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## A MAN'S WAY By RUBY M. AYRES

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

THE STORY PHIA BROINS iragole upcord. V in Little Hetet wing these interests in Ltitle Metpein, where is not herpy. In Charter of the mot herpy. Charter of the provide therease him. The herease of a shartistice, impe-te the grounds therease him. The herease of a shartistice, impe-te the grounds of a therease him. Janky, in sector of a therease herease Janky, in sector of a therease herease Janky, in sector of a therease herease the herease Likith Frended. If develops had herean Marden in the sector be here herease with him, leaving his Molly's father dies audden iv coma with him, leaving his atless and with schemen die-velfah mother, Present die-velfah mother, Present die-velfah mother, Present die-velfah mother, Present die he had filted him, Then to Molly in distress, because the Molly in distress, because the file about to sette her home of unsade rotes. It gladiu to Molly in distress, because home for is about to seiss her home to unpaid roles. He pladiy and on a whimsteal impulse to marry him, Liuith is dis-is associatly crier having been or assemately by Harden', her braden, while is morried in Lon-Harden, while kind, is any-tever-like. Then comes a wire inth source she has been mar-toly believes she has been mar-ply as robust to Lilish. Yillase possis, too, when she invites o Manor Dyke, and about her tes for young Wharton, her hus-

Bossip. AND HERE IT CONTINUES

TT'S only that-that I'm very sorry, but-but I should like to leave your service as soon as-as soon as you on find some one else to take my

place." Harden's eyes had not left the young-man's face; he seemed to be trying to read his thoughts. Wharton blundered on helplessly.

There was a long silence; Wharton

been lovers. Was this her way of pay-ing him back for that past madness? He thought of her as she had been that day in the wood when he found her with a lap full of primroses; of the day when he asked her to marry him; of the days that had followed; of their wedding day, and the happiness in Molly's eyes, and then the tragedy that had followed, and the gradual drifting event will now they had come down to

apart, till now they had come down to this, that she cared nothing for him, and harton-

Wharton-He groaned as he thought of all that might have been. It was his fault, all his fault; he had tried to save himself at Molly's ex-pense; it had been just his man's selfish way, and now he was paying.

## CHAPTER XXIX Lilith Intrudes

"It's too positively sweet of you," mid Mrs. Fernald. She lay back in a

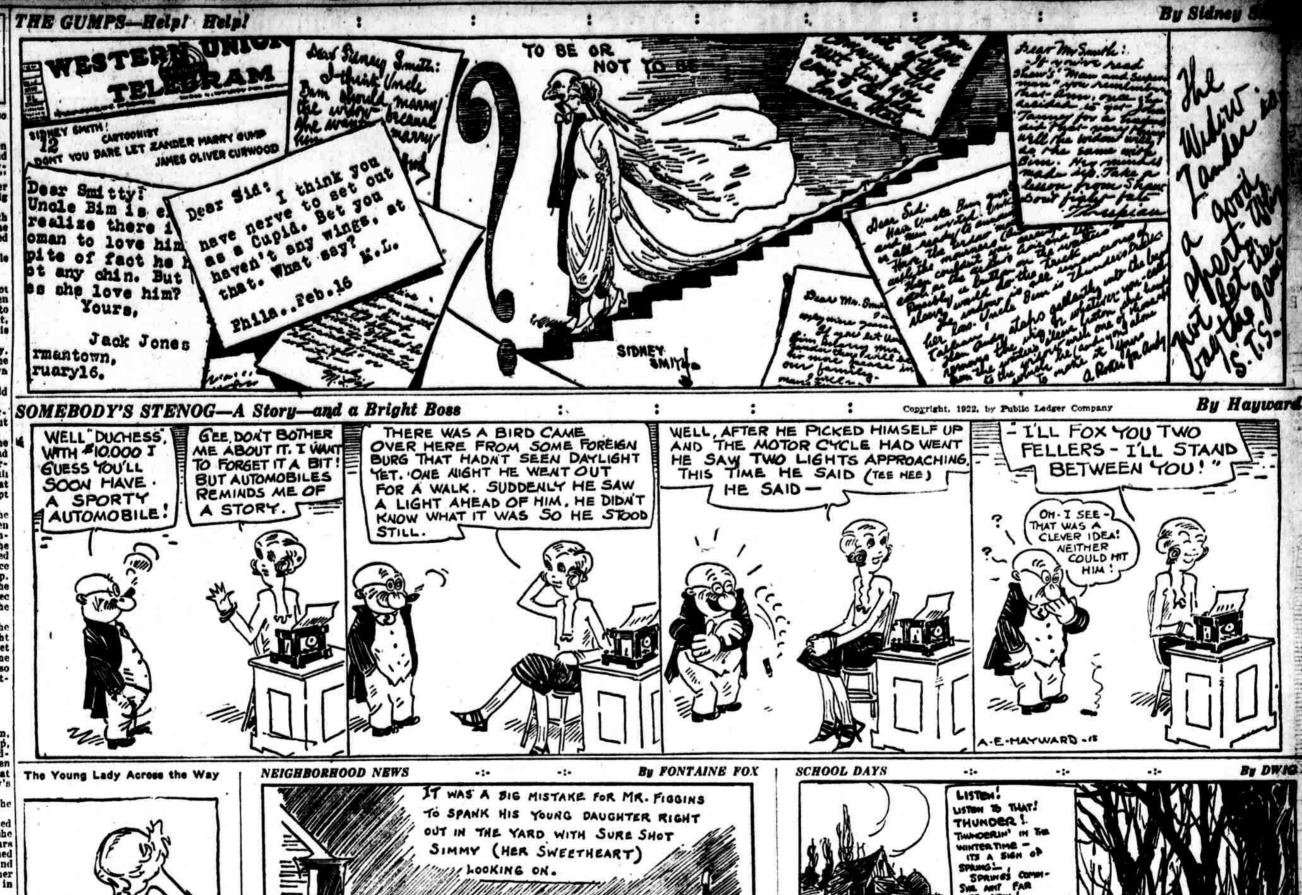
him; I don't know why; he's ever so nice, really." Lilith kept her eyes downcast. "But he is leaving," Molly went on with a sigh. "Another faw weeks, and then we shall have the eternal honey-moon you've just been taiking about." There was a touch of irony in her voice; she moved restleasly in the big chair.

voice; she moved resileasly in the big chair. A burning log falling to the hearth seemed an enormous sound in the sileace; Molly leaned over and picked it up with the tongs. "Are you going to stay on in Little Helpton?" abe asked presently. Mrs. Fernald shock her head. "I don't know what to do: 1'm not at all well off, you know. Mr. Harden has been kind enough to tell me not to worry about the rent for the present, but what can I do? I can't accept his charity, can I?" "He's frightfully rich," said Molly. She laughed. "I should stay on if he says you may. After all, you've known each other for years, haven't you?" "Nearly all our lives," Mrs. Fernald assented.

assented.

assented. Bhe wondered if Molly was genter. ately trying to make her talk about those past days. Since she came to Manor Dyke she had realised to the full all that she had lost. The beautiful house, the wonder-ful gardens, the enormous income, all of which things Molly seemed to treat as if they were of no importance, kept her awake at night with envy. If she had married John when he was poor, these things might have been hers; then back would come the mem-ory of the man she had married—the man whom in her way she had loved Wharton blundered on helplessly. "I--I'm very sorry: you've been hindness itself, sir-but-but it's im-possible for me to stay." He held his breath, he waited for the guestion which he felt sure would come, but Harden said nothing. "I shall be only too pleased to stay was a choking sensation in his throat; he was cut to the soul by his false posi-tion.

## CHAPTER XXX







much as abe hated ber guest. Lilith was looking beautiful in her widow's dress, with its demure white

the time. She knew as well as anybody that

Molly's marriage was not a success; even if she had heard nothing of the village gossip she would have guessed before she had been in the house half

words whenever she spoke; she hated her because she looked so beautiful. Even Wharton had hardly taken his eyes from her that first night at dinner, and Molly had felt miserable and out in the cold.

Men were all the same, she supposed bitterly; a pretty face meant more to them than the warmest heart in the

world: she found herself wondering how Harden had made love when he was a young man; if he had kissed Lillth many times; she caught her breath on that thought, clenching her hands. Oh, she hated her! She was thinking some such thing now as she and Lillth sat in the long, beautiful drawing room and tried to be polite to each other. She laughed at the elder woman's

She laughed at the elder woman's Words

"Oh. we're not a bit of a loving couple," she declared. "I hate senti-ment, and all that silly .nonsense; thank goodness we got over it all be-fore we came back from the honey-moon."

woman, she thought desolately; she wondered if I alith had the smallest idea what sort of a honeymoon hers had

Lilith dabbed her eyes with a handterchief trimmed with real lace. "My marriage was always a honey-

fell into the trap.

she said, "I used to

softly. Mr.

"Such a nice boy," Lilith said sym-