

Love Finds A Way.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

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(Continued.)

Everything was quiet inside. He had a distinct recollection of how dimly that particular door creaked and groaned on its hinges. It would be scarcely worth while to arouse Ollie just to tell her that she had had a nightmare. Doubtless she had been dreaming of the runaway or perhaps of the many who had died in this gloomy old house. Personally he found it a most depressing spot.

The soft 'bud of slipped feet broke the deathlike stillness. Glancing nervously over his shoulder, he saw Tom, fully dressed, advancing with a lighted candle held high over his head.

"Hello, Mr. Matthews!"
"Well, Thomas?"
"I thought I heard a noise, a scream."
"How many times?"
"Only once."

"I heard it too. I imagine Olivia has been having bad dreams."
"But it came from down stairs. My room is immediately over the library, you know."

A clammy sweat broke out on the lawyer's forehead and bedewed the backs of his hands.

"A-her, what do you make of it, Thomas?" he asked nervously.
"Nothing at all until I investigate it. I am going down stairs. Will you come with me?"

"Why—well, yes, of course, if you think it worth while. But I am quite sure it came from my daughter's room. She is sleeping very quietly now, and I do not care to open her door because it creaks so infernally."

He had much to do to keep his teeth from chattering and displayed no conspicuous ardor for the expedition. Tom advanced resolutely toward the staircase.

"I think I shall feel better satisfied for looking the house over."

He was strongly minded to tell his guardian of the unpleasant experience that had befallen him on the memorable watch night. His guardian had an equally strong impulse to give his experience on the eve of Ollie's fête. Nothing came, however, of the fleeting inclination on either side.

Thomas proceeded to descend the steps with his candle held high. Matthews promised to follow as soon as he could get into his dressing gown.

The gown proved elusive, and his progress was slow.

Presently a cry scarcely less startling than the one that had broken up his sound slumber ascended from the floor below. It was in Tom Broxton's voice.

"Ollie, Olivia, what on earth are you doing down there? By Jove, she is in a dead faint! Mr. Matthews, here, quick!" Before he had time to place his candle on the table his guardian was in the room looking like a man who has received his deathblow.

There, in a heap on the floor, her shining hair falling in a thick mass over her pallid face and closed eyes, lay Olivia. Her father gathered her to his heart with a frightened cry and laid her on a sofa.

Tom lighted a gas jet and rushed toward the dining room in search of water. Every receptacle was empty, of course. The outdoor cisterns were his only hope. When he got back, Olivia had regained consciousness, but was sobbing and clinging to her father's neck with a frightened clutch. Her eyes were wide with terror, and

short irrepresible shudders ran over her body visibly every few seconds. She was pleading excitedly with her father.

"Take me home, father; take me away now, this very minute, papa. You know I did not want to stay. Oh, horrible, horrible!"

Tom held a glass of water to her quivering lips. His face was scarcely less pale than hers.

"Drink this water, Ollie, dear, and then tell us what has frightened you. See, I will light every gas jet in the house so as to show you that you have been frightened by a nibbling mouse, and I will stay down stairs to keep the mice quiet all the rest of the night if only you won't say anything more about going home at midnight."

She drank the water eagerly. Then, finding her courage come back with the companionship of the men and the illumination of the house, she said more steadily:

"As if I could be frightened by a mouse! You are very good, Tom, to a most troublesome guest. I am sorry I was so ugly to you this afternoon. But I don't want to stay." She shivered and clung closer to her father. "Oh, father, father, it was so frightful, so distinct! I will never, never get over it!"

"Get over what, Olivia? I insist upon your calming yourself sufficiently to give me a lucid account of what has happened."

There was an unfamiliar sternness in her father's voice and manner which made her stare at him in surprise. She had no means of knowing that he was hiding his own fears behind that stern mask.

"Are you going to scold me, father, after all I have gone through? I never saw you look so cross before."

"I don't want to scold you at all, my darling. I only—I mean"—His strong square jaws were twitching convulsively. His nerves were rapidly getting the upper hand of him. He looked imploringly at Tom.

Tom took up the task of questioning with tender soothing in his manner.

"We are asking you to tell us what frightened you so badly, Ollie, dear, so as to punish him or them or it. You see, we want to be doing something about it, but we are all in the dark so far."

She shook her head mournfully.
"Oh, there is nothing to be done. Tom; nothing you can do, nothing; nothing anybody can do. Sell the place, Tom, and let strangers live in it. You can never be happy here. Oh, papa, papa!"

Her father had himself well in hand now. Then she had seen it too! But neither she nor Thomas must suspect that her experience was a repetition of his own. He maintained his stern attitude even to the point of disengaging her clinging arms from about his neck and holding her hands in a firm clasp.

"Olivia, I insist upon your acting more rationally. What brought you down stairs at such an hour of the night?"

"Why, you made me go to bed at such a ridiculous hour of the day that by midnight I was wide awake, with no more sleep left in my eyes. Try as I might, I just got wider awake every moment. So I thought I could slip down stairs without anybody knowing it and get a book out of the library. I stole down just as softly as one of those mice Tom talks about, for I was afraid of the steps creaking and waking you up. And then, oh, father, oh, Tom, just as I stepped over the library doorsill I saw, just as plainly as I see both of you now, a tall figure in white standing by Colonel Broxton's desk! Whoever it was stood with his head bent low over the desk. A faint light that seemed to come from the bosom of—of—the thing shone on the desk. I screamed and dropped my candle and didn't know anything more until I heard Tom's voice, papa, and felt your arms about me. That is all."

Her story told, she began to weep so hysterically that further questioning would have been cruelty. Her father wrapped his arms about her and poured soothing endearments into her ears. "Then she had seen it, too," was the unspoken thought of both men. The sound of Olivia's sobs nearly broke Tom's heart. His voice shook a little as he asked briskly:

"Wouldn't a glass of wine be good for her, Mr. Matthews?"

"No wine, thank you, Thomas; a little bromide now, if you could find such a thing about the house."

"There is a medicine cabinet in father's room. I'll explore it."

Olivia raised her head and listened

until his footsteps could no longer be heard. Then she said:

"Papa, I would rather not have told that story in poor Tom's presence, but you made me." Her teeth were chattering, and she clung to him convulsively. "Father, do you believe there are such things as ghosts?"

"Of course I do not. No sensible person does," her father answered, with explosive violence.

"Not even after people have seen one, papa, with their own eyes?"

"No one ever has seen one, Olivia. You were unstrung by your accident, and prowling about at midnight in this gloomy old house did the rest."

"I was not at all unstrung, father. I slept like a baby until I had all the sleep I needed."

"And, having become sleepless in a strange bed, you grew fanciful. Rest assured, my love, you did not see a ghost."

"Then what did I see, father, there, right through the open glass door? You know I am not fanciful, and I know what I saw—a faint light shining on the ceiling of the study and something tall and white, as tall as old Colonel Broxton, leaning over his desk."

(To be Continued.)

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A pause.

"Papa, won't you please give me a drink? I'm so thirsty."

"If you don't turn over and go to sleep, I'll get up and whip you."

Another pause.

"Papa, won't you please gimme a drink when you get up to whip me?"—Tit-Bits.

Neither.

"In order to settle a little bet," the young man said, passing a ring over the showcase, "please tell me whether the correct pronunciation of the name of the stone in that ring is turkeezee or turkwoize."

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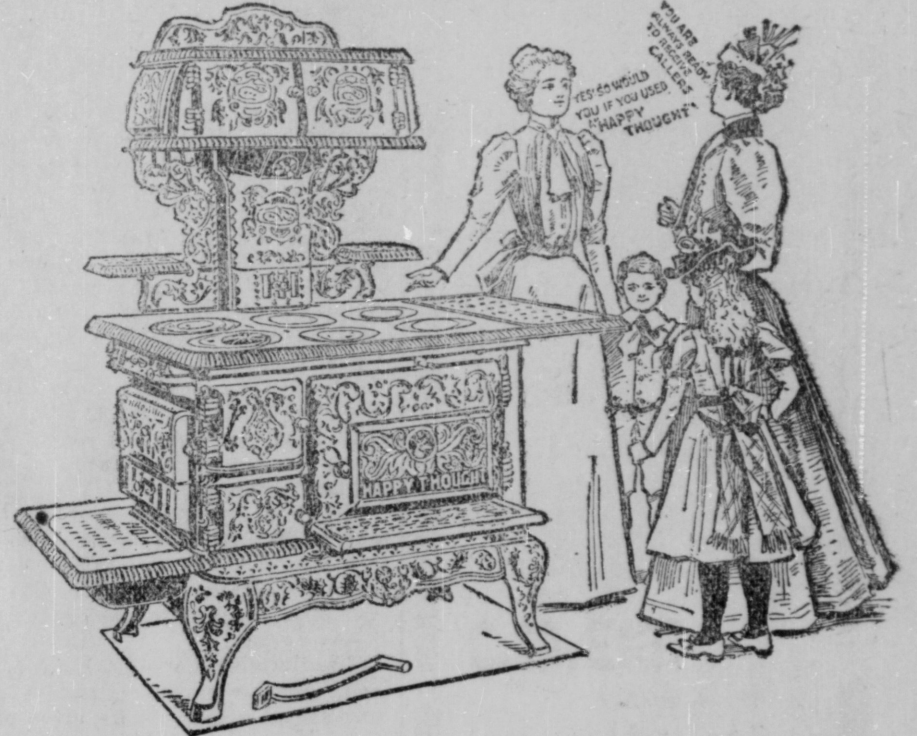
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Kingsboro, Wed.	" 17,	" "
Souris, Thur.	" 18,	" "
Monticello, Friday	" 19,	" "
St. Peters, Monday	" 22,	" "
Morell, Tuesday	" 23,	" "
Baldwins Road, Wed.	" 24,	" "
Summersville, Thur.	" 25,	" "
Cardigan Bridge, Fri	" 26,	" "
Heatherdale, Mon.	" 29,	" "
Lower Montague, Tues.	Oct 30,	7 p. m.
Georgetown, Wed.	" 31,	" "
Dundas, Friday,	Nov 2,	" "
Red House, Saturday,	" 3,	" "

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