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she knew of no reason why Mr. Bronson should want to seek her out.

"Just precisely what I said," he replied, laughing at her wonderment. "Common gratitude for what you had done for me took me to Blue Bird Ridge last year, only to find that the Lone House had other tenants who could not or would not tell me anything about you. Then I travelled on to Button End and interviewed Joe Lipton; but he knew nothing, and his wife, who might have helped me, was away visiting and could not be got at, so I had to give it up because the end of my vacation was in sight. I had left that part to the last, you see."

"Yes, I know," said Nell, thinking of that day in last summer when she had seen Mr. Bronson standing talking to a man at the depot, and Joey Trip had said that it was Dick Brunsen, only it must have been the other man whom Joey meant.

"How did you know?" he asked in surprise.

"I will tell you presently, only I should like to hear your story first," she answered, with a little catch in her voice, as she thought of the confession she would have to make concerning her disposal of those thirty dollars; and then she began to wonder how long it would take her to save the money which Doss Umpey had spent, so that it might be restored to its rightful owner.

"There isn't much more story to tell. When I crossed to the mainland this day two weeks ago, I took the cars to Lewisville, tramped from there to Button End, and, happily, found Mrs. Lipton at home. From her I learned a lot about you, which interested me greatly; but when I asked for your address, Mrs.