## THE FORTUNE HUNTER By-RUBY M. AYRES

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THIS BEGINS THE STORY

Toung and good-looking but out of
the Fortune Hunter runn across
and man's body near the Thames,
and man's body near the Thames,
and man's body near the Thames,
whether the dead man's identity of
smith and falls in love with Anne
and the smith in the years he had been
to secretive neighbor. Fernic,
the eccentric neighbor. Fernic,
the state of their marriage is in
thate. Anne offirms her faith
easy the time of their marriage is in
thate. The Fortune Hunter is fealof rich Gooffy Poster. a rejected
the woman signed 'frenic.' and bethe woman signed 'frenic.' and befrenic recognizes him as the man's
to be the beside the dead man's
to be the beside the the beside the
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termine the beside the the beside the
to be the beside the the beside the
to THIS BEGINS THE STORY

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

rES-I-" the eager words died on nis lips as Mr. Harding came the stairs behind her. of back safely, John." he said by "Well, and how's London

bout the same—I rushed through ess and got back as soon as

There's no place like the counthough when I was your age I the London and the big cities the posts in the world worth a visit."

The Fortune Hunter laughed cynhis eyes on Anne's averted face.

ase," he said.

"Ab—yes: Of course! I forgot for "Ab—yes: or hat a great traveler you've moment what a great traveler you've

rive and silent, and it seemed to the formula that she carefully solded looking at him.

He knew, although he tried to deny to himself, that already the seeds of intrust and suspicion had been sown her heart. There was the affair of the tried to deny the mistake he had photograph: the mistake he had de in playing the piano, and prob-ir bundred and one other small in-mes in which he had unconsciously himself away.

stretched to snapping point. He d think of nothing but the half-ig, half-mocking smile in Irenie er's eyes, and her last words to

I shall hear from you in a week's thousand pounds! The denced before him in letters of fire. Twice Mr. Harding spoke to him, and was too lost in his unhappy thoughts p reply till Tommy touched him on

"Have you gone to sleep, John?"
There was an amused grin on the expression of cunning on his thin face.

"Nothing I need worry about, ch?"
"Nothing I need worry about, ch?"
"I he muttered as he looked after the Fortune Hunter's tall figure. ame back to a realization of the pres-

beg your pardon, sir. I'm afraid

The Fortune Hunter's face hardened.

"I would rather stay with you. the Fortune Hunter insisted obsti-

"As you like, of course," Mr. Harding said casually. "And I think, if
way and went to his own room, and
the Fortune Hunter's face as he turned
ing said casually. "And I think, if
way and went to his own room, and
he smiled, we'll pleased. or sweets tonight.

He arose from the table, laid a ca-meing hand on Anne's shoulder as he pused, and walked out of the room. There was an uncomfortable silence when he had gone, then Tommy looked arose at the Fortune Hunter and whiled. "I don't know that I want any

wets, either," he said, and rose from He meant it kindly, but it seemed weehow to anger Anne, for she turned wher brother sharply.

If you think I want to be left base with John, you're mistaken. The ereints will think it ridiculous. Please

The Fortune Hunter echoed her words The boy looked from one to the other

of thrugged his shoulders.

Oh, well—if you really mean it."

He sat down again. The rest of the meal passed in uncomfortable con-

Topmy made his escape.

"I don't know what the dickens is matter with every one tonight." he rowled as he limped out of the room and shut the door behind him.

The Fortune Hunter was on his feet treatly; he went round to where Ame sat, and, stooping, took her lands, drawing her unwillingly to her

What have I done to be treated like the?" he asked hoarsely. "If you are to drive me mad " " He broke denly, releasing her as some one at the door and a maid en-She looked at the Fortune

If you please, sir, Mr. Foster would be to speak to you. He is in the tudy. He says that he will not keep Foster!" The Fortune Hunter

coster! The Fortune Hunter bood the name sharply, then he sured, shrugged his shoulders, and subout another look at Anne, walked for the room and across the hall. Geoffry Foster had taken off the body fire, smoking a cigarette. dy fire, smoking a cigarette.

He looked thoroughly at home, and

Exceted the Fortune Hunter with a

Good.

Good evening."
The Fortune Hunter walked into the

leaving the door wide open be-"Row do! Won't you come in the Thanks, no! My business is with Thanks, no: My business is with be only too pleased——" he glanced p into the young man's haggard face and added: "I hope you will look upon me as a friend. If it's a question of

He took a cigarette from a box on

table, and made a great business of ately upon the opportunity offered him. "I'm afraid you've got it, sir," he said shakily. "The fact is, n—a draft I've been expecting hasn't come, and I'm—I'm in the dickens of a mess." He laughed more naturally now. "It sounds absurd, I know," he admitted. "But I've only got five shillings in the

tors, out of curiosity, I went down to the low quarters of the city—to have a look at the gambling dens and such

places."

"Really! I have been there myself
—several times," the Fortune Hunter Foster went on without heeding the interruption:

interruption:

'There was one man running a gambling place there who interested me very much—partly, perhaps, because he was not the usual type one comes across in such places, and I came to the conclusion that he was a gentleman down on his luck—perhaps a man, who had been forced to leave his own country to escape the police. to escape the police.

"There was a woman with him," Foster went on. The Fortune Hunter shrugged his

shoulders, "My dear fellow, no doubt this is "My dear fellow, no doubt this is all very interesting, but why on earth you should tell it to me I quite fall to understand—" Geoffry Foster flushed dully, and for the first time the bitter hatred he felt for the Fortune Hunter though in his even.

shone in his eyes.

"Because you are the man I saw in San Francisco." he said savagely. "I had my suspicions the other night, but I was not sure until this afternoon. when I saw you in that weman's company. I recognized her at once." He laughed sneeringly. "You've altered since those days! You've dropped the

scallywag and turned gentleman." There was a profound silence, then the Fortune Hunter turned round and, looked him full in the eyes,

"And how are you going to preve My dear, where's Tommy?"

mmy came in from the garden at moment, and they all went in to get of the conversation fell to the conversation fell to have told street and they all went in to get of the conversation fell to have told street and they all went in to get of the conversation fell to have told street and they are some more lie added to the many have told street. Host of the conversation fell to many and Mr. Harding. Anne was ale and silent, and it seemed to the erron."

"Deny it!" said Foster. "It will only be one more lie added to the many you have told since you came to Sometime. erton."
For a second the Fortune Hunter

stood like a man turned to stone, then be caught Foster by both shoulders with savage hands.

"Say that again-and I'll . . . Then all at once he fell back, shaking in every limb and breathing hard. "I beg your pardon." he said hoarsely. He stood for a moment, trying desperately to recover his self-nearest. self-control, then he walked to the door and flung it open. "Get out." he said thickly, and again, "Get out.—" and Geoffry Foster went, with a last backward triumphant smile, The Fortune Hurter dropped into

a chair. Toning came to the door and peered inquisitively at him.
"I say, John, what's up with every one tonight?" he asked uneasily as the

Fortune Hunter started up. "Nothing you need worry about, ommy," he said. He walked out of Tommy." the room, leaving Tommy with a queer

"Nothing I need worry about, ch? the Fortune Hunter's tall figure.
"We'll see about that." The Fortune Hunter looked every-where for Anne after Geoffry Foster

Twis dreaming."

He looked appealingly at Anne, but the drawing-room was empty, and the dining-room, and it was only after inquiring of one of the maids that he was told she had gone to bed with a headache.

A headache! Ap excuse to be rid of him, not to see him again that night; the Fortune Hunter went upstairs two at a time and knocked at her door. the Fortune Hunter went upstairs two at a time and knocked at her door. He was fee'ing desperate; he did

The Fortune Hunter's face hardened.

It wondered if this had been Anne's spection in the first pluce. If it was had no intention of being disposed din such an easy fashion.

"Thanks—thanks very much," he wild. "But as I've been out all day, I would rather stay with Anne." he koked at her appealingly, and she larged.

"Ob, please don't consider me. I can easily answe myself."

"I would rather stay with you."

"I would rather stay with you."

morning. the stairs, saw the look of despair on the Fortune Hunter's face as he turned

He had never really forgiven that affair of the keys and the opened box his was a curiously twisted sort of na ture that brooded over an imagine wrong long after a broader-minde person would have forgotten all abou it, and it seemed to him, in spite of the patched-up peace between them that it would be rather a fine thing t

get his Hunter. his own back on the Fortune He had overheard something of the conversation that evening in the stud-with Geoffry Foster, and his shrewd mind had already made four out of less

than two and two. His own room was next to the For-tune Hunter's and for half the night lying awake Tommy could hear the sound of restless pacing up and down.

up and down.
It was only when daylight came that worn out, the Fortune Hunter threw himself, still half-dressed, on the bed and fell into a heavy sleep.

He woke unrefreshed and with a stabbing headache, and was late for brenkfast. "Couldn't you sleep?" Tomny asked grinning. "I thought I heard you walk-ing about the room ever so late."

Fortune Hunter answered shortly: "I've got a vile headache." He did not glance at Aunc, or he would have seen the look of tender con-cern that flashed into her eyes, though

she lowered them instantly. She, too, had passed a wakeful night. torn between the growing suspicion in her heart which would not be killed and her love for this man, which told her that he would never lie to her or deceive

her or play her false.

She saw that he looked ill, and desperately unhappy, and her heart ached for him; she would have followed him into the garden after breakfast, but that Mr. Harding forestalled her and called to the Fortune Hunter to wait for him as he stralled off above areas for him as be strolled off alone across

the grass. The Fortune Hunter turned, bracing himself with an effort, and Mr. Harding laid a friendly band on his arm.

"Is anything the matter, John?" he asked in kindly fashion. "You don't look yourself this morning."

The Fortune Hunter tried to laugh, but it was not much of a success, and Mr. Harding went on: "If it's anything to do with business

The Fortune Hunter seized desper-

There was a suppressed.

The but his voice was even enough then he spoke.

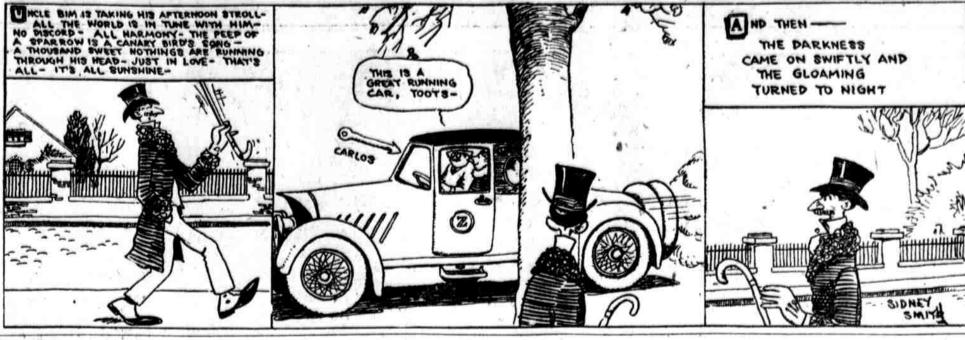
I saw you in town this afternoon."

I world.

We'll, well, wby didn't you tell me? I can help you out, of course. I know it's only a temporary embarrassment " I can be see, what was the windfall Anne told me you scooped over those gold mines?"

The Fortune Hunter looked away.

THE GUMPS-And He Called Her Toots



SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Maybe It's a Base for Qrchids or Something NO, HENRI , I WILL NOT MEED THE SHOCK OF YES THE DOCTOR SAYS SHE CAN COME TO THE YOU UNTIL LUNCH TIME BEING LEFT BUT BE CAREFUL AND DON'T # 3,000 155H OFFICE BUT WE' GOT TO HUMOR HER. SHE LET THE CAR HERE WAS TOO MUCH! MUST NOT HAVE F 1 FREEZE UP. SHE CAM IS STILL ANY SHOCK. HE COMES SAYS SHE'S JUST SLIGHTLY FLOORY MOM IN THE FLUE UN BALANCED! IN OTHER WORDS HER DAMPER WON'T CLOSE SO HER BRAIN HEATS UP TOO MUCH. SHE IS OFF THE HANDLE . "NUTS", SO TO SPEAK. LIGHT - HEADED LIKE A MATCH. TESTERDAY SHE THOUGHT HER FATHER WAS HER

I SUPPOSE MY COUPONS ARE ALL CLIPPED ? AND IF LADY GRINIVERE PHONES TELL HER ILL JOIN HER AT THE RITZ THAT'S ALL NOW . WEGOT THEM THINGS YER WILL BE DONE AT ONCE YESM

By Hayward Copyright, 1922, by Public Lodger Company FOR PITY SAKE! WHATS THAT FUNNY LOOKING T THING FOR ? A.E.HAYWARD -10

OOR UNCLE -

THE SUN MAY HAVE

BUT A CLOUD CAME

SHONE AND THE BIRDS

AND BLOTTED OUT THE SUNSHINE - AND THE SONG FROZE IN THE

IT WASH'T A CUPID'S DART THAT

TIME - THAT WOUNDED HIM SO

STRUCK HIS BIG HEART THIS

IT WAS THE POISONED

PAGGER OF JEALOUSY -

BIRD'S THROAT -

The Young Lady Across the Way

BUTLER! OH DEER!



The young lady across the way says she'd hardly know what the world was coming to if Christian nations like Great Britain and Japan couldn't agree with us on a plan of disarmament.

THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY By FONTAINE FOX TRACKS FRESH AN' LEADS RIGHT BY THE CORNER OF BILL FINK'S PLACE ON UP BILL FINKS PLACE ON UP INT. HUBBAND PROBLY NOW IS JIM T' GIT HIS GUN SPLIT SO -50 A YERY FREQUENT CAUSE OF DELAY DURING THE WINTER IS WHEN THE SKIPPER (ALWAYS ON THE LOOKOUT FOR SUCH THINGS) CHANCES TO SPOT

SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG THE MIGHTLY ESCAPE

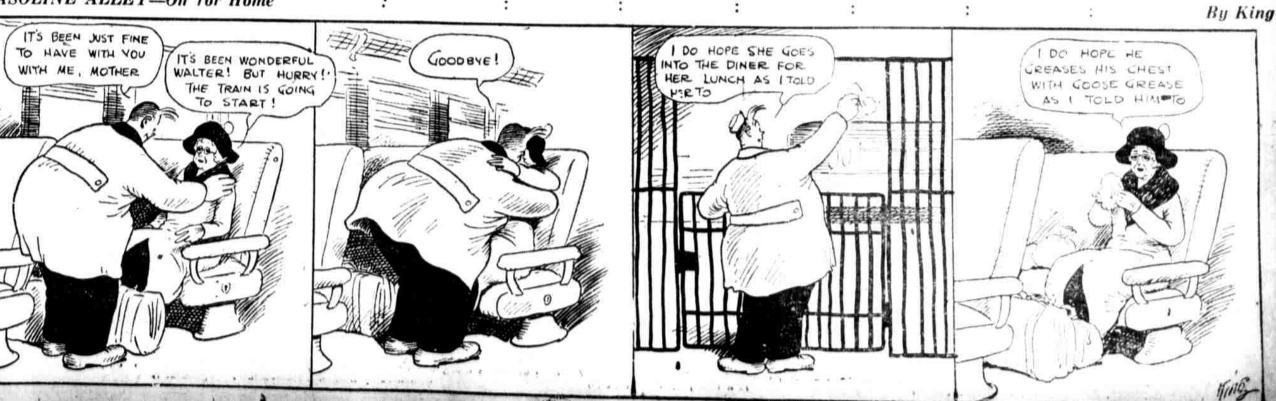
PETEY-We Could See This Coming



SOME GAME TRACKS IN THE SNOW.



GASOLINE ALLEY—Off for Home



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