



## WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER XI.  
A Bid For Love.

"Yes. Look here, Olivia, we've been beating about the bush long enough. You've treated me like a dog—yes, you have; or like the dirt under your feet. And I don't deserve it. No, by God! for I spared the old man—"

"You spared—?"

"Yes, I did. I could have told him what a cleft stick I'd got him in, but I didn't; I knew you wouldn't like it. I knew you'd rather he remained in ignorance till the affair was over."

"I'm afraid you are wasting your breath, Mr. Bradstone," said Olivia. "I do not in the least comprehend you—"

"But you will presently," he said, with a half-cunning, half-furious smile. "Look here; your father, the squire, is, as he put it, a fraud—"

She drew herself up, and sent a lightning shot from her eyes that made him quail.

"Leave the room!" she exclaimed, pointing to the door.

"Stop!" he said. "Wait!" for she had swept, with the dignity of an insulted goddess toward the bell. "So help me Heaven, it is true! He will tell you so himself, if you are foolish enough to ask him. He is a fraud—well, well, he's a ruined man, then. Up to his neck in debts, the Grange is sunk, the very furniture under a bill of sale; nothing can save him—nothing. He will have to turn out, neck and crop. Turn out! You don't know what that means. But he goes! The day he leaves here a ruined, broken man, dates his death-warrant! It does, by Heaven! and out he goes, unless you accept me, Olivia!"

"Unless—unless— Oh, you are mad!" she panted.

"Am I? No, I'm not. It's you who are mad—with pride. Do you think I'm an idiot and don't know what I'm talking about? What I tell you is true; and what is more, I hold your father's bonds—"

"You—"

"Yes," and he nodded, with a smile. "I've got 'em, one and all. At a word from me, he can be sold up and turned out. A word, a sign, and—with a sudden, sudden light in his suspicious restless eyes—"and, by God! I'll do it!— Look here, it will rest with you! Say you'll be my wife—by Heaven! I'll do my best to make you happy—and the day we're married I'll put the whole of these bonds and mortgages into your hands—you can light a fire with them. And I'll do more; I'll give you twenty thousand pounds—fifty—what do I care! I tell you I'm a millionaire! Money is dirt, stones, dross—you can fling it broadcast, roll in it—"

She stopped him with a gesture, entreating, piteous, desperate.

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It was ajar, which seemed strange to Bertie, and pushing it open, he entered, and opened the door of the sitting-room.

Paradeane was sitting beside the table; he had thrown off his dress coat and waistcoat, and was leaning on the table with his head resting upon his arms.

"Faradeane, old fellow!" said Bertie, softly.

He started, and sprang to his feet, with a look, not of apprehension, but as if it had been suddenly awakened from some painful reverie, and Bertie felt a pang shoot through him at the pallor and the wanness of the handsome face.

"Well, Cherub," he said. "Is it you?"

"Yes, I started you. I'm awfully sorry. Were you asleep, old man?"

Faradeane smiled.

"No, only thinking. Well, have you come from the Grange? Sit down."

Bertie sank into the chair with a sigh.

"Yes, I've just come from the Grange. I'm sorry you didn't join us. I left them all talking of your wonderful performance—"

Faradeane made a little gesture of deprecation, as much as to say that he had already received more than his due in that way, and, placing a cigar box on the table, lit his pipe.

"It was very kind of you to look in, Cherub," he said; "and I am very glad to see you. Make yourself comfortable, and accept my gratitude—and some whisky-and-water."

"As to gratitude—well, to tell you the truth—but I say, old fellow, I thought I saw you in the garden in the front as I came in just now."

Faradeane shook his head as he held the match to his pipe.

"No, of course not, because you were sitting here; but I could have declared that I saw the figure of a man cross in front of the window—"

Faradeane dropped the match, and strode to the door, then stopped short.

"My man, my gardener, groom, valet, factotum," he said. "He was looking round for the night, I dare say, and he sank down into a chair opposite Bertie's. "And now what was this truth you were going to tell me, Cherub?"

Bertie colored, and shifted in his seat nervously.

"Well, it wasn't altogether an unselfish deed, this dropping in upon you at this time of night. By the way, it is awfully late!"

Faradeane waved his pipe.

"It is never too late to receive a friend, Cherub. Day and night are all one to a man who takes no interest in either. You have come to talk to me—to ask me something. Isn't it so?"

Bertie nodded.

"You always seem to know," he said, with quiet admiration. "I did come to talk to you, to ask you to do me a great favor."

"Consider it granted, even to the half of my kingdom," responded Faradeane. "What is it?"

Bertie was silent for a moment; then, blushing like the rose, and with downcast eyes, he said:

"What—what do you think of her now—of Olivia, Faradeane?"

Faradeane was sitting with his arms folded at the back of his head, his eyes fixed in dreamy patience and kindness upon the fair, girlish face; but at this abrupt question his expression changed and his arms dropped.

"What do I think of Miss Vanley?" he said, in a slow, constrained voice.

"Yes, old fellow. You can't tell how anxious I am to get your opinion. You see, you are the dearest friend I've got, you always were my friend and all that, and I—I naturally—"

Faradeane nodded, and seemingly intent upon his pipe, which had suddenly got stopped up apparently, said:

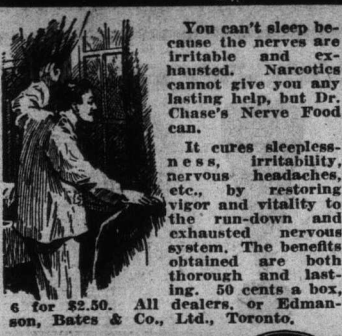
"I think she is a very beautiful girl, Cherub, and something a very great deal better than beautiful."

"I knew you'd say so, but I wanted to hear you say it!" exclaimed Bertie, with suppressed fervor. "I knew you admired her—"

Faradeane raised his head sharply. "You knew that I admired her! How should you know that? Have I shown it in any word or look?"

"No, no; don't be angry, my dear fellow," responded Bertie, quickly. "No, no; but I felt somehow that you did."

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Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

"Oh!"

"And I'm certain she admires you. I'm sure, if you'd seen her face as she sat to-night while you were reciting, and at dimmed time, too, with her eyes fixed upon you—"

Faradeane's pipe seemed to trouble him again.

"Oh, I could see that she was immensely taken with you; and who wouldn't be? Don't smile like that, old man; I mean all I say; and it was because I am sure that—that—she likes you and looks up to you, that I came in here to you to-night. The idea only struck me as I was passing the top of the lane."

"Oh," said Faradeane, quietly; "and what was the idea, Cherub?"

Bertie fidgeted in his chair, and sighed.

"Look here, Cly—"

Faradeane raised his head with a warning glance, and Bertie, coloring crimson, stumbled on:

"I—I beg your pardon; Faradeane, I mean. It's just this: I'm half be-

side myself to-night. Being with her all this evening has set me all a-quiver, and—and the sight of that fellow Bradstone has upset me so terribly that—that I must—I must know my fate. I can't go on any longer! I've got a dread upon me that if I don't speak out now, at once, and tell her how I love her, and—and ask her to be my wife, that I—that this fellow will get before me, and—"

He stopped and wiped his brow with a hand that quivered.

Faradeane looked at him with his dark, sad eyes.

"And you came to ask my advice? You shall have it. Obey the impulse, Bertie; go and tell her you love her, as you suggest—"

He paused, stopped by a look in Bertie's eyes.

"Well?"

"I—I—that isn't what I wanted," said the Cherub.

"No? What do you want, then?"

"I—I want you to do it for me," said Bertie, in a low voice.

For a moment Faradeane sat motionless and speechless; then he laughed. It was a strange laugh, fuller of pain than of mirth, almost a laugh of bitterness.

"You—want—me to tell her?" he said, slowly.

"Yes," said Bertie, in his eagerness leaning forward with clasped hands.

"That's what I want. Try as I will, I can't find the pluck. You'll think I'm a coward, I know. I can't help it, if you only felt as I do! I tell you, old fellow, that when I think of going to her, and saying—what I should have to say—I—I—my voice leaves me. You don't know what she is. She might laugh at me, or she might turn on me with one of those cold, far-away looks in her eyes; and—and both ways of taking it would—would settle me."

(To be Continued.)



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## ROBE

## War News.

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

BRITISH SUCCESSFUL ATTACK.

BERLIN, Aug. 18. The British with several fresh divisions launched an attack on the German lines north of the Somme and succeeded in driving back the German first line for a short distance on a narrow front southwest of Martinuich. A night attack by the French between Guillemont and Maurepas was futile and costly. The battle is still raging along the German salient to the northeast of Hardecourt.

REORGANIZATION OF GERMAN FORCES.

NEW YORK, Aug. 18. The Journal to-day has the following from Paris: A complete reorganization of the German forces on the west front, from Flanders to Alsace, has been effected. It was learned today from authoritative French military sources, Field Marshal Von Mackensen, who commanded the German campaign in Russia a year ago



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