

LOVE FINDS A WAY.

By JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

(Copyright, 1899, by Jeannette H. Walworth.)

"He isn't, he isn't! He despises me, and I—I love him! I have loved him all my life, and—and I did not know it. He was so meek and lowly that I tyrannized over him. Oh, to think of the miles of salt water between us and him! Who knows? Suppose—"

Miss Malvina, frightened at the storm raised by The Morning News, mendaciously cast discredit on it and its methods. "But, my dear Olivia, you are working yourself up into a perfect fever so unnecessarily. Don't you know the newspapers never tell the truth? They can't afford to. They have to spread every sensation out so thin, to make it cover so much space, that you would see right through it if they didn't color it up high and smear it all over with manufactured features. Now, I don't doubt for a moment that Tom Broxton's legs have done double duty in that paragraph as well as on that fire escape."

"He is none the less a hero, a great, brave fellow," said Ollie, brightening into combativeness under this comforting view of the case.

"Of course he is, and no one knows better than I do. Suppose we send a telegram to ask about him."

"I am going straight to him," said Ollie, with lofty superiority to all lets and hindrances.

"But if no vessel should be sailing immediately, my dear?"

"Oh, Miss Malvina, please get to packing our trunks! You are such a creature for pointing out obstacles."

Whether Miss Malvina's meek spirit would have held good under this fresh outburst of injustice will never be known. Some one knocked at the door of their apartment. Ollie, feverishly anxious to be doing something, answered it herself.

"You? Why?"

"She moved back from the door, and Clarence Westover entered, holding a newspaper in his hand.

"I am awfully glad to find you in. I am just back from Berlin; found a lot of mail matter waiting for me, this morning."

"I know—we know," said Olivia, nodding her head slowly.

"It's about Broxton, I mean," Clarence said.

"Yes; we have seen it." Westover's handsome face was wrinkled with perplexity. He found himself in rather an awkward predicament. He had come so pleased Tom Broxton's cause with the woman they had both loved.

"It is an awful pity," he said, glancing at the paper he still held. "There are not many men like Broxton in the world."

"Not a single one," Miss Malvina interjected, with decision.

"I thought perhaps—you might—you see, I feel decidedly officious."

"Miss Malvina and I are starting for America immediately," said Ollie, with blushing dignity.

"Good! The sooner the better! But I don't know of any vessel that sails sooner than the one I have taken passage by. That goes on Wednesday, this is Monday."

"You?" Westover looked at her meditatively. A demure smile lurked in the corners of his mouth. How demurely in love with this pretty little thing he had once fancied himself! But that was before he had met his Clementine, whom he had married a week before in Venice.

"Yes, my wife and I sail for America on Wednesday," he said quietly.

"Your wife? I—we had heard that—"

"I hope you will like her, Ollie."

"I know I shall adore her, Clarence." "You see," he went on maliciously, "after you made up your mind that you would never, never marry anybody, I felt it a duty I owed myself to fall in love with somebody else."

Ollie treated him to one of her most patronizing nods. "You did quite right. I hope you will always stand up as well to your sense of duty. I shall I secure berth for Wednesday's boat for you?"

"If you would."

"Of course not. Consistency forbids, and a woman is nothing if not consistent."

"Miss Malvina and I have been having a perfectly lovely time this winter." She bent her head to pin a rose in her belt.

"Miss Malvina especially, doubtless," said Clarence, laughing gaily. "Shall I secure berth for Wednesday's boat for you?"

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"Miss Malvina especially, doubtless," said Clarence, laughing gaily. "Shall I secure berth for Wednesday's boat for you?"

"If you would."

"Oh, I don't know! Clarence was worldlywise and showy, and you never had been courted before. His masterful ways and strong will dazzled you. My dear, splendid Tom treated you as if you were a queen. He abased himself before you, and so you exalted yourself unduly."

Ollie flashed a bright smile at her, and, coming over to the trunk into which things were being pitched as if the steamer were waiting for that particular piece of baggage, she put both hands on the thin spinster shoulders.

"Malvina Spillman, stand still while I whisper a great truth into your ears."

"You are the wisest woman in the world. I am so much obliged to you for explaining me to myself. I hate to be inconsistent. After all, Tom is to blame for everything. He shouldn't have been so meek."

Miss Malvina stared, called her a "ridiculous child" and resumed her packing.

CHAPTER XX.

The parlor of the boarding house which Tom called home, in Kansas City, held fast by the traditions of its class. It was preternaturally stuffy, with its woolly furnishings and superfluity of cheap bric-a-brac, and set about with all sorts of traps for the unwary groping in its darkness fresh from the sunlit world outside.

Miss Malvina and Ollie groped their way toward a distant sofa to await the fate of a card just sent up to Mr. Thomas Broxton. The card bore a single name, that of Miss Malvina Spillman. Ollie was napping out the campaign.

"You will see him alone, Miss Malvina, and if he looks very dreadful, as if he would never get well, you know, then I shall go in to see him and will be very nice to him. But, remember, you are not to say one word about me until—unless he asks very—very—affectionately about me. Of course he won't do that." A soft frown came on the woolly air. "He's forgotten my very name by this time."

"You ridiculous child!" said Miss Malvina, not quite as scornfully as she would once have said it, for Tom had certainly acted "queerly" since Clarence Westover had stepped out of his path. And perhaps—who knew?—he had fallen in love with another woman.

"Certainly. You don't suppose I was going to leave that poor child on the other side of the water all by herself while I came here to look after you? Have you really been laid up at all, Tom? You look so—so splendid—and, my, what a lot of lovely dowers! I suppose now, Tom, you are a great hand. Perhaps you are engaged to somebody. But about your accident first."

"Well," said Miss Malvina, retreating herself, with a laugh, from Tom's ardent embrace, "you are a fraud! Did you get all that put into the paper on purpose to scare two women out of their wits, Tom? Not that I'm sorry to have my foreign trip cut in two, but we certainly did leave Nice with a rush. I'm sure half my things are at that hotel yet."

"We?" Tom echoed, with a little catch in his voice. "We?" he repeated, with another catch in his voice.

"Certainly. You don't suppose I was going to leave that poor child on the other side of the water all by herself while I came here to look after you? Have you really been laid up at all, Tom? You look so—so splendid—and, my, what a lot of lovely dowers! I suppose now, Tom, you are a great hand. Perhaps you are engaged to somebody. But about your accident first."

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The Price of Success.

Mr. Hanks—My wife broke a fairy lamp, two vases and a cut glass flower stand in our parlor last evening, but she accomplished her purpose.

Mr. Ascum—For goodness' sake, what was her purpose?

Mr. Hanks—To capture a clothes moth she saw flying around.

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BOERS FIRING LONG TOMS.

Botha Holds the Pass and Buller is Attacking.

Boers Have Strong Position in Mountains Overlooking Lydenberg, and Open Fire With Three Long Toms—An All-Day Fight With Few Casualties—Lieut. Lawlor Killed—New Lists of Casualties to Strathcona's and of Returning Canadians.

Crocidilla River Valley, Transvaal, Sunday, Sept. 2.—Gen. Buller to-day reconnoitered the Boer position in the mountains, overlooking Lydenberg. Gen. Botha and 2,000 burghers had previously joined the forces holding the pass. The Boers opened fire with three long toms, and fired continually all day long. The British had few casualties.

Is Gen. Delarey Dead? Pretoria, Sept. 4.—It is reported that Gen. Delarey, the Boer commander, died of wounds received at Eland's River.

LIEUT. LAWLOR KILLED. Owner of the N.W. King-Yonge St. Building in Toronto a Victim of the South African War.

Toronto, Sept. 5.—Lieut. Jack Lawlor, owner of the big Lawlor Building at the northwest corner of King and Yonge streets, has been killed in South Africa. He was an officer of the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, which belonged to General French's division.

Lieut. Lawlor was born in Toronto in 1872. He was educated in Europe, and took the army as a profession. He was here five years ago and left the impression of a big, handsome and genial chap that it would be a shame to kill.

Mr. J. J. Poy, G.O., M.P.P., for South Toronto, was his legal adviser, and it was Mr. Poy who last night received the cable from Mrs. Lawlor, the young man's mother, who is at present in Dublin, Ireland, stating simply, "Jack is killed."

Mr. Poy said last night that Mr. Lawlor was a keen soldier and was particularly well-liked by the friends he made on his last visit here. He received the major portion of his education at Beaumont College, in England. He has several relatives in the city.

CASUALTIES TO STRATHCONA'S. Trooper A. McGillivray is Missing and Others Are Wounded.

Ottawa, Sept. 5.—The Militia Department yesterday morning received the following cablegram: "Capt. J. J. Poy, G.O., M.P.P., McGillivray, missing, Belmont. (Signed) Milner."

Strathcona's Horse, a Squadron, 131, is Trooper A. McGillivray, whose next of kin is J. McGillivray of Kirkfield, Ont.

Sergeant Johnston and Privates T. Taylor, W. Lane, F. McNaughton and J. Pigeon, the latter two being among the reserves for the first contingent, are en route.

Pte. F. Brown of the G.G.F.G., Ottawa, who was wounded in the knee at Brandfort, is almost well.

Capt. D. M. Howard of the Strathcona's Horse is still a prisoner of the Boers at Barberton.

At Machadodorp, on Aug. 28, Pte. C. Whiteley of the Strathcona's Horse, formerly of Holland, Ont., was slightly wounded.

Pte. J. McDuff of the Strathcona's was severely wounded at Amersport on July 7. Pte. John Nick received a gunshot wound in the lungs at Carolina on July 14. McDuff comes from Pt. Fortune, Que.

ANOTHER LIST OF INVALIDS. Twenty-five More Canadians Will Sail For Home on Thursday.

London, Sept. 5.—The following invalided Canadian soldiers sail on the Corinthian on Thursday for Canada: Pte. A. C. Beach, 5th Regiment Canadian Artillery, "A" Co., wounded at Paarde-draai, "B" Co., wounded at Paarde-draai.

Pte. Wm. Martin, N.W.M.P., Canadian Mounted Rifles.

Pte. W. H. Hertz, 43rd Ottawa and Carleton Rifles, "D" Co.

Pte. T. M. Graham, 12th York Rangers, "C" Co.

Pte. E. G. Walker, 71st York, N.B., Battalion, "C" Co.

Pte. S. Burnett, G.G.B.G., Canadian Mounted Rifles.

Pte. W. M. Glover, 1st Hussars, Canadian Mounted Rifles.

Pte. J. Hira, 90th Princess Louise Fusiliers, "C" Co., Nova Scotia.

Pte. L. W. Bangay, 1st Regiment Canadian Artillery, "A" Co., wounded at Paarde-draai.

Pte. W. E. Motzner, 2nd Dragoons, Canadian Mounted Rifles.

Pte. P. Barron, Westmount, Montreal, Canadian Mounted Rifles.

Pte. F. Crotty, 8th Royal Rifles, Montreal Co.

Pte. Samuel Jones, 71st York, N.B., Battalion, "C" Co.

Pte. J. C. McMillan, 3rd Cumberland Battalion, Canadian Mounted Rifles.

Pte. H. Donahue, 20th Middlesex Light Infantry, "B" Co.

Pte. J. S. Walker, 2nd Victoria's County Battalion.

Pte. R. T. Byers, 3rd Victoria's County Battalion.

Pte. Francis Polton, N.W.M.P., Canadian Mounted Rifles.

Brampton, Ont., Sept. 5.—Lieut. Coggins, who returned home from South Africa last night, received an enthusiastic welcome from the citizens.

Boiled Down Facts

About Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills

Iron is the vital element of the blood. Too little iron means weakness, lack of spirit, pallid cheeks, shortness of breath, sleeplessness, nervousness, nervousness, loss of vital force, ending in general break-down. The iron in Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills is in the soluble form you need, in combination with other curative agents, in such a manner that disease cannot resist their action.

The blood becomes rich and red, strength returns, spirits revive, good health comes back again. You feel yourself getting well when you take Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills.

50c. per box, five boxes for \$2.00.

For sale by John E. Richards, Aylmer, Ontario.

Large brick house and son lots for building. See how it is done! Buy 1/2 acre just outside the city of St. Thomas on the north side of Wellington street, which is offered for \$4,000. Subdivide it, which will make 50 lots, sell 40 lots at \$100 each, which is very cheap. Here is your \$4,000 with 10 lots left with good buildings. Good speculation. Look after it quick. Apply to C. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker, Brown House Block, Aylmer, Ont.

Well furnished for sale—6 acres of land with good brick house and good outbuildings on the east side of Fairview avenue, just outside the city limits of St. Thomas. This is now in full bearing 200 plum, 50 pear and 50 cherry trees, about 5 acres of berries and a lot of other small fruit. The above property is on about the highest point in Yarmouth, overlooking the city. Reason for selling is on account of the owner's health giving up. Apply 90 O. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker, Brown House Block, Aylmer, Ont.

FOR SALE—A BARGAIN—100 acres of choice clay loam land, being the southeast quarter of the south-east quarter of Section one, and the north-west quarter of Section one, and the south-east quarter of Section one, and the north-west quarter of Section one, in Township 18, North Range, Two in the State of Michigan, adjoining the City of Yarmouth; medium houses, good out-buildings. Is offered cheap, and on easy terms. Apply to C. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker, Brown House Block, Aylmer, Ont.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—60 acres of choice land, all cleared and close of stumps. Good comfortable buildings, good orchard of fruit, on a good road, within one mile of the Village of Elmer, Sanilac County, Michigan. The above property is offered cheap and on easy terms, or will accept of a small price of land in good location. Apply to C. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker, Brown House Block, Aylmer, Ont.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—That beautiful corner of Talbot and Elm streets in the City of Yarmouth, containing an acre of land, with a beautiful lawn, large garden, in fact, it is on one of the best of the finest private residences in the County, and is being sold at a low price. Apply to C. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker, Brown House Block, Aylmer, Ont.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—60 acres of choice land with good fair buildings, situated in the County of Sanilac, Michigan, within one mile of the Village of Elmer, Sanilac County, Michigan. The above property is offered cheap and on easy terms, or will accept of a small price of land in good location. Apply to C. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker, Brown House Block, Aylmer, Ont.

FOR SALE—80 acres of good land, in the County of Sanilac, Michigan, 1 1/2 miles from the Village of Elmer, Sanilac County, Michigan. The above property is offered cheap and on easy terms, or will accept of a small price of land in good location. Apply to C. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker, Brown House Block, Aylmer, Ont.

FOR SALE—80 acres of choice land, in the Township of Elmer, Sanilac County, Michigan, within one mile of the Village of Elmer, Sanilac County, Michigan. The above property is offered cheap and on easy terms, or will accept of a small price of land in good location. Apply to C. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker, Brown House Block, Aylmer, Ont.