

e me home — please take me I said faintly. He put his arm lady! Her mother is broken-hearted.

think there is another way into Nina dead !-- I could not believe it. hall without going through the wing room," he said. He found it took me out that way. He gave in charge of one of the maids to oh, why way She was so young-hardly any older

I felt incredibly shocked, and yetto Mrs. Fraser. now Mark Anderson could never be-

don't know what he told her, or it she thought, and I did not care. y back with closed eyes during the long to her. It was the was the morning after that letter home, and neither of us snok-just before the car stopped, Lio-aned over and touched my hand.

s," I opened my eyes. " you going to throw me over, he asked.

Anderson floated before my mind. Anderson floated before my mind. Madame Roseta was walking round me, with little exclamations of pride and delight, and mother was sitting watching with the sort of self-satisfied air all mothers wear. I suppose when throw you over!

one in the world who cares for I said lly." He held out his arms, and forward into them, sobbing my

ver speak to me of what's hap-

d-promise me! Promise me!" I ored him, and I felt his lips on my as he answered: "Never as long live-I give you my word of r." d you'll never tell any one-never y one know? Oh, I think I shall

banne ody shall ever know."

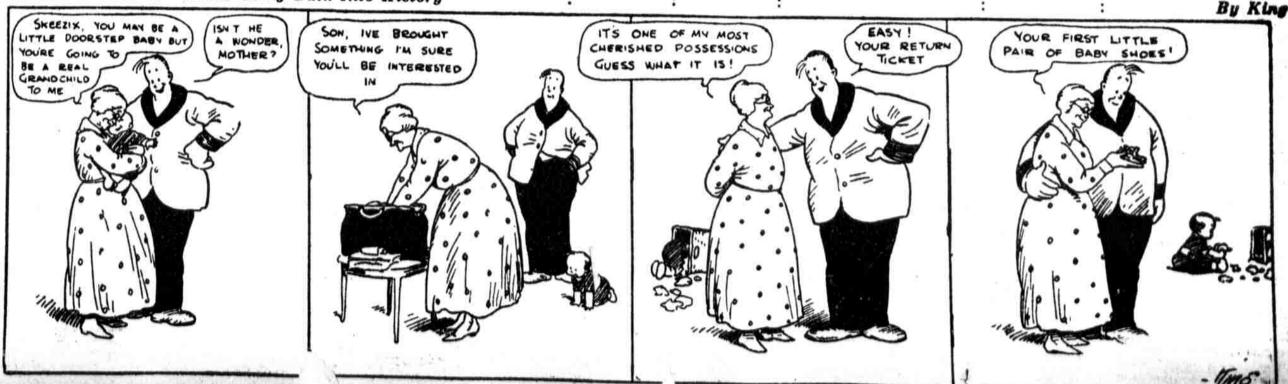
CHAPTER XLII An Unbearable Hurt

ught I had suffered everything possible to suffer before that and yet the pain I had had to hen Mark sent me away before an nothing compared with the ind

ED TOLAURROW



oh, why was I so pitiably weak?--for deep down in my sore heart was a fierce feeling of thankfulness because GASOLINE ALLEY-That's Going Back Into History



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came that I was standing in front of the long mirrors in Madame Rosetn's fitting room, trying on my wedding dress for the last time, when, quito sudderly-for I had not consciously been thinking of him-the face of Mark Anderson floated before my mind.

air all mothers wear, I suppose, when they are about to get rid of an unwanted daughter by means of a wealthy marriage, when it seemed as if some one drew back a shutter before my

eyes and showed me the victure of Mark's face as it bad looked at our last dreadful meeting. I am not a bit superstitious. I don't believe in spiritualism or anything like that, but just for an instant my heart

seemed to stand still before it went racing on again. Had something happened to him? I know that my color faded, and

Madame Roseta must have noticed it, for she asked me suddenly if I felt faint with standing for so long, and, glad of the excuse, I said: "Yes, just

a little." They unfastened my wedding dress They if away, and I st down trem-