By RUBY M. AYRES Author of "Richard Chatterton," Etc. Copyright, 1920, by W. J. Watt & Co.

THIS BEGINS THE STORY

Marie Chester and Christopher

Lowless were raised together, and when her father died they married; whe becouse she loved him and thought he loved her; he becouse he liked her, didn't love anybody else, and could use the money the arrangement brought him. On their honeymoon she learns the truth and tells him he may live the life of a Bachelor Husband his friends expected. A Hirs. Heriot throws herself in his way, and Marie experiences a growing affection for Dakers, known as resthers, a friend of her husband. Marie on returning home is saddened and at Chris' morosences, but at her realisation that she lacks Mrs. Heriot's power to sway him. Chris wors to St. Andrews for goif with his con companions, leaving her disconsolate. She meets young Atkins, who cheers her, and at last declares is love for her, but she gently explains how impossible it all is. And hen comes word that Chris is coming home, and Marie is filled with hapiness. Then follows another letters which Chris announces he is staying on for a price match. Marie takes his hardly—that her husband should refer more golf to coming home to ter. In a motor trip through the THIS BEGINS THE STORY

refer more golf to coming home to the form the following with the faithful Feathers she to have some of her hurt feeling toward Chris.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

"I've just left him in Scotland."
Feathers explained. "I dure say you will see him before long. He's been setting married, you know."
"Indeed. sir! I'm sure I wish him back." She looked at Marie, and better said hastily: "This is Mrs. Lawiess."

He had a vivid recollection of another

"I think I'm too tired to learn anything," she said despondently.

Feathers frowned: he thought she looked very frail, and in spite of his words he could not picture her swinging a club and plowing through all teathers as Dorothy Webber had done as Scotland.

"You've no right to be tired," he will angrily. "A child like you."

She looked up, the ready tears compared to her eyes.

"It's been such a lovely day," Marie said. "I have enjoyed it. Thank you see much for bringing me."

"That's like a little girl coming home from a party," Feathers said. "We can have another run out any time you like."

"It's been perfectly lovely." I was so tired when we started but it's hear

The been perfectly lovely: I was been perfectly lovely: I was be tired when we started, but it's been a beautiful rest, and I'm not tired any more."

But, all the same, when next he spoke to her she did not answer, and, looking quickly down at her, he saw

Feathers said. She leaned her elbow on the table and "How old are you?" she asked.
"Thirty-eight next birthday—as you

The slowed down a little, and, slipping an arm behind her, drew her gently back until her head rested against his shoulder.

Feathers did not answer: he was foing a rapid calculation in his mind: he knew that she, nineteen now, was aineteen years his junior. That meant that when she was thirty-six he would face, and it was just a child who

mineteen years his junior. That meant that when she was thirty-six he would be fifty-five!

His mouth twisted into a grim smile.

Life was a queer thing. He wondered what he would have said had any one told him three months ago that he would him three with Christoper's wife he hunching here with Christoper's wife

quite contentedly.

There were voices in the cobble-stoned.

broke out volubly.

'Mr. Dakers, of all people: And Mrs. Lawless, too! Who on earth would have decamed of meeting you here?' That must be voluble.

She shook hands with Marie. "The world is a small place, isn't it?"

"Are you staying here?" Marie with She did not care in the least. We recomed there so alone."

"Yes—with one to say.

"CHAPTER XIV

"And I remember that I sat me down Upon the slope with her, and thought the world world world world world world world with her, and thought the Must be all over, or had never been. We recomed there so alone."

"Are you staying here?" Marie did not answer the latter than the least. The least of the latter was something to say. "Yes-with my sister. It's dull, but later, much to her surprise:

at week-ends we have quite a good time. You must come down," she added turn-lag to Feathers. "And how is Chris?"

May I introduce my sister, Mrs. Ren-de—Mrs. Lawless, and Mr. Dakers."

Mrs. Rendle looked Marie up and down critically and nodded. She was "Dear Chris—Thank you for your

"You've just finished lunch. I see," Mrs. Heriot said.
"What a pity! We might have all had it together."

"We're not staying—we're going home on my account. "We're not staying—we're going right. Yours affectionately. "MARIE CEI thing Mrs. Lawless down to see some How perfectly delightful!

he drew Feathers a little away from hight write to an acquaintance, certainly and Marie. "Has she been might write to a man one loved best in the world!" she asked, with assumed | world ! "I never saw any one age as

Really " Feathers looked at her y. 'Mrs. Lawless looks just the to me.' He had always hated me to me. He had always hated in. Heriot and he hated her now more an ever. He made ever. He made some pretext and

that out to the car.
"He sure to tell Chris that we are me," Mrs. Heriot said to Marie, "It') ine-hole course, but quite good!

I bim down for a week-end.

I won't forget." Marie promised,
he was thankful when Feathers

ave a little sigh of relief as they drove Feathers glanced down at her sympa-

he said eloquently.

"I am afraid I do rather hate her," "Ther faltered.
"The sister is a give away." Feath-sa said. "One can see now what Mrs. "Worlderlot will be like in another ten came?"

Marie could not help laughing.

"Oh, but how unkind!" she said. A little mischievous sparkle lit her brown eyes. "And we're not really going to see any friends at Wendover, are we?" "No," he laughed with her. "I'd tell that woman anything," he said, with a sort of savagery.

They stopped again for tea at a cottage, and the woman who owned it gave Marie a big bunch of flowers to carry away.

carry away.

"Now I really look as if I've been for a day in the country." she said laughingly to Feathers. "People always trail home with bunches of flowers, don't they?" "I suppose they do." He touched the bunch lying in her lap. "May I have

"Of course!" She picked them up ickly. "Which one?"

quickly. "Which one?"
He indicated a blue flower.
"Don't you think that would rather suit my style of beauty?" he asked

grimly.

She drew it from the bunch.

'It's called 'love-in-a-mist,' 'she said. 'Shall I put it in your coat?'

He had been starting the engine, and he came to the door of the car and stooped for her to fasten the flower in his buttonhole.
"Will that do?" she asked.
"Thank you." He got in beside her

"Which way shall we go home?" he

Test a long time since you came to visit us, sir! And the other entleman—Mr. Lawless—I hope he is a long time in the long time since you came to know the roads, but I should like to pass those hayfields again."

"Very well. You're not cold, are you?" 'Oh, no."

"If you are, there is my coat."

"If you are, there is my coat."
It was getting dusk rapidly, the moon stood out like a golden sickle against the darkening sky, and there was a faint breath of autumn in the air.

Marie drew the rug more closely about her. She felt gloriously sleepy, and the seent of the big bunch of flowers on her lap was almost like an anesthetic with its intoxicating mixture of perfume.

When they came to the hayfields which they had passed early in the morning Feathers stopped the car and spoke;

He had a vivid recollection of another common when somebody had asked if he were Marie's husband, and he was not risking a repetition of it.

"Many people staying here, Mrs. Costin?" he asked.

"No, sir—only two ladies at present, but we expect to be full for the weekend." She looked at Marie. "There are fine gold links close to us." she expained.

"I seem to be hopelessly out of fashing because I don't play golf." Marie ald when she and Feathers were alone ald when she and Feathers were alone align. "I think I am beginning to hate the very name of it."

"You must let me teach you to play." Marie sighed and looked out of the warm hay, and once again, with a swift pang, her thoughts flew to Chris. Where was he? Oh, where was he? Her heart seemed to stretch out to him with a great city of longing, but her little face was quiet enough when presently she looked up at Feathers.

"Shall we go on now?" He drove on silently."

"It's been perfectly lovely! I was

But, all the same, when next he spoke to her she did not answer, and, looking quickly down at her, he saw that she was asleep. Her head had drooped forward un-comfortably, and he could see the dark

lashes down-pointed on her check.
He slowed down a little, and, slip-

what he would have said that he would told him three months ago that he would he could almost find it in his heart to he lunching here with Christoper's wife hate Christas he drove grimly on through There were voices in the cobble-stoned, the gathering night, with the slight pressure of Marie's head on his shoul-

the window.

"Two people coming in," she said.
"I suppose that's who the other places are laid for." She indicated the further end of the table.

"The two people Mrs. Costin mentioned. I suppose," Feathers said.
"Won't you have some more cream? I always think * * " he broke off as the door opened and Mrs. Heriot walked into the room.

There was a moment of blank surprise, then he rose to his feet.

"The two people Mrs. Costin mentioned. I suppose," Feathers said.
"Won't you have some more cream? I always think * * " he broke off as the door opened and Mrs. Heriot walked into the room.

There was a moment of blank surprise, then he rose to his feet.

The delicate little face that lay like a white flower against his rough "The world is a small place; how do like a white flower against his rough Mrs. Heriot found her voice, of which with a grim pain that yet was almost seer astonishment had robbed her; she welcome to his queer nature that he

"Dear Marie Celeste-I hope you are not disappointed because I did not turn up the other night. I really wish I Feathers said. "He is coming up to town this week."

Really! How delightful! Bring been postponed. If it was not then town this week."

"Really! How delightful! Bring tim down and we'll have a foursome. You don't play, do you. Mrs. Lawless! What a pity! Don't you care for the same?"

"I've never played."

and we've been having downpours of rain every day, so the handicap has been postponed. If it was not that there are several good bridge players in the hotel, I don't know how the deuce we should pass the time. Have you seen Feathers? He said he should "I've never played."
"Well, you must begin. Get Mr.
Dakers to teach you." She turned as her sister entered. "Lena, I've just run into two friends. Isn't it queer?
May I introduce the should look you up, but I don't expect he how you are. I am sending you a cairingorm brooch with diamonds, and hope you will like it. Yours affection-

hope you will like it. Yours affectionately. CHRIS."

very like her sister, only older and less letter and the brooch, which is very uncommon. I am sorry the weather is so bad for you; it's quite good here. Yes. Mr. Dakers came to see us. think he looks very well. Don't hurry home on my account. I am quite all

"MARIE CELESTE." What a letter, she thought, as she rend it through-the sort of letter one

She showed the brooch to Feathers. "Yes, it's rather pretty." he agreed. "Everybody seems to wear that stone in Scotland. Does Chris say when he coming home?"

No-he says the weather is bad." "He'll soon be home then. A flicker of eagerness crossed her 'Oh, do you think so?"

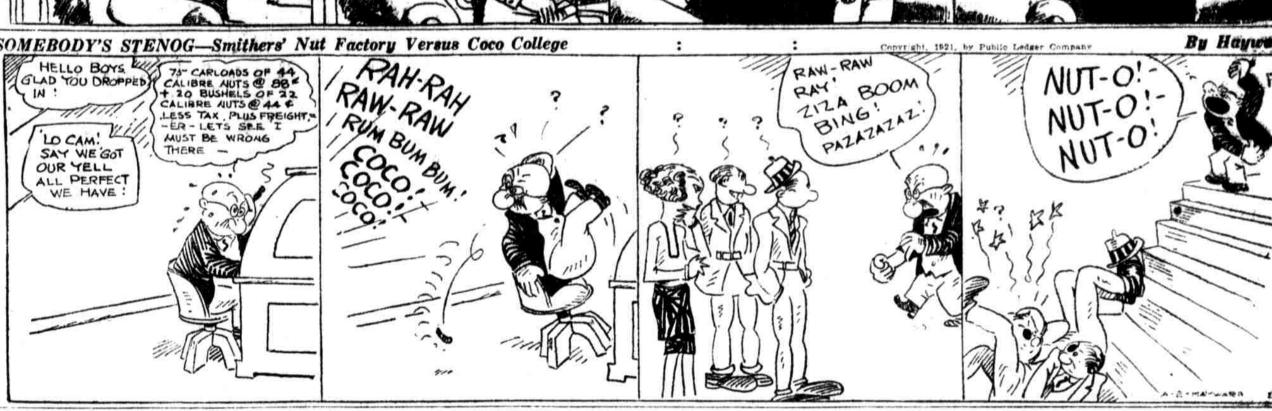
'He will, if it's really bad! You've idea what it can be like up there Marie and Feathers had motored toting to say it was time to start. She gether a great deal since that first day. "There'll be time enough for thea-tres when the winter comes," Feathers

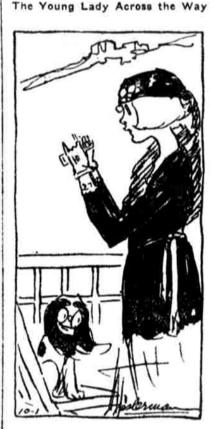
said. "I don't suppose you've seen much of the country, have you?" "Then we'll have a run to the New Forest some day."

Marie looked up hesitatingly. "Would you mind if Aunt Madge

CONTINUED TMORROW







The young lady across the way says she enjoys all sorts of useful social service, particularly pouring at an afternoon tea.







