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WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER XIX. "Love Came Too Late."

She stole out, and the harassed man flung himself into a chair, and, flattening out the note, read it again and again, with the persistence of a man completely overwhelmed and bewildered.

It ran, in a hard, angular hand: "Sir,—I beg to give you notice that I hold your notes of hand for various sums amounting in the whole to the total of five thousand eight hundred pounds, and that, being in want of money, I shall be obliged if you will take up the notes at my office on or before the twenty-sixth instant. I also beg to inform you that the mortgages on the Home Farm and Swivelcote have come into my possession, and that I have lodged formal notice of foreclosure with your solicitors. Trusting you will not be inconvenienced, and regretting that the tightness of the money market compels me to trouble you, I remain, your obedient servant,—Ezekiel Mowle."

The squire sat and pondered—if his confusion of mind could be termed pondering—over the letter. He had never heard this name of Mowle before, but at once understood that it must be that of some money-lender; some man who had, for reasons best known to himself, bought these debts, and, as he had a perfect right to do, required them paid.

He knew that the Home Farm and Swivelcote were both mortgaged above their value, and that any attempt to re-borrow the money would be futile. They would have to be sold. The Home Farm, that had been part and parcel of the Grange estate for centuries, and Swivelcote, which had been granted to the Vanleys by King Charles II.—they would have to be sold, and with them would go the pride and repute of the good old name!

"Thank God, I have no son to reproach me!" murmured the squire, with quivering lips. "Thank God, my child will marry a rich man!" and he hid his face in his hands as he bowed over the letter of Ezekiel Mowle.

Olivia went into the drawing-room, and found Harold Faradeane alone. He was standing by the window, his clear-cut face and stalwart figure silhouetted against the red light of the setting sun, and he turned as her footsteps fell upon his ear; light as her tread was, he knew it.

They had never been alone together since the night he had brought her home from Bessie's, and at another time Olivia's heart would have beaten wildly, and her color would have come at finding herself alone with him; but to-night she was too anxious about the squire to remark it.

His quick eye, which always seemed to dwell upon her face with a grave, guardian kind of watchfulness, noticed that something was amiss instantly.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked, in a low, earnest voice which never failed to find an echo in her heart. "Forgive me, but I thought you looked—worried."

For a moment she hesitated, and a strong impulse to tell him seized her, but she put it from her, alas!

"Did I?" she said, forcing a smile. "Perhaps I am anxious about the dinner. 'We have a new cook, you know.' His eyes rested upon hers—smiling so bravely!—for a moment, then he smiled.

"I cannot fancy you anxious about the dinner," he said. "Is that all?" and his hand held hers, or, rather, let hers go, slowly and reluctantly. "If there is any other trouble I shall ask you to remember our compact, and tell me."

She was moving away, but turned her face toward him with a doubting, wistful expression in her lovely eyes. Even then she might have spoken and all her future changed, but her evil genius sent Bartley Bradstone into the room at that moment, and with a bitter smile she turned, thinking: "If I tell any one it should be my future husband."

seemed depressed, though he made a valiant attempt to be cheerful, and all through the dinner Bartley Bradstone's spirits seemed to rise. He took more wine than usual, too, and seemed disposed to linger over the Chateau LaFitte after Olivia and Aunt Amelia had gone.

Faradeane, who rarely drank more than one glass with his dessert, arose. "I'll smoke my cigarette on the terrace," he said, and the squire nodded with the gentle smile which the father might bestow on a favorite son.

Bartley Bradstone looked after the tall, thin figure with an evil, envious glance.

"Faradeane isn't much in the way of company, is he?" he said, disparagingly.

The squire looked surprised. "I think he is the most entertaining of men," he said.

"Oh, ah, with ladies, perhaps," assented Bartley Bradstone, grudgingly, "but he can't sit and take his glass of wine like other fellows," and he filled his glass again.

"He doesn't drink much," said the squire, absently, and he sighed.

"You seem a cup too low to-night, squire," said Bartley Bradstone, with affected carelessness. "Anything wrong?"

The squire hesitated a moment, then took the letter from his pocket. "I did not mean to trouble you with it, though Olivia asked me to do so," he said. "But perhaps it is my duty to tell you," and he leaned his head on his hand.

Bradstone read the note slowly, then emitted a low whistle.

"Mowle, Mowle. I seem to have heard the name before," he said, as if trying to recall it. "I've an idea he is a kind of money-lender. Do you know him?"

The squire shook his head, the fingers of his thin, right hand beating a mournful tune on the tablecloth.

"No. I've no doubt you are right. It doesn't signify who or what he is; his claim is a lawful one, and I must meet it. I thought you ought to know."

"Yes, if it's the man I think it is, you will have to meet it," said Bradstone. "These fellows will have their bond; and you can't blame them. Business is business."

"I do not blame him," said the poor squire, simply. "What troubles me is the fact that I do not know how to arrange for his claim."

Bartley Bradstone looked at the letter again.

"What is the amount?" he said.

The squire, after a few minutes' reflection, told him, and he whistled again. It was not a loud whistle, but it jarred upon the squire's nerves.

"Look here," said Bradstone, after an artistic pause. "If you will leave this to me I will try and arrange it for you—"

The squire looked up, and his face flushed.

"I—I could not permit you to pay it," he said, gravely.

"No, no; but I can arrange it. I can get time, and time is everything in these matters. Things are going to improve presently, and the property will be worth a great deal more money than this. Leave it to me, will you?"

"You are very kind," said the squire in a low voice.

Anæmia. Our blood is composed of red and white corpuscles—the red to nourish the body, the white to fight disease. In Anæmia—or bloodlessness—the red corpuscles are more or less deficient. Thus the blood cannot provide sufficient nourishment for the body. Therefore the face becomes white and 'pasty'—the eyes become dull and 'heavy'—and a feeling of intense weariness pervades the whole system.

Fortune Bay Awakening. Dear Sir,—Please allow me space in your valuable paper to touch on an incident that happened recently, namely the sinking of the s.s. Hump at St. Lawrence. Why was the s.s. Hump taken off her route to take the Bishop and return to Placentia when the s.s. Argyle was going there on her route and the s.s. Glencoe and Portia going more direct?

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New Japanese. We have just received from Japan made Japanese China. Cups and Pots and Cream and Sugar Sets.

Imperial. Cream & Sugar Set and Tea Pot 550 Coupons, or 160 Premium Tags, or 580 Master W. & Sickle.

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