

# Love Finds A Way.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

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Continued.

The pearl necklace had once belonged to Lucetta Broxton. "If death had not maliciously interfered, Lucetta Broxton would have been the mother of his child. This necklace was Olivia's by right of such inheritance." The reasoning was Horace Matthews' response to a pricking conscience. He kept it to himself when he gave the pearls to Olivia.

"Pearls are for young wearers, my dear," said he. "I think these will go well with your pink gown." Olivia stood on tiptoe to kiss him. Her eyes were shining. Her cheeks were aglow.

"Father, you are too good to me. I don't deserve to have such a father. I don't indeed."

He kissed the lips held up to his fervently. "No 'ifs' now? All gone?"

"No. My 'if' is a very obstinate one. I was going to say everything would be perfect if only Tom could have come."

"I don't consider his presence at all necessary," said the lawyer in a chilled voice. "Remember the last time he was in the house, my love. He might have cast a damper over the whole affair."

"Oh, no, papa! I don't think he could have done that. He wrote so nicely about our using the house." She was drawing on her long white gloves with dainty deliberation. "You know, papa, I wrote and begged him to come."

"No, my dear; I certainly did not know it. I sincerely hope he will pay no attention to your thoughtless request. It would be a serious interruption to his studies at a time he should be most assiduous."

"Ah! Her one ungloved hand was over his mouth. "No scolding today, papa. The dear boy telegraphed he would come if he possibly could."

A smart carriage was seen rolling into the newly graveled driveway. There was no time for discussing Tom further just then.

"The Westovers," said Ollie, catching her breath nervously. "I asked them to come early to help me receive."

And then Miss Malvina bustled in from the rear, where she had been seeing about the collation, and joined Ollie with a made up society smile and a soft jingling of her magnificent jet appendages.

The Westover carriage had barely deposited its load of gayly bedecked guests when Miss Malvina touched Olivia's arm mysteriously.

"My dear, do you see that horseman tearing across the lawn by the side drawbars? Tom Broxton used to ride just that gait. But this rider looks like a young giant."

They were alone in the long parlor. The Westover ladies had made a rustling transit from the carriage to the dressing room. Mr. Matthews had carried Mr. Westover into the smoking room. Clarence Westover was yet to arrive. Ollie called him her "piece de resistance."

Just now she was craning her neck to glimpse the rider through the clipped shrubbery. Evidently he was not heading for the carriage approach in front. A bright light flashed into Olivia's face. She clapped her hands joyously.

"It is Tom! The dear boy! I wrote him my fete would be spoiled if he did not come, and he has come!"

She glided swiftly through the hall and stood at the rear entrance, a radiant vision, smiling, glad, with expectant hands outstretched.

Tom, dusty and travel stained, mounted the steps at a bound, a clear eyed young giant, flushed with exercise and expectation.

He waved her back laughingly. "I am not fit to touch the hem of your shining garments, Olivia. I must postpone that luxury for half an hour. And, circling deviously through the well remembered passageways, he disappeared up stairs, bag in hand.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### A PROPOSAL TO SELL BROXTON HALL.

The fete was over. The gray dawn of another day spread its mantle over a scene of disenchantment. Long strings of gaudy paper lanterns swung wind wrecked and candleless in the sharp, dewy air. The smart little pavillions where Tom had felt as if the nectar and ambrosia of the gods were pressed to his lips while Ollie was their presiding deity showed themselves but tawdry, flimsy make believes in the unsympathetic light of day. A universal desolation of stemless flowers, juiceless fruit rinds, melting jellies and broken fans strewed the dismantled tables—disenchantment everywhere; no, not quite.

The fete had been prolific of dreams. Reality had not yet touched all those tired young eyes with her disillusioning wand.

Olivia still dreamed of her short and wondrous reign as absolute sovereign. For a whole radiant evening she had been exalted to a princess royalty. All of her small world had done her willing homage, and the pretty thing had queened it right graciously.

Clarence Westover dreamed of a girl who to the most winning manners, loveliest face and brightest of minds added the comfortable allurements of substantial wealth. The Westover cofers needed replenishing, and Clarence was the hope of the family.

The last of the Broxtons dreamed of the girl he loved and of the pleasure it would be to him to bestow upon her in perpetuity the old home, with all its goodly furniture, his all, which had afforded such a fit setting for her fresh young beauty that night.

It had been arranged before his guardian had left him that he was to dine at the cottage that day. Jess could furnish him some sort of breakfast, he had said, preferring not to intrude upon Ollie's much needed rest too early.

While waiting next morning for Jess to fulfill her promise in this respect he had had waking visions, pleasant visions, which had ministered to his innocent vanity and made him rejoice for the first time with a frankly impersonal pleasure in his possession of great wealth.

For a fellow all alone in the world, he told himself magnificently, "houses and lands mattered little, but for her sweet sake, the soft, dimpled darling, he rejoiced that there were no roughnesses to be smoothed away, no dreary waiting to be imposed, no howling of the wolf to be dreaded."

With morning thoughts of Olivia came back midnight reflections upon her father and his distinctly antagonistic attitude toward possible and inevitable woovers for her hand.

Lawyer Matthews had lingered the night before until the last carriage had rolled across the bridge which spanned the tiny brooklet at the foot of the lawn. It was a closed carriage, and in it sat Ollie, flushed with triumph, dim eyed with encroaching sleepiness, but lovely in spite of the wan light of early day; also Miss Malvina, who as chaperon had crowned herself with laurels. Tom, flushed, handsome, incapable of weariness, had sprung back up the steps, after tucking the lap robe securely about the two women, with a hearty congratulation for his host.

"It was a brilliant success from start to finish, sir. I am so glad the dear little thing had such a nice time. You, I suppose, did most of the planning."



"I shall listen to nothing of that sort, sir, for a great many years to come." I've hardly had a word with you yet.

If you are not too tired, what do you say to a good cigar before mounting? I brought some pretty fair ones in my bag."

His guardian accepted the invitation somewhat stiffly. Tom led the way to his father's study, and Matthews followed. The lawyer's stiffness was largely due to the fact that Tom had been leading the way all evening and he following with docility. The conspicuous homage which he as giver of the feast and father of the fair debutante had looked forward to as his own share of sweets had been frankly transferred to Rufus Broxton's son as master of the house.

Tom's unexpected appearance on the scene had given his guardian's temper the first rub the wrong way. His subsequent effusive reception by the old neighbors had not proved mollifying.

He had been hailed by his father's old friends as a coming social factor of considerable local importance and had divided the honors of the evening pretty evenly with Olivia, to that young lady's smiling content, while he (Matthews), the maker of the feast, had been shoved quite into the background.

Apart from these minor pricks, the lawyer realized with a start of discomfort that from a sad, listless, pliant boy his ward had developed into a vigorous, handsome young man, alert, intelligent and the possessor of decided views of his own on various subjects. Disagreeable vistas were opening ahead.

He should have liked very much indeed to have pinched the youngster's ears for speaking of Miss Matthews as "a dear little thing;" but, that being manifestly impracticable, he compromised on a snubbing silence which lasted until he came under the mellowing influence of a first rate cigar. Tom's satisfaction over the outcome of the fete flowed on wordily.

(To be Continued.)

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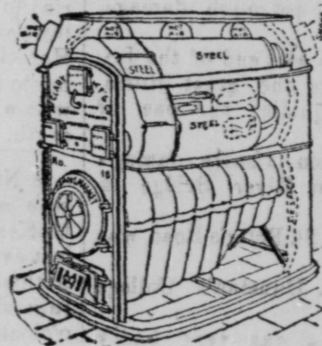
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A convention of delegates for the third Electoral District of King's Co. will be held in the Hall at Cardigan on Wednesday, Oct. 17th, at 2 o'clock, p. m., for the purpose of nominating a candidate to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late lamented Cyrus Shaw, Esq.  
Chairmen of polls will see that a full list of ten delegates be appointed.  
D. C. MORSON, President.  
J. A. DEWAR, Secretary.

**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 muskeg mud, and convenient to churches, schools, etc.  
For further particulars see handbills. Terms easy and made known at sale.  
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