

WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER XXXV.
Olivia's Testimony.

A cry rose from beneath her, and the squire sprang forward.

"Silence! Silence!" shouted the usher.

The judge leaned forward, the crowd murmured their astonishment.

But the effect upon Faradeane was more marked than upon the others. He sprang to his feet and regarded Olivia with a horrified gaze.

"To save your father—Mr. Vanley? He was in debt?—Mr. Bradstone offered to assist him?"

"Yes," came the reply, dropping like an icicle from the pale, set lips. "He gave me the money."

The squire moaned.

"I—before God I knew, I guessed nothing of this!" he exclaimed in accents of misery.

"Silence!"

"My father knew nothing," said Olivia, and she reached down, and put out her hand to him over the box.

"Have you that money still?"

Olivia started.

"Yes," she said. "But I shall not have it an hour longer."

As she spoke she glanced at Bessie.

For a moment Bessie looked as if she were trying to understand the glance; then a light broke over her face, and she rose and made her way out of the court.

Olivia watched her until she disappeared, then drew a breath of relief.

"Now tell me," said Mr. Edgar, when the excitement had subsided. "When did you see Mr. Bradstone last?"

"On the day of the wedding," she replied, and she gave the answer coldly. The worst had passed; there could be no keener shame for her to endure than that which she had already borne.

"At what time?"

"Nearly four o'clock."

"You have not seen or exchanged a word with him since?"

"No."

The crowd pressed as close as they could to the witness-box, that they might not lose a word of this never-to-be-forgotten evidence.

"Do you know where he is?" asked Mr. Edgar, still with deep respect.

Olivia shook her head.

"I do not."

Mr. Edgar paused a moment; the faint light which he thought he had described seemed fading, and leading him nowhere.

"Did you ever hear Mr. Bradstone allude to Bella-Bella, the deceased?" he asked, in the vague hope that the question might lead to something, some new thread or clew to the mystery. For he was more than ever convinced that Faradeane was not guilty, and that if he—Mr. Edgar—could gain

time, he could succeed in proving his client's innocence.

"Never," said Olivia.

"Have you received any communication from Mr. Bradstone in reference to this murder?" he asked.

All eyes were fixed upon her, and all saw her wince and shrink.

"You have?" said Mr. Edgar, prompt to mark every change of expression in her eloquent face. "Answer, please. Remember your oath, remember that a man's life—Lord Clydesfold's life—is hanging by a thread."

She cast a piteous glance at Faradeane, who had risen and stood looking at her in a silent agony of sympathy. He had risked his life, would lose it in all probability, to save her husband from the hangman's hands, the convict's shame, and yet she had come to this!

"You have?" said Mr. Edgar. "Tell me, please, I must, unfortunately, press for an answer."

"I have!" she replied, almost voicelessly.

"What was it? Have you the letter here?"

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Albert Lea, Minn.—"For about a year I had sharp pains across my back and hips and was hardly able to move around the house. My head would ache and I was dizzy and had no appetite. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills, I am feeling stronger than for years. I have a little boy eight months old and am doing my work all alone. I would not be without your remedies in the house as there are none like them."—Mrs. F. E. Yost, 611 Water St., Albert Lea, Minn.

Three Doctors Gave Her Up.

Pittsburg, Penn.—"Your medicine has helped me wonderfully. When I was a girl 18 years old I was always sickly and delicate and suffered from irregularities. Three doctors gave me up and said I would go into consumption. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and with the third bottle began to feel better. I soon became regular and I got strong and shortly after I was married. Now I have two nice stout healthy children and am able to work hard every day."—Mrs. CLEMENTINA DUEHRING, 34 Gardner St., Troy Hill, Pittsburg, Penn.

All women are invited to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for special advice, it will be confidential.

She uttered a piteous little cry, and drew Bartley Bradstone's letter from her pocket.

Mr. Edgar took it calmly, though his heart beat. He read it, and his face fell slightly, master of it though he was.

Mr. Sewell was on his legs in a moment.

"I must see that letter," he said, firmly.

"It is—," began Mr. Edgar, but the solemn voice of the judge broke in: "You must put in the letter, Mr. Edgar; the prosecution, the jury, all of us must see it, please."

"As your lordship pleases," said Mr. Edgar, resignedly, and he held out the letter.

Mr. Sewell's face cleared.

"My lord," he said, "the letter is evidence, such as it is, on the side of the prosecution, and he read it."

"Where is this Mr. Bradstone?" inquired the judge, sternly.

"One moment!" put in Mr. Edgar. "Do you know if Mr. Bradstone was aware of Lord Clydesfold's affection for you?"

Olivia's face flushed, then grew white again.

"He may have known."

"Had Lord Clydesfold and Mr. Bradstone ever quarrelled?"

"Yes," she faltered, clutching the front of the witness box.

"So that I should not be far wrong if I said that Mr. Bradstone bore Lord Clydesfold a grudge?"

"No," dropped almost inaudibly from her white lips.

Mr. Edgar bowed with deep respect.

"Thank you, madam."

As she left the box Bertie and the squire took her hands.

"You will leave the court now?" whispered Bertie.

She shook her head.

"I cannot! I cannot!" and they took her back to her old seat.

Mr. Sewell rose, and in a few words seemed to scatter Mr. Edgar's defense to the winds. The evidence for the prosecution was complete, unanswerable. If there had ever been any doubt in the minds of the jury on the score of motive, Mr. Edgar had supplied it. Lord Clydesfold was in love with Miss Vanley, and married to this gypsy, and he, driven desperate, had rid himself of his lawful wife. He called upon the jury to find the prisoner guilty.

Then, amid a solemn silence, the

Judge arranged his notes and summed up.

It was evident to all that he put forward every iota in favor of the prisoner; but the awful evidence of his presence by the body, his connection with the deceased, the revolver, and his blood-stained clothes, the judge was compelled to give; and it was evidence which Mr. Edgar had not been able to outweigh by rebutting testimony.

The crowd grew pale in the intensity of their excitement and suspense, and the jury were rising to leave the box, when a loud noise was heard at the entrance of the court, and a smooth-faced, commonplace-looking man was seen to push his way through the throng, followed by a dark, sinister-looking man, who, as he advanced, looked from right to left in a furtive, half-suspicious, half-frightened way.

"McAndrew!" muttered Mr. Sewell; "where on earth has he been, and what is he doing? We have got a conviction!"

McAndrew—for it was he—went straight for Mr. Sewell, and whispered to him, and an eager dispute followed between them.

"Eh?" then said Mr. Sewell. "Oh, if you like, I don't care!"

Then he looked up to the bench.

"My lord, the only desire of the Crown is that the truth of this matter should be made apparent. I call Seth Lee!"

The judge looked and frowned, and held up his hand.

"You may call him," he said.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A Forgery.

Seth glided into the box, and stood with his eyes fixed upon Mr. McAndrew, as if he looked to him for guidance and protection. McAndrew, close to Mr. Sewell's elbow, whispered his instructions, and that eminent counsel, evidently struggling against an overwhelming astonishment not unmingled with a certain professional indignation, addressing the judge, said:

"My lord, I have received—I am indeed only now receiving—intelligence bearing upon this trial, of the most extraordinary nature. I am sure I shall have the indulgence of your lordship and the jury, and that they will credit me with my sincere desire to obtain the truth. Mr. Edgar, I think this witness, should belong to you, but as I am in possession of the information, I will examine him."

Mr. Edgar bowed, scarcely taking his eyes from Seth's cunning face.

"I reserve all my rights, my lord," he said.

"Your name is Seth Lee?"

"It is," said Seth, clearly enough, and as readily, his gaze still fixed on Mr. McAndrew.

"What do you know of this murder?"

"Everything," came the response.

The crowded court was so still that the ticking of the clock in the corridor could be heard distinctly.

"Do you know the prisoner at the bar?"

"I do. He's Lord Clydesfold."

"Did you know the deceased?"

"I did. She was a gypsy, one of my tribe, a Lee."

"When did you see the prisoner—Lord Clydesfold—last?"

In Harkwood Spinney, the day of the murder."

A rustle in the crowded court as people turned and looked at one another.

"At what time did you see him?" (To be Continued.)

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War News.

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

THE U. S. REFUSAL.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 10.

The United States has refused to accept the contention of the Entente Allies urging that neutrals deny the use of their harbors to all submarines, whether merchantmen or warships. Councillor Folk of the State Department announced to-day.

SUB. CONTROVERSY.

LONDON, Oct. 10.

The evening newspapers, commenting on the activities of the neutrals to the request made by the States to Britain early in the year to recall British cruisers from the West Indies and to American waters near American ports, and contend that the States cannot permit belligerent submarines to operate in these same waters. The Westminster Gazette says: "We have ample confidence in our Navy's ability to withstand the submarine menace, but we are entitled to expect that consideration which we have shown neutrals in the exercise of our sea-power shall not be audaciously turned to our disadvantage. The Daily Mail Gazette says: "Washington must either put a preemptory stop to proceedings in this area, over which it claims special concern, or must withdraw her protest against surveillance exercised by British warships, and recognize that its diplomacy showed lack of foresight and a deficient grasp of practical conditions."

NOTHING OF IMPORTANCE.

PETHOGRAD, Oct. 10.

On the western, Dobruja and Caucasian fronts, nothing of special importance has occurred, says to-day's announcement.

GREECE'S CABINET.

LONDON, Oct. 10.

Telegraphing from Athens yesterday Reuter's correspondent said: "Professor Lambros has succeeded in forming a Cabinet, which will be sworn in to-day. It is composed as follows: Premier and Minister of Public Instruction, Professor Spyridon Lambros; Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Zalocostas; Minister of War, General Dracos; Marine, Admiral A. Damianos, the present incumbent; Finance, Constantinos Tsanitolofos; Justice, Constantinos Andonopoulos; Interior, Alexander Tsikos; National Economy, probably M. Oeconomides. The correspondent describes this as politically the most colorless cabinet Greece has ever known."

TOWNS REPORTED EVACUATED.

LONDON, Oct. 10.

On the Struma front Kalendra and Topalova are reported by cavalry reconnaissance to have been evacuated by the enemy, who has fallen back to hills northwest of Sere. Kalendra and Homondas have been occupied. On the Delran front, our patrols have been active, and our artillery continues to bombard the enemy trenches.

FRANCE AND THE SUBMARINE.

PARIS, Oct. 10.

The torpedoing of Allied steamships off American ports by German submarine forces is regarded as the most important war news of the day. Under headings of "Blackmail" and "Defiance" the morning newspapers print every scrap of news obtainable, accompanied by plentiful comment. The general sentiment of the press is that Germany is challenging the United States, with a conviction that the challenge will not be taken up, and that neutrals must see to-day that they acted unwisely in not nipping the submarine warfare on commerce in the bud.

GERARD IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Oct. 10.

W. G. Gerard, American Ambassador to Germany, upon his arrival here to-day declined either to give or deny published reports that he was returning to the United States on a peace mission on behalf of the Emperor of Germany. Gerard's attention was called to a copyright article which appeared this morning in the New York World, to the effect that his errand was to inform the administration that resumption of submarine activity is being considered by Germany in a manner which might threaten German-American relations. Gerard, after quickly going through this story, said: "You don't see me quoted anywhere in it, do you?" To questions put to the Ambassador by reporters, who met him at his quarters, he replied, "It is useless to question me, boys. I cannot say a word."

FROM HEADQUARTERS.

LONDON, Oct. 10.

An official from General Haig's

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The warm, soothing effect of Nerville's will be apparent in five minutes. Nothing like it for quick relief.

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