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WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER XXXVII.
Conclusion.

He could not approach her. Though he longed to see her, to hear her voice, to touch her hand, ah! and to hold her in his arms as he had done for that one short moment in the woods, he felt that for the present it would be well for him to keep away from her. She was bearing up wonderfully. He would waylay Bessie perhaps once a day, and get her to talk to him of her; and never was Bessie reluctant to talk of her beloved mistress. And Bessie told him how remarkably Olivia had escaped the dreaded return of her illness.

"If anything had happened, my lord," Bessie would say, and then Lord Clydesfold would silence her. He would not permit any one to speak of the past.

While the world was still talking and marveling over the romantic "Hawwood Murder," and wondering why, now that he was free from the woman who had held him in thrall and free from the shadow of death, Lord Clydesfold did not return to the society which his rank and wealth would have so well adorned, the blow which he had been expecting fell upon the squire.

A distant cousin of Bartley Bradstone's rose up from the mists of obscurity and claimed what remained of his property; and, on examining his affairs, the mortgages on the Grange estate and the squire's bonds were discovered.

Then was the cousin jubilant; and, losing no time, swooped down like a bird of prey.

The squire was prepared. It is a question whether, in the joy of having his darling restored to him, he felt any very great sorrow.

"We must go, dear," he said to Olivia, from whom he now concealed nothing, and would never again conceal anything. "You will be brave, dear? It is a cruel business for you; but—"

Olivia put her arms round his neck, and drew his troubled, careworn face to hers.

"Dear, if you knew how wickedly

glad I feel!" she said. "Let them take everything so that they leave you and me—and auntie—in peace. Shall we take a cottage in Wales, or go abroad; one can live so cheaply abroad, can't one?"

"I—I don't quite know yet," said the squire, doubtfully. "I must ask Clydesfold."

Olivia's head dropped, and a faint color flew into her cheeks.

"Do you ask Lord Clydesfold's advice as to how many pieces of toast you should eat for breakfast, dear?" she whispered, with a little pout.

The old man rubbed his chin, and laughed absently.

"Well, I think I do, almost. I'll just go down to The Dell; I wish he'd come up here. But—but, I suppose—"

"Yes, you suppose rightly," she said, hiding her face on his shoulder again. "Do you want me to die of shame, as I should do the moment I saw him?"

"No, I don't want you to die of anything," he said, tenderly stroking her hand.

"Why doesn't he go back to London, to his old friends, the lords and ladies, who used to be so fond of him?"

"I don't know. I told him that it was his duty to do so; and he remarked that he was rather tired of doing his duty."

A smile crept over Olivia's face, and her eyes grew dreamy.

"That is like one of his old speeches," she murmured. "And he looks better, and more as he used to do."

"Why, when did you see him?" asked the squire, with some surprise.

Olivia flushed crimson, and she covered her face with her hands as she whispered, "I—I saw him, with the fieldglass, from one of the windows."

The squire could not suppress a smile, as he put her from him.

"And I always thought you were proud," he said.

"I'm—the meanest creature in existence," she said, piteously, as she ran out of the room.

The squire walked down to The Dell, gravely thoughtful, but serene and resigned.

would almost think she welcomes it. She suggests a cottage in Wales or an estate on the Continent. I told her I should come to you."

Clydesfold nodded again.

"Better take her on the Continent," he said. "The change will work a miracle in her. This trouble of yours will lead her to forget her own, and all that has passed. Yes, take her to Paris," he concluded.

"Very well," assented the squire, as if he was a father taking a wise son's advice. "And what are you going to do? You will not live in this place any longer, Clydesfold?"

"No, not much longer. I shall leave it when you are gone."

"That is right," said the squire. "I am glad; but for your sake, and not for my own," and he sighed. "It will be hard to think of the old place having gone forever, and still having to think of your having left it too. A double loss, Clydesfold. Where will you live? You have two or three places in England, have you not?"

"Yes; but I am going to live at Hawkwood Grange," he said, quietly. (To be Continued.)

The Web;

OR,
TRUE LOVE'S PASSION.

CHAPTER I.
The Dread Messenger.

"The Earl of Arrowdale; yes," said the woman, slowly, "you will post it with your own hand—when I am gone; to-night, Norah, dear?"

"Yes, Catherine," said Norah, simply.

The woman looked at her questioningly.

"You don't ask me what it is, Miss Norah?"

The girl shook her head gently.

"Not unless you care to tell me, dear."

"No, I will not tell you; you will know soon. I—I—" she struggled, as if with some strong emotion, and for the first time her eyes filled with tears.

"I can't tell you, Norah, and yet it is so hard—so hard!" And the tears rolled down the wan cheeks.

"Norah, say once more, Catherine, I love you! I will never think badly of you, whatever may happen—whatever I may hear. Whatever people say of you, I will love you!"

Norah bent over, fighting hard with her sobs.

"Catherine, dear, dear Catherine, you know I have loved you, and that I shall always love you, whatever may happen! What can happen to make me so wicked and ungrateful as to forget you, or think of you in any way but as my second mother?"

H.P. SAUCE

never varies, good to the last drop.

You need not shake the bottle, there is no sediment.

The old lady bowed and smiled.

"I am Mrs. Jordan, sir," she replied.

"And this, of course, is Cliff Cottage?" he said, raising his hat and fixing his gold eyeglasses. "My name is Petherick, Petherick, of Gray's Inn, ma'am, and I wish to see Miss Norah Frere."

Mrs. Jordan bowed again.

"Walk in, if you please, sir," she said, opening the door of a neat little parlor. "Miss Frere is out at present, but I am expecting her every moment."

Mr. Petherick walked in, and looked round the small room with keen, but not unkindly glance. It was the best room in the cottage, and it was not without a certain refinement. Two or three modern poets lay on the table, and some etchings of the best masters hung on the walls. There was something about the room that was not only cosy, but tasteful, and with that indefinable tone which is felt, though it cannot be described.

Wincarnis

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"Miss Frere has gone for a walk on the cliffs," said Mrs. Jordan, as Mr. Petherick seated himself. "It is so much better for her to be out; indeed, she almost lives in the open air."

"Very healthy, ma'am," said Mr. Petherick, nodding approvingly. "Nothing like fresh air for young people, and old ones, too. But, to tell you the truth, I am rather glad that Miss Frere is out, for, though I have come to see her, I am glad of an opportunity for a little talk with you in her absence."

He coughed a little dry cough behind his hand, and his keen eyes scanned Mrs. Jordan's face. It did not need a very strict scrutiny, for it was perfectly honest and genuine, and, but for its kindness of expression, commonplace.

Mr. Petherick's gaze relaxed into a persuasive smile.

"Let me see, my dear lady," he said. "I think Miss Frere has lived here with you for some years?"

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Jordan, "nearly sixteen. She was only four years old when she came, and she is now nearly twenty. Time passes very quickly, sir."

"Yes, ma'am, it does," assented the lawyer. "Nearly sixteen years." He looked round the room. "Let me see—I've a bad head for dates, ma'am, although I am a lawyer—her mother, Mrs. Frere, died—"

"Little more than a twelvemonth after they came to lodge here," replied Mrs. Jordan.

"Yes, yes," he murmured, making a rapid calculation; "and since her mother's death the young lady has been living in the charge, and under the care, so to speak, of her mother's confidential servant—housekeeper—what shall we say?"

Mrs. Jordan inclined her head.

"Mrs. Hayes; yes, sir. A most admirable woman, Mr. Petherick, and—er—much above her class. She was devoted to Miss Norah; I think she would have laid down her life for her at any moment. Poor woman!"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Petherick, in a lowered voice; "and she died a week ago?"

"This day week, sir," assented Mrs. Jordan. "It was a terrible blow to dear Miss Norah—the first, for of course she was too young to feel her mother's very acutely. A terrible blow, and Miss Norah has suffered a great deal, though she hasn't made much—"

She hesitated a moment for a better word than "fuss," but could not find it. "She is not a young lady who gives way to her feelings."

"Oh, indeed," remarked the old lawyer, with, as it seemed, an air of relief. "Happy—cheerful disposition, eh?"

(To be Continued.)

A Woman Pickpocket's Fortitude.

A few years ago, according to a Japanese writer in the New York "Sun," a very interesting tale was told of a pickpocket who was pretty effectively punished for her mischievous doings. In a street car a charming young lady took a seat by the side of an old artisan who had a large handbag by him. She spread a newspaper wide enough to cover her whole front, in the shade of which her dexterous fingers set about working with a sharp knife at the bag. She successfully cut open the side and thrust her dainty fingers inside, not without the knowledge of the few who sat opposite, but observed silence in dread of the vengeance so much talked of.

No sooner, however, had her fingers gone in than she turned ghastly pale, as though shot through the heart. In that posture she remained motionless, seemingly struggling with intense agony within. A few minutes afterward she quickly withdrew her hand, which she placed in her own kimono sleeve before anyone could notice what the matter could be with her.

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"His Majesty's Land Navy"

of the landships, or "Tanks," continues to hear amazing news. They proved of great service, and the men of the crews behaved magnificently. It must under any circumstances be no small test of a machine's ability to be shut up in a strait and to thrust one's self out of it, and out ahead of one's own fighting machine for every enemy within range. It must be considerably worse than what happens to the machine when it is compelled to stand still, and to fire on its side, far out in the open territory. This happened to more than one case.

One "Tank" still lies out there on the side, making a barricade across the front of the German lines, and the men and the Germans have been bombing each other all day. A "Tank" got out of repair and could not be repaired. The officer in charge of the machine was unable, and then the crew got out and came back to the "Tank" still lying there, and the crew could repair it and get it going again, for the Germans will not give up, though it is in their lines. In one case of another, which was a "Tank" crew similarly went to be killed, and was wounded under heavy fire.

Many of the "Tanks" have been hit all dotted with the machine-gun and rifle bullets.

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