

## LOVE FINDS A WAY.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.  
In order that new readers of THE ENQUIRER may begin with the following installment of this story, and understand it just the same as though they had read it all from the beginning, we here give a synopsis of that portion of it which has already been published:

Tom Broxton comes to Broxton Hall from college, having been summoned to his father, who is dying. Mr. Matthews, Tom's guardian, passing "Mother" Spillman's cottage, drops a bag of papers. The next morning Matthews comes to look for one of the papers which have been lost. He does not find it, but Jimmy Martin, a gardener, soon brings it to "Mother" Spillman. She pledges Martin to secrecy and hides the paper in the back of an old chair. Tom Broxton visits the room in which his father lies, finds some flowers written in his father's handwriting, and an unfinished letter from his father to himself. Through ground glass doors he sees a figure tampering with the papers contained in his father's desk. Before he can enter the room the figure disappears. Approaching his father's body lying in his coffin, Tom looks for a seal ring worn on the finger, but it is not there. Olivia Matthews arranges with her father for a garden party at Broxton Hall on her eighteenth birthday. Her father, riding past the Hall, stops there and sees the mysterious figure standing over Colonel Broxton's desk. After the party Tom Broxton and his guardian sit at the Hall talking about it, and Mr. Matthews proposes that Tom, after being graduated at college, shall go abroad to study and that Olivia shall go to the Hall, where he finds Olivia, who has been thrown from her horse, and carries her into the house. She is not severely injured. The party remains at the Hall. At midnight a scream is heard. It has come from Olivia, who has seen the mysterious figure standing over Colonel Broxton's desk. Two years elapse. Broxton Hall is sold to the Westovers. Tom Broxton is studying abroad. He writes to Olivia declaring his love for her. His guardian writes him that his estate has been lost, and Olivia writes him that she is engaged to Clarence Westover, but she will not consent to go without him. She has everything to do since my father died and all my other friends forsook me. I cannot find time to spend one evening with you before we start. She especially wants to see you, and a refusal will give her great pain. We had hoped you would come to see us some time without waiting for a formal invitation, but since you have not we are sending the invitation. We understand that you are one of the busiest men in the world and that you are rich and famous. Come and tell us all about it to our old lang syne's sake. Your friends, MALVINA SPILLMAN and OLIVIA MATTHEWS.



He took a chair near the sofa on which she was sitting. Olivia recoiled with a gasp.

"Don't mention his name. I have chosen you. You and I are going to live on just this way until you get to be an old lady hobbling about with a stick and I am wearing nose glasses. You will have to wear a mob cap, because you won't have any hair at all, and I will have just a few gray wisps left. I'm never going to marry anybody."

"You ridiculous child!" said Miss Malvina and fell to crocheting again, with an inscrutable smile hovering about her thin lips.

The first sign of approaching winter was powdering the earth when Olivia dispatched a letter to Thomas Broxton. She wrote:

Dear Thomas—Miss Malvina and I start for Nice in about two weeks' time. We will spend the winter there. She has a cough that makes me very uneasy. Dr. Govan recommends Nice, but she will not consent to go without me. She has everything to do since my father died and all my other friends forsook me. I cannot find time to spend one evening with you before we start. She especially wants to see you, and a refusal will give her great pain. We had hoped you would come to see us some time without waiting for a formal invitation, but since you have not we are sending the invitation. We understand that you are one of the busiest men in the world and that you are rich and famous. Come and tell us all about it to our old lang syne's sake. Your friends, MALVINA SPILLMAN and OLIVIA MATTHEWS.

With the pen suspended over her own signature Olivia fell into a somber reverie. Quite a year now since her father with his last breath had bidden her marry this man, almost as long since, in the spirit of compromise, she had sent from her the man she loved and declared her intention to marry no one. Surely the hurt she had inflicted upon herself might be taken as expiation for lack of obedience. If she had denied Thomas happiness, she had also denied it to herself.

Would Clarence come back, as he had said he would? She doubted it. She had said languidly at her own utter indifference to his coming. Was she becoming like Miss Malvina in her frank indifference to all men? She knew that the Westovers had come back to Broxton Hall, for Jeanne had come once to see her, only once, to upbraid her for her maltreatment of "poor dear Charlie." But from him never a word had come back. Of him the papers kept her well informed.

Now he was in St. Petersburg, again in Florence. Then a woman's name crept in, and the Mandeville Morning News informed its readers that rumors from a reliable source announced the pleasant fact that when Mr. Clarence Westover did return to America Broxton Hall would become the home of a lovely Parisienne. The lady was the foreign born daughter of a one time American ambassador to France.

Olivia read this item among the local brevities and had passed the morning's paper across to Miss Malvina. Miss Malvina had read it and looked at the girl so timidly that Olivia had laughed aloud. "You are watching to see my swoon? I am wondering myself why I don't feel any of the proper emotions on the occasion. It must be because I am so much more interested in Granny Maxwell's winter flannels." All of this came back to her when she wrote that note of invitation to Tom Broxton.

"Could anything be bolder?" she asked, blushing a vivid pink as she affixed the stamp.

"Could anything be more studiously polite?" Tom asked himself as he crammed the letter in his pocket to be reread after business hours.

A letter from Olivia was not in itself a disturbing occurrence. They had never ceased writing to each other in a desultory way. The total lack of mention of Westover's name, especially as he always made free use of it himself, struck him as a piece of uncalculated consideration for himself. Somewhat in the old time fashion she wrote to him about his work. He dwelt upon it rather lengthily in reply, as much to cover space as anything else. The line was comfortably taut between friendship and the old disturbing sentiment.

Miss Malvina considered it a bad sign that Olivia always passed Tom's letters over to her to read. Together they rejoiced over his rapid ascent of his chosen ladder, but she mourned over the absence of sentiment.

"Oh, I always knew," Miss Malvina would say after every letter, "that you could not down Tom Broxton! He is his father all over again, and when that is said all is said that need be to describe a grand man. I wish he would marry some good, sweet girl

that would make a real home for him. "So do I," Olivia would reply promptly.

But as the months rolled by Olivia's "So do I" grew less and less emphatic, and when the prospect of a long absence from home stared her in the face she was distinctly conscious of a longing desire for the dear old companion of her childish days. Folding up his latest letter, this longing had found its wistful utterance.

"I wish we could see the dear boy before we cross the ocean."

And Miss Malvina, always lying in wait for her opportunity, had echoed the wish with such fervor that the letter Tom called "formal" and Olivia "bold" was the logical outcome.

A week after it had been dispatched Miss Malvina, passing through the library with her arms piled high with slip covers to shroud the parlor furniture, halted to rouse the girl from one of her somber reveries.

"Has Tom sent any answer to our invitation yet, dear?"

"Oh, yes! I meant to have shown you his note. It has just come—very short. I am glad he did not make his stenographer typewrite it."

Said Miss Malvina with ready cheerfulness, "No doubt Thomas is a very busy man, but I am sure he could never do a discourteous thing."

Olivia read the short note aloud with her pretty head bent at an angle of resentment:

My dear little friend—I am truly glad that you and Miss Malvina are going to leave Mandeville for a change, but am sorry to think you go on account of her health.

If you will let me come to you on the Sunday before your departure, it will be the greatest pleasure to dine with my old friends on that day. I promise to be punctual. Taking your consent for granted, I am faithfully yours, THOMAS BROXTON.

There were two red spots burning in Olivia's cheeks as she flung this note down upon her desk. "Could anything be more insufferable? He graciously accords us an hour or two of his valuable time."

Miss Malvina looked impudently at the flushed young face over the pile of covers she was resting on the desk. "Disappointing, Ollie, decidedly, but not insufferable."

"I say insufferable and abominably patronizing. His dear little friend, and he is glad I am going away! Not that I wanted or expected him to be so sorry."

"I think he meant he was glad on our account, dear. Perhaps he thinks—I mean he did not think he had any right to—you know he doesn't—Perhaps he thinks you are—you are?"

"That I am what, Miss Malvina? Please do finish at least one of your sentences. I don't know anything more trying than such verbal convulsions."

"I meant that perhaps he thinks you are moping about Clarence Westover, or perhaps he doesn't know about the breaking off. But, yes, he does."

"Yes, he does? What does he know about Mr. Westover and myself?"

Miss Malvina blushed guiltily. "I am afraid I did—I did—I wrote to him about the engagement being broken."

Olivia looked at her levelly, but the hot blood of humiliation dyed her cheeks and forehead. "Oh, you did! And perhaps you also asked him to come and assume the task of consolation?"

"Olivia, you know I did not."

"You have covered me with confusion. I am sorry that invitation ever went to him. He has only accepted it because he could not refuse. Oh, it is all horrid, just too horrid for anything! He has a right to think me a bold, indelicate wretch. I don't doubt for a moment that he does."

At which Miss Malvina flamed up. "You never were just to Thomas Broxton, and I suppose you never will be. You are always judging him by commonplace standards, and they don't fit him at all. He is a man incapable of harboring a mean thought or committing a mean action. If you had ever been worthy of him, Olivia, you never would have played at being in love with a man not worthy of breathing the same air with him."

With which burst of eloquence Miss Malvina gathered up her chair covers and went about her business. She observed with secret satisfaction, however, that as the time approached for Thomas' arrival Olivia's spirits rose most unaccountably. Her black dresses made her look pallid always now, but on that Sunday morning the softness of pink shades dyed her delicate skin, and—oh, the gulle of womanliness—Tom's favorite shade of chrysanthemums, a rich mahogany color, was piled high in a great glass bowl upon the hall table.

Tom timed his arrival carefully, just in time for dinner, but when dinner was over Miss Malvina herself suddenly developed an amount of gulle no one would ever have credited her with.

"I've got so much to do, Tom, that I can't afford to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. I am going to count all the silver this afternoon and interview Reuben about a caretaker he wants to leave in the house. I will have to leave you on Olivia's hands for a little while, but don't you dare run away until I have had my private interview. There are some things I want you to do for me about the Lodge."

She nodded her little corkscrew curls and trotted away, leaving Olivia almost gasping for breath.

It was left to Tom to relieve the strained situation. He had been inspecting a newly executed portrait of his guardian while Miss Malvina had rattled off her apologies. Olivia had asked his opinion of the painting, and he had given it. He came over now and took a chair near the sofa on which she was sitting. It was as if he had put up a bar between them. Simple as the act was, it made it very hard for her to hold fast by a resolve she had come to. She wished he had seated himself on the sofa by her side. He would have done so once. She lifted shy eyes to his as he said easily:

"And so my little sister is going out to see the great world? Tell me something of your route."

She was so latent upon her own line of thought that she did not answer. How calm and self possessed he looked!

ed! What a strong, forceful face his had become! Scarcely a vestige was left of the shy, bashful boy she used to patronize and torment, sure of his always loving her. Tom had grown away from her.

"Or perhaps," said Tom, filling in what threatened to become an awkward pause, "you have not marked out any arbitrary route. So much the better. Are you going direct to Nice?"

"Yes, I suppose so. I don't know. It will be the innocents abroad when Miss Malvina and I slip our moorings."

She laughed hysterically. How could she ever say "it"? How could she go away without saying "it"? She felt like a leaf in a winter storm. How cool and steady his voice was!

"You will meet with agreeable surprises in that respect. Everything is so simplified and systematized nowadays that women can travel over the world with impunity. I am sure you will enjoy it."

"And I am sure I shall not. I never expect to enjoy anything again, Tom, as long as I live, never—anything at all."

Her eyes were wet with unshed tears; her cheeks were hot with unbidden blushing; her clasped hands trembled visibly; her excitement was getting beyond her control. Broxton looked at her in grave surprise. Then a smile of pity came into his fine face.

"You are young yet, Ollie, so young, and to the young sorrow has such a dreadful finality in seeming. But it is only in seeming, little friend. We can outlive and live down about all the troubles a malicious fate can conceive of for our torment if we truly believe in ourselves, be true to the best in us."

She looked at him with the ghost of a smile on her lips. "That sounds dreadfully experienced, Tom."

"And am I not experienced? Not," he added, with quick thought for her, "that I am quarrelling with destiny. My philosophy is that all that is in fate."

"That is fatalism, and I do not think fatalism is healthy, especially for so young a man. You see, I have not forgotten how to find fault with you, Tom."

"No, come, now, this grows promising. I lived in Germany just long enough to acquire a taste for metaphysics and to miscell myself a philosopher. We don't indulge along that line at the works. Let me hear you define fatalism."

His cool acceptance of the existing status of things exasperated her most unreasonably.

"You are turning my meaning into a jest, Thomas. I suppose I am not worth a serious thought nowadays, so you are obliged to think of me as a good joke. No; I don't mean that at all, for that implies that you do sometimes think about me."

"I am glad you do not mean it. We have been good friends too long to quarrel with each other just as you are about to put the ocean between us, and we would have no chance to make up inside of a whole year."

Nothing could be more matter of fact, nothing less love-like than his entire bearing from the moment of his arrival. If only she could think he was acting a part, if only she could think he felt as he had once felt toward her, wanted what he once wanted—her—it would make it easier for her. Before he had come she, standing before her father's portrait, had registered a silent promise.

I will try to do your bidding to the utmost, father. Heretofore I have only refrained from doing that which would have come between me and it. I am going to marry Thomas Broxton. Then your sad, pleading voice will die out of my memory perhaps."

But Tom was making it so dreadfully difficult. She took the plunge presently. Her voice trembled at the start.

"Thomas, I am going to ask you a question before we part. Will you answer it honestly?"

"That depends." He smiled down calmly into her troubled face.

Her eyes fell before the cool steadiness of his. She clasped her hands tightly upon her lap.

"I want to ask you how long you were standing in the doorway of father's room that night—before you closed the door so softly that I thought it was the night wind?"

A troubled look came into his eyes. He had not expected this direct questioning.

He answered inconsequently: "Reuben is a bungling old idiot. He told me his orders were to send me direct to my guardian. When I got there I found you were with him, and it was no time for me to intrude."

"Nora saw you close the door. She told me long afterward. I want to know, Thomas, how long you had been there."

He moved restlessly in his chair. For her sake he wished he might evade the truth. "Not very long—in fact, only a second or two."

"Were you—there—long enough to hear my father's last words?"

He remained stubbornly silent. She raised her eyes in desperation. He was looking at her pityingly. It was intolerable. She lifted her head defiantly.

"You will please answer me, Thomas. It is necessary that you should. Did you hear my father's last words?"

"I heard him lay a command upon you," came with slow reluctance in answer.

"And I am—ready—to obey the command."

The words escaped her in a husky whisper. Her head drooped as if weighted earthward by the dreadful humiliation of the moment. Would he say anything to ease the smart of those words?

The darkening air was heavy with the fragrance of the flowers she had plucked for him. A boy's shrill whistle came through the window to her ears discordantly. She could hear old Reuben call the dogs to their dinner. Evidently sense was on the alert. It was as

if her nerves had been laid bare by a surgeon's knife. She had tried to fulfill the command of the dying. She had offered herself to Thomas Broxton. She was vindicting her tardiness and questioning the cruelty that kept him silent in the same breath. Tom's voice, entirely unshaken by its burden of feeling, brought her back to the moment she had led to deal with.

"Poor little girl! My poor little Ollie! And you thought so meanly of me as all that?"

"Meanly of you, Tom?" she managed to ask.

He went on rapidly, as if mistrusting his own strength of purpose. "I was very unhappy when I heard you had broken with Westover. I was afraid you had done it through a mistaken sense of duty to your father. But I could not help you nor my friend. The dying often hamper the living in some such cruel fashion, but I do not hold that one is called upon to sacrifice happiness to any such deathbed mandates. Westover is a splendid fellow, and I know that he loves you dearly. If it were not for the pain that I know you have endured in the effort to obey your father's command, I would be glad of this opportunity to free you from your fancied obligation. Now, with a clear conscience, Ollie, dear, you can recall Westover."

"I shall never marry Clarence Westover, Tom, never!"

He seemed not to hear her. "Once, when I thought I could support you as my wife should and must be supported, I asked you to be my wife. All through my early boyhood I entertained a sweet vision of a future blessed by your love. I loved you and asked you to marry me. You

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## Miscellaneous Reading.

### SECRET OF DEWEY'S CANDIDACY.

Conspirators Against Bryan May Defeat McKinley.

Washington Correspondence Atlantic Journal.

Here is the secret of the Dewey announcement for president in a nutshell: The scheme was engineered by Colonel Hugh C. Wallace, of the state of Washington, ex-Secretary William C. Whitney and Hon. Daniel Lamont. It took first shape at the Whitney dinner in New York some weeks ago. Its purpose was to disorganize the Bryan Democracy.

At the time Dewey had not been consulted and Wallace was delegated to approach the admiral. Just before Dewey went south Wallace called on the admiral and stated the proposition and assured him that it would be possible to capture the Kansas City convention by keeping the scheme quiet until the proper time to spring it.

Dewey discouraged the idea; but frankly admitted that he would aid any movement to defeat McKinley.

When the admiral and Mrs. Dewey returned from the south, Wallace approached him again and this time he took the matter under advisement. Thursday afternoon last, Lamont called at the Dewey home and was in conference with the admiral for an hour. Mrs. Dewey was in this conference and advised her husband to become a candidate. It was agreed at the time that the announcement should be made only indirectly until the effect of the suggestion could be tested.

After Lamont had returned to his hotel the admiral sent for Charles S. Albert, the chief of The World's Washington staff, and gave to him the dictated interview. The idea of the engineers of the movement was to ascertain if the Dewey announcement would meet with such popular favor as to carry the country by storm, and at least deadlock the Kansas city convention with the possibility of either nominating him or nominating some one other than Bryan.

Dewey, on the other hand, is bitter toward McKinley, as is also Mrs. Dewey, largely for personal reasons, and he is willing now to head an independent movement if he can draw enough Republican votes to assure even Bryan's election. His candidacy has fallen flat, his promoters are unwilling for him to head any movement that might assist instead of detract from Bryan, and there is already a threatened split between the new candidate and those responsible for his candidacy.

All factions are now waiting for developments before making another move. If after the first wave of disapproval and resentment, the reaction is in favor of Dewey, he will be urged by the Lamont faction to continue the race, and go to Kansas city a candidate. If on the other hand it has been seen that there is absolutely no possibility to capture the regular Democratic nomination, the question of his heading an independent ticket will be discussed, and decide upon its possible results.

In the meantime Dewey says he is a Democrat, and his platform is that announced in The Journal yesterday, except it is stated today that he has modified to a degree his views on the tariff to favor high tariff now for luxuries only. There is not the slightest probability that he can capture the Kansas City convention, and if Dewey runs as an independent it is frankly admitted that on his platform he will poll the anti-administration Republicans and elect Bryan. He is willing to this, and the original purpose of his promoters may yet have a reverse result.

WHEELER IS PLEASED.

His Ambition Has Been to See the North and South Re-United.

General Wheeler's attention having been called a few days ago to a suggestion of himself as a vice-presidential candidate, he made the following statement:

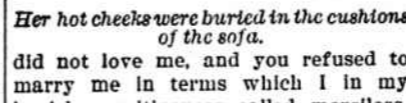
"I do not think that my name has ever been mentioned in that connection except as many very other gentlemen have been referred to, simply in the way of personal compliment. I have appreciated these flattering allusions to myself; but never regarded them as at all serious or other than the kind expressions of partial friends."

"The greatest ambition of my life has already been realized. I have seen those who were once Confederate soldiers fight under the Stars and Stripes against foreign foes, as soldiers of the United States. I have seen the masses of the people of all the southern states eagerly and earnestly offer their services to fight in the country's cause, and have seen them thus become participants in the events which suddenly made ours the leading among the great powers of the world, and opened avenues which enables us to establish the most favorable commercial relations with countries containing nearly one-third the earth's population."

"I have seen the cordial relations which existed during the first 70 years of government firmly re-established between the people of all sections of our common country, and in all this I believe I see the dawn of a new period, in which the southern states will be the largest beneficiaries. The realization of conditions so advantageous to our whole country fills the measure of my desires and beyond that I have no ambition whatever."

NEW THEORY OF ELECTRICITY.—Electrification is likely to become an important condition in the classification of climates, with warmth and cold, moisture and dryness. This is the view of Dr. Schliep, of Baden-Baden, who finds that the atmosphere is usually positively electrified; but that there are a few days in every month when negative electrification can be observed, and rare occasions when scarcely any electrification can be detected. The influence of the variations on comfort and even health seems to be marked. Negative electrification is tiring; positive is exciting, and stimulates the circulation and the nervous system. Strong electrification may produce nervous disorders and even inflammation of respiratory organs—this being too much of a good thing. Negative electrification, on the other hand, brings depression and its attendant disorders, and is likely to be a reason when milk sours, meat spoils and bad smells come from the gutters. The growth of plants and germs is favored, the soil itself being negatively electrified at all times.

DEWEY HAS NEVER VOTED.—Admiral and Mrs. Dewey returned to Washington tonight from their brief visit to Philadelphia, says a dispatch of Friday. A number of reporters were at the house awaiting his return. In response to a question, the admiral said that he expected in a few days to



Her hot cheeks were buried in the cushions of the sofa.

did not love me, and you refused to marry me in terms which I in my boyish sensitiveness called merciless. I could not now accept, either from a belated mercifulness or an overweening sense of filial duty, a reversal of the decision which years ago I accepted as final.

"In that letter—a bitter curve marred the corners of his mouth for a second—you said your 'No' was final. It must stand at that. If I have been brutally plain, it is because there must not be the possibility of any misunderstanding between us in the future. The negative of years ago cannot by any sophistry be turned into an affirmative of today."

He stood up and held out his hand. She made no response. Her hot cheeks were buried in the cushions of the sofa. Only the coil of her golden hair was turned toward him. He left her as the flying landscape shot past the window of the car that was bearing him away from her.