THE FORTUNE HUNTER By RUBY M. AYRES

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THIS BEGINS THE STORY

Young and good-looking but out of lich the Fortune Hunter runs across of man's dead body near the Thames Trying to discover the identity, he Ands Trying to discover the idea man back from abroad. Her name the man back from abroad. Her name the man back from a beat rowed by his steer. She insists he rescues a boy who has fallen from a beat rowed by his steer. She insists had to man to the form the insiste his coming to their home, where, impulsively, he gives his name as John Manith. It develops that the house is Cherry Lodge and the girl is Anne. From her brother he discovers that Anne and the dead man were engaged to be married. An eccentric neighbor, Fernie, married. An eccentric neighbor, Fernie, is a dilbird. Mr. Harding, Anne's in a mister time of their marriage is in his the time of their marriage is in his the time of their marriage is in his the image of the debt of portifue, thus adding to the debt of portifue, thus a debt of portifue, the continues and the save the dead man's luggage and, rebuffed, goes of the see Fernie, while the Fortune Hunter overlightes the bogs and trunks which are assumed to be his.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES THIS BEGINS THE STORY

AND HERE IT CONTINUES THE Fortune Hunter took it up reluctantly; perhaps this held all that se wanted to know of the dead man's

Why hesitate to read it when so much was at stake? Why jib at the last burdle when the prize was so great? Almost unconsciously he found himself turning the pages, reading extracts of the scribbled writing:

"Today a letter from Anne. If only
women would not be so fond of heroworship; if only they would take a man, at the world's estimate of stendily.

man, at the world's continued in the fortune Hunter read on, page after page, forgetting that it must be getting late, and that downstairs Anne waited for him; his face was stern and waited for him; his face was stern and the reached the fortune Hunter sat down beside him. set in the moonlight when he reached the end of that eloquent story, then he fing it down with a sort of contempt. "Lord! I thought I was a wrong'un, at now.

For the diary had told many things, and but little to the credit of the man who had died so tragically that September afternoon and the Fortune Hunter had not been love or loyalty that had brought him back to to contradict something he had said. Foster took it all good-naturedly; he addressed most of his conversation to have enough ago.

woman of whom he had wearied long amount of whom he had wearied long the enough ago.

- Reading on and on, the Fortune Hunter completely forgot the errand which had brought him upstairs, until the mention of Tommy's name in the diary recalled the boy and the promised the fortune Hunter looked quickly diary recalled the boy and the promised to see the control of the fortune Hunter looked quickly diary recalled the boy and the promised to see the control of the fortune Hunter looked quickly diary recalled the boy and the promised to see the control of the fortune Hunter looked quickly diary recalled the boy and the promised to see the control of the fortune Hunter looked quickly diary recalled the boy and the promised to the fortune Hunter looked quickly diary recalled the boy and the promised to the fortune Hunter looked quickly diary recalled the boy and the promised to the fortune Hunter looked quickly diary recalled the boy and the promised to the fortune Hunter looked quickly diary recalled the boy and the promised to the fortune Hunter looked quickly diary recalled the boy and the promised to the fortune Hunter looked quickly diary recalled the boy and the promised to the fortune Hunter looked quickly diary recalled the boy and the promised to the fortune Hunter looked quickly diary recalled the boy and the promised to the fortune Hunter looked quickly diary recalled the boy and the promised to the fortune Hunter looked quickly diary recalled the boy and the promised to the fortune Hunter looked quickly diary recalled the boy and the promised to the fortune Hunter looked quickly diary recalled the boy and the promised to the fortune Hunter looked quickly diary recalled the boy and the promised to the fortune Hunter looked quickly diary recalled the boy and the promised to the fortune Hunter looked quickly diary recalled the boy and the promised to the fortune Hunter looked quickly diary recalled the looked

bearskin.

It lay in the top of the box next the the distress in her face.

one which Tommy had opened, a great ''I don't know that there will be n wedding in Somerton at all.'' he answered coolly. "I much prefer the idea wered coolly."

furry robe, into whose tolds more than sweeding in Somerton at all, he are seen book and packet of papers had sweed coolly. "I much prefer the idea of going to Lendon myself. I hate a lot of fuss.

The Fortune Hunter paused only to lot of fuss.

Mr. Harding broke in agitatedly. give it a hasty shaking; then, with it bundled up under one arm, he rushed just within the door of his room, her make."

sound of his step on the stairs had don by the first train, that's what I turned to watch him as he hastily decreded them. Her eyes glowed with pride and love as they dwelt on the man to whom she had given her heart. peeped over the banister for a glimpse of him as he crossed the lower hall.

And then she saw the photograph

which lay, face upward, on the top step.
She remembered having almost unconsciously noted the flutter of somethinwhite falling from the folded bear skin that was bunched up under her lover's arm. The flowers fell softly from her arms as ahe stooped to pick it up. It was the photograph of a woman-every beautiful woman, obviously. And

across the bottom of it, in clear, bold writing, were the words:
"Dear John, with love from Irenie."
In spite of the vague misgivings and doubt she might have felt now and then since the Fortune Hunter came to Somether June had prove really distant. him until now, when she stood at the top of the staircase with the photo-

his step ascending the stairs—she turned back into the room, thrusting the photograph into the bosom of her

She was afreid; although she would not acknowledge it even to herself. she knew that she was afraid to ques-

tion him.

The Fortune Hunter came into the room engerly. "Have I been long Tommy kept me chattering." He put his hands on her shoulders, turning her round to him. "What is it, Anne? Are you angry with me?" he asked swiftly. She looked up and away again; she tried to laugh.

"Angry because you stread down."

"Angry because you stayed down-stairs with Tommy! Of course not. How foolish." She put her hand to her throat with a little stifling gesture. "It's so hot here—shall we go down-stairs?"

"In a moment," he barred her way to the door. "Something has happened since I went downstairs," he insisted. His eyes searched the room swiftly for a clue. "Anne, tell me what it is done?"

them angrily away. "There is nothing the matter, noth-

ing. Please let me go downstairs—it's ob the re, and my head aches.

He stood aside then without a word.

and she passed him here are a word. and she passed him, her eyes avoiding

The Fortune Hunter looked after her The Fortune Hunter looked after her with a frown. Something had happened, but what? He shrugged his shoulders, though there was a line of pain between his eyes.

Well, it would have to come sooner or later, he know; the first doubt, the

or later, he knew; the first doubt, the gradual estrangement, and then—then he sooner he walked out of her life the

He went over to the gabled window and looked out; the road wound away like a white ribbon through the trees and toward the town; the road by which he had come to the road by the he had come to Somerton; the road which some day he would take again out into the world.

tell you that Geoffry Foster is coming to dinner tonight." He shrugged his shoulders. "Such a bore. I suppose we'll have to dress for dinner, all of us." He looked up with sudden inter-est. "I say, have you got a dress suit?" he asked.

The Fortune Hunter smiled cynically. "I believe I have," he said.
Tommy looked embarrassed. "Oh, well, I only asked," he said apologetically. "I know you couldn't have had much use for one heart and the said apologetically. much use for one bear shooting."
"No," the Fortune Hunter agreed

dryly. "There wasn't exactly much use for But he was rather pleased with his appearance that evening when he had fixed the last stud and struggled his

bow tie into place.

The mirror in his wardrobe door showed him a tall, well-set-up man, with immaculately brushed hair and a well-cut dinner jacket, and he made a wry grimace at his reflection before he

"If things were only what they seem!" The thought went through his mind with great bitterness as he went introduced to Geoffry Fosdown to be introduced to Geoffry Fos-

"Geoffry—" it was Anne who introduced them—"this is John."

There was a shy sort of pride in her voice, and the Fortune Hunter was quick to see the unfriendly gleam in the other man's even as they formally the other man's eyes as they formally

The Fortune Hunter met his gaze

tune Hunter sat down beside Why should we all dress up like idiots, just because Foster chooses to come to "You don't like him?" Tommy

shrugged his shoulders.
"Oh, he's got a decent launch," he said evasively. But it was very evident during din-

away to the stairs, eager to give it to the boy and get back to the diary once down here. Why, gracious me, I've more. In fact, so eager was he that he blanned it all in my mind—I've even failed to notice Anne, where she stood jotted down notes of the speech I shall

"Oh, Uncle!" said Anne, laughing garden.

She had come on an errand of love.
to place fresh blossoms in the oldfashioned vases in his room, and at the l'd hate it myself. Clear off to Lon-

arranged." Anne said rather constrain-olly. "And, anyway, there seems to be rlenty of time," she added under her breath, so that only the Fortune Hunter beside her caught the words, "Plenty of time!" he echoed. "What

lo you mean?"
Her lips curved into a bitter little smile.

"Only that you seem to have quite forgotten what we arranged-long be-fore you came home, she answered. then she turned pointedly from him and spoke to Geoffry Foster.
The Fortune Hunter clenched his

hands; he hated the man. He hated the way in which he looked at Annedoubt she might have felt now and then since the Fortune Hunter came to Som-Christian name. Confound the fellow's erton, June had never really distrusted him until now, when she stood at the at himself; what right had he to be angry, he who was a vagabond im-

top of the staircase with the photograph in her hand.

He had said that there had been no other woman in his life, and it was a lie. The thought escaped her before she was aware of it, and in a panic she tried to smother it.

John would never have lied to her; there was some simple explanation; she would show it to him, and he would laugh, and everything would be right between them again.

And yet—when presently she heard has too ascending the stairs—she has too ascending the stairs—she course, and then you will please me to start as she was a ware of it, and it was a the table with Mr. Harding, and at the table with Mr. Harding, and did not even glance Anne's way when he saw Foster follow her from the room; but his heart was racing with passion-ate jealousy and indignation so that he could hardly steady his voice to reply to Mr. Harding's remarks.

"It was only a joke, John, all that nonsense about your wedding." he said herefly. "You must please yourself, of course, and then you will please me

course, and then you will please me Anne shall have everything just as she wishes.'

"You are very good, sir.",
"Not at all, I love Anne; she has been everything to me since she came to live here, and I've always tried to do my best for her." He paused and

you as she did, bless her, and not because there were no other men wantng her, mind you. Why, Foster there-humph! But of course you know."

'And she's not very young, either,' Mr. Harding went on after a moment

fixed on the young man's face. "So you're neither of you children, the old man went on, "though she still seems a child to me. You're—how old, John"

"I shall be thirty in December." There was a little silence, and a queer gleam shot into Mr. Harding's eyes, then he put down the stump of

his cigar and rose.
"Well, shall we join the others, they're in the drawing-room, I ex-

They crossed the hall together, but though the lights were on in the drawing-room the room was empty.

The long French window which led nto the garden stood wide open, and the soft muslin curtains were floating

in and out on the evening breeze.

"In the garden, I expect," Mr. Harding said. "I've got some letters to write, so you'll excuse me, I'm sure you'll find Anne in the garden."

"Yes—thanks."

But the first thanks." Tommy called again from the bottom of the stair, "John! John!"
"Coming!" The Fortune Hunter went slowly downstairs.
"Well—what is it?"
Tommy raised a preoccupied face from the task of arranging his bear thin over a sofa at the foot of his bed.
"Nothing; only Anne asked me to"

Harding said.

"Yes—thanks."

But the Fortune Hunter made no effort to find her; he wandered restlessly round the room, staring aimlessly at the pictures and ornaments.

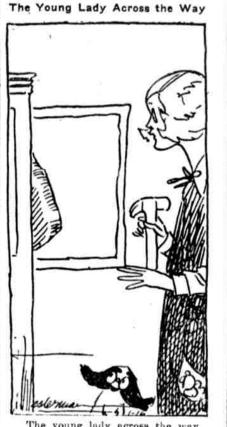
CONTINUED TOMORROW

THE GUMPS—That's Telling 'Em Something, Ain't It, Lady?





SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Looks Like a Medal for "Cam" By Hayward Copyright, 1922, by Public Ledger Company GOOD MORNING - WHAT-THAT YOU'RE A OH, DON'T KNOW WHAT? GEE I COULDAT HELP DOIN THE DAILY GOWE HEROINE! DID WHAT ARE YOU ALL IT - ANYBODY WOULD A DONE PRETEND! YOU SEE THE GAPING AND BRAVE STENOG. IT! AND NOW I'M NOTORIOUS WE KNOW NEWS PAPERS ? STARING AT ? LIKE A BANDIT ROBBER -ALL ABOUT YOU'RE ALL OVER ISN'T MY HAT AND - AND - THAT OLD PICTURE THE FRONT PAGE IT! LEAPS IN FRONT OF ON STRAIGHT? OF ME IN THAT OLD, RAPIDLY MOVING AUTOMOBILE MARROWN EXCEPT DEATH HERSELF WORN NECKPIECE YEH! OH ITS LOOKIT MEAN -THINITE WAR



The young lady across the way says she saw by the paper that a very well known Industrial Alcohol Company couldn't pay its last dividend and she guesses there isn't much drinking among the industrial classes any more, it's so expensive.





PETEY—Oh, Is That So? - OH, GIVE THEM TO THE - WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THIS JANITOR TO THROW OUT-DRAWER FULL OF - THEY'RE HOT UNCLE PETEY'S WORTH A SMELLY OLD PIPES HICKEL A DOZEN NOW THAT YOU PERSUADED HIM How. TO SWEAR OFF SMOK-





to the door. "Something has happened since I went' downstairs," he insisted. His eyes searched the room swiftly for a clue. "Anne, tell me what it is, dear?"

The tears rushed to her eyes at the gentleness of his voice, but she brushed them angrily away.

Mr. Harding went on after a moment. "Eight and twenty, though she doesn't look it, does she?"

"Eight and twenty?" the Fortune Hunter echoed. "Why, I"—he stopped abruptly. "Yes, of course," he added. "She was eighteen when you went away." Mr. Harding said, his eyes fixed on the young man's face.

"GASOLINE ALLEY—One or t'Other Hunter and twenty."

When the stopped abruptly was eighteen when you went away." Mr. Harding said, his eyes fixed on the young man's face. GOOD FOR HE TOOK ME OUT TO BUTTEES' FARM TO GET SOME DUCKS AND THEN HE BROUGHT ME BACK

