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WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER XVIII.
"I've Found Him!"

Making his way as much by slipping in and out like a lurcher as by force, he threaded the Strand throng, and, crossing Leicester Square, went up to the Palace of Amusement, which stands, glaring with light and gilding, at the northern end.

For a moment or two Seth looked up and down, then approached one of the boards which hung outside with a glowing list of the attractions which awaited the person who should be fortunate enough to possess the shilling necessary for admission.

He stood looking on for a minute, with the dense, vacant expression of a man who cannot read; then, beckoning to a matchbox who was hovering about him, said:

"I don't want no lights, but I'll give you a penny if you'll read this 'ere."

The boy grinned, and, with an air of suppressed pride and pity nicely commingled, read down the list of celebrities which made up the night's programme.

"But what's the use, guvnor," he said. "They've all done their turn and gone 'cept one or two. There's only Bella-Bella and the ballet left."

Seth's eyes flashed with a momentary satisfaction.

"What's her name?" he inquired.

"Bella-Bella," replied the urchin. "She's got to go on; she's prime, she is! If you ain't seen her you ought to. She's put on near the last, because the swells drop in late, don't you know. Look at 'em going in now," and he jerked his matchbox toward several men in evening dress who were then ascending the steps. "She's the great draw, and no wonder! You should just see her! She's stunning, that's what she is! Plank down yer shillin', guvnor, you won't be sorry; there ain't a trapeze artist in London to beat her."

"All right, I will," said Seth, with an air of indifference, and, tossing the boy a penny, he went in and paid his shilling. But the shilling seats were too far from the stage to please him, and he changed into the stalls, took a cigar and a glass of whiskey-and-soda, and cast his keen, cunning eyes round him.

The Palace of Amusement, as every one knows, is perhaps the most magnificently decorated place in London, and its appointments are palatial enough to startle and bewilder the countryman who sees them for the first time; but Seth's carefully guarded countenance displayed no surprise or bewilderment, whatever he may have felt; and he sat and smoked and listened to the band of forty first-class performers, and watched the mixed audience of "swells," counter-

jumpers, and frivolous women with half-closed eyes.

Several of the gentlemen who had entered just before him had taken seats near his, or were lounging against the elaborately-gilded and painted walls with that air of loag-suffering boredom which distinguishes their class, and Seth, while he gave one sharp ear to the band, kept the other open to the conversation around him.

"Just in time," yawned one gentleman. "I suppose her ladyship's going to perform to-night?" he said, addressing the chairman, a fat man in evening dress, with a large diamond—or something fairly resembling it—in his vast expanse of shirt front, and stones of great value—or none—in his wristbands.

"Oh, yes, my lord," he replied, with an oily smile. "Bella's on the spot to-night."

"In a good humor, eh?" remarked another, with a laugh. "The last time we were here she cut up rough and wouldn't go on."

"That was because there wasn't quite large enough audience for her, Sir 'Arry," said the chairman, who appeared to know them all. "She'll be all right to-night; the house is nearly full. Won't you take a seat, gentlemen? Plenty of room, my lord," and he waved a be-riding hand toward the table.

The young lord—he was little more than a boy—glanced up at the ropes and the net above his head, and laughed.

"No, thanks," he said. "That net doesn't look overstrong, and much as I adore Bella-Bella, I don't care to have her dropping on my head."

Seth, who also was not lacking in wisdom which prompts a man toward self-preservation, got up and leaned against the wall out of reach of the net.

"Oh, she won't fall, my lord," said the chairman, with a satisfied smile. "Bella knows a trick worth two of that; trust her for taking care of herself. Here she is!" and, striking the table in front of him with an ivory hammer! he shouted, "Order, gentlemen!" in stentorian tones.

The hand grew louder, and then, amid a general silence, a woman sprang on to the stage.

She was tall, but so exquisitely made, and every limb so perfectly proportioned, that she did not look more than a medium height. She was, of course, dressed in silk tights, which displayed her handsome figure, and that small portion of her attire which was not composed of silk tights was of ruby plush, flecked here and there by diamonds, which in this case were real; but few would have given a second glance at the diamonds after seeing her face. It was a singular one. She was dark, and her hair, tightly coiled at the crown of her shapely head, was black, and the face was striking in its mixture of audacity and simplicity. She came to the footlights with a smile that was at once defiant and self-assertive, but at the same time there was a look of almost gentle depreciation, of child-like gayety, in her dark eyes.

It was as much her beauty as her marvelous skill on the trapeze that drew the crowds to the Palace during her engagement.

while a couple of stage attendants in gorgeous liveries seized a rope that hung from the lofty ceiling, and with every sign of respect brought it within her reach. She sprang at it as a cat springs at a bird, and, with a grace and ease almost incredible, drew herself up to the trapeze, which hung at a giddy height above the stalls.

Trapeze performances are very much alike, but Bella-Bella's was distinguished by its audacity, and the grace with which it was executed. She and the trapeze seemed to be part and parcel of the same machine. One moment she was swinging by one hand, her lithe body at right angles; the next she was suspended by her feet and nothing else, her face smiling down at the audience beneath her, as if to hang head downwards forty feet above the earth were the commonest of feats. There was a ladder suspended lengthways just below the ceiling, and, with an effort which seemed effortless, she reached it, and traveled along it, first by one hand and then by one foot. Then she dropped like a feather to the trapeze again, and knelt on one knee. Suddenly, while the applause was almost deafening, she uttered a cry of feigned terror, and dropped like a stone into the net beneath. Broken as her fall was by the net, it would have shaken the life out of an ordinary man, to say nothing of woman, but almost instantly she was on her feet again, and, seizing the guide-rope, was slowly swung onto the stage.

A roar like that of the wild beasts of Ephesus rose from the excited audience, and she stood looking round with slightly flushed face and parted lips, scarcely bowing, but receiving the general applause as if it were her due—as, doubtless, it was—then turned to go. As she did so she glanced down at the group of gentlemen, and gave them an almost imperceptible nod.

"All right," said the young peer, with a smile; "she'll come. Did you see her nod? By George! she was better than over to-night; what do you think, Harry?"

"Yes," drawled the man addressed. "Some night she'll be 'best; and that will finish her! Come on; she won't take long, and there'll be the devil to pay if we keep her waiting."

They moved languidly toward the gorgeous corridor, with its electric light and mosaic walls, its costly hangings and tropical ferns, and Seth, whose sharp ears had heard every word, softly and cautiously followed them. The men passed out, and made their way round to a dimly-lit street at the back of the vast building, and Seth, keeping well in the shadow and having anything but the appearance of a man who was following them, lurked at their heels. They stopped at a door over which was a lamp bearing the words "Stage Entrance," and one and all took out cigarettes, and smoked them with an affected sort of patience.

"Confound her, what a time she is!" said his lordship. "I suppose if we went on without her and left a brougham she'd cut up rough?"

"For a certainty," said Sir Harry, "and we don't want the evening spoiled."

As he spoke the door opened, a woman's voice said in clear, bold accents, "Good-night," to the doorkeeper, and Bella-Bella came out.

"Here you are, then!" she said, nodding to the group. "What are you waiting for?"

"You said you'd come to supper," said his lordship.

"I didn't," she retorted.

"You nodded your head," said Sir Harry.

"Well, there was nothing in it," was her swift response.

His lordship laughed, languidly.

"Oh, come on!" he said; "the brougham's in front."

"Then bring it round," she commanded. "The pavement's damp, and I hate wet like a cat."

As she spoke she glanced round. Seth had kept in the shadow—out of sight, as he thought—but her eyes, not unlike his in their keenness, saw him instantly, and she leaned forward, with a quick, and, indeed, catlike movement.

"Who's that?" she inquired.

The men turned and stared at Seth, and, after a moment's hesitation, he came forward. As he did so she

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shrank slightly, very slightly, and her face paled for a second; then she laughed, and held out her hand.

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed. "It's you, is it? How are you?" The group of aristocrats stared with the languid surprise which fashion permits. "How long have you been in London? Have you been inside? What did you think of me?" Then before Seth could reply she turned her flashing eyes on the group. "Well!" she said, defiantly, "what are you staring at? This is a friend of mine—a relation—my cousin Seth. He's just up from the country. Aren't you, Seth? Sorry I can't join you at supper; he and I want a talk," and she held out her arm for him to take.

"Oh, nonsense!" said his lordship, with a disappointed drawl. "You can talk after supper as much as you like. Bring your cousin with you."

She laughed strangely.

"So I will!" she said. "Come on, Seth. Let me introduce you: Lord Wardlaw, or the Baby; Sir Harry Roke, and so on and so on," and she nodded to one and the other. "Now, then, where's that brougham? My cousin's going to ride with me and you, Baby; the rest of you can go as you like. Come on!" and, linking her arm in Seth's, she led the way to the carriage.

They drove to one of the restaurants and ascended to a private room, in which a brilliantly lit supper-table was laid out. Bella-Bella swung her hat and plush jacket to a waiter, and sat herself at the head of the table, and motioned Seth to the seat beside her. She took no further notice of him—an example which the rest politely followed.

The waiters brought an elaborate supper; champagne of the first brands flowed like water; and while the laughter and the chatter grew louder and louder, Seth worked his way through the long menu, and swallowed glass after glass of the costly wine with the keen enjoyment and the impassiveness of an Indian, a Turk, and a kypsy!

As the meal proceeded, Bella-Bella's spirits rose. Her clear, bell-like voice rang out above the rest, her laughter set the glasses tinkling, and presently she was to be cheerful, amiable, and humor, said:

"What about a song, Bella?" (To be Continued.)

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"The Oxford Song Book", words and music, \$1.75.
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War News

Messages Received Previous to 9 AM IN MACEDONIA.

PARIS, Aug. 30. Severe fighting is in progress to-day. The statement says that French gained ground west of the Vardar River. The Bulgarians attacked west of Lake Ostrovo, but were repulsed by the Serbians. The Entente Allies bombarded the Bulgarian positions on the Struma front and the Lake Doiran. Violent artillery fighting continued in the region of Ostrovo and Vetrenik.

ROUMANIA BOMBED.
BUCHAREST, Aug. 30. The text of the official statement announcing the bombardment of Bucharest by Zeppelins, says: "During Monday night Zeppelins and flying aeroplanes threw several bombs on Bucharest without causing the least damage. Artillery drove them off. Enemy aeroplanes also threw bombs on Haidiitia, Pista and Naimtzu without doing any damage."

GERMAN GENERALS DISMISSED.
NEW YORK, Aug. 30. The Journal has the following news: "The Hague Despatches from Berlin received here to-day, state that three German Generals have been dismissed as a result of the appointment of Field Marshal Von Hindenburg as Chief of the General Staff. The appointment of General Von Hindenburg and the dismissal of General Von Koenigsmann from the leadership of the German General Staff caused alarm panic in Germany."

STARTLING DEVELOPMENTS FORESHADOWED.
LONDON, Aug. 30. The Daily Telegraph correspondent at Rotterdam sends the following: "Possibly startling developments are foreshadowed by the Berlin correspondent of the Tyl. In a despatch

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