By Mary Roberts Rinehart of "Dangerous Days," "K," "The Amasing Inter lude," and many other striking and successful novela.

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WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY SUCY, his mister, belowed by everybody in

Town.

R. DICK LIVINGSTONE, in whose memory there is a vap, and who is determined one day to up back to Nordat, his child-hood home, in order to bridge the gay, he is full of yetfally and is boush looking and acting in anice of his thirty wears and grafessional career. He is in love with LIZABETH WHERLER, a wholesome girl, who loves him very sincerely.

EVERLY CARLYSJE, actress, who, ten ware before, was mixed up in a curious story, Her hishaud, Lucas, had been shot to death, as was possible helicited, by a certain Jud Clark, a rich young man about town. Clark had disapprepared immediately and it was helicited to pershed in a bits sard.

RED GREGORY Property

DOUIS BASSETT o neusangerman, who esspects that Dick Livingsgove is Jud Clark, His desire is to clear things up. LESLIE WARD, Elizabeth's brotherin-law. WALLIE SAYRE, a rich worth tchese so-cally select mother wither him to marry | Elizabeth, with whom he is smitten.

FOR aymonth Haverly had buzzed with nothing, and yet semehow it knew everything. Doctor David was ill at the meashere, and Dick was not with him. Harrison Miller, who was never known to depart father from his confortable hearth than the railway station in one direction and the Save house in the other, had raide a trip East and was now knew form the far West. Deviar Reynolds, who might or might not know some thing, had joined the country club and sent for his golf hag.

And Elizabeth Wheeles was golds.

"You must remember," he said. "Then he had one something?"

"You must remember," he said. "Then he said before this happened at the was that Dick was not with him. He had done something?"

"Yes. Something that brought him into conflict with the authorities."

She did not shrink from that, and he was encouraged to go on.

"He was young then, remember."

Then he has been in danger? What are you keeping from ne?" And when he was encouraged to go on.

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"He was young then, remember," he said. "Then he—had done something?"

She did not shrink from that and he was encouraged to go on.

"He was young then, remember, in the conflict with the authorities."

She did not shrink from that, and he was encouraged to go on.

"He was young then, remember, in the conflict with the authorities."

She did not shrink from that, and he was encouraged to go on.

"He told Margaret, Inter, and she listened carefully."

"Then you didn't tell her about the woman in the case?"

Then he has been in danger? What are you keeping from ne?"

But she was not interested in Bassett.

"You mean Dick she said."

"The place is a

And Elizabeth Wheeler was going around with a drawn witte face and a determined smile that faded the moment one looked away.

The village was hart and susplcious It resented its lack of knowledge, and turned cynical where, had it been taken pato confidence, it would have been so-feitous. It believed that Elizabeth had been jilted, for it knew, via Annie and the Oglethorpe's hundress, that no ier-ters came from Dick. And against Dick his indigration was directal. In a low its indignation was directed to a hot flowe of mainly feminine anger.

But it sensed a mystery, too, and if the interlatifit is loved a mystery. A Nina had taken to going about with ther small pointed can held high and engrily she demanded that Elizabeth do the same.

"You know what they are saving, and "You know what they are saving, and
set you'go about looking crushed."
"I can't act. Nina. I do go about."
And Nina had a settened moment.
"Don't think about him." she said.
"He isn't sick, or he would have had
some one wire or write, and he isn't dend, or they'd or they'd have found his papers

"Then he's in some sort of trouble. want to go out there. I want to go out there."

That, indeed, had been her constant

baye done it probably, packet her bag and slipped away, but she had no mon-ey of her own, and even Leslie, to whom the had appealed, had refused her when

he knew her purpose.
"We're following him up, little sister," he said. "Harrison Miller has gone out and there's enough talk as it is." She thought, Iring in her bed at night

that they were all too afraid of what people might say, It seemed so unimpor-tant to her. And she could not under-stand the conspiracy of silence. Other men went away and were not heard from, and the police were notified and he papers told. It seemed to her, too. hat every one, her futher and Nina and Leslie and even Harrison Miller, knew more than she did.

There had been that long conference behind closed doors when Harrison

Miller came back from seeing David and before he went West, Leslie had been there, and even Doctor Reynolds, but they had shut her out And her father had not been the same since. He seemed sometimes to be burning with a sert of inner anger. Not at her, however. He was very gentle with her.
And here was a currious thing. See
always felt that she knew when Dick
was thinking of her. All at once, without any warning, there would come a glow of happiness and warmth, and a for to surrounding and entirching sense of protection. Rather like what she had felt as a little girl when she had run home through the terrors of twilight.

She was in the warm and lighted house, safe and cared for. That was completely gone. It was as though the warm and figited house of her love had turned her out and locked the door, and she was alone outside.

cold and frightened.

She avoided the village, and from a sense of delicacy it left her alone. The small gayeties of summer were on, dinners, dances and picnics, but her mourning made her absence inconspicuous, She could not Lowever, avoid Mrs. Sayre. She tried to, at first, but that lady's insistence and her own apathy made it ensiet to accept than to refuse. Then, after a time, she found the house rather a refuge. She seldom saw Wallie. and she found her hostess tactful, kindly

and uninquisitive.

"Take the scissors and a basket, child, and cut your mother some roses," she would say, Or they would loot the greenhouses, and, going in the car to the cemetery, make of Jim's grave a thing of beauty and remem-brance.

brance.

Now and then, of course, she saw Wallie, but he never reverted to the day when she told him of her engagement. Mother and son, she began to feel that only with them could she he herself. For the village, her chin high as Nina had said, At home assumed cheerfulness. Only at the house on the hill could saw drop her pose.

She waited with a sort of desperate courage for word from Harrison Miller.

She waited with a sort of desperate courage for word from Harrison Miller. What she wanted that word to be the did not know. There were, of course, times when she had to face the possibility that Dick Imd de therately out himself off from her. After all, there had never been any real reason why he should care for her. She was not clever and not beautiful. Perhaps he had been disappointed in her, and this was the thing they were concealing. Perhaps he had gone back to Wyoming and there found some one more worthy of him, some one who understood when he talked about the things he did in his labora-

about the things he did in his labora-tory, and did not just sit and listen with loving, rather bewildered eyes. Then one night at dinner a telegram was brought in, and she knew it was the expected word. She felt her mother's the expected word. She felt her mother's eyes on her, and she sat very still with her hands clenched in her lap. But her father did not read it at the table; he got up and went out and some time later he came to the door. The telegram was not in sight.

"That was from Harrison Miller." he said. "He has traced Dick to a hotel in Norada, but he had left the hotel, and he hasn't got in touch with him

and he hasn't got in touch with him

He went away then, and they heard

the went away then, and they heard the house door close.

Then some days later she learned that Harrison Miller was coming home, and that David was being brought back. She saw that telegram from Mr. Miller, and read into it failure and disconsistent, and something more omitian aither.

Leach home Tuesday night. Nothing Think safe.

she asked breathlessy

dear. He is thinking of you and loving you, wherever he is. Only we don't know where he is.

bear. He is thinking of you and loving you, wherever he is. Only we don't now where he is.

Some time later he went downstairs, where he is are seeing Harrison Miller, he was liscouraged and sick at heart. He went like a man the bedroom door.

"Not a trace," he said, in reply to he potentially to Dick's story to him, about his forgotten youths in is as he outlined it in the letter. It is thinking of you and loving you are lettered upstairs to his wife, and shut his forgotten youths and went on carefully to Dick's sown feeling as he outlined it in the letter. It is a he outlined it in the letter. It is a he outlined it in the letter. It is a he outlined it in the letter. It is a he outlined it in the letter. It is a heart of the shadow of a tree box.

"It's all a puzzle to me." he said, a last. "God alone knows how it will turn out. Harrison Miller seems to think this Bassett, whoever he is, could tell us something. I don't know."

"Yes." and Bassett, noncommittally. "And it blew up to you? Well, there were others who were fooled, too. You had a holiday, anyhow."

"He went like a man to his resolution nearly her big chair and pathetically patient. He told her the story as guardedly as he could. He began with Dick's story to him, about his forgotten youths and went on carefully to Dick's own feeling among us. He wouldn't have known the man's name if he heard it. But do you get anything on the ground, anyhow. You've been on the ground. after seeing Harrison Miller, he was discouraged and sick at heart. He went the bedroom door. the question in her eyes. "The situa-

Did he die?"

He could not lie to her. "Yes," he man who had been standing, cigar in mouth, on a pavement across withdrew into the shadow of a tree box. to build on. The past was past, All he prayed for was Dick's return, an end to this long wniting. There would be no reservations in his welcome, if later she was fighting her valuant fight only \* \* \*

see, sweetheart, where this is taking us? He went back, and they tried to get him, for a thing he didn't remember doing."

the question in her eyes. The situation is as he outlined it in the leiter. He elaborated, of course. The fact is, and David will have to see it, that statement of his doesn't help at all, unless he can prove there is a Cliffon Hines. And even tien it's all supposition. There's a strong sentiment out there that Dick either killed himself or met with an accident and died in the mountains. The horse wandered into town last week. I'll have to tell her."

Over this possibility they faced each other, helpless as is the way of middle, and only got out of the unconsclous mind with an effort. But behind it all one before the attacks of life on their young.

"It will kill her, Walter."

"She's young." he said sturdily. "She's young." he said sturdily. "She's life before this happened, and she knew it.

"Of course not." she said. "Then that he must clear up that past before the she followed him carefully, she white care fully, beweldered a little and very tense. "But had do not think so, and she knew it.

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"Of course not." she said. "Then the was only a furtility to her was that the must clear up that past before thes, is and never the list and very tense. "But had each of the married. She followed him carefully, she white and the didn't remember. "He said to stead her." "Father!" she said, and went very white. "Is that where he is? In prison?" He tried to steay his voice. No, dear, He escaped into the mountains. But you can understand, too, that he may feel he cannot come back to us, with this thing hanging over him, and that we are wait. In the wite of the mountains of the didn't remember. "He said the mattered to steay him, for a thing he didn't remember the nation of the said, and went very white. "Is that where he is? In prison?" He tried to steay his voice. No, dear, He escaped into the mountains. But you can understand, too, that he may feel he canno

reet me, and you are killing me instead."

But she was not interested in Bassett.
The name meant nothing to her. She
"You mean Dick shot him?"

In a added anxiously, "that he doesn't remember doing it?"

"Because, whether you think it or not, she will resent and hate that as she hates nothing else. Murder will be noth-

"In a way, Walter, it would be better, if he is a way was warder, if he is a way was warder, if he is a way was warder, it would be better, if he is a way was warder, it would be better, if he is a way was warder, it would be better, if he is a way was was was was past. All was either an accident, or he deserved shouting," she said. But he fought that sturdily. They she inquired, he thought with difficulty, had ten years of knowledge and respect to build on. The past was past. All the could not lie to her. "Yes," he was was was past. All the could not lie to her. "Yes," he was will have to know the Timer-Republican and to the night in it. The last man who talked to Clark. "Hello, Bassett," said that gentle was the ranch today. That sort of thing," he destructed the walked into the offices of the Timer-Republican and to the night in it. The last man who talked to Clark. "Hello, Bassett," said that gentle was the inquired, he thought you were dead. Well, how about the sister in Caliman. "You take it from me," he said, "the mouth, on a pavement access withdrew it."

## To an Ambitious Four-Year-Old

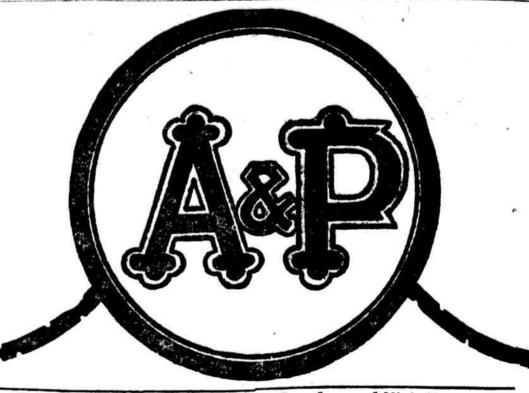
The garbage man outside the gates— The things we swear to hold and keep All finish on the rubbish heap!

But though an infinite nuance Of pensively decayed romance Plays with a phosphorescent gleam Upon the rubbish of your dream, trust in future you will plan

Some other job than garbage man.

"You take it from me," he said, "the story's dead, and so is Clark. The Donaldson woman was crasy. That's To be continued tomorrow

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