

LADYFINGERS

By JACKSON GREGORY

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"HOW MANY CARDS"

A Thrilling Mystery Story

by Isabel Ostrander

Will Begin on This Page

Next Wednesday

lips, as the jury said: "Guilty!" She saw him as the judge condemned him to the horror of a penitentiary...

CHAPTER XXXIV The Decision of Ladyfingers End had shut the gates to the in-

breaking the news growing red-hot upon her cheeks, "that I have done with you and him! If I could annul his sentence by the turn of my hand I would not turn it. Had he had a drop of humanity in his blood he would not have done this thing; had he an ounce of affection for me or gratitude he would not have done it. He had nothing but his usual infatuation for you with your soft skin and fawn's eyes and he won't have even that left him by the time his two years are done. He isn't the kind to love anything for a long time. He'll come out and be a thief again and laugh at you. And it will be you, you who have driven him down to hell!"

"It would have been better for him if I had never been born," said End slowly. "Oh, I know... now! Now that it is too late! And he has done only more harm by giving himself a name and a reputation. But I was only a little fool, after all, and he is only a boy who sought to do the right thing. You are old, you are wiser and stronger than we, you can make allowances for him, you can forgive him, you can help him now."

"Neither now nor hereafter," was the curt answer. "I want never to see him again. Nor you either." "But," pleaded End stubbornly, "he is your own grandson, he..."

It was Wednesday morning, hence a bright sun shone as stars went forth from the Big House. Carter, following her to the door, whispered a few kind words which she did not hear. She walked listlessly down the gravelled walk, her wide-open eyes seeing nothing of the orchard lands and grain fields about her.

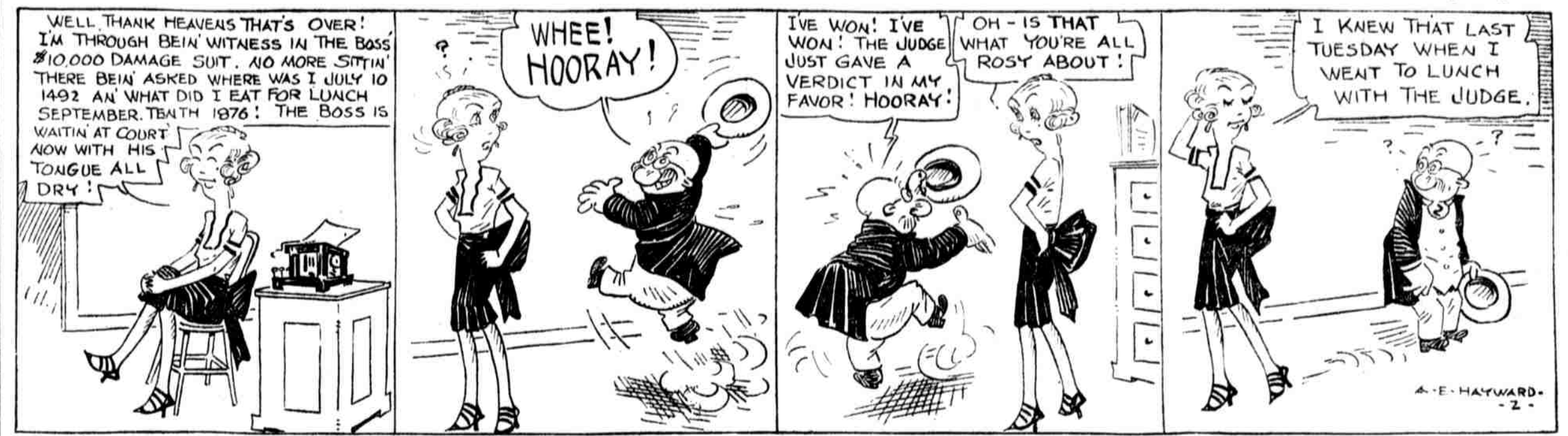
THE GUMPS—Only 28 More Flat-Hunting Days

By Sidney Smith



SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER—The Verdict

By Hayward



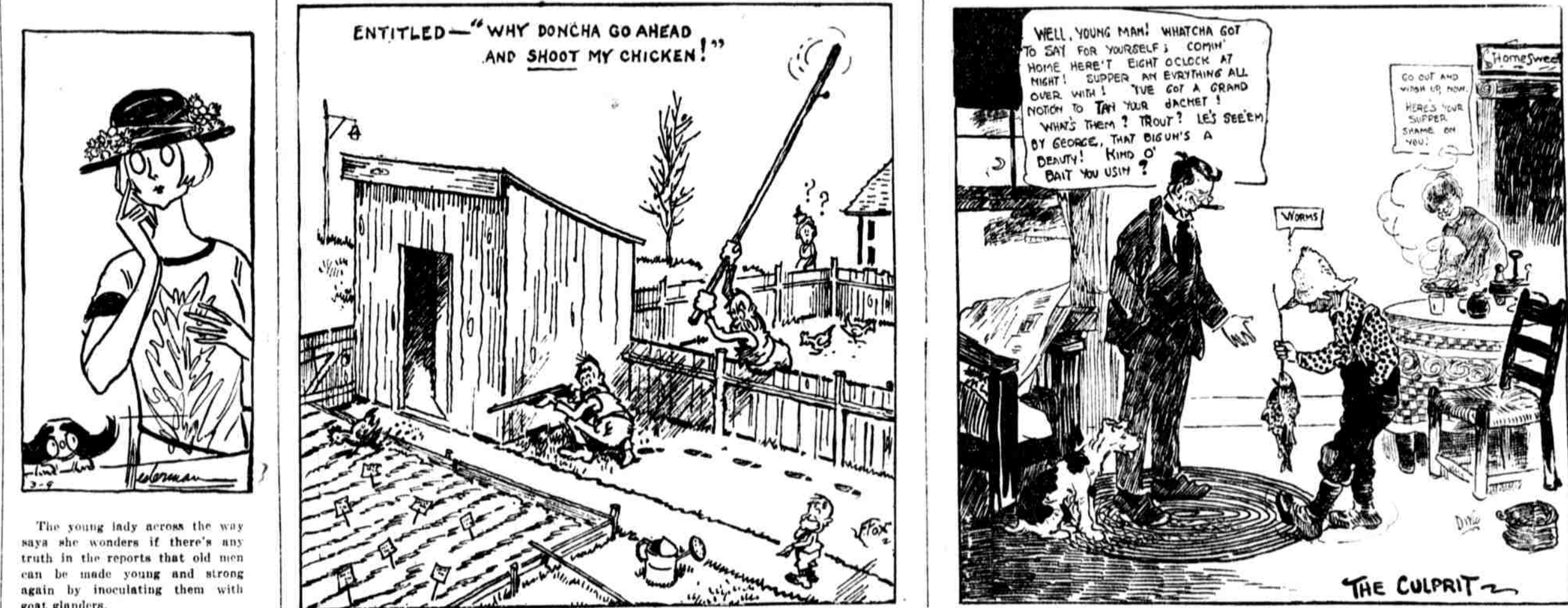
The Young Lady Across the Way

TABLEAU!

By FONTAINE FOX

SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG



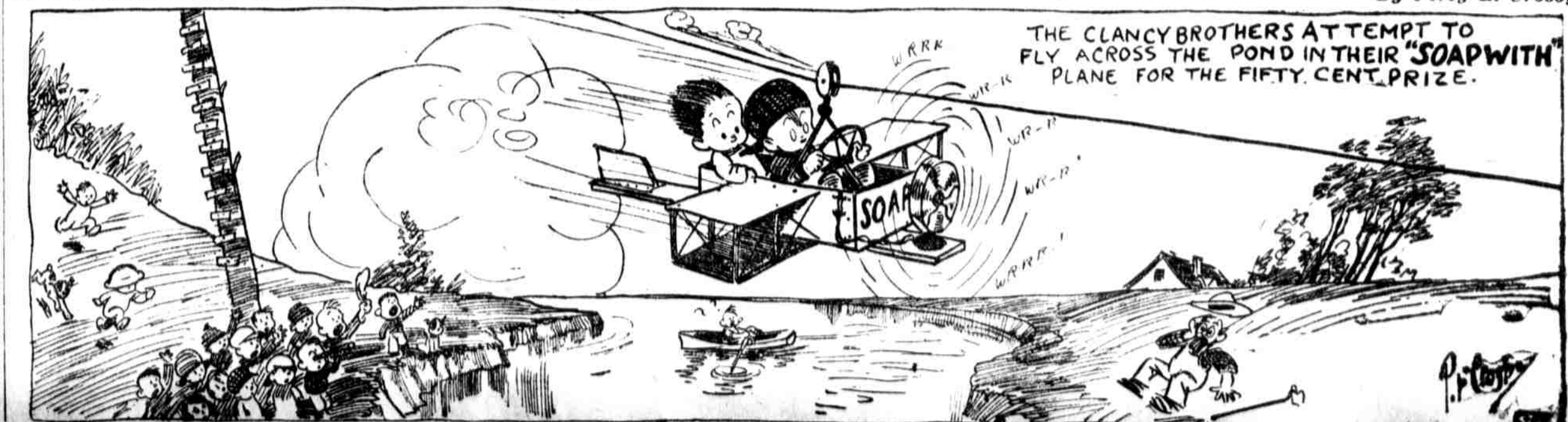
PETEY—The Women Are Wearing Knickers Now for Golf

By C. A. Voight



THE CLANCY KIDS—Their Course Was on a Straight Line

By Percy L. Crosby



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