

Real Estate Sale.

To be sold by Public Auction on the premises on Wednesday, the 24th October next, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon, that valuable and desirable property situated on the southern side of Richmond Street, between Zion Church and the bank of Nova Scotia, known as the Young Men's Christian Association building and premises. The building is of brick, well and substantially built, being in a central position, immediately opposite the Law Courts, can be made suitable for many purposes, public or private.

Terms Cash on delivery of the deed. For further particulars apply to J. D. SEAMAN, President Y. M. C. A. Sept. 25, Tue and Fri.

This sale has been postponed to Wednesday, November 14th, at the same place and hour.

Clocks

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LOVE FINDS A WAY.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

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(CONTINUED.)

Having failed to find Thomas Broxton either at the Commercial Men's home, Dr. Govan's or Miss Malvina Spillman's, he proposed heading him off at the station. He fung the reins to his man and jumped out of his cart just as Thomas, dusty of foot and heavy of heart, mounted the platform steps with bag in hand. He advanced with cordially extended hand.

"I'm awfully glad I'm in time, Broxton. You came very near giving me the slip."

Thomas met the extended hand with perfunctory politeness. He wished he could feel more cordial toward Olivia's lover, but deep wounds need time for their healing.

Westover was distinctly aware of this wordless antagonism. He rather suspected he should have felt quite as sour and behaved even more churlishly if matters were reversed, but at this particular juncture he could not afford to resent Tom's aloofness. He had pursued him with a definite object in view.

"You see," he said easily, falling into step and going with Tom toward the waiting room, "I want to talk to you about a matter of interest to both of us. I don't want to lose sight of you just yet. Can't I induce you to spend the night with me?" He stopped and reddened. It occurred to him that the last of the Broxtons would not care to accept the hospitality of strangers under his old roof-tree. Tom covered his confusion courteously.

"You are very kind, but I came down only at an urgent summons from my guardian, arrived too late to do him any good, staid to the funeral and now must hurry back to my work."

He flung his bag on a bench in the waiting room and consulted a moon faced clock over the ticket office. It showed a margin of half an hour before train-time.

"Have you to get your ticket?" Westover asked.

"No, I bought a round trip ticket when I left Kansas City," adding, with a bitter little smile, "Cheaper, you know."

"Then, after all, I've got plenty of time for my say. I'm tremendously glad we've got this old barn to our selves."

"The tide of travel does not set very heavily this way," said Tom, seating himself near his bag. Inwardly curious, he watched his rival with entire composure as he unbuttoned his coat and brought from an inner pocket a handsome pocketbook of Russia leather.

"I have here, Broxton," said Clarence, selecting a paper from the contents of the book, "a document which, I think, ought to be in your possession. I have taken the liberty of copying it and have sent my copy to Genoa, where my father is and will be for some time to come on account of my mother's health. I took that liberty because the Westovers are as much interested in it as yourself."

Tom cast a look of languid interest toward the sheet of yellow paper which Clarence still retained between his finger and thumb.

"My possession of it needs some sort of an explanation, so you will have to read the preface, a thing I always escape by skipping. If you were left to suppose that either my father or I knew of the existence of this paper when we purchased Broxton Hall, I being part owner of it on the strength of a grand maternal legacy, you would be put to it to decide whether we were fools or knaves."

"I don't in the least catch the drift yet," said Tom, smiling faintly. "but so

far I have never placed you in either category."

"Not yet, but you will after reading this. But the preface waits. Did you ever happen to hear 'Mother' Spillman rave about some papers she had lost some papers that were of value to you, Broxton?"

Tom's face and voice softened.

"Yes, poor old bedlamite! She was faithful in her attachment to me for the sake of those who went before. She urged me with considerable violence to look more closely into my own affairs and hinted wildly at some papers that I ought to examine. But I knew my guardian, and I trusted him. That my affairs turned out disastrously was no fault of his. I am glad of an opportunity to say this. I believe he was truly fond of me, also perhaps for the sake of those who went before."

He could not tell Westover, he could not tell any one, that his faith and affection for his guardian had been revived by hearing those high pitched words: "Marry Thomas Broxton. I command you!" To know that his guardian had even wished him the ineffable happiness of calling Olivia "wife" had been balm to his sore young heart.

"Yes; but, my dear fellow, it seems that the 'old bedlamite,' as you call the late respected Mrs. Spillman and as we all thought her, was not so far off as we all pronounced her. There was a lot of papers lost and found and lost again. I am in a deucedly delicate position, Broxton. Confound it! I wish you felt more kindly toward me. Not that I would in your place. But, you see, it is just this way: I really would like to discuss this matter freely with you as between interested parties, and yet—"

Tom relaxed a little under the evident distress in the handsome face before him.

"I think I see where the difficulty comes in. I gather that the paper you hold in your hand has some bearing on the old house. You are afraid that its late discovery will cast discredit on the father of your future wife. It makes you hesitate."

"Precisely. This paper contains information upon which the lawyers could build up a very formidable case of Broxton versus Westover. It is entirely at your disposal. I will not keep you in suspense while I explain how it came into my possession. That part of the story can wait."

He laid the paper in Thomas' extended hand and walked away toward the dusty paned window. If there was



"Exactly so. It is entailed."

an atom of vindictiveness in the fellow's nature, he reflected anxiously, here was a golden opportunity to get even with everybody. Furtively watching the contracted brows that were bent studiously over the short document that had so excited Miss Malvina, Westover continued his mental notes.

"His self control is superb. It is really beyond his years. That square lower jaw of his is set like a steel trap. Failure is impossible to a man with a jaw like that. The world will hear from Broxton yet. What a young Hercules he is! He would be a handsome dog if the gloom in his eyes would lift."

At which point in his summary Thomas turned grave eyes toward him, tapping the paper with one finger.

"Then, according to this, no one had a right to sell Broxton Hall. I could not have sold it myself."

"Exactly so. It is entailed. I suppose that came from the primogeniture notions of its English builder."

"I suppose so," Tom asserted. "The Hall was built by an Englishman who was my grandfather's partner in business. He lived there, and several members of his family lie in our family grounds."

Westover seated himself and brought his head close to Tom's to inspect the paper again. "And you perceive that this document is a signed and properly attested agreement between your grandfather and the said Englishman that its conditions shall be binding upon his successors. I take it that bold, handsome signature under the first crabbled one is that of your father, Rufus N. Broxton."

"Yes, written by him. I suppose, when he came into possession of the property, binding himself not to sell and binding himself to bind me."

"And when you came in you would have done the same thing."

"Most assuredly. The conditions were not at all unreasonable. It simply binds each successive Broxton not to sell Broxton—or, as it was then called, Wraxall—Hall to any one but a Wraxall, this by reason of the several members of the family left on American soil."

Clarence nodded his head impatiently. "A sort of revised entail."

"They were entirely within their rights to make such conditions as they chose. My people were at liberty to reject or ignore them."

"And no one but a Wraxall, acting in concert with a Broxton, could give a good title to the property."

"So it would seem from this paper."

"That makes things interesting for father and me."

"It is strange that my guardian should never have known of the existence of this paper."

A long silence fell between the two men. Tom brot it with a loyal defense of the dead.

"But then I don't know. It is but a small scrap of paper, easily lost among the many he had to hoard. He was my father's friend. He was Olivia's father. Peace to his ashes! Let his mistakes sleep with him in the grave and be forgotten sooner."

Westover impulsively laid a hand upon the one that rested on Tom's knee. His fine eyes shone with appreciation of the magnanimity embodied in that defense of the dead man.

"Broxton, I take off my hat to you. Any man who can talk that way in face of—in face of—I wish you liked me better. By Jove, I do! It would make me esteem myself higher to have you call me friend."

Tom's essentially sweet soul was not proof against the winning smile that went with these disarming words. The gloom lifted from his sad face. He even smiled as he answered frankly: "I like you vastly better than I did half an hour ago, Westover. Will that do for a beginning?"

"Thanks. It is a gain. I will put it down on my credit side. But to return to the business in hand. Broxton Hall is yours. No one, not even a Wraxall, could disturb your possession of it."

"Yes, to return to the business in hand." For a moment Tom's blood rioted in triumph. His eyes flashed with the joy of knowing the old place his own once more. But this phase passed rapidly.

What would it avail him to take back the old place now? It had been sold to defray his expenses in obtaining an education. He had spent all that it had realized long since. And these men had spent honest money in an honest purchase, so far as they knew. He had got beyond the dreamful stage of existence. At one time Olivia and Broxton Hall were the twin objects of his adoration. With Olivia married to another man the old Hall would be a desolate abiding place.

(To be Continued.)

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