THE GUMPS-Ting-a-Ling! Ling! Ling!

A MAN'S WAY By RUBY M. AYRES

Author of "The Fortune Hunter," "A Bachelor Husband," etc. (Copyright, 1988, by Wheeler Newspaper Byndicate)

John Horden is a successful business and a pic sum, so onger very young, and a pic sum, so onger very young, and a pic sum of the struggle upward. He invested he the struggle upward, He invited he invested he the struggle upward, He invited he invested he investigation her invested he investigation her invested he investigation her investig

AND HERE IT CONTINUES TARDEN had loved Lilith-loved her still. Beyond that fact she

aming sword.

He had married her for some reason his own, not in the least because he married for her; not in the least because he had wished to have her for his own.

Harden touched her arm.

"Molly, we are just at the hotel."

She looked up with wild eyes.

"I want to go home; let me go home. I can't stay with you. I must go home."

But Molly was past reasoning with.
She realized that it was not so much
the telegram as his reception of it that

at Molly interestedly. Molly wondered if every one knew that they were newly married. She glanced down at her ring.

It seemed to hang like a weight on her word would believe him again.

There was a tragic silence. Then Molly laughed; the saddest little laugh imaginable.

"Well," she said, "it's a good thing

She went over to the window of the room into which she had been shown and looked out into the street. It was

ber. He closed the ber to the window.

"Molly," he began. She turned. He "Molly," he began. She turned. He was looking at her anxiously. "Well!" he said with a smile. "What am I to say to be forgiven? What can I do to

convince you that there is nothing so very terrible in my life after all?"

The banter of his voice hurt her. She understood now that he had always treated her as a child, never as a wonin! She had grown very wise during

the last hour.

For a moment she did not answer,
then suddenly she found her voice.

"If Mr. Fernald had died a month go, you would never have married me, would you?" she said. The hot blood rushed to his face; his

Molly turned away and groped for a chair. She felt as if some one had struck her. She dropped into the chair and hid her face on her arm. She looked

look up. "Listen, Molly, and I in ten went out. Molly! you the whole truth. I should have married you, Molly! She shivered away

"Kiss me, Molly."

Molly covered her face with her hands. He was treating her like a child; he did not yet understand that she was not a happy one for me."

Molly made a little convulsive movement. She knew she had been blind—miserably blind not to have guessed them.

"Kiss me, Molly."

Molly covered her face with her hands. He was treating her like a child; he did not yet understand that she was a woman with a woman's breaking heart.

"Leave me alone, oh, leave me alone," she said wildly.

She broke away from him, and left him standing there alone in the silent room.

"Meeting her like that," Harden

went on with difficulty, "reopened all the old sores. I - I suppose I cared for more than she ever cared for me;

at him with wild eyes. "And you never cared for me; you

CHAPTER XXV The Beginning of a New Life

Molly pushed him away when he their prier noneymout sponging on

"I suppose you knew I liked you," silence; the poor of the village had not been in their neighbors' thought at the moment.

I was a fool—a fool! But it thought at the moment.

He had told her that he was taking her from shadows into sunshine, and already he had brought her into the greatest shadow.

He knew that he had been unutterably selfish; that all along he had really thought only of himself; that he had used this girl to protect himself and his love for another woman. It had been his man's way. He had sacrificed a girl for whom he did not care the sake of a woman whom he loved with his whole heart.

Molly means taking had it in her power to snub mem in return.

"And the way she goes about everywhere with that young Wharton is a positive scandal!"—so some one clse protested. "She really ought to be spoken to about it; every one is talking."

Mrs. Ashford had noticed Molly's friendship for her husband's young secretary, and been a little disturbed about it, but she was not going to discuss it with these people.

wandered over him vaguely; then she laughed feebly and tried to raise her-

Harden spoke quickly.

"It's all right! Lie still! You fainted!" But she paid no attention to him. She sat with her hands clasped in her lap, a look of such utter misery on her face that he was struck to the

heart. "Well?" she said shakily. "Well?" What are you going to do with me?"

The childishness of the question hurt him. He would rather she had raved and cried.

and cried.
"I suppose," she said. "I suppos you won't let me go home?"

He broke out agitatedly.
"I can't, Molly; how can I? Think what people would say! Do you want them all talking down at Little Helpthem all talking down at Little Helpton? I'll make everything as easy for you as I can. You shall do just what you like. We'll travel. You shall do anything you wish. I'm a rich men. You can have what money you want if—you'll try to forgive me?"

He was surprised at his anxiety for her forgiveness. He knew that until he had won it he would never lose this sense of shame and self-contempt. He felt as if he had brutally ill-treated a

felt as if he had brutally ill-treated a child incapable of defending itself.

child incapable of defending itself.

She shook her head.

"Harden touched her arm.

"Molly, we are just at the hotel."

She looked up with wild eyes.

"I want to go home; let me go home.

I can't stay with you. I must go home.

I can't stay with you. I must go home.

"You're talking nonsense," he said roughly. "Please remember that you are my wife. I will talk to you directly. Please be sensible."

But Molly was past reasoning with.

"It's not fair to say that. It's not fair to say that.

imaginable.
"Well." she said, "it's a good thing you're rich enough to be able to keep you're rich enough to be able to keep away from me when you want to. Why -why, we needn't even-even live in the same house unless we like."

and looked out into the street. It was a quiet, ugly street with rows of houses that all looked slike; their high roofs that out most of the sky and gave everything a dreary aspect.

Harden came into the room behind her. He closed the door and followed her to the window.

"Molly," he began. She turned. He "Molly," he began. She turned. He "Wolly," he began with roofs and followed like me for a friend. Can't we start from that and make something of our lives?"

She shook her head.

"No." she said. "No. I'm afraid to that." All her tenderest hopes and dreams were down in the dust, and out of their ruins this man whom she loved-how well she never knew till now-was calmly asking her And down in Little Helpton Alec Fernald lay dead! The barrier that had kept John from the woman he loved was no longer there. Lilith was free! It was John now who was tied. She could not bear it! A wild long-ing to get away to be alone, seized her. ing to get away, to be alone, seized her.
She felt as if she would burst out sobbing if she stayed another moment.
She turned blindly to the door.
Harden followed. He prevented her

from turning the bandle. He began pleading with her. and nid her lace on her arm. She looked
a forlorn little bride sitting there in
the wedding finery of which she had
been so proud.

Harden walked a step away and came
back.

"Molly." he said gently. He knelt
down beside her, and tried to make her
look up. "Listen, Molly, and I'll tell
you the whole truth. I should have married you. Molly!"

that you will hear it a little sooner."

He took the hand that lay in her lap; stay with you," she said. "So—so we

He took the hand that lay in her lap; the hand that wore his very new ring.

"I knew Mrs. Fernald years ago—before she was married! I—the—we were engaged—just for a little while, a few months. I was a poor man then, Molly—not rich enough to buy her all the frocks and pretty things she wanted; and so—so she threw me over."

He stopped and for some moments there was silence. Then he began once more.

"I never saw her from the day she went away till I met her with you." she said. "So—so we can just pretend to be all right. If that's what you want. I'll—I'll stay here. And—and—"Her voice trailed away, only to go on again passionately. "Oh, I wish I'd never seen you. I wish I could go back and find myself at home again—just Molly Dangerfield!"

"You mean that you won't forgive me. Molly, I beg of you—"
He put his arms around her. "Kiss me, Molly."

Molly covered her face with her hands. He was treating her like a child:

CHAPTER XXVI A Daring Step

After that night, though they lived at any rate, when I saw her again, I in the same house, Molly and her hus-knew that I had never really for-band were almost strangers. She never asked Harden what he did, or Molly's hand was torn suddenly from how he spent his time, and she never his. She lifted her head and looked gave him any details of her own life. Before they had been home a week, people were talking; they had known just made use of me. Oh, why didn't all along that the marriage would be a failure. so they declared; what could failure, so they declared; what could such one expect when a man married such an unsophisticated girl? No doubt he had wearied of her before the end of their brief honeymoon; probably her en-

Molly pushed him away when he would have touched her; she rose to her feet and began pacing the room.

"I suppose I couldn't expect you to really care for me—after her," she said gaspingly. "I know I'm not pretty like ahe is. I know that we aren't—aren't anybody." The words came with little able to poke around, and see what sort of a home Molly had; they would like wrung her hands in anguish.

I thought you liked me too. I thought you liked me too. I thought—Oh, I did think so; I did—I did!" Molly," said Harden sharply. Her voice had broken off with a little sobbing wail, as she tumbled forward helplessly against him.

He laid her back in the big chair and fung the window wide. He bathed her self window wide. He bathed her when her name was Dangerfield, and she knew Molly well enough to understand that she was glorying in her stand that she was glorying in her

eursed himself as he looked at her white stand that she was glorying in her new position, and the fact that now she had told her that he was taking had it in her power to suub them in







By Fontaine Fox

The Young Lady Across the Way



says there really isn't any reason why a girl and a young man can't be just good friends without the slightest syllogism about it.

PETEY—At Palm Beach

HOGGED ALL THE BREATH TABLETS! ONIONS AT DINNER KNEW SOMEBOOY

When a Young Lady Could Murder Her Small Brother

The young lady across the way





