

A LOVELESS MARRIAGE

By RUBY M. AYRES

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

Copyright, 1922, by Public Ledger Company

TRIED to refuse: I stammered that I had no desire to marry, but he took the chair from my reluctant hand, and there were four numbers displayed. He scribbled his initials against two of them, bowed, and went away. My fiancée partner looked after Richard. "Elsa going to marry him?" he asked. "Oh, I don't think so," I answered. "She likes him; but she is only a girl."

Wronged! His wife is stolen. His life is ruined.

For twenty years in prison he meditates revenge on the man who wrecked his happiness and fairly sent him into senility. His job is dead, but leaves a daughter. What shall he do? Prison gates unbar, he is free, he is rich. Read his decision in

The Vengeance of Henry Jarroman

Begins Thursday on This Page

I thought of those two down in the shadow garden. "Perhaps there won't be any need for me to speak to him," I forced myself to say. "I left them down in the garden just now together." Francis laughed. "I thought he'd change his mind when he heard she'd got a bit of money," he said complacently. I left him standing there still laughing softly to himself. For hours and hours the dancing and laughter and merriment went on; it was getting daylight when the last car and carriage rolled away down the drive. My body felt as if it must drop with fatigue, and yet I had never been so wide awake.

THE GUMPS—Oh, Happy Day!

By Sidney Smith



SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Anybody Can See She's Talented

By Hayward



The Young Lady Across the Way

THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY

By FONTAINE FOX

SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG



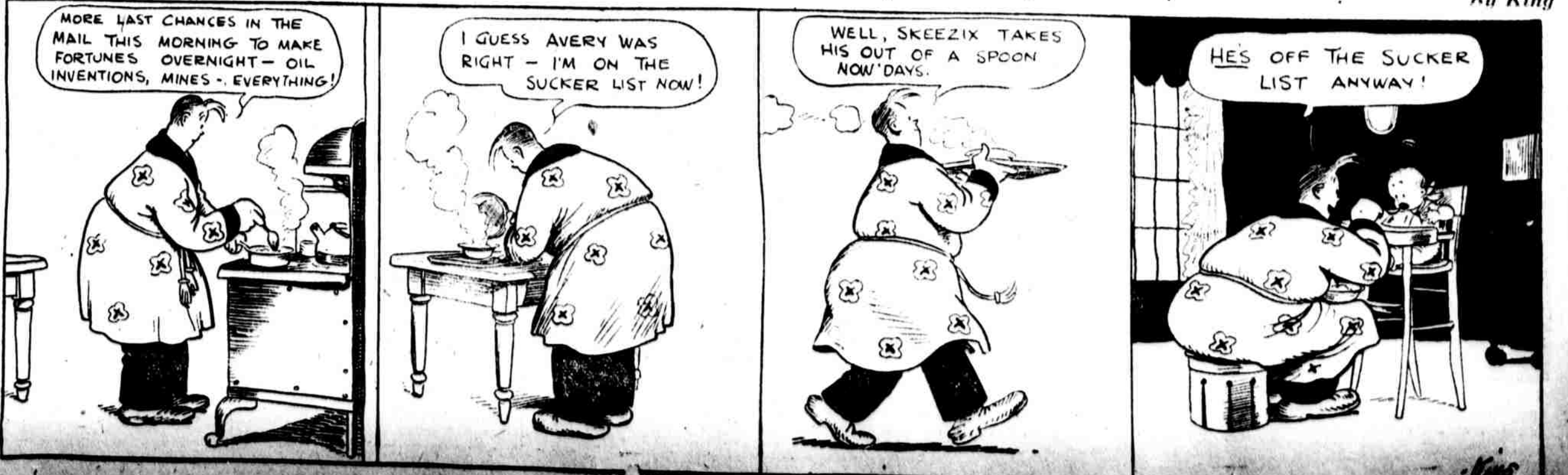
PETEY—Still at Pinehurst

By C. A. Voight



GASOLINE ALLEY—Keeping One in the Family

By King



CHAPTER XLIII I wonder if any other mother has been left to decide such a tragic question. Married to a man whom I didn't love; robbed of the son I adored, I stood there in the summer night, clinging to Richard's hand, and wondering to know what was the right thing to do. Whatever I said, he would do it, I knew. I broke out desperately. "I can't decide—I can't—don't ask me." And then once again temptation came to me as it had come that summer night when I was in my teens. I had but to say the word and Richard would take me away from Francis, and give me the shelter of his love. I was like a drowning soul clutching desperately at a straw, with the full knowledge that it meant eternal damnation. "I can't—I can't," I said again. "And then through the night came a voice. "Mother, Mother!" It was Elsa, and yet in the distance, softened by the distance, it sounded like her brother's voice—so like that for a moment I held my breath and longed for it to come. Mr. Tempest is here, etc. I put her hand in his, etc. I wasn't a noble sacrifice, God, who can see into each aching, jealous heart, knows that it broke mine to give him, even though it was to my own child. Then I turned and went away through the garden alone. I made my way back to the marquee, and laughed and chatted and smiled, and did my best to be bright and amusing. More than once I found Francis looking at me with a sort of wonderment on his eyes. "What's happened to you," he asked when we were alone. "I've never seen you so happy. You've never been so happy."

CONTINUED TOMORROW