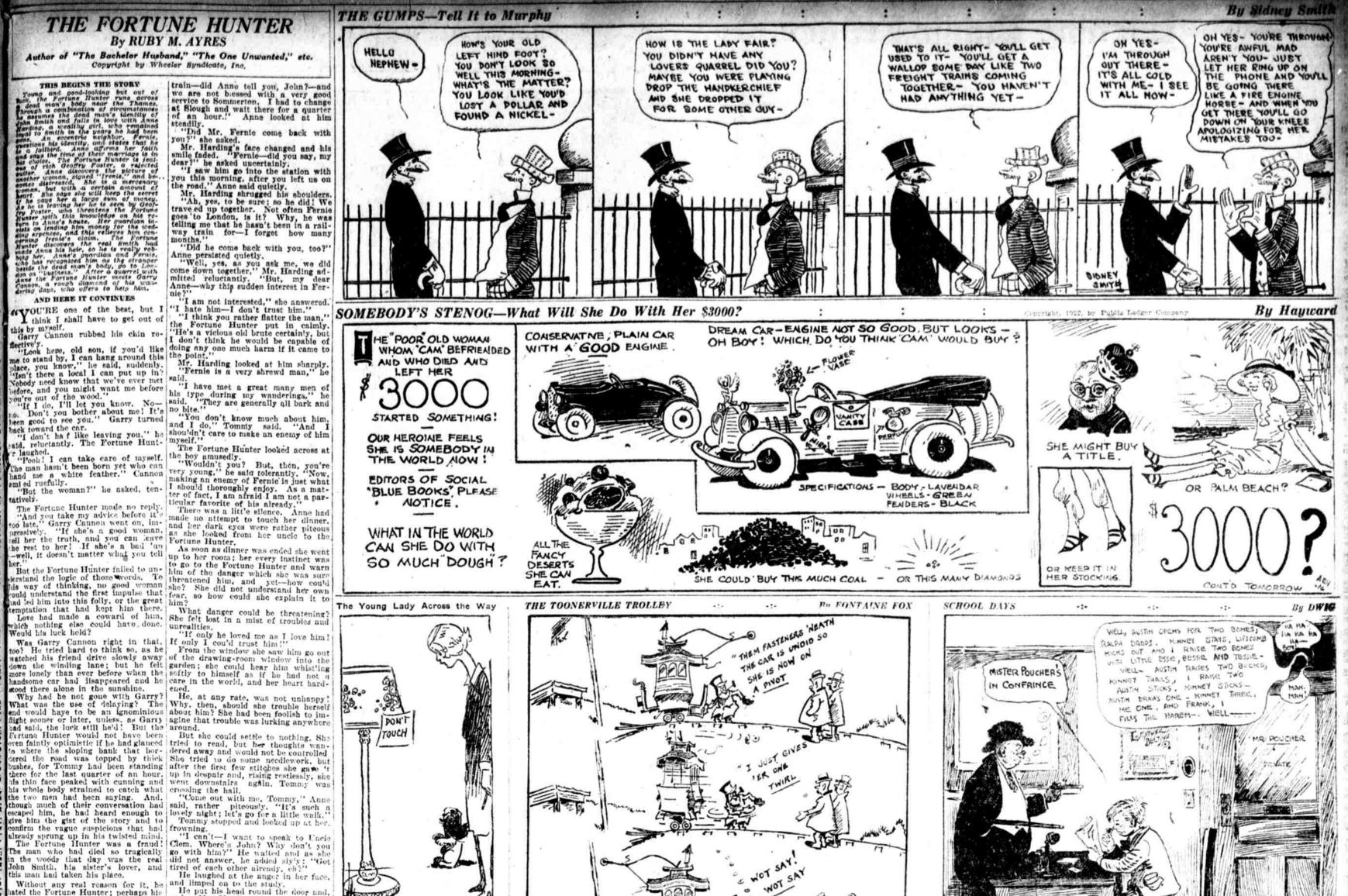
EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, JANUARY 16, 1922



hated the Fortune Hunter; perhaps his was the kind of warped nature that had no love for any one, not even his in, shutting the door carefully behind and no love for any one, not even his A fraud! An impostor ! His whole across the room,

body shock with excitement as he grouched there behind the bushes, wait-ing for the Fortune Hunter to walk on and out of sight down the road. He was not quite sure in his own

thing about John." His voice was tremulous with excitement, his thin face was flushed. Mr. Harding looked up from his paper. "Well, and what has John been doing now?" he asked indulgently. Tommy poured out an incoherent bugged it to him as a miser hugs his told, gloating over it, rejoicing in it is presently he dragged himself back

to the village. He called at Long End lottage as he passed, but there was no unswer to his knock, and when he tried the latch he found that the door was ocked, and a man passing along the road outside called to him that Fernie ad gone to London on the morning

Tommy stared! It was an unheard-thing for Fernie to go far beyond the boundaries of Somerton. "Gone to London!" he echoed

lankly.

no surprise; he just listened with a faintly amused smile that second to "Yes, I see him meself! He was talk. "Yes, I see him meself! He was talk. as to Mr. Har'ing on the platform when the train came in." "Oh!" said Tommy blankly. He felt is appointed. This meant that for the researt there is not John Smith at all-

"Why don't you speak? Why don't you say something? He's a fraud, I tell you-he's not John Smith at allresent there was nebedy in whom he on'd confide his discovery. He wa'ked back home disconsolately. s not the man we think he is \* \* \* tell you.

He wa'ked back home disconstruction and encountered the Fertune Hunter at the sarden gate. "My draw boy, all this is no news "My draw boy, all this is no news"

it was characteristic of him that he to tac. I've known it for weeks, almost hould greet in friendly fashion the man from the first moment John-or what-"Hullo! Topping morning, isn't it?" "Topping." the Fortune Hunter an-"Tommy's mouth fell open; he gasped

I was along the lane this morning-Twyford lane—and John was talking to a man in the road—a fat man with a

He stopped to get

car-and he said that the real John

Smith was the man who had died in

the woods that afternoon, you remem-ber? He said that he'd taken his place

his breath, but Mr. Harding showed

"Topping," the Fortune Hunter an-ward absently; then he stopped and urned. "By the way, I found those make skins yesterday-they're in my foom if you care to have them." Tommy beamed. "Oh, thanks! Thanks awfully. I'll come and fetch hem directly." The Fortune Hunter walked on to-ward the house, and Tommy stool book-Tommy's mouth fell open; he gasped

story.

The Fortune Hunter walked on to-ward the house, and Tommy stood look-its after him, his teeth set and his eyes piteful. "You called me a poor, intrenable lit-le worm, did you?" he said under his wrath. "Well--1'll show you that the worm can turk-- and before very long. "You don't mean \* \* Vernie doesn't think that he nurdered him---did him.

The gong for dinner had sounded him? Tomay gasped. "Not quite so had as that." Mr. Harding answered. "The han did of eturned from London. He came in breathlessly, and met

He came in breathlessly, and not "So sorry I'm lat", my dear." he pologized. "I lost the train 1 intended is catch home. Has the gong gone? I to carry on his game confortably for a ur led all I could. I won't bother to hange tonight." He hurried upstairs, and Anne went in to the diving room. "And Anne \* \* \* does allow

Her vague apprehensions of the morn- know?"

at down to tab'e, and the white frock he wore added to her delicate appear-

"Tour sister waited for this han-"Your sister waited for this han-or the man she believes him to be-ten years." Mr. Harding answered. sorrowfully."

"He is late home," Tommy said with gut down his paper and arose. arious intenation. "I should think his "Not a word of this to any one," sinces must have been jolly impor-Tommy, mind! I'm not going to giv the man a chance to get away as ensity

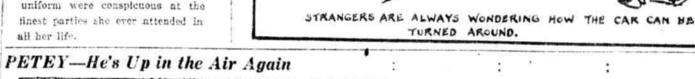
the man a chance to get away as thanks oom her eyes sought his with quick got to pay. He's had a good run for his money."

"I must spologize to every one. I'm ure," he said emilingly. "I lost my

maun esterman him; then he gave an excited rush The young lady across the way says some people consider mill-

tarism anti-social, but soldiers in uniform were conspicuous at the finest parties she ever attended in all her life.







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THE PRIVATE SECRETARY

175 21

heart failure right enough, but John-this so-called John-took his letters and

ag were still, with her, and she was trained and unnatural in her uncle's She looked pale and worried as she at down to table, and the white frock be were added to has delivere not the trained and "Tommy said, "Pool! there's plenty to the trained and the white frock the the trained and the the set."

of other fish in the sea." "Your sister walted for this man-

There was a little silence, then he

CONTINUED TOMORIOW

