in the new part which which it is the with the country of a day of the part of the country of th

Doucester; you do not accept such charity. You and I know that nothing wipes out what has been done, but the next thing we do is built upon its and so the sin leads straight to the saint and is sanctified."

Lady Doucester was staring at him, comprehension gathering in her acceptance.

her.
"Why not?" he countered gently.
"You have had your day. Their day
is to come. As for the sacrifice—I—
lived in Dartmoor and ate with my fingers for twenty years."

level in Dartmoor and ets with my finger for twenty pages."

Revelations From Unarposted Source

Afterward Jearchana could never elearly remember the manner of Lady Doucester's departure. He remembered her organ stains at him, narrowing suddenly when he had flung out that can vivid detail of his twenty pages of hell. He believed that she had out canswered him at all, that she had simbly turned and grouped her way to the door and left him with his happiness. He remembered thinking that the miss which was gathering in the corners of the room must, after sail be real, for she had vanished into it uncertainty, as if wre bearing down upon her and blotting out her landmarks.

Then came a voice.

"You haye tired yourself out—she had trained you. Come and sit down, Rest illittle."

The hand under his elbow guided him back to his chair by the fire.

"I'd like a whisky and sode, mademoiselle," he managed to say as he sank links it. "As aff one."

"I'd would be had for you, I'm sure-Won't you go to bed?"

"I't would be had for you, I'm sure-Won't you go to bed?"

"I't would be had for you, I'm sure-Won't you go to bed?"

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"I't would be had for you, I'm sure-Won't you go to bed?"

"I't would be had for you, I'm sure-Won't you, I'm sure-Won't you, I'm sure-Won't you go to bed?"

"I't would be had for you, I'm sure-Won't you, I'm sure-Won't you, I'm sure-Won't you go to bed?"

"I't would be had for you, I'm sure-Won't you go to bed?"

"I't would be had for you, I'm sure-Won't you go to bed?"

"I't was a he was not to be persuaded and the remaining the proposition of the reading lamp could tonuw him had you not you you had you h

ght, then?"
The pale face grew paler.

Ah. Lady Doucester has given me by to you. No matter! You must be guessed what my 'duties' down-like are. And you will never actually he in my mask, with my liqueur as at my side. After tonight this has is to be shut up."

Is my wife going abroad?" Jarro-like woice beld little interest.

Is am hat quite sure! I don't think thowa herealf yet, but I gather lour wife is going to live—

Tour wife is going to live—

Tour wife is going to live—

CONTINUED MONDAY

To the listener came the illusion that in the steady beat of his voice, with its metallic deliberation, was the throb of a train that was bearing them onward, onward to that point where their ways diverged.

Lady Doucester was staring at him, comprehension gathering in her eyes.

'That is your text. What is your texthing?'

'Nadis will not accept my wealth now. I know that again: I ought never to have doubted it. And she and your son will be penniless unless you give them back the Camden fortune.'

'Thirty thousand pounds! I've spent was to raise such a sum. Why, man! Can you imagine Mollentrave living in a semi-detached and eating with best centro plate?'' Lady Doucester's voice was almost a scream.

And still Jarroman stood smiling at him, comprehension gathering at him, his house of hatred had become a house of love.

"And then?"

"I fell ill and was brought here. You know what long hours I have had for thought."

And his thought had shown him that, in spite of him, his house of hatred had become a house of love.

Midnight! He was recounting new the revelations made by Lady Doucester a few hours ago. There was no change in his tone as he described Theed's duplicity. He did not notice that the woman in the chair had drawn herself erect and, with frowning brows, was following the moves of this complicated game that rounded off the tale.

"He is a clever man," she said sud-

"I killed Charles Eddis."

There was a long silence. Jarroman stood completely still. His hand still gripped the edge of the mantelshelf; his head remained thrust forward, as when his gase had sought to penetrate the gloom that so exasperated him. But the irritation had gone from his face, leaving it gray, flint hard; and his eyes were closed.

The woman in the chair turned her face until it was hidden in the cushions.

From between Jarroman's dry lips came, at last, the slow words:

"Who—are you—then?"

"Nina Eddis."

"You were his wife?"

"Yes."

As though he were manacled, hand

As though he were manacled, hand and foot, Jarroman lurched forward across the room to the window. He tore aside the curtains, flung up the sash, and leaned out.

The minutes passed, became half an hour. An hour. Stiffly Mademoiselle left her chair and crouched down by the dying fire, but Jarroman did not move. A cold night breeze wandered into the soom, and presently came the sound of a light rain.

Another hour passed.



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OMEBODY'S STENOG-Lost, a Waist Line

LISTEN TO THE RAVING OF THE DIFFERENT PARIS DESIGNERS!

IT LISTENS AS PLAIN AS BLACK IS WHITE! THEY ALL AGREE LINE OIL AND WATER! — "CHAMEL SAYS THE WAIST-LINE IS BETWEEN THE HIRS AND KNEES — "PATOU SAYS IT RUNS ON A SLANT, STARTIN' FOUR MICHES ABOVE KNEE AND ENDING ONE WICH BELOW HIP! — EE-MAGINE! LOST MB, LOST' OUT IN LANTERN TO SEE WHAT THESE PASHION DESIGNERS MEAN THEY'RE GETTIN' OUR WAIST LINE DOWN ROUND OUR



VIONNET - " SLIGHTLY BELOW HIPS." DOUILLET - "BELOW HIPS BUT HIGHER BEANT MADELINE - " FOUR INCHES BELOW HIPS." PAUL PORET - "TWO MICHES ABOVE HIPS".



I ASK YOU - AINT IT YOU AUTS CAN'T

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says more and more women are running for office and she imagines sexagenarian lines will soon be eliminated entirely.



SCHOOL DAYS MINT EVERY )" mother knows

PETEY—The Lesson









GASOLINE ALLEY—Walt Gives a Radio Party



