

A LOVELESS MARRIAGE

By RUBY M. AYRES

Author of "A Man's Way," "The One Unwanted," "A Bachelor Husband," etc.

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THIS BEGINS THE STORY
Marjorie's mother was killed in a falling accident, and her father soon died by the loss that he neglected both business and school, where she had a good education. The only bright prospect was a hard time, because with Richard, her father's son, she was left alone. Her father's son, Richard, was a very good student, but he was not so good in his home in London.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

WHEN we neared the station my father told me irritably to stop and try to look cheerful. "You mustn't cry," he said impatiently. "You're a girl, and you're brought away. You would imagine that you might be pleased to see your father after a separation of five years." It was on the tip of my tongue to say whose fault it was that we had been separated, but I did not dare; I dried my eyes obediently and stuffed my handkerchiefs.

At the station he swore and grumbled because I had so many boxes; he informed me that he had never been to America for six months with no luggage beyond a portmanteau; he asked me what the devil I had got in them all. I had never heard any one swear but my father had never used but a few words in many days, and I was disappointed and disgusted.

CHAPTER V
When we reached London we took another cab and the luggage was piled on top, and we drove for what seemed to me miles and miles. I could not remember ever having been in London before, though I knew that my mother had sometimes taken me with her when she went shopping; and I thought it very ugly and depressing and stuffy.

CHAPTER VI
I took off my hat and coat and sat down on the side of the bed. So this was to be my home; I thought of Nasoot House, its wide lawns and winding paths, and tears welled into my eyes.

CHAPTER VII
I could distinguish my father's voice raised in fear or anger. My heart began to pound in my throat. With sudden impulse, I went forward and opened the door.

CHAPTER VIII
I stood in the doorway, my eyes blinded by the glare of light that filled the room. Then gradually I got used to it, and began to distinguish objects.

CHAPTER IX
I stood there, miserable and frightened. I was wearing a plain serge frock with a white lace collar, and my hair hung in its heavy plaits on either shoulder.

CHAPTER X
I jumped up quickly. Before I left the door I opened all the windows wide, but there seemed no air at all in London, and I sighed for the green fields and country lanes which surrounded The Oaks.

CHAPTER XI
My father was waiting for me on the landing. His eyes searched me with a satisfied look in them. I thought, laying a friendly hand on my shoulder, he led me in to tea. The dining room was very well furnished; there were several

deep, cosy armchairs, and a handsome case filled with books; a high oak sideboard, and a dinner wagon with cut-glass decanters and glasses on the top shelf.

"Tea was served on a tray—for one! My father helped himself to a whisky-and-soda, saying that he was not allowed to drink tea; it was bad for his digestion.

"I drank my tea thirstily; it cheered my drooping spirits. Presently I plucked up courage to ask him who the woman was who had shown me my room.

"She's my housekeeper," he informed me, and does the cooking, and cleans the rooms. She's a good woman, really. You need not be afraid of her. I told him, with a spurt of courage.

He laughed at that. "Good for you," he said. "That's the spirit we want here." He watched me interestedly while I finished my tea.

CONTINUED TOMORROW

THE GUMPS—Presto!



By Sidney Smith

SOMEBODY'S STENOG—In Passing

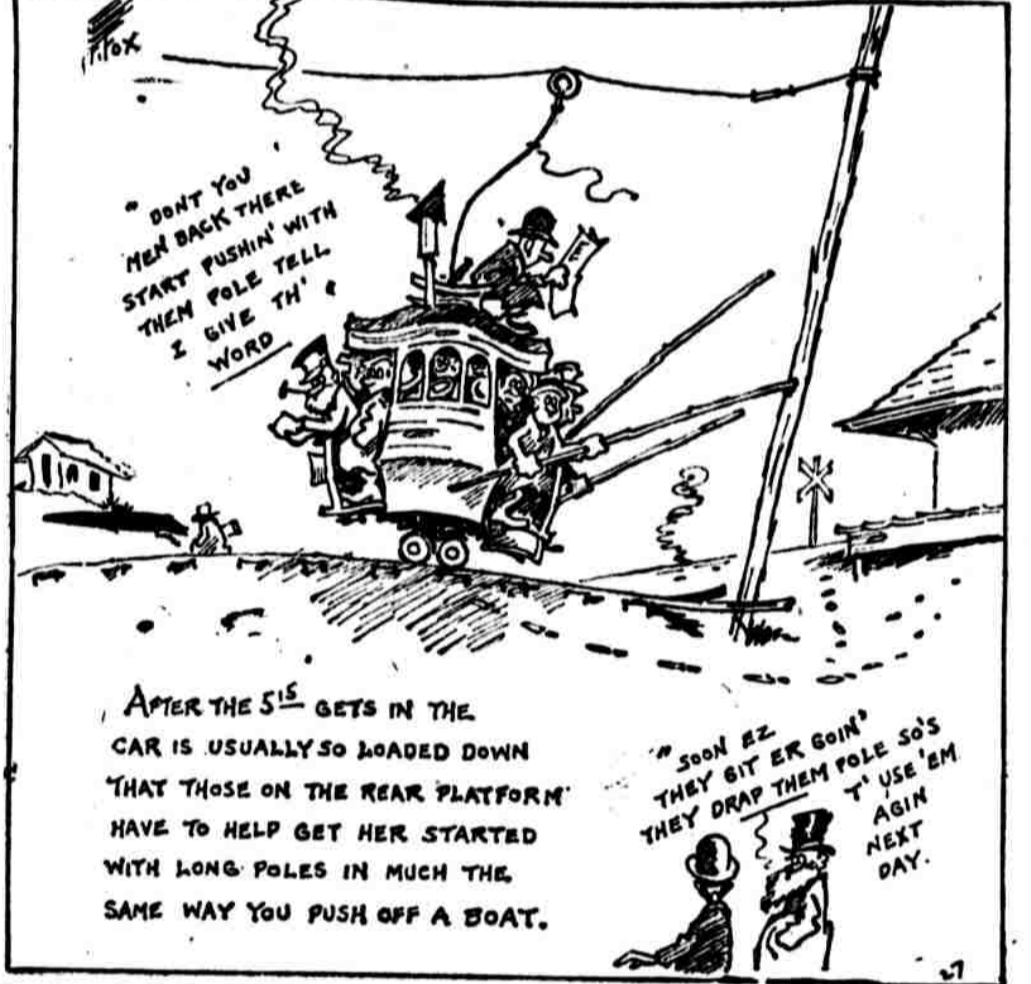


By Hayward

The Young Lady Across the Way



THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY



By FONTAINE FOX

SCHOOL DAYS



By DWIG

PETEY—At Palm Beach



By C. A. Voight

GASOLINE ALLEY—A Few Important Odds and Ends



By King