

By Sidney Smith

THE FORTUNE HUNTER

By RUBY M. AYRES

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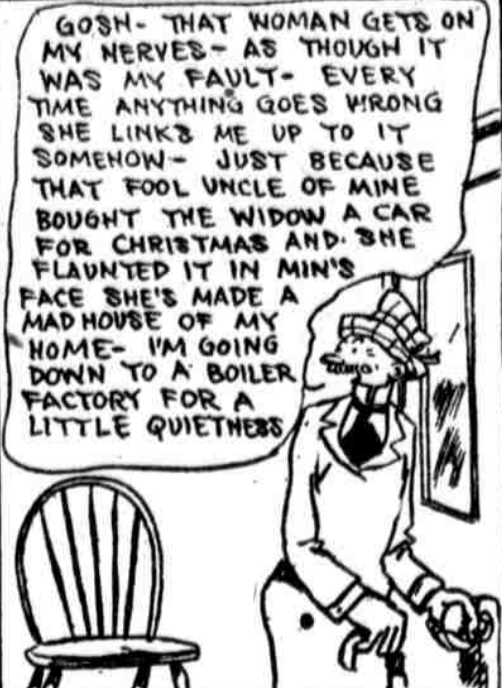
THIS BEGINS THE STORY... Young and good-looking, but out of love, the Fortune Hunter goes across a man's dead body, near the Thames...

"I wonder who the poor man in the wood will turn out to be," Anne said thoughtfully. "You don't think any one killed him, do you?"

AND HERE IT CONTINUES... THE past—well, we'll agree to wipe it out. You made atonement, and I'm going to forget it. But I love that girl as if she was my own daughter...

"Mr. Harding laughed lightly. "Dear me, the poor fellow died of heart failure, so I hear. The poor fellow was in a very bad state from all accounts. The odd part of it is that there were no papers of any sort, or marking on his clothes."

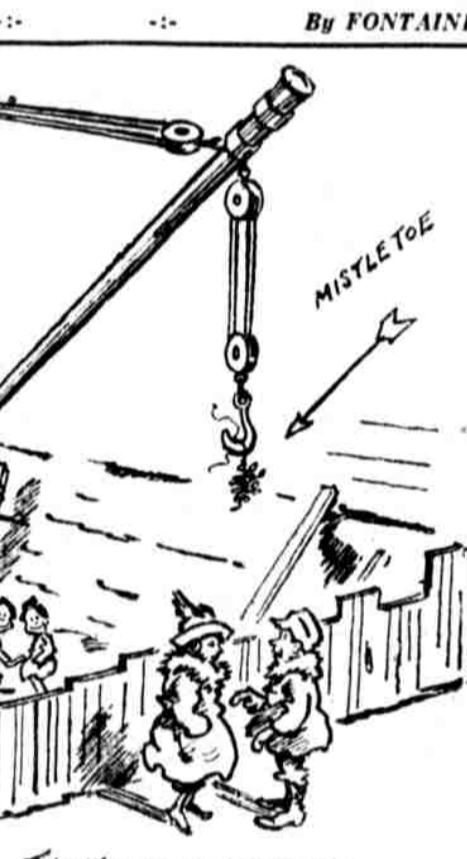
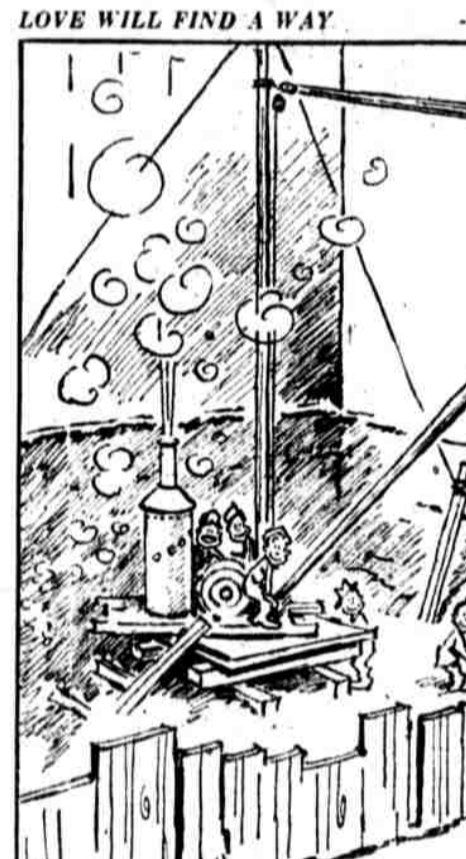
THE GUMPS—The Storm



SOMEBODY'S STENOG—How Time Does Fly



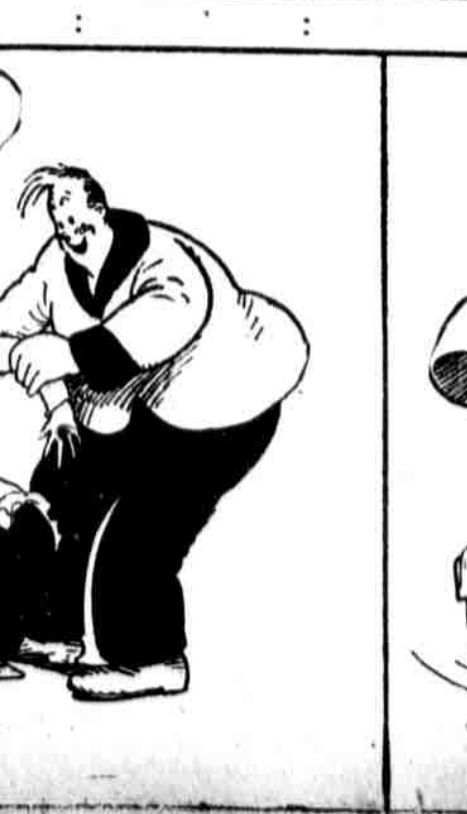
There was a moment of silence, then the older man asked sharply: "Well, what have you got to say?" The Fortune Hunter roused himself with an effort. "Only that I give my word I will do my best," he said.



And yet when he was dressed and out in the garden, walking about among the flowers, his resolution wavered.



THE Fortune Hunter under a little grimace. "Really? I should not have thought that he has shown me any great mark of favor."



GASOLINE ALLEY—Time for Mother to Learn... Tommy waited for them at the house door; he looked at the Fortune Hunter with chagrined eyes.

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