

THE BLUE BUCKLE

A BAFFLING MYSTERY AND BREATHLESS TALE OF ADVENTURE

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "The Red Mouse," "The Running Fight," "Catspaw," Etc.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued)
Rutherford had no relatives in this part of the continent. Traveling alone, he had the cabin to himself.

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THE TEMPTING OF TAVERNAKE

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

CHAPTER VI.
BACK TO CIVILIZATION

When, after a long stay in the wilds, where health of body and mind had come back to him, and a lucky find of oil had made him a wealthy man, Tavernake returned to New York.

Pritchard laughed softly as he passed his arm through his friend's.

"Come, my Briton," he said, "my primitive man, I have rooms for you in a hotel close here.

"I feel as though I've been drawing in life for months," he said. "I have to get to wear boots like yours—patent."

"I'm afraid it will," she surprised him by acknowledging, "but I must! It is the only way I can help him! It is the only way that we can prove."

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He had to his and her eyes called him closer to her—have you forgotten everything?"

"I have been in a country where one forgets," he answered. "I think that I have thrown the knapsack of my follies away. I think that I am buried. There are some things which I do not forget, but are scarcely to be spoken of."

"You are a strange young man," she said. "Was I wrong or were you not once in love with me?"

"I was terribly in love with you," Tavernake confessed.

"You tore up my cheek and stung yourself away when you found out that my standard of morals was not quite what you had expected," she murmured.

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