AND HERE IT CONTINUES LEC, if you want to kill me,"

whispered. sighed, and lay back. think of it all day and every day,"

laughed brokenly.

And I absolutely refuse to think
it at all," she said, trying to
a firmly. "You're going to live for
and years and look after me, and
Bluebeard till you are an old, old

to marry her."

Let booked away from her frowning.

Men have married as a safeguard see now," he said obstinately. "He be putting Molly as a barrier bean himself and—some woman who himself and—some ond his reach."

litth laughed.

A very nice explanation," she said a lightness she was far from feel. "And now we're not going to talk thim any more. Look at these by roses Mrs. Ashford brought. It put them in water."

Is carefully avoided all reference to a and Molly for the rest of the bing, but there was a restless impace in her heart. If she could see the vanity in her craved to read in the unwilling passion of his eyes; would have given a great deal to been sure that Alec's explanation the true one.

Is at a man's way out of an impossistic true. Was that it?—Just a is way of saving his own skin, of hing a stop to any possible scandal. When Fernald was asleep that everage the threw a wrap over her head went out into the garden.

The heat of the day had turned to a impossipate the work of the dark sky; as she crossed lawn to the gate an owl flew ugh the darkness, hooting mourn-like haivered; she stopped and little shivered; she said in a hushed voice. "Wouldn't it be awful if he—died?"

Molly lenned her chin in her hand. "Wouldn't it be awful if he—died?"

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Molly lenned her chin in hushed voice. "He won'

with the shivered; she stopped and the back at the house, and the winwith its subdued light behind which husband slept.

When I am gone!" His words odd in her heart with dread fore-

he loved him; this weak, irritable was the one perhaps not very transition of her life; she could not the a future in which he had no lee; could not think of herself living tout him.

grass; when she reached it some moved abruptly in the shadows as about the moved abruptly in the shadows as about the shadows as about the shadows as about the shadows as a shadows

"Who is it? John!" she whispered. Harden came back reluctantly; he have standing in the warm dusk for time, looking up at the lighted adow, and thinking about this womand now she was here beside him. From the garden next door came the ad of Molly's voice, anxiously raised. "Boys! You're to come in at once. Tou hear? If you don't—" annie's voice answered cheekily: "We're not coming—and if we don't can't make us!" "Can't I!" Molly sounded cxasper-"." I shall—I shall tell Mr. Har-

"I shall—I shall tell Mr. Har-and he'll give you all a good rashing," she threatened. A chorus of derisive laughter an-tend her.

"Good-by, she like an affectionate"

It was impossible not to kiss her. It was

She spoke more like an affectionate all than a woman in love, but the sold than a woman in love, but the stole-heartedness of her words struck affen to the soul.

The was giving him everything she was giving him everything she d, while he—. He moved slowly

d, while he ... He moved slowly be the state of the state But she did not answer.

CHAPTER XVIII

A Respite for John Harden Ashford had been right when said she did not think Harden would harried in Little Helpton, for witha few days of the announcement of that the wedding would take quietly in London and at the Little Helptonites were disappointed.

because they were disappointed.

were uncharitable. rden was not very proud of his he wife, they said; no wonder he her off to London and tied the

her off to London and tied the away from every one who knew i poor man, of course, he had ried the whole family! Already it rumored that he had made arements for all the boys to go to a sting school, and had paid off the rigage on the White House so that Dangerfield could live there till end of her life, and drink as much tea as she liked at his expense. I should like to know how they haged it," said the disappointed ther of three daughters, spitefully.

haged it." said the disappointed ther of three daughters, spitefully. Of course, he's been had!"

less. Ashford hid a smile.
I don't think Mr. Harden is at all hind of man to be 'had.' as you put she said sweetly. "And really you tadmit that Molly is a most attraclittle thing."

aeries of eloquent, if unladylike, went round the vicarage drawing.

went round the vicarage drawing and Mrs. Ashford changed the

They were so jealous they did not what to do with themselves," she her husband afterward, "Poor it must be rather galling after way they have always snubbed and her family, because now she be quite the first lady in Little wonder what attitude she

will take with them when she is married."

But Molly was not worrying her head in the least about anybody; she was much too busy and happy with her own affairs.

Harden had given her a great many presents, and had had a marriage settlement drawn up in correct style.

"You really needn't have worried about it," Molly told him when he tried to explain it to her. "I shan't want much money to spend; you can buy all my clothes, and if I might have perhaps ten shillings a week to spend?" She made the suggestion apologetically; ten shillings seemed such an exorbitant sum to have mentiond.

Harden laughed; he laughed much more frequently lately, and Molly's mother declare that he was looking younger already.

"And he really is a most distinguished looking man," she added with a shade of condescension.

"What a modest little girl you are," Harden said, laying his hand on Molly's.

"Ten shillings a week! Why, whatever will you do with it all?" he asked mockingly.

Molly flushed.

"I can give some to the boys—"

"I'll look after the boys, ne told

"I can give some to the boys."
"I'll look after the boys, ne told her. 'You're such a dear," Molly

it at all." she said, trying to firmly. "You're going to live for and years and look after me, and fluebeard till you are an old, old "Busbeard till you are an old, old "I was telling Mrs. Fernald this morning how wonderfully good you had been to us all." Molly went on simply. "It all seems like a dream to me—I'm still afraid that some day I shall wake up and find it's never been real—any of it."

"You won't do that," he said. She moved closer to him; they were sitting together in the garden of the White House—a garden tidled now out of all recognition, with a lawn smoothly shaved and paths innocent of weeds. "Mrs. Fernald this morning how wonderfully good you had been to us all." Molly went on simply. "It all seems like a dream to me—I'm still afraid that some day I shall wake up and find it's never been real—any of it."

"You won't do that," he said. "House—a garden tidled now out of all recognition, with a lawn smoothly shaved and paths innocent of weeds. "Mrs. Fernald this morning how wonderfully good you had been to us all." Molly went on simply. "It all seems like a dream to me—I'm still afraid that some day I shall wake up and find it's never been real—any of it."

"You won't do that," he said. "House—a garden tidled now out of all recognition, with a lawn smoothly shaved and paths innocent of weeds. "Mrs. Fernald said that I was a lucky girl," she told him. "She said that she wished she was half as happy as I am."

He looked away from her frowning.

Harden made no answer.

"Her husband has been so ill again, you know," Molly went on sympathetically. "She was up with him all last night and she looked quite worn out this morning." What did you say?"

say?"

"Nothing—I didn't speak."

Molly leaned her chin in her hand.
"Wouldn't it be awful if he—died?"
she said in a hushed voice.
"Whatever would she do?"
Harden rose to his feet.
"He won't die." he said roughly.
"You know what they say about creaking hinges he'll live for years and years and then die of something else altogether." He took off his hat and ran his fingers through his hair.

she laughed happily.

'Oh, I shall be able to amuse myself all right. What did Mr. Wharton say when you told him?'

'When I told him? When I told him when you told him?' what?" 'About-us-you know.'

"Oh!—I forget—as a matter of fact I don't think I told him at all—but he knows—everybody knows by this

time."

"Yes, I suppose they do." She walked beside him to the gate. "How many more days to the twentieth?" she asked suddenly.

He made a swift calculation.

"Nine, I think—and, Molly, if you want—any clothes " perhaps you had better run up to London for a few days. Mrs. Ashford will take a few days. Mrs. Ashford will take you, I am sure, if your mother doesn't

you. I am sure, if your mother doesn't feel equal to the journey.

Molly made a grimace.

"Mother never goes out. I should like to go with Mrs. Ashford."

And so it was arranged, and Molly went off all swiles and dimples one afternoon with Mrs. Ashford for three days' shopping.

Harden saw them off at the station.

"Take cure of her." he said to Mrs.

"Take cure of her," he said to Mrs. Ashford. "She's such an excitable young lady." He looked at Molly. "And

young lady." He looked at Molly. "And don't lose your purse or get run over," he admonished her teasingly.
"As if I should! Oh, are we really going?" Her gay voice dropped; she stood up, leaning out of the window. "Good-by," she said.

It was impossible not to kiss her. Harden touched her soft cheek with his line and a mamoni later she was out.

Molly Goes to London

Molly had the time of her life in London. She had never stayed at a hotel before, and had never had any money to spend. Now she had so much that she did not know what to do with it.

"It's a dream, of course it is," she "It's a dream, of course it is," she said fifty times a day to Mrs. Ashford. said lifty times a day to Mrs. Ashford,
"I know it's too good to last. I'm a
sort of second Cinderella, and I shall
wake up one day in rags."
Mrs. Ashford laughed.
"I think it's very real," she said
kindly, "And I hope it will last all
your life."
Molly wrote long epistles to John
Harden. She was a little doubtful how
to hegin them; she was not sure whas

to begin them; she was not sure what manner of address he would prefer. Finally she left it till the end and added

t with a rush:
"Dearest and Best • • • " She thought that was a lovely way to begin; she had copied it from a book she had read. After all he was her dearest and best—the most wonderful man in the world. She told him how many frocks she had bought—how that many frocks she had bought—how that they were all either black or white, and that she hoped he would like them; she said she had bought ever so many beautiful shoes, and that she never knew until now how nice her feet could took. She inclosed the menu of their first night's dinner at the hotel, and marked it "glorious"; there was only one thing wanting for her complete happiness, she told him shyly on the last page, and that was that he was not with her!

He sighed and smiled as he read the letter; she was so young—something in its wording, with its childish delight in everything, made him ashamed.

He was not treating her fairly—he was deceiving her, leading her to believe that he loved her, whereas he had nothing more to give than a man's

nothing more to give than a man's affectionate toleration. He put the letter away in his desk and answered it briefly.

he was gind she was enjoying herself—she must be sure to let him know by what train she would be returning, so that he could meet her—he signed himself Yours ever—it seemed the easiest way out of it, and entirely noncommittel.

CONTINUED MONDAY



By Hayward SOMEBODY'S STENOG-The Boss Seems to Have a Hunch Copyright, 1922, by Public Ledger Company I BET SHE'S SO CONCEITED WILL I NEVER HEAR BACK FROM PALM BEACH! YOU CAN'T TALK TO HER! Boss! Boss! WHAT THE LAST OF THAT OUR LITTLE HEIRESS 15 IT- ?? FORTUNE WHEN I'VE YER JEALOUS, VENUS SEEN THE END OF COMIN' BACK! 15 I BET SHE LOOKS IT LONG AGO ? HOT DARM SWELL! GEE! 10,000 PLUNKS! HOT DARM ! 10.000 L-E-HAYWARD-II



The young lady across the way says wood alcohol is still causing deaths, and it does seem as if a great country like this ought to regulate the kind of wood used.







