NNE looked up into her uncle's A face, "I married John Smith-ten years ago," she said clearly, as if she wanted to be sure that every one in he room heard. "I married John with before he-before he went

There was a profound silence, then ur. Harding broke out in a rage:
"You married that scamp! There seems to me that there is nothing to boose between the dead and the living.

Harding." old Fernie broke in, with bls slow smile, "that by the look of it John Staith was a worse lot than my sa here." He took his hand from the

Portune Hunter's coat, but kept care-fully between him and the door.

"I heard a thing or two from that Wiss Claver we went to see at the tavoy." he said again, "and I'm not sure, after all, but that it's not the thing for every one that the man before more harm was done. "And if it's all the same to every

the to have the second of the

lis breeches pockets, calmly waiting for the others to leave them.

"Come, dear," Mr. Harding said. He put his arm around his niece and led for from the room, and Geoffry Foster bllowed Tommy; then Fernie shut the foor behind them and stood with his back to it, facing the Fortunt Hunter.

"Now, then, what have you got to man, who will be said by you and happiness are waiting for you here if you will but take them.

"He hardly caught the words: "I don't care whose son you are—I love you."

The Fortune Hunter looked away from her to the open door and the moonlit road; the blood was roaring in his ears; a thousand voices of temptation whispered at his heart.

Why go when she loves you? Love and life and happiness are waiting for you here if you will but take them.

He laughet aloud, as if the voices had been real. Love! Without trust, without truth? It could never be.

He broke out again.

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It is we no faintly that he hardly caught the words: "I don't care whose son you are—I love you."

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The words: "I don't care whose son you are—I love you."

The words: "I don't care whose son you."

The Fortune Hunter turned to the window and stood looking into the garden for a moment without answering:

Her hand fell away from his. 'And you were going—without a word to then he replied slowly, as if he were me?'

servied for months with the roughest deserve. Let me go!

at all—when I'm gone," the old man He made a gesture of despair, add, "Come, come; you've got all your "You!" he echoed brokenly. other's obstinacy and pride, I can dear, what can I do for you. ce that, but it doesn't always pay.

The Fortune Hunter turned slowly for me!" he laughed. "She said she half-carried her into the library. The fire wished to see me again."

The dropped his cost and half-lef. half-carried her into the library. The fire half harried have not the room was

Arugged his shoulders.

"I think Miss Harding does—and she's right. I'm not fit for her or any her face hidden in her hands; then she cose to her feet suddenly, catching the cose to her feet suddenly, catching the cose to her feet suddenly, catching the cose to her feet suddenly. other woman. I've nothing to offer her, not even a decent past. I'll go back to the road; I belong there. I'm glad it's all over—this business here. I couldn't

have stood it much longer, anyway."
He turned round and looked old Fornew and down with a softened smile.
"Where do I get my bad strainfrom?" he asked, half mirthfully, half bitterness. "Not from my mother.

I'll swear."
"No." Fernie agreed. "She was a good woman. If she hadn't occur she to live with alght have found it easier to live with me. However"—he cleared his throat leadly—"that's all done with. I'm says: I—" She swayed weakly against him. "Ch. John—have a little pity: spoke awkwardly availled him have a little pity: I should have found it a picasure, spoke awkwardly, avoiding his son's trees. "But you can't prevent me from arms stiffly at his sides and when at leaving you what I've got when I go." iast he answered his eyes looked over leaving you what I've got when I go." leaving you what I've got when I go." last he answered his eyes looked over be added, "and, as far as Mr. Hard- her bowed head into the silent room.

ing and the rest of 'em here are con-terned, they won't trouble you, John I take you. I beg your pardon—that's not your shilling, and name, I know.' He rubbed his chin. Mr. Harding, if it takes me I've been trying to remember what it was, and bless my soul if I can. "My name is Robert." the Fortune

"Bless me, so it is! We named you forget—all that's past. ler the vicar who married us. I "Whatever I told you. After the vicar who married us. 1 "Whatever I told you, you'd be remember. Your mother thought the thinking that I've lied to you many for d of him. Dear me! How it all time before. It would always be there must happy the past! God knows

contemplation of the dark garden; it know it. She dr

ome home with me if you can't stay can never be." he answered.

The Fortune Hunter laughed she fultered. he said eloquentiy. "Come home with me then." uan urged rather pathetically. small pince, but you're welcome.

"It's kind of you, but I'll be getting yours -oh, so gladly His eyes turned wistfully to-

There was a moment's silence, then my sake what people will say, ternie held out his hand. "I should you I don't care. They said butter ike— he began, but there was no things—crael things—years ago when need for him to finish the Exempt you." She broke off, the tragedy of

"And if there's ever anything I can hoursely: the old man said huskily, "you know where to find me?"

If only he could see Anne just once you!

done with him for ever.

By force of habit he took his code. from the hallstand—the coat which was I had to choose; it would be you—you not his hat and turned blindly always. Even—even—" and her eyes

He opened it, and the rush of night white the smote his face with a flood of cold him. memory.

than he could bear. John ... The no

trembling whisper, and he wheeled round, blinded with wild hope and the Egopy of relief, to find Anne standing the door. "I must go—I there behind him.

Tohn: There was such a world of "John: There was such a world of the door. "I have you've that For a moment Anne and the Fortune Hunter looked at each other without

Oraking; then, suddenly, before the pain and humiliation of her eyes, he apeaking; then, broke out in passionate incoherence The sorry. Try to forgive me some

"Where are you going?" she asked matter to any one who you were, or it faintly.

He tried to smile, but his lips twitched hadly. "Back to the read when I berne enough—haven't I borne enough." badly. "Back to the road—where I tame from." And then, with a desperate effort, he steadied his voice sufficiently to add: "It's kind.of you—to kope—" He could not go on; he half turned away, and with sudden, passion—" (CONTINUED MONDAY) ate impulse she caught his arm.

"A Man's Way"

By Ruby M. Ayres Will be the next love-story serial on this page. Watch for it

Wednesday

"Don't go-oh, don't go!" she close between the dead and the living.

To married John Smith, the man I

paid to go abroad and keep out of the

the when they let him out of prison.

I never meagt you to know; I hoped to
Heaven he would never come back, I

hoped you would forget him.

"And all the time you were his wife,
and the fellow allowed me to buy him

off: buy him off. Do you hear that?"

Appealed savagely to Geoffry Foster,
The scamp! The scoundrel! The—

The turned slowly round his face marb'e white. "You don't understand."

marb'e white. 'You don't understand what you're saying.' he broke out hoarsely. 'You don't know what it what you're saying." he broke out hoarsely. "You don't know what it means. I'm a waster, a blackguard, everything Mr. Harding called me, and —and even if I were not—what have I got to offer you? Nothing! I've lied to you. I've deceived you!"

"You said you loved me," she whispersel.

pered. "Loved you!" He caught his breath with a hard sound. Her hand stole up till it rested on his spoulder. "Wasn't it—true?" she asked pain-

He dared not trust himself to anhe to have a word or two alone with swer; he broke out again desperately; "I'm Fernie's son, and you always

I've no right! Let me go! I'm not bt

then he replied slowly, as it no were merfully choosing his words:

"It's kind of you, and I'm grateful.

"It's kind of you, and I'm grateful.

but—it won't de. I took the money, and I must pay it back." He laughed mirthlessly. "I can work if I like, I've my glimpse of paradise, more than I may glimpse of paradise, more than I described for months with the roughest described. "And what about me?" she said, as

"There'll be no need for you to work she had done once before that evening

Think it over, for the sake of this girl.
If not for your own. She cares for you suddenly her courage seemed to fail.

She swayed and would have fallen but

"Women never mean what they say." fire had burned low and the room was ernie insisted. The Fortune Hunter empty when he put her gently into a

"I suppose I haven't any pride."

she said wildly. "I suppose I ought to be willing to die rather than say what I must say, but I can't be'p it. I love you. I thought, when I knewlove you. I thought, when I that it had all gone-for ever: had killed everything I ever felt for you: but it's not true-1 love you; I'll give up everything for you, if you won't leave me. I don't care what you've done; I don't care what any one

You don't know what it means if shilling, and I've stolen £2000 from Mr. Harding. It's got to be repaid.

you know, that ever since you if it takes me to the end of my life, down to my place the other night. His voice broke, but he struggled on ngain: "My dear, you don't know what it means. I'm nobody, a wanderer, a PETEY—A Hair-Length Escape vagabond. It's sweet of you-wonder-Hunter said. Old Fernie laughed rather ful—and I adote you for it, but—I'm constrainedly.

-between us-the past! God knows The clock on the shelf chimed, and I'd give my right hand to wipe it out. the Fortune Hunter turned from his but I can't. You know that -we both

She drew back a sign from him He roused numself with an effort, "If you loved me, all this would not Well, I'll be getting along," he said, matter," she said.

Fernie paled a little, "Not tonight, "It's because I love you I know it "If I am willing to take the risk-

He shook his head; his lips were the old trembling too much to speak.

The wrong her hands. "If it's only the money, John, don't let it stand The Fortune Hunter shook his head, between us. I have my own, and it's

"Anne, for God's sake- " "If it's only that you are afraid to heed for him to finish, the Fortum you. 'She broke off, the tragedy of Hunter took his hand in a warm grip. It all striking home to her afresh, and "Good-by, and-thank you," he for a moment neither of them spoke

"Which of us do you love, Anne: Is it me? Was it ever me? I've longed Their hands fell apart, and the For- so many times to ask you. If I knew time Hunter opened the door and west somehow things wouldn't be so hard 1-oh, I know I've no right to asl

the only he could see Anne 1978.

She drew a long orean lines.

The he could not expect it; she had ert staile trembled on her lines.

One with him for ever.

"If you could both be here now are the stails she said slowly." in She drew a long breath and the faint and and he," she said slowly, "and

fell as the color rose slowly to white checks-"even though I-married Never to see her again, never to hear to her voice? His punishment was greater than he could bear.

"John?" The name was spoken in a trembling whistory and he whealed this thing could never be. Why prolong thembling whistory and he whealed

> once and for all? He turned blindly to passionate reproach in her voice that he stopped with a stifled grean, and she on, sobbing now, as if her heart

"And I count nothing-nothing, I It doesn't matter that I've thing."

Her sad eyes wandered over his face and then past him to the open door and the moonlit world beyond.

"Where a lost everything—everyth MINDSO.

THE GUMPS—And the Pit Yawned

ARLOS - POOR

CARLOS -

ALONE -

NEGLECTED AND

HE FEELS THE

HANDICAP IN

GREAT -

THE RACE TOO

AND GOOD LOOKS AGAINSY MONEY

AND INFLUENCE

HE IS A BEAR IN A BALL ROOM BUT A FLEA IN HE CONSULTS A FORTUNE TELLER HOPING FOR

GOOD NEWS -



AND NOW COMES MONEY - NOTHING BUT MONEY -HERE IS HOPE- A CHAMPION APPEARS AND MORE MONEY- HERE'S THE BLONDE WOMAN AGAIN - AND HERE'S TROUBLE- HERE'S A DARK GENTLEMAN- MORE MONEY - SCAPS OF MONEY - I NEVER SAW THE CARDS RUN SO MUCH TO MONEY - YOU HAVE A ROUGH AND RUGGED ROAD - I SEE DARK CLOUDS HANGING OVER YOU- PITTALLS BESET YOU ON ALL SIDES - EVERYTHING IS BLACK - YOU ARE STANDING ON A PRECIPICE - BE BRAVE - DO HOT GHE UP-

A MAN- BALD HEADED - ANOTHER CHAMPION - A WOMAN - YES - THEY SEEM TO BE HUSBAND AND WIFE-THEY SEEM TO BE LINKED WITH YOU IN YOUR TROUBLES - THEY ARE FIGHTING FOR YOU - TRUST THEM -THEY WILL AID YOU -By Hayward Copyright, 1922, by Public Ledger Communi-

By Sidney Smith

NOW, YOU TAKE FOR INSTANCE, A FORTUNE

A LITTLE COLD WEATHER -

PLUS A LITTLE LONGING -

PLUS A LITTLE MORE LONGING =

OUTGOING BAGGAGE WELL WELL . WE THOUGHT SOMETHING LIKE THIS WOULD HAPPEN



The vonez lady across the way says she sees they're burning corn in the West and it's a great comfort to know, in case the coal should give out, that her mother always buys these things in quantities and they have six dozen cans



By DWIG







GASOLINE ALLEY—A Natural Mistake



By King

