And when can we go?" she demanded, restlessly.
"Very soon," he said. "But not too soon for the new owner, it seems."
"Oh!"
"Yes, he wants us gone at once. Wants to do it up."
"Oh!"
"Yes and we'll go to Paris, I think, dear."
"So he has sent us to Paris, has he?" she said. "One would think we were his bond slaves."
"We are—in gratitude," he said, gently.
She melted in a moment.
"I'll go and tell Beesie," she said, meekly.
In two days they started. All the preparations, those pertaining to business, had been made by Lord Clydesfold. He also saw to every little detail of their journey; engaged a special Pullman, took their Channel tickets, ordered rooms at one of the

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inexpensive hotels in Paris—but did not go near her.
The squire had bid him a good-bye which was as affectionate as that of a father to his best-beloved son, and as Clydesfold held the old man's hands the squire said:
"I'm to say good-bye to Olivia for you?"
"No," he said; "she will take my heart, my every thought with her; she has no need of a good-bye. I have no message for her. I want her to forget; and the sight of me, a word from me, would cause her to remember."
"I understand. God bless you, my boy!" murmured the old man.
In a few days it was publicly known that the squire had been "sold up," and that Lord Clydesfold had bought house and lands, horses and cattle, every stick and stone.
Two days afterward, twenty or thirty men, carrying pick-axes and spades, were seen to tramp up to the avenue, and, to the amusement of all, they were seen to set to work cutting a new road. But everybody understood Lord Clydesfold's intentions when it was observed that the new road diverged as far as possible from the old one, and his object was made still clearer when an army of men fell to work with Portland cement, and altered the Maples from red to white. And when they had finished, the villagers were startled by seeing, in neatly carved letters, "Hospital for Convalescent Children" along its front.
The Grange, too, was redecorated, and, though not altered in character, still very much brightened and lightened.
All this took time, and Lord Clydesfold never left the place for a day, but

superintended the whole with as much—probably more—energy than if he had been a clerk of the works.
He and Bertie were constantly together, and Clydesfold almost lived at the Carfields'.
At last he had accomplished all he had planned, and one day he remarked quite casually at breakfast:
"I think of running over to Paris to-morrow."
Bertie and Lord Carfield exchanged glances.
"Very well," said the latter. "Early train?"
"Thanks, yes; pass the marmalade, Bertie."
That was all; but as he got into the dogcart on the morning, Bertie held his hand and pressed it.
"Good luck, dear old boy," he whispered; and Lord Clydesfold returned the pressure without a word.
He had received news of her almost daily, sometimes from the squire, sometimes from Beesie, and not seldom from the Paris society papers.
For, though they had striven to live in as much seclusion as is possible in the gay city, friends had hunted them up and had insisted upon Olivia going out a little. She withstood all entreaties for some time, but yielded at last; and the Parisians, who are always ready to acknowledge and welcome beauty and grace—even English, which are supposed to be non-existent!—made what Aunt Amelia called "a fuss" over her.
(To be Continued.)

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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.

(To be Continued.)

made, with a black sash and a little knot of black on the shoulder, and wore a straw hat that, plain though it was, like her dress, and somewhat tanned by the sun, sat upon her head as gracefully as the dress sat upon her figure.
Within a couple of hundred yards of the cottage she stopped, and leaning upon the rail on the very verge of the cliff, looked out to sea, as she had done times out of number, at that very spot, for sixteen years.
The face was thoughtful rather than sad, for grief and youth are soon divorced, and once or twice a smile curved her lips at the antics of the gulls which wheeled screeching below her. And yet, though she smiled, she was thinking of the dead woman who had been so devoted a servant, so tender a second mother to her—and thinking also of her own lonely lot. Thinking, too, of the letter which she posted, and wondering who the Earl of Arrowdale might be, and why Catherine had written to him. The dying woman had hinted, in broken sentences, of something which she might tell Norah; had this something any connection with the earl?
The question rose in a vague form only, and with little of earnestness in it, for her life had been so uneventful, so changeless, that she was not on the lookout for surprises or mysteries, as persons with more active lives are wont to be.
For sixteen years she had lived in the little cottage on the cliff, content with her quiet life, happy in the beauty of the place, serene in the protection of the devoted Catherine, and for herself "in maiden meditation fancy-free."
Life was still a sealed book to her, and she was scarcely even curious about it.
After a time she left the gulls, and reaching the cottage, passed through the tiny hall and entered the parlor.
Mr. Petherick had been standing looking at one of the etchings, and swinging round as she entered, uttered an involuntary exclamation of surprise and admiration.
Even to the dry, matter-of-fact old lawyer, she seemed rather an ethereal vision there in the sunshine than flesh and blood, and he stared at the lovely, oval face, with its dark eyes and sweeping lashes, the wealth of auburn—red gold—hair, and the slim, girlish figure with its graceful outlines, in speechless astonishment.
A faint blush rose to Norah's face, though the dark eyes rested on him with "maiden serenity," and she was the first to speak.
"I beg your pardon," she said.
And "Great Heaven, what a sweet voice!" flashed through the old man's mind.
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(To be Continued.)

(To be Continued.)

The Web;
OR,
TRUE LOVE'S PASSION.

CHAPTER I.

The Dread Messenger.
"Oh, yes, very, sir," replied Mrs. Jordan, promptly. "I say she is like a bird about the house, and it's the stopping of her singing and her bright laugh that has made the place seem so dull lately."
"Just so. Ah, yes—ahem," said the lawyer. "Now will you tell me, ma'am—I'm afraid you'll think me very inquisitive—but have you ever heard the young lady or Mrs. Hayes speak of me?"
Mrs. Jordan considered the question.
"No, sir," she replied; "I think not."
"Not once, eh? Not just mentioned the name? Petherick & Gregson, of Gray's Inn?"
Mrs. Jordan shook her head.
"I never heard your name mentioned, sir," she said.
He pondered a moment.
"Does Miss Frere see much company, ma'am? Young people are like monkeys—gregarious and fond of chatter, and—and so on."
Mrs. Jordan, though rather resenting the comparison of her beautiful Miss Norah to a monkey, smiled.
"Not much, sir. This is a very quiet place, you see. Sometimes the rector's daughter and sometimes the squire's lady call, and Miss Norah goes up to the rectory or the Manor House to tea, but that is all."
Again the old lawyer looked rather relieved.
"Very good, ma'am," he said. "And now," he glanced through the open window, "I wonder how long Miss Frere will be?"
It was evident that he had asked all the questions and got all the information he wanted, and, lawyer-like, was anxious to get through with the remainder of his business.
Mrs. Jordan rose.
"Not long, I hope, sir," she said. "Meanwhile I will get you some tea—or perhaps a glass of wine?"
Mr. Petherick, whose collar was a somewhat famous one, shuddered slightly at the vision of a cheap sherry or a blacking-hued port, and replied, briskly:
"Oh, tea, ma'am, tea, thank you very much," and Mrs. Jordan went in search of the single servant.
At that moment a slim figure in a white dress was coming with a quick, springing step up the path on the edge of the cliff. She was dressed in a white frock, simply and plainly

superintended the whole with as much—probably more—energy than if he had been a clerk of the works.
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(To be Continued.)

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New York Tribune's Estima
Character and Quality of
Kinds—A Clear Statement
Englishman's Way of Think
(Morning Post, London)

We republish in another
extremely interesting article
appeared a little while back
New York Tribune (August)
It is a critical estimate of
acter and quality of British
man "hate" respectively—and
provoked by certain recent
Prof. Professor McMillanberg,
ward, the leading exponent
manism in the United States
Professor has been moved to
as a vision of the future, a
between the United States,
and Great Britain "as one of
cal and necessary consequences
present deplorable conflict."
doubt he intends the propos
high compliment to this coun
we are only surprised that
occur to Professor Kuno Mew
say, to endorse this offer
friendship with his own tra
hand. Such is the curious
of the German—it seems to
all that has happened durin
that can be wiped from me
an offer to shake hands. Th
should have reached the stag
when his impulse is to let by
Bygone is extremely instr
manifests a severe chastening
Toucan mood. Thor's ham
changed for Lok's guile—wh
that "our old German God" h
his devotees? Is he, like Ba
the priests cried unto him to
fire from heaven, sleeping o
venture on a journey? But
months ago the German press
German professors were st
claiming the imminent over
England and her Allies and
less imposition of the Germ
quaker on the whole civiliz
Toward this country implac
city was still breathed, and
ca insolent warnings were
take heed to her ways lest

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Can be
Relief is Almost Unfailing fro
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Then this goodness is magni
its strength, easily five times
than most liniments.