it was only the fact that she and her tainly, "I simply can't see a thing," she said

If she were unhappy she did not show if was only the fact that she and her hand were never seen 'together that at people talking.

Is Mrs. Ashford passed Molly's old so she looked up at the windows shelly; Molly had been poor when lived there, but at least she had been if more free than she was now in so of her money and the beauties of ther money and the beauties of the property in the did not answer, and she groped through the darkness till she touched him, found his arm, then she slipped her hand through it.

In so fact it must be terrible for living alone here, and there's such mat friends you were years ago."

A laugh and the shutting of a gate lewed, and Molly came along the lewed, and Molly came along the lewed, and Molly came along the head was downer; the did not see the vicar's wife lawed, and Molly came along the being buried alive up at Manor has more slowly in usual, and her head was downer; haven't seen you for so long—it's being buried alive up at Manor has plad to see you," she said impulling.

There was a pathetic eagerness in the lead was a pathetic eagerness in the lawer has a lawer has a pathetic eagerness in the lawer has a lawer has a pathetic eagerness in the lawer has a l

mso glad to see you," she said impul
There was a pathetic eagerness in

If face.

If m. Ashford looked at her anxious
ty the girl was far from well, she
twild see; she had got thin, and there
are dark shadows beneath her eyes.

"I've just been to see Lilith," Molly
milied on. "Poor dear, she is so loneby living by herself, so I've asked her
so come and stay with me. I'm lonely,
the, up at Manor Dyke, so I said I
bought we might as well be lonely tomin insincerely.

Mrs. Ashford could not underword.

Mrs. Ashford could not underword.

It was very guist.

At dinner time Molly told her husand that Lilith was coming to stay
with them. Her voice and eyes were
defant as she spoke, her color hot.
"I shall be glad to have her," she
aid. "I am bored to death with mywif. It's like living in a tomb."

Wharton was present, but he kept
is eyes kowered; he hated that sound
of unhappiness in Molly's voice; hated
the cold indifference with which Harten received her words.

Did the man really not care for her,
wondered? And if so, why had he
airried her?
"Ask any one you like," Harden sams
carelessly. "Fill the house with
fiends if you please."

Molly laughed.
"I should have a job to do that,"

and never said he cared for a
friend?

"It's absurd to talk like that," he
said, trying to steady his voice. "Manor
Dyke is your home—you must live
there."

In the light of a lamp they were
passing she saw his face, and for the
tirst time she realized how she must
be hurting him, how cruelly hard she
was making things for him.

He had been a kind friend, and she
had repaid him so badly; tears filled
her eyes; she stood still.

"I'm not coming any further. I'm
going back." Her voice trembled. She
hoped he would try to dissuade her,
but he made no attempt, and she turned
away in the darkness and retraced her
steps to Manor Dyke.

Brelessly. "Fill the house with trends if you please."
Molly laughed.
"I should have a job to do that,"

that reason she was crying, she knew.

Life was such a diappointment; all its roseate tints were a cham and a snare; she felt like the child who set out to find where the rainbow touched earth, and the farther she wasked to know, but just the woman rou married; just the lucky woman who sad managed to get hold of you and sanor Dyke."

She had never spoken to him before the such bitter vehemence. Wharton she door had closed Harden pushed set his chair and rose.

Molly looked back guiltily over her shoulder, and for a moment their eyes may before.

Molly had never seen him look so sary before.

Molly had never seen him look so sary before.

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Molly had never seen him look so sary before.

Molly had never seen him look so sary before.

Molly had never seen him look so sary leaving her alone at the sight of me, disguise the fact was because she loved him, because, in spite of everything that had hapnend in her heart she still thought him the most wonderful man in the world.

In the morning Wharton told John Harden that he wished to leave his service.

For an hour he had kenew.

Life was such a diappointment; all its roseate tints were a cham and a snare; she felt like the child who set out to find where the rainbow touched earth, and the farther she walked the farther s

She gave a queer laugh.

The allence of the big room depressed to Lately she had made such a bold tand against thought and treacherous allewed herself a

moment in which to think; she pushed back the chair now and rose to her feet.

She hated this house. Once she had so looked forward to living in it, and having it for her own, but she had grown to hate it.

The doors shut so sliently, the servants all moved about so quietly; no-body ever laughed, or sang, or made a noise.

She went out into the hall. Wharton was just crossing it. He had put on his overcoat; he carried his hat. When he saw Molly he stopped, then went on

It was very quiet-a few lights

Mrs. Ashford could not understand by mood.

"It's very kind of you," she said.

"Doesn't that sound cheerful?" Molly some one would sometimes laugh up at Manor Dyke, or make a joke!"

He made no answer, and presently she asked if he were angry with her.

"Yes, I am." he answered desperately.

"You are putting yourself into a false position; and you are dragging me with you. You have made it impossible for me to stay here. I shall she felt that there was something lind-Molly's forced gayety, her kind to looked anxious. "She does not look to the windows of the houses: as they passed the village street.

It was very quiet—a few lights shone in the windows of the houses: as they passed the village inn, a burst of laughter came from behind a red blind.

"Doesn't that sound cheerful?" Molly some one would sometimes laugh up at Manor Dyke, or make a joke!"

He made no answer, and presently she asked if he were angry with her.

"Yes, I am." he answered desperately.

"You are putting yourself into a false position; and you are dragging me with you. You have made it impossible for me to stay here. I shall save to tell Mr. Harden that I cannot stay."

There was a long silence, then Molly said quietly:

"If you go, I shall go, too; I would rather die than stay up there alone with John."

There was a tragic note in her voice. Wharton had been the one thing that had kept her going through all these was always willing to talk to her, willing to go about with her until lately, and now—she wished angrily that he had never said he cared for her; why could not a woman have a man for a friend?

"It's absurd to talk they to land the willows of the willows of the willows."

away in the darkness and retraced ber steps to Manor Dyke.

She was crying as she went; it seemed an appalling thing if she had got to lose Wharton's friendship as well as her husband's love, and yet it was not for that reason she was crying, she knew.

Tou might know every one in the lusband's love, and yet it was not for that reason she was crying, she knew. that reason she was crying, she knew.

Life was such a disppointment; all its resente tints were a cham and a snare; she felt like the child who set out to find where the rainbow touched earth.

we her at the silver bowl of white the silver bowl of white the silver bowl of white the silver of the silver of the the silver of

loved him once, anyway," she herself. "I loved him once—too tience."

"Well, what do you wish to say?"

Harden asked with a touch of impatience.
The young man's kindly eyes were full of distress. He colored furiously

CONTINUED TOMORROW

THE GUMPS-Advice With the Reverse English



THE STATE OF STREET OF STREET STREET, STREET STREET, S

PSYCHIC PAINTER IT SET "CAM" BACK 400. FRED WAGNER WOULD HAVE DONE IT FOR \$396.10 BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE BRUSHES THAT SMALL, CAM IS JUST CRAZY OVER PIMPO'S PORTRAIT, THE ARTIST SAID THE BLACK SPOT WAS TO HELP THE COMPOSITION. ISN'T THAT LOVELY AND MYSTERIOUS AN EVERYTHING!

SEAD OVER THIS LUACH ORDER PLEASE - TWO FRENCH LAMB CHOPS, PEAS, BUTTERED TOAST, JAM AND WARM MILK.

Copyright. 1922, by Public Ledger Company COME, PIMPO HERES YOUR LUNCH.

NOW WHAT I WANT LEGAL ADVICE ON IS THIS - SUPPOSIN' THAT ANIMAL SHOULD BE - POISONED - ON MY PREMESIS - PURELY BY ACCIDENT GUILTY OF ANY EMPLOYE'S 7 LIABILTY ACT OR WHATEVER YOU CALL IT?

By Hayward

The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way says the probibition of poison gas would undoubtedly be a help, but she supposes some reckless young soldiers would still get hold of it, and there's wood alcohol for in-



ATTABOY! GOIN'

INTO INTERMEDIATE,

EH?

By DWIG SCHOOL DAYS WHAT I SAID WAS, IN PLAIN THE CAN THE A CIGHT. ENGUSH. 'DID OR DID NOT TURN IT AROUND WITH HIS TREEM YOUR FATHER EVER SEE THE MOON THRU A SEMUMINE 50'S THE FIRE IS IN HIS MOUTH TELESCOPE AN' SEE THE AN THE OTHER END STICKEN' OUT ME BLOW SMOKE OUTEN IT MOUNTAINS , AN' HOUSES AN' PEOPLE AM' EURYTAINS ONTO LIKE -A LOCOHOTHE, MITHOUP JEST AS PLAM AS YOU CHER BURHW' HIS TONGUE . CAM SEE KIRKS BARN OFER THERE, OR DIDN'T HE? JUST ANSWER SIMPLY YES OR NO .

A.E. HAYWARD - 17

PETEY—At Palm Beach

HOLD ON, SKEEZIX

YOU CAN'T TRAVEL

IN LOW ALL YOUR

LIPE! YOU'VE GOT TO SHOW MORE

SPEED







GASOLINE ALLEY—Learning to Shift Gears



-WHAT'S

By King

By C. A. Volght