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The New Bridge is coming and so are the dry streets and roads. Then you will need something nice in footwear.

We Have a fine Selection Selling Very Low
J. H. BELL

The Bargain Boot Shoe Store.

LOVE FINDS A WAY.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

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(CONTINUED.)

She stooped to repair the mischief she had done. A package of papers had fallen out of the drawer. She was sure she had never seen them before. With a frightened cry she gathered them into a parcel. A long envelope, soiled and unaddressed, had fallen out with the papers. Hastily replacing the drawer and reverently folding the old cover away in the closet, she carried the package nearer to the lamp for examination. With a strange sense of reluctance upon her she drew a chair up to the table and carefully manipulated the lamp. She was dallying with the moments. She was sure her mother had never made any use of that drawer. This package would prove to be a lot of worthless old papers left over from the days of her father's occupancy. The first paper which her trembling fingers unfolded settled that point forever.

Then all that talk about papers that concerned Thomas Broxton had not been the fancy of a disordered mind! Her mother had been secreting papers that belonged to the Broxton estate! With never a thought as to the ethics of the case she spread out paper after paper, mastering the character of each



"The title deed to Broxton Hall!" document with a clear, practical insight for details which had been her most marked mental attribute always. "The inventories! Poor, dear mother! She always maintained that there were inventories of the Broxton plate and jewels that Tom ought to have. My, but what a lot of it there was!" "The title deed to Broxton Hall, made out, I suppose, by that old Englishman who built the Hall and opened up the place! But"—she had unfolded a single small sheet of paper, yellow with age, covered with writing in the small, cramped letters in vogue in the days of her remote ancestors—"what on earth?"

Pushing all the other papers aside, she spread this one immediately under the lamp and, with both elbows planted on the table, concentrated every faculty of her brain upon it. Finally, with a deep sigh of relaxed attention, she leaned back in her chair. "This, then, is what poor mother meant when she said that Broxton Hall could not be sold; that she was going to put Tom in the way of getting it back. Why, Mr. Westover's title is not worth a shoe button. I see—I see it all now. She kept her secret from me for fear I would carry the papers straight to Mr. Matthews, which is just what I should do now, only—"

A sudden knock on her front door brought her to her feet with a start. She opened the big family Bible on the table and swept the papers into it for concealment. "It was nobody but Mrs. Deb and Letty come back in spite of her." She opened the door with an unwelcoming smile.

Imitations

of Dodd's Kidney Pills are legion. The box is imitated, the outside coating and shape of the pills are imitated and the name—Dodd's Kidney Pills is imitated. Imitations are dangerous. The original is safe. Dodd's Kidney Pills have a reputation. Imitators have none or they wouldn't imitate. So they trade on the reputation of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Do not be deceived. There is only one DODD'S. Dodd's is the original. Dodd's is the name to be careful about—

D-O-D-D'S KIDNEY PILLS

Clarence Westover stood outside. Her first thought was of the lawyer. "Why, Mr. Clarence, is he gone?" "I have come to take Olivia home." "Olivia! Why, she isn't here." "Not here? Then where?" He stepped inside with the words. He was a young man who cordially resented being taken unawares.

"Oh, it is all right. I presume she went home by the lane, and I missed her by coming around the long way. I suppose she has shut herself up in her own room. The old man still refuses to admit her to his room, and it made her restless. Reuben said she told him she was going to bring you some flowers. I am awfully sorry for you, Miss Malvina."

"Thank you. Mother was full of years, and she was ready to go."

"Yes, exactly—perfect Christian and all that sort of thing, I suppose."

"I am sorry you were not watchful enough to keep her from annoying Mr. Matthews the other night. I'm dreadfully sorry, as much on Ollie's account as anybody else's."

"Well, you see, it was this way: Everything was so peaceful and quiet the first part of the night that I fell into a sound sleep. When I waked up, the first words I caught made me hesitate to go in. I was afraid of making matters worse and supposed she would go away without any harm coming of it. I was afraid of adding to Mr. Matthews' excitement by revealing my presence at that hour of the night. Things were considerably mixed up, you see."

"Yes, dreadfully mixed up. I know it."

He added an incongruous feature to Miss Malvina's decorous little sitting room with his high bred face and fashionable garb. As long as Olivia was not there to be fetched home he had better be going. He offered some more ready made condolences and turned toward the door. Malvina stopped him with a pleading look.

"Don't go yet, please, Mr. Clarence. It looks as if Providence had sent you here on purpose tonight. I have a favor to ask of you."

"Certainly, anything I can do," he said, politely enough, but he looked a trifle bored. He was not devoid of kindly feelings, but really the "queer old party who had just shuffled off this mortal coil and the unbeautiful spinster upon whom he had intruded in search of Olivia" had never appealed very strongly to the aesthetic side of him.

Miss Malvina stood with her hands resting reverently on the big Bible. He hoped she was not going to ask him to read a portion of Scripture with her. That would be too much for his nerves. As if direct contact with the book had brought strength to her, Miss Malvina suddenly lost all that timid nervousness which possessed her whenever she came in contact with this elegant, rather haughty young fellow, who made her "feel like a milkmaid for clumsiness." This man as Olivia's affianced husband and the owner of Broxton Hall had a much better right than she had to know about that particular paper. She entered abruptly upon the task she had set herself.

"I don't know that you ever heard of it, Mr. Clarence, but my poor mother had a mania."

"Spare yourself, Miss Spillman. I heard every word she said to Mr. Matthews last night."

"About—about—some papers and things?"

"Yes, poor old lady! She was really unsparring, dreadfully caustic. But of course it went for nothing. We all knew, don't you know?"

Miss Malvina flung back the lid of the big Bible and revealed the papers. "There are the papers my mother spoke about."

In life she had helped the world to cast discredit upon her mother. To shield Horace Matthews she had put at naught her mother's words. In death she would make reparation, so far as was possible. Westover turned an uncomprehending stare from the old papers to the plain, twitching face upon which the lamp cast uncanny shades.

that he 'allowed it to be lost.' You see, Mr. Westover, it was my fault that his horse shied and made him drop his bag just outside our gate. How mother ever got hold of them is one of the mysteries that can never be solved now. It was only when that poor, unhappy child came here begging me to search for them that I did it just to quiet her."

Westover made it clearer. "She said something the other night about Jimmie Martin finding them and her purposely keeping you in the dark for fear you would give the papers she wanted Broxton to have to Mr. Matthews."

"Which is just what I should have done, just what I shall do as soon as he gets better."

"That is what he will never do," said Westover gravely. "Goyav" gives him only a few days more."

"Dear Lord! And that poor child!"

"Will not be left entirely without friends," said Ollie's lover stiffly.

"Oh, I know it! I know that she is just as fond of you as can be. But about these papers. What am I to do? I don't even know where Tom Broxton is."

"Neither do I. But this paper"—he was folding the oldest sheet of writing into compact shape—"concerns my father as purchaser of Broxton Hall more nearly than it does any one else just at present. I should like to show it to him, Miss Malvina."

Miss Malvina looked wistfully from the pile of papers to the young man. Westover interpreted the look promptly.

"You are afraid you are not doing the right thing by your friend, Mr. Broxton. I respect your anxiety and pledge you my word of honor as a gentleman that his interests shall not suffer in my hands. How such a weighty paper as this should have been left to mischance it is useless to conjecture now. Mr. Matthews is done with all worldly cares and responsibilities. I simply ask you to lend me this paper long enough to show it to my father. If it is genuine, his title to Broxton Hall is not worth the paper it is written on."

Malvina locked her thin fingers nervously about each other. "I was just thinking that for Ollie's sake and Tom's sake—"

"May I take this paper?" Westover rose with it in his hands.

"Why, yes. It don't belong to me, does it?"

"By right of discovery, in the present mixed state of affairs, I suppose you could hold on to it. Possession is nine points of the law. But"—here such a winning smile broke over the young fellow's handsome face that Miss Malvina forgave Ollie's infatuation for him—"if I promise you that no use shall be made of it that does not take Tom Broxton's best interests into consideration will you trust me with it and believe in me?"

"I trust in you, and I believe in you," said Miss Malvina, holding out a ratifying hand. "And the inventories—what shall I do with them? There is a catalogue of paintings, too, and—"

Westover waved the proffered papers back.

(To be Continued.)

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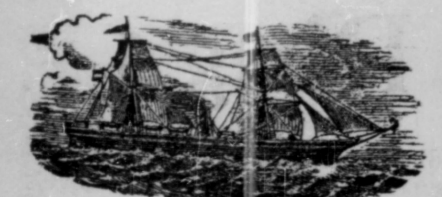
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