WHEN LOVE

Came Too Late.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A Prisoner and His Visitor.

"In Wainford jail, miss," replied Bessie, piteously. "He has been there ever since—ever since the day of the wedding——"

"And the murder!" breathed Olivia. "He is shut up there with no friend to help him, while the guilty man is free!" Her eyes flashed, and she drew a long breath of repressed and passionate indignation. "Is there no one to help him—no one trying to save him?"

Bessie shook her head.

"I don't know, miss. They say that no one can help him, unless he will help himself."

Olivia thought for a moment, then she sat up with a strange expression of resolution in her eyes.

"Bessie, I must see him."

Bessie started and stared at her.

"You, miss! Oh, how can you! They will not let him come out to you!"

"No, I must go to him," said Olivia, quietly.

"To him—to the prison!" exclaimed Bessie. "Oh, miss, you cannot! The squire—Mr. Bradstone—would not permit it!"

Olivia's lips twitched at the sound of her husband's name.

"They must not know," she said, slowly and thoughtfully, as if she were earnestly considering the question; "they must not know. Stop, Bessie"—for Bessie, aghast at the proposal, was about to remonstrate—"I have made up my mind. If all the world said I should not see him, I would contrive to do so. In Wainford jail?" She put her hand to her brow. "That is Colonel Summerford's. He would do anything for me; he will not refuse to let me see him."

Her hands began to move restlessly, and she glanced at the clock with wistful impatience.

"Oh, no, no; not to-day, miss," pleaded Bessie. "You are not strong enough; you will be ill again, and—oh, not to-day, dear, dear Miss Olivia!"

"I am quite strong," said Olivia, rising and stretching out her hands. "How do I know that to-morrow may not be too late? We will go this afternoon—yes, this afternoon."

"But what can you do, miss?" gasped Bessie, who knew that when her mistress had made up her mind any further remonstrance would be useless.

Olivia sighed heavily.

"I do not know," she said, looking from side to side with a troubled expression in her eyes. "I cannot tell—till I see him. I shall know then!"

"Oh, dear!" breathed Bessie. "I am so afraid; you are so weak still."

"I am strong enough to walk to Wainford and back to help—him," came the low but quick response. "But there is no need for that. Go down and order the brougham; say that I wish to go out for a drive—that I will have no one but you with me. No one need know where we are going. Afterward, I do not care who knows."

Then, as Bessie still stood hesitating and trembling, she turned upon her almost fiercely.

"Did he stop to think of the consequences when you were in danger? Have you forgotten that?"

Bessie's face went crimson, and she flung up her hands before it; then, her face quite pale again, she looked at Olivia with a strange, intense reproachfulness, and left the room.

At three o'clock, Olivia, leaning on Bessie's arm, went down the stairs. Notwithstanding her assertions, she felt very weak, and her limbs seemed to quiver and tremble. The brougham was at the door, and the squire stood ready to help her in, with a couple of wraps on his arm.

"Are you sure you are strong enough, dear?" he asked, anxiously. "And will you not let me come with you?"

She put her arm around his neck and kissed him.

"No, dear; Bessie and I are going alone. Don't be anxious; I am getting quite strong again now. Tell James to drive round the park."

The squire wrapped the shawls round her tenderly, and the brougham drove off.

Olivia leaned back with her eyes closed for some minutes, but when the lodge had been left behind she sat up with a new life and eagerness in her eyes.

"Tell him now to drive to the jail," she said.

Bessie gave the order, and the coachman, after a moment or two of inert astonishment, turned the horses' heads.

The brougham pulled up at the prison, and Olivia made ready to get out.

"Shan't I ask the colonel to come to you, miss?" asked Bessie, who was white with anxiety.

Olivia shook her head.

"No," she said. "It would be easier for him to refuse while I am sitting here; it will be more difficult—oh, I will make it possible for him to do so, once I am inside his office," and her voice seemed suddenly to have got back something of its old ring and firmness.

They got out, and, without knocking, Olivia opened the office door.

The colonel looked up from the desk at which he was writing, and stared speechlessly for a moment at the vision of fragile loveliness. Then he sprang to his feet and came round to her.

"Great Heaven, Miss Olivia! I beg pardon—Mrs. Bradstone. You here! What is the matter? Where is the squire?" and as he held her hand he tried to lead her gently to a chair; but Olivia stood firm, and with her thin fingers twining round his, looked at him steadily, though her heart was beating wildly, and the color coming and going in her face.

"Nothing has happened, dear Colonel Summerford, and my father is not here. I am alone, excepting for my maid. I have come to ask a great favor of you. You will not refuse me?"

"A favor?" echoed the colonel; "my dear young lady! Come out of the draught, for Heaven's sake!" he broke off, for she looked so wan and slight that it seemed to him as if a breath of air would waft her away. "I did not know you were well enough to be out. Are you? And to come here! What is it you want me to do? Of course I will not refuse you; you know that."

"Yes, I know that," she murmured, in the sweet voice which had never failed yet to reach men's hearts. "I want you to let me see Mr. Faradeane."

The colonel literally gasped for breath.

"To—to see the prisoner—Mr. Faradeane!" he exclaimed under his breath. "My dear, dear girl, you cannot be serious."

She forced a smile.

"Do not be alarmed, Colonel Summerford. I am quite sensible now, and not delirious. And I do want to see Mr. Faradeane."

"To see Mr. Faradeane!" he repeated, as if he could not quite realize it even yet. "But what for, in the name of Heaven?"

"Must I tell you that?" she asked, still looking at him steadily, though her lips quivered. "I want to tell him that I know he did not commit this—that he is charged with, and that——"

She stopped.

"It's quite impossible!" he said, gravely. "Quite—quite! Don't ask me, I beg of you!"

"But I do ask you," she murmured, her eyes melting with entreaty. "Why is it impossible? You are the governor, and can do what you like"—the colonel was too much troubled to smile—"and you said you would not refuse me."

"But," he retorted, soothingly, with a look of relief, "fortunately, it isn't for me to grant or refuse. It is for Mr. Faradeane, and he has informed me that he will see no one."

"I do not care for that," she said, in the tone which only a woman knows how to use. "He will see me, because I shall not wait to ask him!"

The poor colonel tugged at his moustache.

"But—good Heaven, my dear girl, does your father know?—surely he doesn't know that you have come on this—forgive me—mad errand?"

"No, he doesn't know," said Olivia, steadily. "But if he had known, he would have let me. Colonel Summerford, you know I have been very ill?" she purred, bending toward him with a piteous entreaty in her lovely eyes. "You don't want to send me away to be as bad again?"

"God forbid!" responded the colonel, anxiously.

"Well, then, do as I ask you. Ah, you and I are such old friends—you won't refuse me what I have so set my heart on."

"Well, well, well!" he exclaimed, pacing up and down, and tugging at his mustache furiously. "I—— Confound it, how can I refuse you? You would coax the heart out of a stone dog. But I'm doing the maddest, wickedest thing, and I'll have to answer for it to the squire, and Lord knows whom else! There—don't cry!"

"I am not crying!" she said, biting her lip.

"I'll send up and ask him——"

"No!" she said, quickly, and she put her hand on his arm. "You must not do that; you must take me to him unannounced; you must not give him time or the chance to refuse to see me. Take me to him now!"

Colonel Summerford pursed his lips.

"I don't know who could resist you; I can't!" he said in despair, and he held out his arm. "Mind, you are to stay a few minutes only, and the warder——"

"There must be no one with us," she said, firmly. "No one. I must be alone."

The colonel groaned.

"In for a penny, in for a pound! My dear, if I am sacked for this, you will have to keep me in my old age."

And he tried to smile. He led her along the corridor, and, dismissing the warder with a nod, himself opened the cell door.

"A visitor for you, Mr. Faradeane," he said.

Olivia drew her arm from his, paused a moment to draw a long breath, then entered the cell.

Faradeane was lying on the hard pallet, his face resting on his arm. He raised his head, and opened his lips as if about to speak; then he rose and stared, his eyes dilating, his arms stretched out. He had not been asleep, but had been dreaming awake, and it is possible that he thought her a vision conjured up by his infinite longing and despair.

"Olivia!" he murmured, unconsciously. "Olivia!"

She glided across the narrow cell, and held out both her hands.

"Yes, it is I!" she said, and at the sound of her voice he trembled, and his pale, worn face grew crimson.

"You here!" he said, almost inaudibly. "Why have you come? This is no place for you—a prison!"

"It is no place for you!" she retorted, and as she spoke her lovely eyes flashed into his, and her fingers closed tightly on his thin hands.

(To be Continued.)

One Learns Much While Caddying. By Dorgan.

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The man of 50 has to slow up a little. He begins to realize that he has a stomach and liver. He can't eat and work and hustle with the same disregard of health as he did 20 years ago; so he turns to ABBEY'S EFFERVESCENT SALT.

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Romance of Gold

How Greaves Sought Water and Found Gold.

For thirty years the memory of a piece of gold-studded ore haunted Richard Greaves, a famous West Australian prospector, who has died lately. It was in Western Australia, where he arrived in 1885, that "Dick" Greaves allowed the gold fever into his veins. For two years after his arrival he prospected, off and on, for gold before is existence was definitely known in the State. He brought £600 in cash to Western Australia, and the greater part of that money was spent in prospecting work. It was a sample of stone named Beare's sone, hat sent him on his wanderings. He was shown the stone, among others, shortly after his arrival in the State, and he tested it, and thereupon decided to find Beare and locate the place where the stone could be obtained. He never found Beare, nor did he find any more of Beare's stone.

To find gold in any stone, however, Greaves and his companion, Ted Paine, went out on their lonely prospecting trips. Success was denied them on several expeditions, but in October, 1887, they were rewarded, for in that month they discovered the first gold.

The story of the great find is simple, and, told in his own words, is as follows; "As water was getting scarce, and the country very dry, our work on that trip became a quest for water instead of gold. We got to a clay pan, but the water was thick and slimy. We had to set to and pull the dead kangaroos out. We decided to leave the dray and take the horses and test the country round. It was the best bit of country we had seen for prospecting, and so we struck it. Ted Paine struck a floater with a speck of gold in it. To find where it came from was the next move. On October 22nd I came upon the reef, and we took a lot of stone out with gold hanging to ti." From that begining the mining industry sprang into first-rate importance.

KNOWING THE WORST.

Every morning John, the granger, looked with sadness on his corn, for it was in deadly danger, by the hot winds seared and torn. Through the weary weeks he'd tilled it — only nightfall made him stop—hoping by his toil to build it into something like a crop. It was perishing for water, and the heavens leaked no more; every day was fiercer, hotter, than the day that went before. And it seemed to John the granger, as he watched his corn crop go, that henceforth he'd be a stranger to all things but grief and woe. But when once suspense was ended, and he knew the crop was gone, "Next year's crop may well be splendid, and I'll bank on that," said John. "Two bad years don't come together—that would be too fierce, gadzooks! So next year we'll have such weather as we read about in books." Thus the buoyant, hopeful mortal rises when the worst is known, to surprise you with a chortle when you're looking for a groan.

Everyday Etiquette.'

"I am to give a party in the near future and expect to invite a girl who is engaged. I am not acquainted with her fiance but I should like to have him present. Please tell me what to do in such a case," asked Edith.

"Send two invitations to the engaged girl and ask her to hand one of them to her fiance, explaining the reason for your doing so," was her mother's advice.

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Ladies' Coats,

FOR FALL AND WINTER NOW SHOWING AT

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This year's style in Coats is distinctive. The Coat with the flare (or wide) skirt is the mode. Coats this year are either without belts or come with a half belt effect. This is quite different from last season's Military Coat, which had a belt all round and was much tighter in the skirt.

Despite increasing cost of Coats, through rising prices of materials, and the fashions demanding more cloth in each, we are enabled to offer you the **NEWEST GOODS** at the **LOWEST PRICES.** This we are enabled to do by our early contracts and also by our moderate margin of profit, which has built us up such a successful coat business, as it is well known our values are the best. Our prices are:—

$4.90, 5.90, 6.90, 7.90, 9.50 and upwards.

We are also busy opening a full selection of

Misses', Children's and Infants' COATS,

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Have just opened our new Spring Suitings. We were fortunate in securing a splendid range of

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Notwithstanding the scarcity of the woollens and the drawbacks in freights, we are able to show as good a selection as before the war. The latest in cut, the best in make. Write for samples and self-measuring cards.

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LONDON

LONDON, September 4th, 1916.

LORD ESHER AND THE KAISER.

Lord Esher's protest against ou being "caught a second time in th meshes of sleep" by the German Gov ernment is of the more significanc when we remember the special oppor tunity its writer has possessed fo knowing what artful attempts wer made to weave those meshes on th first occasion. In the early winter o 1907 the German Emperor visited thi country, made a specially pacifi speech to the citizens of London at th Guildhall, and was an honoured gues of King Edward at Windsor. Lor Esher at the time was not only Deput Constable of Windsor Castle, but member of the Committee of Imperi Defence; and it was in the latter ca pacity that the Kaiser sought to en gage him in discussion on our nava programme and defences. He, ev dently, did not prove as amenable t Imperial "soft sawder" as appears t have been expected, and the Emperor thereupon fastened upon the first nam ed capacity to build on it a deliberat insult towards him, which he embod ied in a notorious letter to the lat Lord Tweedmouth, then First Lord o the Admiralty.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR A NAVAL ADVISER.

It happened that those acquainte with the current gossip of the Germa Court were especially amused that th Kaiser should so far have forgotte one at least of his own experiences a to express to Lord Tweedmouth doubt "whether the supervision of th foundations and drains of the Roy palaces is apt to qualify somebody fo the judgment of naval affairs in ge eral." Report at Potsdam had it th at the height of one of the gravest o his various "Chancellor crises"—th of the dismissal of Caprivi from th position to which he unexpectedly ha been called on the dismissal of Bis marck—the Kaiser exclaimed at th Imperial luncheon table, "Here is pretty state of things! This city o ——" (naming a small Rhenis town) "petitioning to build sewer and proposing to empty the refuse in to the river just above the chief bath ing establishment! Of course, nobod in the Home Office saw the terribl mistake, and it took me four hours t correct the drawings and suggest better plan." That was nearly fou teen years before the gibe in th Tweedmouth letter; but the contem porary comment of a German cou chronicler is interesting now: "Both ering about the sewage of a seconda town while the empire is quaking i the throes of a crisis is a phenomen of rapid thought, or an anomaly bor of the passion to play providence."

THE NATIONAL IDEA.

Reference to the "National Idea" re calls a conversation with a Scotsma