

## WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

### Conclusion.

"Ah, no, never again!" he answered in the low accents of passion—passion that had been suppressed for ten months and longer. "Never again unless you tell me that you do not love me; then I will go forever! What do you say, Olivia? Ah, I won't shame your sweet trustfulness by asking. Kiss me, my darling! Give me the kiss that I have been thirsting for so long—so long."

She raised her head, and looked at him, and her soul seemed to melt and fly on the wings of a dove to his. Then, with the little shudder of joy's excess, she put up her hands, slid them, warm and soft, round his neck, and, drawing his face down, let her lips cling to his.

"Oh, my love, my love! oh, my darling!" she breathed. "If you knew! If you knew! But you will never know, you never can! Must I tell you?"

He answered her with a passionate kiss. Her face burned, and she hid against his breast, drawing the sable lining of his coat round her to hide her as she made her confession:

"I thought—I thought to-night that you were never coming, and that I must see you—or die!"

Nearly a year passed before Lord Clydesfold brought his bride back to the old home, for which he had made a House Beautiful for her; and not only the whole population of Hawkwood and Wainford, but, as it seemed, almost the whole of the county, congregated to give them welcome.

All that was done that day in the way of triumphal arches, feasting, and speech-making, is it not written in the columns of the Wainford Gazette? There is no need to reprint it here. But mention must be made of one feature of the festivities.

Massed near the new gates that opened to the new drive were two or three hundred little children, neatly clad, and wearing happy faces, as rosy as the flowers they held in their hands ready to throw in the path of the lovely young countess.

They were the children of the Conventual Home, which had effaced The Maples, and in their midst stood a pale, but serene, and, indeed, happy-faced matron. She was known at the Home and to the world as Sister Elizabeth, and had grown so used to hear herself so called in accents of childish love that she would scarcely have responded if some one had chanced to remember her and called her—Liz Lee.

Seth had disappeared in the confusion and excitement of Lord Clydesfold's release on the day of the trial, and, with true gypsy cunning, had succeeded in concealing his whereabouts from all excepting the man who, with generous hand, sent him periodically enough to live on.

Of Ezekiel Mowle there are no tidings; but we have a shrewd suspicion that he is doing well somewhere, and that he will continue to do so, until, having reached the height of the proverbially flourishing bay-tree, he will in a moment of imprudence lose his caution, grow reckless, and be cut down.

Bessie, what of true-hearted, devoted Bessie? You will find her at the Grange, and never far from her be-

## BAD DREAMS ARE SYMPTOMS

### Ill Health the Cause—Many Alarming Symptoms of Women's Ailments—How Cured.



Patterson, N.J.—"I thank you for the Lydia E. Pinkham remedies as they have made me feel happy and healthy. Some time ago I felt so run down, had pains in my back and side, was very irregular, tired, nervous, had such bad dreams, did not feel like eating and had short breath. I read your advertisement in the newspapers and decided to try a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It worked from the first bottle, so I took a second and a third, also a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Purifier, and now I am just as well as any other woman. I advise every woman, single or married, who is troubled with any of the above said ailments, to try your wonderful Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier and I am sure they will help her to get rid of her troubles."—Mrs. ELISE J. VANDER SANDE, 7 Godwin Street, Patterson, N. J.

Women suffering with any form of female ill, or any symptoms that they do not understand, are invited to write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. (confidential), and receive advice wholly free of cost.

loved mistress' side. You must ask for her still as Miss Alford, for Bessie is still unmarried. She has had offers, many and excellent, but she has refused them, and will still refuse them. She gives no reason, but simply says, "I thank you, no!" and it has grown into a tradition that at some time—say just about the period in which she had the pony accident—she lost her heart, and has never been able to find who stole it.

At any rate, be that as it may, she is as happy as—as Olivia, Countess of Clydesfold; and it would be difficult to find a higher state of felicity.

As the squire says, as he looks at his "son and daughter," from his old armchair by the great dining-room fire:

"How can a woman be anything but happy when she is married to a man who has proved that he is willing to lay down his life for her sake?"

THE END.

## The Web;

OR,

## TRUE LOVE'S PASSION.

CHAPTER I.

### The Dread Messenger.

"Dear me," he said, aloud. Then he muttered, "Confound it, how shall I tell her with those eyes of hers fixed on me like—like gimlets?"—which they certainly were not. "Dear me, that is so strange, because, you see, my dear Miss Frere, the earl knows you so well."

"Knows me?" said Norah, her eyes opening still larger, to Mr. Petherick's increased embarrassment. "I think you must be mistaken. I am sure that I have never seen him, nor heard of him till now."

"Not, I should have said, that the earl knew of you—of you. There is a difference, is there not? And—and to put it abruptly, which I have been trying not to do all this time, it is by his request, I should say command, that I am here to-day."

It's Such a Funny Sensation.

By Dorgan



"By the command of the Earl of Arrowdale," said Norah.

"Yes; his lordship takes a very great interest in you. In fact—ahem; you have no other name than Norah—Norah Frere, I believe?"

A vague suspicion began to assail Norah, that her strange visitor was slightly demented.

She shook her head. "Did you ever hear your mother speak of your father, Miss Frere?" he asked.

"No," said Norah, in a low voice; "I think he is dead."

Mr. Petherick pursed his lips and frowned.

"Now we are coming to it," he muttered. "My dear young lady, your father is not dead; in fact—ahem—he is very much alive. I thought it likely that you may have learned that he and your mother were separated—from no fault of your mother's," he added, as the beautiful face grew suddenly pale, and the dark eyes became moist; "no fault of hers whatever. Er—incompatibility of temper. Yes, I may say, with all due respect to my noble client, that any woman would have found it difficult to live with him. Your father, the earl—"

Norah rose, pale and agitated.

"What did you say?" she breathed.

"My father, the earl—"

"Well, I've let it out now, thank Heaven!" exclaimed Mr. Petherick.

"Yes, my dear young lady, your father is the Earl of Arrowdale. Come, come, it has surprised and upset you, I know, and—and I might have broken it better; though, 'pon my word, I did my best. Will you sit down? Pray, sit down."

Norah sank into the chair and put her hand before her eyes. Her brain was in a whirl, and she almost doubted the evidence of her senses.

She, the daughter of an earl! Surely there must be some mistake.

Mr. Petherick coughed and fidgeted for a minute or two, then he took up his parole.

"You see, Lady Norah—"

Lady Norah! Norah let her hand fall from her eyes and looked at him.

She was still pale, but she had mastered her emotion, or, at least, any signs of it, and the dark eyes turned upon the old lawyer were full of sweet dignity and patience.

"You see, the secret has been kept so well—I really don't think any one knew of your existence or identity, excepting the earl and your mother, and the nurse, Mrs.—"

"Catherine Hayes," surmised Norah.

"Thank you, yes; and myself, of course—that it is only natural you should be surprised. But I beg you will not distress yourself or feel any alarm. The earl has nothing but the—ahem—kindest intentions, and, indeed, is—er—eager to see you. Heaven forgive me," he added, inaudibly.

"To see me?" said Norah; "he has never seen me."

Mr. Petherick coughed awkwardly.

"No, no; he has not. You were born a few months after the separation, and—and circumstances—in fact,

as you say, the earl has not seen you."

"Why does he wish to see me now?" asked Norah, in a low voice, her lip quivering.

"Well, his lordship having become aware, by the letter of your nurse, Mrs. Hayes, of your lonely condition, has decided that you should go and live with him."

Norah flushed.

"Go and live with him," she said, slowly.

"Yes. He is your father, my dear Lady Norah," said Mr. Petherick, "and—though I have no doubt you would be quite content to remain here with this extremely amiable old lady, Mrs. Jordan, still—er—really, I think the arrangement the earl proposes is only the natural and proper one, and I—er—trust you will find it a happy one." But though Mr. Petherick smiled and nodded, his cough and a certain compression of the lips were scarcely encouraging.

"My father wishes it," said Norah, her brows drawn in a straight line.

"You may be sure of that, Lady Norah. I can assure you that the earl never did anything he didn't wish to—"

He stopped awkwardly. "Oh, yes, certainly."

"Where does he live?" asked Norah.

"At present, indeed for a greater part of the year, at Sandleigh Court, a most beautiful place, oh, beautiful! and—er—"

he took out of his old-fashioned watch, "I think, if it is not hurrying you too much, we must think of starting, say, in an hour."

"In an hour!" exclaimed Norah.

Mr. Petherick smiled and nodded encouragingly.

"Yes. My instructions were to return as quickly as possible. His lordship's commands were explicit, and—ahem—one is accustomed to obey them. No need to trouble about packing, Lady Norah; that is, more than you want for the journey. The other things can follow you."

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## Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Fashion Plates. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A PRETTY DRESS FOR PARTY OR BEST WEAR.



1846—Girls' Dress, with or without Bolero, and with Sleeve in Either of Two Styles.

Nainsook, batiste, voile, crepe, lawn, tub silk, messaline and taffeta are nice for this model. The waist may be finished with or without the bolero. The back extends over the fronts in yoke effect. The skirt is full and gathered to the waist. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 3½ yards of 36-inch or wider material, for an 8-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A SMART NEW STYLE.

1848—Girls' Coat, with Raglan Sleeve.



This style is fine for cheviot, velvet, corduroy, velour and taffeta. The sleeve is cut in raglan style, both comfortable and pretty, and has a cuff over a band. The fronts of the coat are trimmed with smart pockets. The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 2½ yards of 44-inch material for a 6-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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Size . . . . .

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(To be Continued.)

## Pickles, Chow- Chow, Starch,

Etc., Etc.

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- 100 cases CHOW CHOW, 2 doz. each.
- 100 cases BLUE STARCH, 56 lbs. each.
- 100 cases WHITE STARCH, 56 lbs. each.
- 50 cases ASSORTED STARCH, 56 lbs. each.
- 200 bags SUPERIOR QUALITY RICE—  
2 cwt., 1 cwt., ½'s, ¼'s and ⅛'s each.

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## Ladies! We are now showing an extremely varied and extra special selection of Ladies' and Misses'

## Hats For Fall and Winter, And a most carefully selected assortment of Millinery.

We have also just opened an extra large and special lot of

### LADIES' FLANNELETTE UNDERWEAR AND NIGHTDRESSES,

which considering present high market costs are extra good values and which cannot be duplicated.

See also our selection of

### Ladies' Moire Underskirts.

## Henry Blair

Advertise in the TELEGRAM

## War News.

### Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

DECORATED WITH CROSS.

PARIS, Oct. 17.

Monsignor Emile Lobbedey, Bishop of Arras, has been decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor for his heroism and devotion with which he remained at his post of duty under fire.

COURT MARTIAL AT BRUSSELS.

LONDON, Oct. 17.

A court martial will assemble in Brussels to-day for the trial of four or five persons accused of conspiracy. The prisoners include Dr. Bull, a wealthy Englishman, charged with having provided Edith Cavell with funds to assist in the escape of Belgians.

WORKMEN ARRESTED.

LONDON, Oct. 17.

The Amsterdam correspondent of the Exchange Telegraph Co. wires the following: Three hundred workmen in a Ghent factory, who refused to work in German munition factories in Belgium, have been arrested and sent to Germany. Twelve who resisted were shot. The Germans everywhere are forcing the Belgians to work for them, particularly on the railways.

ON THE MACEDONIAN FRONT.

PARIS, Oct. 17.

Violent artillery fighting is in progress on the Macedonian front in the region of the Cerna River. The war office reports that the Serbians were checked by a Bulgarian counter-attack.

RETIREMENT OF ROMANIANS.

LONDON, Oct. 17.

The Times' correspondent with the Romanian forces telegraphs: Romanian troops west of the Tasso, began an orderly retirement from their position on the evening of October 16, passing Brasov, burning by night. To-day they are taking up positions in the foothold defending the entrance to the Predell Pass. This movement represents a redistribution in order to shorten the line, and was not in the slightest degree forced by any local necessity. With the long western front which the Romanians had to defend in face of the increasing numbers of Teutons, it was deemed wise not to expose advanced positions to any sudden manoeuvres during the retirement. The Germans were not even in touch with the Romanian troops, and the movement has been made quietly and entirely without panic of the smallest demoralization among the Romanians.

THE POPE'S APPEAL.

ROME, Oct. 17.

The Pope has made an appeal to the children of happy and prosperous America to aid the million and a half of happy children of Belgium.

FIFTH GERMAN WAR LOAN.

NEW YORK, Oct. 17.

A cablegram from Berlin shows that in the fifth German war loan the number of small subscribers, those loaning less than 200 marks, fell off in number by 612,034.

BITTER FIGHTING IN THE TRANSYLVANIA PASSES.

LONDON, Oct. 17.

Latest despatches from Bucharest show that fighting of an extremely bitter character is still going on in all the Transylvania Passes. According to a news despatch from Roumania, the retreat from Transylvania was chiefly due to the heavy guns of the Austro-Germans, which outranged the Romanian artillery. Military experts direct attention chiefly to Predell, and Buxton Passes, the former leading directly to valuable oil fields, while the latter is on the road to the railway Junction of Buxton connecting Bucharest with Northern Roumania and Russia. In neither of these Passes have the invaders made any serious headway.

FRENCH CAPTURE.

PARIS, Oct. 17.

Another group of houses in the village of Sully-Saillies on the Somme front, was captured last night by the French, the war office says, after a strong German counter-attack was repulsed.

QUICK AND EASY. — The Gillette Junior Safety Razor, 225,000 sold to the soldiers on the western front; 500,000 with 7 blades; extra blades, 40c per dozen, or 3 for 10 cts. CHESLEY WOODS, 282 Duckworth Street, near Whitehall, Sole Distributors.

Wholesale only. For sale at advertised stores. — Oct. 17.

The chemist dress