

LOVE FINDS A WAY.

By JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

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CHAPTER XII.

MR. MATTHEWS CALLS FOR HIS PHYSICIAN. Mandeville had the usual contingent of charitable and uncharitable people, of reticent thinkers and people given to speaking their minds plainly in season and out. In short, humanity was mixed there as elsewhere.

Dr. Govan had to rebuke old Mr. Langdon, the druggist, quite sharply more than once for asking him, "How comes it Horace Matthews has got rich practicing law in Melton county, where no other man has ever been able to make a living at that business?" And Mr. Mills, the most progressive man in Mandeville, who had actually had the tenacity to import a man who had something to do with an electric light system, with a view to seeing if Mandeville could not be secured into discarding its old oil lamps, actually heard Lawyer Matthews talking to the electrician about his line of business, wanting to know if he could point out any opening for a young friend of his who would soon be returning from the other side and would want to go into that sort of business. Of course his young friend must be Tom Broxton. Mr. Mills was one of the reticent thinkers, so he did not confide even to his wife his great astonishment at hearing that Rufe Broxton's son would be going to do any sort of business. But, although he discreetly refrained from proclaiming it upon the house tops, his private conviction was that "Horace Matthews' end of the season had gone up as fast as Tom Broxton's had gone down."

Dr. Govan would have scored Mandeville's most progressive man with the same severity he visited upon the irresponsible old druggist—"a quacking quack," as he bitingly called him—"only it is impracticable to wage active hostilities against a man who simply raises his eyebrows and shrugs his shoulders."

Dr. Govan's broad catholicity and gentle judgment of his fellow man were the logical reflex of his own sweetness of nature and abounding good health. It was natural that Horace Matthews should have come in for a goodly share of discussion at the time of the fire, for Mandeville was never so rich in sensations as to let one slip too rapidly through its mill. But it was time to create a diversion. The doctor began his missionary work at home. If he could convert Mrs. Govan into a partisan, Matthews would be re-instated with his neighbors. A man's wife is his best and surest safety valve. Mrs. Govan innocently immortalized herself.

"I was down to see the old lady yesterday, John. Malvina says she wishes you would stop in the first time you pass their gate."

"What's 'Mother' Spillman up to now?"

"Nothing new. Malvina just gets fretted over the way the old lady peeks on Horace Matthews. She says it's a regular monomania. She says it's almost afraid to let any of the neighbors mention Mr. Matthews' name in her mother's presence for fear she will blaze out something ugly about him."

"And yet," the doctor said gravely, "Matthews has been consistently kind to the old creature. He has kept up all the friendly services Broxton used to render her."

"I know it. I know that, John, but 'Mother' Spillman is a woman of strong convictions, and she is not to be bought over by any amount of flattery or substantial help."

"Bought over?" Dr. Govan gave his wife an "et tu, Brute," look and opened his battery without the preliminary of a cut challenge.

"Now, see here, Matilda! Have you gone over to the enemy?"

"Gone over to the enemy? Which enemy, John Govan?" She smoothed the white bands of hair on her temples nervously. John had such a dreadfully incisive pair of eyes. He was using just that just as he used that sharp, shining probe among his surgical instruments.

"Well, I should say pretty much all Mandeville slood for the enemy at this juncture, and I should be sorry to see my wife aligning herself with them and sitting in judgment upon a man who has never committed one overt act that man or woman could point to and say, 'That is wrong!'"

"Well, but, John!"

"Let me have the floor a little while longer, if you please, my dear. I really feel as if Matthews needed a friend, a champion, if you choose. I will say to you in strict confidence I don't think he will be here many years longer."

"What John? Oh, that poor girl!"

"Of course this is for no ear but yours."

"I have been a doctor's wife 32 years, John."

"And better one never doctor had."

An air kiss was floated from the doctor's mature fingers to bring a smile to Matilda's mature lips.

"But about Mr. Matthews?"

"Yes, about Matthews. I believe he is not unaware of the hostile attitude some of his old neighbors have assumed. Not all of them. The solid men of this community, the men who do their own thinking and can look at a subject all around, see Matthews as I do, a shrewd, close-mouthed business man, with one object, and only one, in life."

"Olivia."

"Precisely—Olivia. I doubt if there's any man in Melton county who knows

Matthews as well as I do. I knew him before his shell developed, knew him when he was in love with Lucetta Broxton and looked forward to marrying her. Matthews was all right then. He was changed by her death into a silent, almost morose, man. He was a fairly devoted husband to Olivia's mother, but nothing has ever come between him and his first love. All the pent up forces of his nature have expended themselves on this girl. He has slaved to make her rich. He would die to make her happy."

Mrs. Govan moved restlessly in her chair. John really was not telling her a single thing she did not know already.

"Yes; but, John, nobody has—that is, nobody should!"

She started and opened her mild blue eyes to their widest extent. John was positively pounding the arms of his chair with his clenched fist.

"I say it is an inhuman shame to damn Matthews because Tom Broxton's property has depreciated and his father's investments turned out badly. Are Broxton's riches the first that ever took wings to themselves? And because, by close attention to his business, Matthews has amassed a little bit bigger pile than the common run of Melton county attorneys the wise ones of the earth have added two and two together, with malicious chucklings, and decided that Matthews is a scoundrel of the blackest shade?"

"All the same, it is a great pity that all of his papers are burned," said Mrs. Govan quietly.

"An awful pity," the doctor replied solemnly. "I do believe that it is the loss of those papers which has preyed on Matthews' mind until he is almost ready to take to his bed. You see, all of his vouchers as Tom Broxton's guardian went up in that fire."

"But Tom?"

"Oh, Tom is all right! Matthews showed me a letter he got from him in

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answer to the announcement that all the papers were gone. He is a grand fellow, Rufus Broxton's own son."

"I wish I could have seen it."

"Oh, it was short! But it had point to it—by Jove, it had! I do not suppose I could repeat it verbatim, but I could give you the sense of it."

"Try, John, just to give me the sense of it. I do so want to hear how the dear boy took it. I don't mean about the fire, but about his losses. He is so young."

The old man threw back his head with an air of pride in the son of his old friend.

"He took it grandly. I could not help thinking when I was reading that letter, how proud it would have made Rufus. He said he did not suppose he was the first man who had met with disappointments just as great on the threshold of life; that the blow was

softened in his case by the reflection that no one would suffer by his losses but himself; that if he could not provide for his individual wants the money expended on his education had been poorly placed. As it was not at all probable he should ever marry, the future did not cost him an anxious thought."

"Never marry? Why, he was up to his eyes in love with Olivia Matthews before he left here."

"Yes, but Westover got in the way of that."

Mrs. Govan pursued her own line of thought in an aggrieved voice.

"That would have made things a little more even, and somehow I have always looked forward to seeing another Mrs. Broxton at the old Hall."

"Events have a provoking way of shaping their own course without any respect for our wishes or preferences, Matilda."

To which Matilda's bit of wisdom Matilda accorded a grave affirmative.

"But go on about Tom's letter, John."

"Well, it seems that Matthews had urged his coming here as his guest, to stay while they were going over the papers, to which Tom replied that as, owing to the unforeseen intervention of the elements, there were no papers to be examined it would scarcely be advisable for him to come to Mandeville just now. The visit could only be productive of pain to him and discomfort to others."

"Others, I suppose, meant Olivia," Mrs. Govan interjected.

"He wound up by telling Matthews that he begged to assure him of his unaltered affection and confidence. There was no room in his heart for any other feeling toward the man his father had loved and trusted."

"Did he say that, John? Poor Tom! Dear boy! Poor, poor laddie!"

Mrs. Govan's tears were dropping fast upon the sewing she had laid upon her lap.

"I think the reason Matthews showed me that letter," said the doctor reflectively, "was because he wanted me to know just how Tom felt about—about things."

"Yes; that was natural, I see. But Tom—where is he going to locate, John? Did the letter state? Mrs. Spillman was asking me this morning if I

knew where Tom was."

"He thinks his chances as an electrician will be best out west in some growing place. He mentioned Kansas City. Shouldn't be surprised if he brought up there."

"And so that is the last of the Broxton name for Melton county. Dear, dear, what changes one does see in a short lifetime! Why, John, about the time you brought me here a bride the Broxtons were just everything in the county. The men couldn't project any county affairs of any importance without Rufus Broxton's opinion and help. Mrs. Broxton led in all the social and church movements, and half the unmarried men in the county were courting Lucetta."

"That's all so," said the doctor gravely, "but it only goes to prove the mutability of human affairs."

Mrs. Govan refused obstinately and always to mount her husband's rhetorical ladder. She preferred the safer if lowlier tableland of her own practical reflections.

"I'm not afraid, John, but what Rufus Broxton's son can make headway wherever he plants himself, but I do hope he will be careful about his fiancée and things. Lucetta and his mother died so young, John. If I knew where the boy was, I would write to him in a motherly sort of way, you know. He may be slow making new friends out there, you see."

"And that's a kindly thought, Matilda. I'll find out from Matthews and let you know."

Then his office bell rang, and the doctor left the pleasant sitting room freely, made all the brighter by Mrs. Doctor's sweet old face, to answer it. Presently he put his head in the doorway to say:

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

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FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

FOR SALE—10 acres of choice land, being parts of lots 23 and 24, in the 7th concession of the Township of York, about 50 acres cleared, a well tiled, the balance mostly in a sugar bush, fitted up with the latest appliances for being sold. There is an apple orchard of 40 acres of the choicest winter fruit, also a lot of other fruit consisting of pears, grapes, berries, etc. The buildings consist of a large two-story house with all modern improvements, a new carriage house, and stable fitted up with Treadwell latest improved and from lack of food, and the survivors are in a miserable condition. The inadequacy of the Boer commissariat is telling on the burghers."

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COMING OUR WAY NOW

Further British Successes in the Orange River Colony.

CONVERGING ON BOER FORCES.

Gen. Clements Defeats a Boer Commando in the Vicinity of Winberg—Canadian Casualties—Several Men Killed and Wounded in Recent Engagements—Gen. Hutton's Force in Action.

London, June 26.—The following despatch has been received at the War Office from Lord Roberts: "Pretoria, Residency, June 25.—Clements successfully engaged a body of Boers yesterday near Wynberg, where he had gone to pick up supplies and some heavy guns, preparatory to acting in conjunction with columns from Lindley, Heilbron and Heidelberg. He drove the enemy north of Sandfontein with loss. No casualties are reported."

"Jan Hamilton reports that Heidelberg is the most English town he has yet seen. The inhabitants gave him a great reception. The streets were crowded and decorated with bunting. Captain Valentine hoisted the Union Jack in the market square amidst the cheers of the populace and of the British, Australian and other colonial troops. 'God Save the Queen' was sung, the crowds heartily joining in. The poor Royalists have had a rough time lately."

"Hutton's Mounted Infantry skirmished with the Boers yesterday, a few miles southeast of Pretoria. Captain Anley is reported to have managed the little business very well. Lieutenant Crispin and one of the Northumberland Fusiliers were wounded."

AT HONING SPRUIT.

Boers Surprised a Patrol of Canadian Rifles—Their Subsequent Attack Was a Failure.

London, June 26.—(4.22 a.m.)—Lord Roberts' six columns are converging, apparently so as to close in upon the Free Staters, although decisive results cannot be expected for several days. A number of Boers were supposed to be within the wilderness net have broken, or rather, stolen, through General Rindie's Ficksburg-Senekela lines.

The Canadians were engaged in the Honing Spruit fight last Friday. General He Wet's men first cut off a Canadian outpost of mounted rifles at dawn, two being killed. Lieut. Inglis and four others being wounded and three being captured. The Free Staters then attacked the camp, where were 50 Canadians and two companies of Shopkeepers, although not with much effect, as the men were well entrenched.

The foreign military attaches who were with Lord Roberts are now in Cape Town, en route for Europe.

I had just started for the Pretoria is going to Machadoodorp in the interests of the British prisoners and to see President Kruger.

Eighty Hollanders have been landed in jail at Standerton for destroying property prior to the British occupation. The wives and children of the Boers are surprised that the British do not loot, but pay for what they get.

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