

THE FORTUNE HUNTER

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"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 pleaded.

The words were only a whisper, but they beat against his heart as if they had been loud enough to fill all the spaces of the world...

He turned slowly round, his face pale as white. "You don't understand what you're saying," he broke out hoarsely.

"Loved you?" He caught his breath with a hard sound. Her hand stole up till it rested on his shoulder.

"Wasn't it—true?" she asked painfully.

He dared not trust himself to answer; he broke out again desperately: "I'm Fernie's son, and you always loved him."

There was a long silence. Then she said, so faintly that 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 was right? Love and life and happiness are waiting for you here if you will but take them.

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

He broke out again wildly. "I can't! I've no right! Let me go! I'm not fit to touch you. I—"

Her hand fell away from his. "And you were going—without a word to me?"

He faced her desperately. "What else could I do? You said you wished it. You said you hoped never to see me again, and you are right. I've had my glimpse of paradises, more than I deserve. Let me go!"

"And what about me?" she said, as she had done once before that evening. He made a gesture of despair.

"You can stay with me," she spoke bravely enough; then quite suddenly her courage seemed to fail. She swayed and would have fallen but for his arm.

He dropped his cap and half-bol, half-carried her into the library. The fire had burned low and the room was empty when he put her gently into a chair and stood watching her with broken-hearted eyes.

For a little while she sat quite still, her face hidden in her hands; then she rose to her feet suddenly, catching the Fortune Hunter by the lapels of his coat.

"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 help it. I love you. I thought, when I knew—that it had all gone—for ever, that you had killed everything I ever felt for you; but it's not true—I 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 says; I—"

She swayed weakly against him. "Oh, John—have a little pity; have a little pity!"

The Fortune Hunter stood with his arms stiff at his sides and when at last he answered his eyes looked over her bowed head into the silent room.

"You don't know what it means if I take you. I've no money, not a shilling, and I'm a stranger here from Mr. Harding. It's got to be repaid; if it takes me to the end of my life."

His voice broke, but he struggled on against it. "My dear, you don't know what it means. I'm nobody, a wanderer, a vagabond. It's sweet of you—wonderful—and I adore you for it, but—I'm not worth it. And besides, you'd never forget—all this—"

"Whatever I told you, you'd be thinking that I've lied to you—many times before. It would always be there—between us—the past. God knows I'd give my right hand to wipe it out, but I can't. You know that—we both know it."

She drew back a step from him. "If you loved me, all this would not matter," she said.

"It's because I love you I know it can never be," he answered.

"If I am willing to take the risk—"

she faltered.

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

She wrung her hands. "If it's only the money, John, don't let me stand between us—oh, so gladly."

"Anne, for God's sake—"

THE GUMPS—And the Pit Yawned

CARLOS - POOR CARLOS -

NEGLECTED AND ALONE -

HE FEELS THE HANDICAP IN THE RACE TOO GREAT -

HIS POPULARITY, AGE AND GOOD LOOKS AGAINST MONEY AND INFLUENCE -

HE IS A BEAR IN A BALL ROOM BUT A FLEA IN A BANK -

HE CONSULTS A FORTUNE TELLER FOR GOOD NEWS -

I SEE THAT YOU'RE A SINGLE MAN - YOU WERE NEVER MARRIED BUT MAY YOU BE IN LOVE - IT IS AN AFFAIR OF THE HEART - AND THERE'S A BLONDE WOMAN - I SEE A DARK MAN - AND HERE IS TROUBLE - I SEE A SHIP - THERE IS A VOYAGE - SOMEONE HAS TAKEN A VOYAGE -

AND NOW COMES MONEY - NOTHING BUT MONEY - AND MORE MONEY - HERE'S THE BLONDE WOMAN AGAIN - AND HERE'S TROUBLE - HERE'S A DARK GENTLEMAN - MORE MONEY - SCADS OF MONEY - I NEVER SAW THE CARDS RUN SO MUCH TO MONEY - YOU HAVE A ROUGH AND BUGGED ROAD - I SEE DARK CLOUDS HANGING OVER YOU - PITFALLS BESET YOU ON ALL SIDES - EVERYTHING IS BLACK - YOU ARE STANDING ON A PRECIPICE - BE BRAVE - DO NOT GIVE UP -

HERE IS HOPE - A CHAMPION APPEARS - 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 -

SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER—Simple Arithmetic

NOW, YOU TAKE, FOR INSTANCE, A FORTUNE OF \$3000

PLUS A LITTLE LONGING - PLUS A LITTLE MORE LONGING =

OUTGOING BAGGAGE

WELL, WELL! WE THOUGHT SOMETHING LIKE THIS WOULD HAPPEN!



The Young Lady Across the Way



PATHETIC FIGURES



By FONTAINE FOX



SCHOOL DAYS



By DWIG



PETEY—A Hair-Length Escape



GASOLINE ALLEY—A Natural Mistake



By C. A. Voight



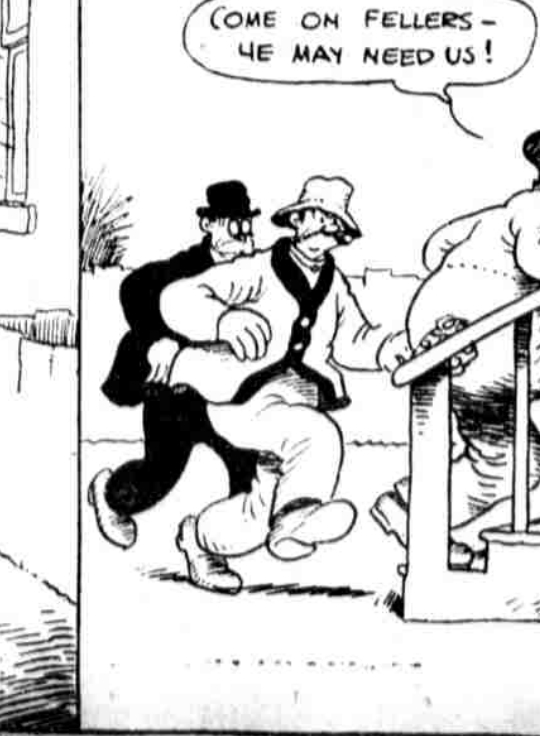
By King



By King



By King



By King



By King



CONTINUED MONDAY