

# Love Finds A Way.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

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Continued.

A furtive but thorough examination of the papers Jimmie Martin had found had led her to believe that they were of decided value to Tom. Whether to give them to him on the first chance meeting with him or whether to hold on to the most important ones until he came of age was the knotty point with her. One of her innumerable theories was that if Horace Matthews had not been willing for them to be lost he would have made a more thorough search for them at the time of their disappearance.

The discrepancy between this view and the idea of Jimmie Martin having resold himself did not concern her in the least. The average woman does not understand the necessity for dovetailing her theories and rises superior to consistency.

The old woman sighed and peered restlessly toward the front gate. She had half a mind when Malvina did come back to tell her all about the finding and the loss of the papers, first, of course, she would entertain and discarded that same "half a mind" scores of times already. Malvina would just get angry with her and put on superior airs of rectitude. Malvina got angry with her every time she cast any discredit on Horace Matthews' management of Tom's affairs. He certainly had bewitched Malvina, as he had others before her. Only that morning at the breakfast table, when Malvina had described the beautiful pearl necklace that Matthews had clasped about his girl's neck and she had promptly recognized it as having been Lucetta's, given to her as a birthday gift by her brother Rufus, and had denounced its appropriation by the lawyer, Malvina had "flown all to pieces" and had just stopped short of downright disrespect to her mother in defense of him.

"As if I did not know him better than anybody living!" the old woman grumbled, striking one wrinkled fist angrily against the other. "As if I did not know his soul to be rotten to the very core!"

Tom Broxton, cantering gayly down the sun drenched road on his way to Manderville, caught a glimpse of the bright spot of color in the cottage doorway and drew rein with friendly intent. He consulted his watch and laughed.

"It is 'Mother' Spillman. I ought to pay my respects to the old lady. I have more time this morning than I am likely to have again. I was asked to a 2 o'clock dinner, and it is only a little past 12 now. I'm showing my hand pretty plainly."

He sprang out of the saddle, threw his bridle over a picket of the fence and made his way quickly between Miss Malvina's hollyhocks and larkspurs. The old woman peered forward eagerly at sound of the gate latch.

"That ain't you back already, Malvina?"

Her hands were caught in a warm cordial clasp. "No; it's only Tom Broxton, 'Mother' Spillman. I've stopped by to ask after your eyes. Miss Malvina tells me you have had a dreadful time with them this winter, and, as if that wasn't enough to keep both of you in work, you had to go and sprain an ankle."

All of which was shouted so immediately into the old lady's ears at the top of Tom's vigorous young lungs that she recoiled in physical pain. But she held his hands with answering warmth and smiled a glad welcome up at the great stalwart fellow.

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"My dear boy, my good lad, to think of your taking the time to stop and call on an old woman like me! But it was like you—like the Broxtons, I mean. They never forgot other people's feelings. Sit down, Tom, close to me, laddie, where I can touch your shining brown hair if I want to. But don't yell so, Tom. They try to make out that I can neither hear nor see, but the old woman is not quite useless yet—no, not yet—not too helpless to be a good friend to the last of the Broxtons, Tom. Eh?"

"Indeed, no, ma'am," said Tom cheerfully. "I don't know of anybody I would turn to quicker if I needed help than to you or Miss M."

He was thinking of the old woman's buttons and failing sock heels, and thinking of much weightier matters. She gave a chuckle of unmistakable triumph.

"Say that again, my boy; say it again. It does one good after being snubbed and laid on the shelf for years. You mean it, don't you, Tom?"

"Of course I do, every word of it," said Tom kindly. "But you must not talk of being laid on the shelf yet for a great many years to come, 'Mother' Spillman. You have got plenty work to do in the world yet."

"Oh, I'm not getting younger, and I'm not getting brighter, I'm willing to go when my time comes. But, Tom, I've been thinking with you, lad. You're right, I've got work to do. I've been wanting to say some things to you that no one else could say as well nor as safely, things nobody else would dare to say. Sit here on this hassock, close by my feet boy, and try to use the trumpet when you answer me. Then you won't have no bawl so that they can hear you all over the county."

"So far as I can see," said Tom, experimenting gently with the trumpet, "there's no one to hear us unless it is Miss Malvina's canary bird or that old rooster yonder scratching up the flower beds. Shall I drive him away?"

She laid a heavy hand on his shoulder. "No; sit still. Malvina will be coming back presently, and she'd be in the way." She leaned forward until her thin lips almost touched his healthy pink ear.

"Thomas, where is all of your mother's and your Aunt Lucetta's fine jewelry?"

"Jewelry? I don't know, 'Mother' Spillman. I didn't know they had any."

"They had thousands of dollars' worth, boy. They had diamonds and pearls and Etruscan gold sets and cameos and the dear knows what besides. Many a time when I, as a minister's wife, ought to have been frowning down such frivolities have I sat gloating over their beautiful gems, real works of art, that were kept in one great lacquerware box when your dear mother and aunt were alive. They were a fortune in themselves. Oh, they were dressers, those two dear women! Not that they ever overdid it, though. Where is that box now, Thomas?"

Tom laughed carelessly. "I have not the slightest idea, 'Mother' Spillman. I never heard of the existence of all that splendor before. I suppose my father would have put such things in bank somewhere. I am glad to know so many pretty things are in waiting for my future wife."

"Your future wife?"

"Why, yes. Of course I am going to have one some of these days, 'Mother' Spillman. You would not have me go without?"

"No. Oh, no! But, Tom, about those jewels." She was leaning toward him, twisting her knotty fingers nervously about each other. "I remember one especially beautiful pearl necklace of your Aunt Lucetta's. Your father brought it to her from Paris. I don't suppose there was another one like it in the whole country—15 large pearls caught into a rosette, with a big opal in the center and strings of pearls on either side."

"It must have been very pretty, but I never saw it," said Tom absently. The necklace that had encircled Ollie's round white neck the night before had made no separate impression upon him. He had seen nothing but a pair of lovely, laughing eyes, rippling yellow hair and sweet smiles. He was thinking of them now. This accurate description of his aunt's wonderful necklace suggested nothing to him. "Mother" Spillman shook her head impatiently. She did not want to shock him if she could avoid it. She just wanted to open his

eyes gradually.

"And, Thomas, the silver! My, what a lot of it you do own! There are few young fellows who could start house-keeping as grandly as you could. Your dear mother was proud of her family plate—silver tureens and great massive pitchers and trays!"

Tom laughed gleefully. "Why, this is getting to be quite interesting. I feel like Cinderella in trousers, with all my pumpkins turned into jewels and silver plate."

"Eh, Tom? Where is it all?"

"I did not know of its existence, 'Mother' Spillman. Of course after mother and Aunt Lu died father and I lived very simply. I was only 6 when he and I were left alone, and I have been off at school since I was 11. I suppose all those things are in bank somewhere. I don't know much about my affairs as yet."

"But you are getting to be a man now, Thomas, and you ought to be looking after your own affairs. You ought to know what belongs to you. There were inventories of the jewels, even describing the most valuable ones, and of the silver. I know what I am talking about, Thomas. I ought to. I helped your dear mother make out those inventories. You ought to know all this, Thomas."

The closing admonition of his father's unfinished letter flashed into his memory.

"I suppose when the proper time comes I will, 'Mother' Spillman. I have been too busy with my books up to date. But Mr. Matthews—"

Here he received a violent surprise. The old woman laid her two hands on the coat lapel nearest her and shook it very much after the fashion of a terrier pouncing on a rat.

"Don't trust everything to him, boy; don't, I say."

(To be Continued.)

## Urinary Troubles

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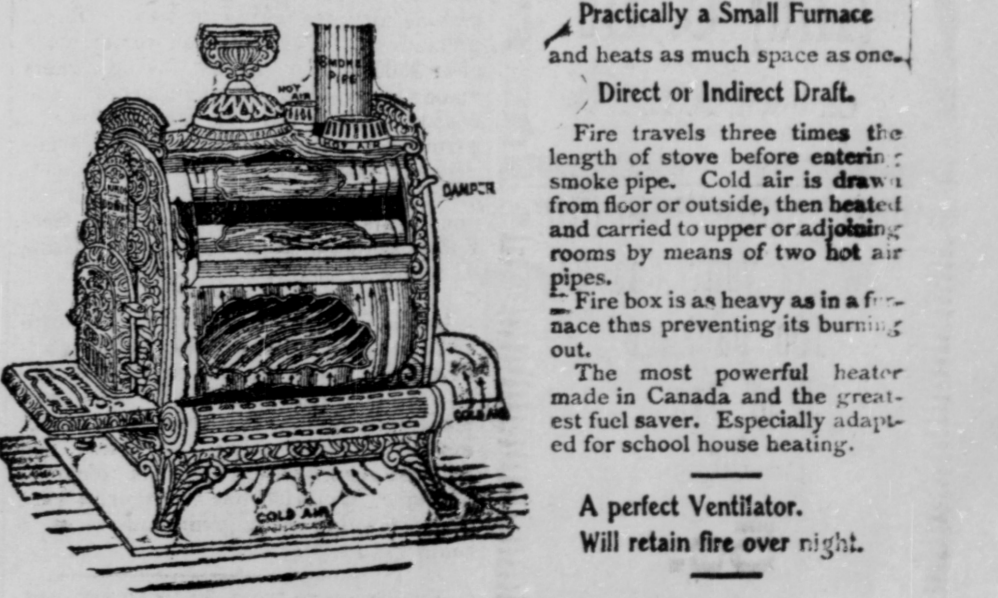
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Cap. XV. Clause 3—"No person shall cut down bark, lop or otherwise injure any tree planted under the authority of this By-Law, or any tree now planted and growing upon any street or square in the said city, or shall cut down, break or otherwise injure the boxes, supports or other appendages to or around any such tree."

Shall be prosecuted under the penal clause of said By-Law and subject to a penalty of the sum of sixteen dollars with costs.

J. P. NICHOLSON,  
City Surveyor.  
jins cod.

## Auction Sale.

Valuable Farm Property at Black River, Lot 35.

I will sell at Public Auction at the hour of one o'clock, p. m., on Thursday, the 1st day of November, next, 1900, on the premises, Black River, Lot 35, that valuable farm, being the property owned by the late William Court, containing 112 acres of good land, 90 acres clear, balance covered with lumber suitable for fencing and scantling, situate in a good settlement, near mussel mud, and convenient to churches, schools, etc.

For further particulars see handbills. Terms easy and made known at sale.

JOHN COURT,  
Executor.

Oct 5-31 w pd.

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