

LOVE FINDS A WAY.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

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(Continued.)

The running feet halted. The white face came closer. A breathless young voice called to her eagerly: "Is that you, Miss Malvina? How about father? Better, isn't he?"

Miss Malvina answered inconsequently: "What are you doing afoot, child? Couldn't Daniel have gone to fetch you?"

"Mr. Matthews' man Rube was at the station with his buggy. I think he must have been drunk. He upset the buggy in a lime hole this side the schoolhouse. I left him floundering about in it. I could not wait. Is father?"

"Yes," said Miss Malvina recklessly. She would not rob that poor panting young bosom of its last flickering hope.

"Thank God for that much!" The boy lifted his eyes toward the dark mass showing above the darker shrubbery of Broxton lawn. But for that senseless mishap he would have been home an hour ago. He had run, panting and stumbling, over three long miles of dark, uneven country roads.

Still half a mile lay between him and his one earthly friend. He halted only long enough to fling that gasping question at Miss Malvina. Perhaps he might still hear his dear father's voice if but in a deathbed blessing. He was speeding onward at a pace which soon effaced every sign of his slender figure. Miss Malvina sighed heavily.

"Perhaps I told him a lie. But what else was there to do? Poor boy, poor Tom!"

She turned about and walked through the prim little border of zinnias and princess feathers. She tiptoed softly into the room where she had left her mother peacefully slumbering in her armchair. She lifted a lamp and placed it carefully out of range of the big chair. She took up a book only to put it down unopened. It was impossible to settle to any ordinary occupation. She crept once more to the front gate.

The solemn stillness grew more impressive with the passing of each moment. She wished some figure, no matter whose, might appear going toward the village from Broxton. She should like to hear that Tom had not got there too late.

She had thrown a white apron over her head as protection against night dews. She leaned with her elbows on the gate and waited—not for very long. A horseman was cantering slowly in her direction from the colonel's. She opened the gate and stepped into the road.

A puff of wind caught her white apron and sent it fluttering right into the horse's face. She could hear the brute snort and snout.

Its rider exploded angrily: "Who in the deuce are you? You have made me drop my bag." "It's only me, Malvina Spillman. I wanted to ask about the colonel. Is he dead, Mr. Matthews?"

"Yes." "Did Tom get there in time?" "No."

He was down on the ground now groping for his dropped bag. Malvina groped too. It was she who found it. It had bounced quite up into a corner of the fence and come unclasped in the transit. She mechanically clasped it as she handed it back.

"Is that all you dropped?"

"Yes." "I am sorry I frightened your horse." But Mr. Matthews was already back in the saddle and cantering rapidly homeward. Her apology had gone for naught.

There was nothing more to be gained by standing at the gate. She went back into the house, taking care not to be too quiet this time. She wanted her mother to wake up, so that she could tell her all that had happened since she fell asleep—how poor Tom had come home afoot and well nigh breathless, how, through Reuben's being drunk and gone quite senseless, Tom's home coming had been too late for him to hear his father's last words, and how Lawyer Matthews had been pointedly rude to her simply because her white apron had fluttered out and frightened his horse. Then she took herself sternly to task.

But, after all, what a small matter to get ruffled about at such a time, when there was poor Tom and his great disappointment to think of!

She promptly effaced herself, always an easy task for Miss Malvina, in thought of the poor boy then wrestling alone with the fierce agony of his first great sorrow.

CHAPTER II. THE MISSING PAPERS.

The next morning Miss Malvina—"fence angling," as she contemptuously called her own efforts to keep up with local happenings—saw coming toward her from the Mandeville direction something almost too bright and vivid for that somber day of sorrow.

It was a smart little basket phaeton, drawn by two satin coated ponies. The morning sun, shining through the clouds of dust that rose in the wake of eight swiftly pattering hoofs, converted it into golden hued mists surrounding the swift revolving wheels of the chariot. Miss Malvina gave a little gasp.

"Elijah's chariot must have looked just that-a-way"—Miss Malvina's art conceptions were drawn largely from chromos, it is to be feared—"only," she modified, "Elijah's chariot wasn't harnessed to two satin coated ponies nor driven by an extremely pretty girl in a saucy sailor hat and a mannish shirt waist. Looks like she had monopolized all the sunshine there was to spare. Our Heavenly Father is mighty good to some folks."

She for whom such celestial partiality was claimed was Miss Olivia Matthews. She certainly made a very vivid spot of color on the dun landscape as she bore rapidly down upon the patient figure at the gate.

Her yellow hair floated away from her white banded sailor hat in burnished beauty. She occupied the driver's seat in her tiny phaeton and guided the chestnut ponies that were harnessed to it with a spirited grace quite beyond her years. She was only 14.

By her side, with his long legs drawn well up to accommodate his dimensions to those of the phaeton, sat Lawyer Matthews.

When the flashing little turnout had wheeled fairly into her line of vision, Miss Malvina muttered her disapproval.

"Goodness gracious me! They do look dreadfully gay for going to the house of mourning!"

But when the satin coated ponies, with their jingling harness, came abreast of the gate, she discovered a compensating gloom in the lawyer's face. Its profound solemnity mollified her to a degree.

As for Olivia, she was always vivid. One must needs have shorn her yellow mane and robbed her laughing lips of their cherry ripe redness and her eyes of the sparkle that made one think of sunlight on dancing waters to have reduced her to that somberness of aspect considered the fitting thing for such occasions. Of course they were on their way to the Hall.

Seeing they were going to stop, Miss Malvina opened her front gate and advanced as far as the horse block, talking as she went.

"Good morning to you both. My, but don't the sun shine just too bright today! I was on the lookout for somebody to tell me something," she concluded vaguely.

"We are on our way to the Hall now," said Olivia, utilizing the halt to fling her yellow mane back over her shoulders. "Reuben, stupid old thing, broke papa's buggy last night, and so I had to bring him over." She leaned back, laughing, to give Miss Malvina a better view of her companions. "Poor darling! The phaeton does not fit him very well, does it?"

"I stopped," said the lawyer, with unsmiling dignity, "to ask if by chance you discovered any papers near your gate this morning?"

"Papers?" "Yes, in a long official envelope, unaddressed. I thought they might have fallen out of my bag last night when it struck the ground."

Miss Malvina gazed speculatively over an area of several rods of leaf strewn earth. "The bag certainly was open, for I distinctly remember clasping it as I picked it up, but if any papers fell out I didn't see them then, and the hard wind that blew last night would have carried them away by this time."

Mr. Matthews had got out of the phaeton and was going slowly over the ground with his head bent. He stirred the leaf heap with his umbrella as he searched.

"It is possible that I did not bring them away from Broxton Hall, but barely possible."

A sow with a large family of newborn pigs was contentedly reposing on the autumn leaves that filled the nearest fence corner. The lawyer prodded her mercilessly with the ferrule of his umbrella. She got up with an indignant grunt and waddled sullenly across the road, followed by her squealing progeny. But nothing came of her ejection. There was only an innocent pile of autumn leaves pressed into a compact mass under her bulky body.

On all occasions Miss Olivia Matthews' patience was easily exhausted. It gave way with explosive suddenness.

"Oh, papa, come on! You will find those stupid papers in Mr. Broxton's study, just where you left them. I am sure of it."

"Perhaps so, my dear. It is possible, but by no means sure. I am coming. One moment longer, if you please, my dear."

A hollow stump near by suggested a possible lurking place. He walked briskly toward it. Ollie was getting impatient. That spurred his steps. He was Ollie's abject slave. He came back to the phaeton empty handed.

(To be Continued.)

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NOTICE—As the season is very short for the above it will be wise on your part to secure a full supply now. We do not book orders to be filled next month (we may not have them then) we have them now.



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CHARLOTTETOWN—

TIME TABLE

(LOCAL TIME.)

Arrival and Departure of Trains and Steamers.

TRAINS

Leaves for the west.....	8 35 a. m.
Arrives from the west.....	9 50 p. m.
Leaves for the east.....	4 10 p. m.
Arrives from the east.....	6 00 p. m.
Leaves for the west.....	10 55 a. m.
Arrives from the west.....	2 25 p. m.
Leaves for the east.....	7 05 a. m.
Arrives from the east.....	9 10 a. m.
Leaves for the west.....	3 00 p. m.
Arrives from the west.....	4 50 p. m.

STEAMERS

PRINCESS.
Leaves for Pictou every morning..... 9 30 a. m.
Arrives from Pictou every evening..... 8 30 p. m.

LA GRANDE DUCHESSE.
Leaves from Boston and Halifax every Monday..... 12 p. m.
Arrives from Boston and Halifax every Wednesday..... 10 a. m.

HALIFAX.
Leaves from Boston and Halifax every Tuesday..... 7 p. m.
Arrives from Halifax and Boston every Friday..... 1 p. m.

CAMPANA.
Leaves from Montreal and Quebec every alternate Friday.....
Arrives for Quebec and Montreal following Monday evening.

CITY OF GHENT.
Leaves from Halifax every Tuesday afternoon..... 10 a. m.
Arrives for Halifax every Friday.....

JACQUES CARTIER.
Leaves for Orwell Tuesdays, Thursdays, Thursdays..... 3 p. m.
Arrives for Crapaud every Friday..... 3 p. m.
Leaves for Crapaud every Saturday..... 2 p. m.

FERRY BOATS.

Chloroquine—Leaves Ferry Wharf for Charlottetown every half hour.
"Run-up East" Nivet every day, leaving at 5 30 a. m., and 3 p. m. local. Runs up West River every day, leaving at 5 30 a. m., and 4 p. m. local.

Leaves for Rocky Point daily at 8 30, 9 30, 11 a. m.; 1, 2, 4, 5 30 p. m. local time. Returning, leaves Rocky Point at 8, 9, 10, 11 30 p. m.; 1 30, 3 30, 6 p. m. local time. Sunday leaves for Rocky Point at 9 a. m., 12 45, 2, 4 p. m. Returning, leaves Rocky Point at 10 a. m.; 1 15, 3, 5 p. m.

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