AND HERE IT CONTINUES CHAPTER XVI Lilith Hears the News

rolly is a dear child," she said; Molly is a dear child," she said; if the said is the said; if the said and patted it is a sure you will be able to, as the said in the sai

"I suppose we may all call you by per Christian name?" Mrs. Dangerfield "What is your Christian name, the way?"

the way?"
"My name is John."
"I had a brother named John." he
was informed. "But we always called
him Jack." She laughed affectedly. But I cannot imagine you being called

Harden could not imagine it either; prose as if to intimate that the conof the whole interview struck him; solly's mother had asked no questions to his position or his relatives; he apposed she was like all the rest of the Little Helptonites, and considered that Manor Dyke and his banking account were a sufficient reference; he breathed more freely when he and folly were downstairs again.

She looked at him anxiously.

"You don't like her?" she said bantly.

"My dear child, I don't know her." "That isn't an answer," said Molly. he felt hurt, without knowing why; it was certainly a very disappointing thing, this getting engaged.

"I suppose you have heard the latest?" Also Fernald said, looking up from a book as his wife came into the

He was lying full length on a sofa by the open window, his face turned to-ward it to catch what faint breeze there was on this hot summer after-

"The latest?" Lilith echoed lightly; the bent and kissed him. "No, I haven't heard anything. What do you

baven't heard anything.

"That your friend Harden is to marry the little girl next door?"

Lilith stood still; there was a look a blank incredulity in her beautiful gree; then she laughed

"What rubbish! John isn't a marry-man; he's a confirmed bachelor;

She went over to the lecked out across her own pictures of sarden to the discouraging tangle of traggly flowers and weeds next door.

"You must have made a mistake," if never heard anything the John is—" went over to the window and out across her own picturesque "You must have made a mistake," said, "I never heard anything so properties: why John is—" She

"It's the only life possible for me-because I love you!" She told him. She let her hand lie passively in his: the sat staring down at the floor. Pres-

"But I simply don't believe it." she mid again. "Molly must have been joking—why, she's only a child. John would never dream of marrying a girl like that! She's half a boy, I believe!" The laughed. "My dear Alec. think of her as the mistress of Manor Dyke!"

"Perhaps Molly Dangerfield realizes that also." He took up his book again. But though he kept his eyes on the pages he never saw a word written there; he her. For this means she had not hesihas naturally a very jealous man; all the more so on account of his own delicacy and his incapability to get about with his wife as much as he wished.

But for once Lilith hardly noticed ber bushand; presently she went up to ber own room.

She looked at her beautiful face in the looked at her beautiful face in the couch.

She was sure in her heart that John Barden still loved her; she read it in his eyes; in the tone of his votce, in the way he had kissed her; still loved her then, was it likely that he would engage himself to Molly—half-formed, tomboyish Molly—one of the disreputable Dangerfields.

The turned away from the mirror; her own beauty had convinced her as no other argument could have done; the wondered how the story had arisen, and what exactly Molly had said to hake Alec believe anything so improbable.

The was sure in her heart that John Level the great shadow hanging over their lives; she knew, they both knew, that he had not long to live; was she ading to spoil one precious moment of the little time left to them?

Vain and selfish as she was, she loved her husband, and with charming surrender she turned and almost ran back to him across the room, dropping down on her knees beside him.

"Darling!" She put her arms round his neck, drawing his head to her shoulder. "You're so foolish, so very foolish!" she said with a little thrill of laughter in her voice. "As if I could ever—ever care for any one but you!"

He turned his head, and their lips

She was pouring out tea for her hus-and when the vicar's wife was an-exaced. Mrs. Ashford was one of those women who married to the clergy-of a decidedly clique parish, man-to be friends with every one; she teen very kind to Lilith since they to Little Helpton; she brought a

basketful of lovely roses with her now.

"I wondered whether I should be in time for a cup of tea," she said as she shook hands. "I'm so thirsty, and your tea is always so good, Mrs. Fernald. No, please don't get up!" This to Alec, who had made an effort to rise.

She put her hand on his arm, preventing him.

"I shall be sorry I came if you're going to make a stranger of me," she insisted. "I do so like to feel that I can drop in and see my friends without any formality." Now I'm going to sit here beside you and have my tea."

She drew a chair up to his couch.

She was a woman of whom one would

She drew a chair up to his couch.

She drew a chair up to his couch.

She was a woman of whom one would have said at first sight that she was plain, but after a moment's conversation with her one realized that there was something better than mere beauty of feature in her face.

Her eyes were gray and open; eyes that could not belong to a small-souled woman—that were as frank and sweet as the woman herself; her mouth calm and good-tempered.

"A perfect dear—every one just adores her!" so Molly had described the vicar's wife to Lillith before the two women ever met, and Lillith fully indorsed the sentiment. As a rule she did not care for women, but somehow Mrs. Ashford was one exception; she was really pleased to see her.

"Of course you've heard the wonderful news, haven't you?" Mrs. Ashford saked presently. "I mean about Mr. Harden—every one is talking about it—and I am frightfully excited myself."

"I have just been telling Lillith, but she doesn't seem at all inclined to believe me," Fernald said, a triffe sulkily.

"I have just been telling Lilith, but she doesn't seem at all inclined to believe me," Fernald said, a triffe sulkily. "She has known Harden some time, you see, and flatters herself that he is to be a confirmed bachelor till the end of the chapter."

Mrs. Ashford laughed.
"I certainly thought the same; it only shows how mistaken one can be. At any rate, I am very glad—for both their sakes. Molly is a dear child; she really deserves a little happiness.
"Then—then it is true!" said Lilith breathlessly. reathlessly.

breathlessly.

"Quite true. Mr. Harden told me himself this morning; I was very surprised, of course, but glad as well; it must be lonely for him up at Manor Dyke—a woman is needed there badly."

"But Molly is a child, an unformed child." Islith broke in impulsively. "Of course," she hastened to add, "she's a dear. I'm very fond of her, but as John's wife!" She laughed, shrugging her shoulders. "I really can't believe it!" she added.

Mrs. Ashford looked puzzled.

"Well, it's quite true." she said

Mrs. Ashford looked puzzled.

"Well, it's quite true," she said again. "Mr. Harden told me, and he also said that they would be married soon—and very wise of them; he is not a young man, and is rich."

"Which is no doubt the reason for Molly having accepted him!" Lilith said rather spitefully. "The Dangerfields have never had a penny of their own; they will hardly know what to do with so much money, I should imagine. Foor John! He will find he has married the entire family if he isn't careried the entire family if he isn't careful." Her heart was beating with anger

and jealousy; it was true, as she had said a little while ago, that she had never cared for any one as she cared for Alec but no woman likes to be dethroned from the heart of a man to whom she has once been all the world, and she had been so confident that John would never care for any one

She could not understand it. All last night she had lain awake plot-'What rubbish! John isn't a marrying man; he's a confirmed bachelor;
wheever told you such a story?''
Fernald frowned; he was a delicate.
include-looking man with petulant
lines round his mouth.

Kisses she did not mind—they hurt

ines round his mouth.

"Miss Dangerfield told me herself,"
be said impatiently. "She came into the garden a moment ago to look for a litten that had strayed, and she told see."

Kisses she did not mind—they hurt nobody, but somehow in the face of his passionate outburst she was not sure if she were strong enough or clever enough to keep him within the had never been a patient Lillith stared; she was rather pale, and she moistened her dry lips before the spoke.

"I simply don't believe it!" she said the sin.

She went over to the window and the spoke that the sin.

She went over to the window and the spoke that the said the spoke that the spoke the spoke that the spoke the spok same impetuous lover he had been then.

CHAPTER XVII

Temptation Vanquished Temptation Vanquished

Now he was to marry Molly! Lilith wondered how Molly had managed it; probably she had been playing up for this ever since the first day of their acquaintance; of course it was a fine catch for her, and for the entire impecualous of him."

Lilith laughed.

"You old silly! I believe you're blows of him."

She came back and sat down on the said, "first was a fine catch for her, and for the entire impecualous family.

"I've spoken to you twice. Lilith and you haven't answered." her husband said testly; his eyes were searching the formula of him."

Temptation Vanquished

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PETEY—Inside Information

"I've spoken to you twice. Lilith and you haven't answered." her husband said testly; his eyes were searching the formula of the course in quarreling about it?

PETEY—Inside Information

FOR PALM BEACH—WONDER

ing her face with jealous suspicion.

"Where are your thoughts?"

She roused herself to be bright and to chat about Molly's wedding.

"Whatever shall we give her for a present?" she laughed. "Why, there must be everything in the world a present of the state of the

must be everything in the world a woman can want up at Manor Dyke. Lucky, lucky Molly! I must run in next door and congratulate her."

"It's made a sensation in the village, I can tell you," Mrs. Ashford said. "Everybody looked upon Mr. Harden as hopeless from a matrimonial point of view." She laughed cheerily. "I told him I hoped he would be married down here and ask us all to the wedding, but from what he said I believe he means to carry her off to London and have it very quietly."

"You seem thoroughly upset about

"You seem thoroughly upset about this engagement." Fernald said later, when Mrs. Ashford had gone. "Any one would think you were jealous." "" "Perhaps Molly Dangerfield realizes

"Bat the mistress of Manor Dyke!"

"She told me she was simply dying to go and live there." Fernald said later, when Mrs. Ashford had gone. "Any one would think you were jealous."

It was not often he spoke so roughly to his wife, and a faint color crept into her cheeks; she turned away without answering.

It was only for his sake that she had tried to keep her influence with Harden; she believed it had only been for his sake that she had wished; any woman would have jumped at him with all that "Perhaps Molly Dangerfield realizes."

kisses that night, and that she had money and the things he could give her. For this means she had not hesitated to use her old power over him had not hesitated to hart him and fil

the glass, and a smile of triumph curved ber lips.

"I don't believe it." she said again.

"Why, it was only the day before yesterday that—" But she did not finish the thought; somehow she was saiden revulsion of feeling the remetation.

She was such to be autiful face in reached the door, then he raised he self on the couch.

"Lilith!" Just for a moment he self on the couch.

She would not go back; sometimes is aloney wearied her; and then we saiden revulsion of feeling the remetation. hesitated; it would serve him right if nestated; it would serve that right it sho would not go back; sometimes his ionlousy wearied her; and then with sadden revulsion of feeling she remembered the great shadow hanging over

He turned his head, and their lips

met.

'l'm a jealous brute! I hate every man you look at or smile at. When I'm gone—'' She laid her hand on his lips; the color left her cheeks.

THE GUMPS-A Treasure Rich and Rare



DVDNING PUBLIC DODGER-PER DODGERA BRIDAY DEBRUARY 10. 1922



IN THE MORNING The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says some people will always believe in evolution and others in



By DWIG SCHOOL DAYS YOU CRAZY LOOKS! DONT SEE WHIEVER YOU WANT TO CRAWL THEN THAT DIRTY HOLE GOT YOUR CUTHES ALL MUDDE ME EVRYTHING. FOR . YOUR MAN'LL GIVE YOU THE MERRY OLD CAT! WE CRAZY LOOKE

By Sidney !







GASOLINE ALLEY-Oh! That's Different!

