By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

granted Walsh, "Mr. Wingfield, it's liged to us.

Didn't the colonel know about into his grate fire. the lower vein? And didn't Gregory

dates back to the time when any-

morals-which is far more interesting. Thank you for the information, night and no very pleasant thoughts

ier up. Just how Mrs. Craighill got Craighill's eye that she was glad give him any encouroughtn't to have any. I don't pose as a philanthropist, Mr. Wingfield, and fire. wouldn't be loyal to the colonel, considering the long years I spent

face, could have sworn that he saw bedroom and called the Blair house. smile curi the old man's thin

"I couldn't do anything for Gregory,

don't blame you," he remarked, lead protested cordially.

driving tomorrow, I made a date with her tonight. You see, the colonel Walsh poked the lemon peel in the

Wingfield's consciousness.

public with any woman since you

woman. If I can't take her driving

to Wingfield that Walsh had asked tell anyone about it-don't you?" Craighill to drive with him y conveyed, of his espionage. She's not stupid: she knew why I

ate it slowly. He seemed unusually Resedule." well pleased with himself.

BAKERS Aracas sweet

CHOCOLATE

MADE BY WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD DORCHESTER, MASS. "It was rather raw-our doing

beings poor, damned, stumb That Morley girl is pretty, isn't she -something really noble about her?" "Um! Too bad the art microbe's in any more influ- her system. She's too good for that," with that corporation than the and having disposed of Miss Morley except when they've got some bed. Wingfield lingered at the table t he can do, like appearing speculating, over a fresh bottle of investigating committees and koumiss, as to the means by which He hardly re Walsh had learned that Mrs. Craigrs that he ever knew Gregory, hill had abandoned the Boston trip.

ad his lawyers has interpreted that Above, in his own room, Walsh mean coal mined on re-read the telegram which had as it existed when it brought this information, re-read it several times, in fact, and then tore the lower voin. Do you get the idea?" it into many pieces which he flung

CHAPTER XXIII.

The End of a Sleigh-Ride. It pleased Mrs. Craighill to breakbody with a pick and coal scuttle fast in her sitting room the follow could go into bituminous around here, ing morning. Wayne, finding himself He'd been a preacher or a school deserted drank his coffee alone in teacher or something like that, and the dining room, with the newspapers really didn't know mine-run from for company. His father's chauffeur self, with an access of virtue built sent word to the house that Joe was 'So it's not a business proposition sick and Wayne ordered a doctor strictly but a matter of personal summoned before going to his office. Mrs. Craighill had spent a bad

the colonel interests me deeply; he had visited her pillow. The precedresents rare psychological problems, ing day had been the most disagreethis incident confirms one of my able of her life. She felt herself shut mpressions concerning him-that in and trammelled in a thousand ways. The snowy vesture of the urhe might even go far wrong-through ban landscape disclosed by her winhis vanity and conceit-and be utter dows, the renewed and purified world that lay bright in the full glare of devices. the winter sun, awoke no response in her heart. In her prettiest of "Oh, the girl's down here studying morning gowns she seemed to Jean art. Mrs. Blair seems to have taken Morley the loveliest and most forhold of her I don't know, but it isn't was only a reminder of yesterday's eyes, tranquil from restful slumber the girl was there. The girl and her and her freshness-the glow of her grandfather were down to see me the skin from the bath, her appearance ther day about the old man's claim, of zest for the new day's businessonly irritated Mrs. Craighill as they agement. An old chump like that sat at the tiny table that had been improvised before the sitting room

with him, to give comfort to his quickly: Mrs. Blair must be advisthat accompanied such a declaration ed of her presence in town. She as this, implying weariness of public Wals' lifted his heal virtuously and must plead illness as her excuse for cares and a longing for the peace lost himself in a prodigious cloud of not having gone to Boston. Before worn warriors crave at their own fireappearance of the heavy, inscrutable to the extension telephone in her his dressing table; the note she day to bring him around "Mrs. Blair is not at home. She

went South last night with Mr. Blair. "Oh, of course! You have always His mother is ill in Georgia and been loyal to the colonel. Nobody they left in a hurry. They didn't know when they'd be back.

This information, conveyed by Mrs. the poor old ass, but I gave the girl Blair's maid, was only half a relief. a tip tonight to tell him to go Here was still Jean Morley to reckon with; and it flashed upon her table, stroked his beard. Walsh was sential to her. She returned to the really the most interesting person he sitting room and concluded her break fast. Her manner was decidedly more "Well, she's a pretty girl, and I friendly. When Jean rose to go she

"Oh von have been very good to "All girls are pretty," growled me! I have enjoyed this visit more Walsh, "But she seemed sensible than I can tell you, Mrs. Craighill. and she has fine teeth. By the way, And I am sorry to put you to so by going to take the madam out much trouble. I was very silly ves terday and made a lot of fuss that wasn't at all necessary. I usually do and-well, you don't get a snow like think the worse of me for what hap-

"You dear child, of course bottom of his glass with a spoon shan't," cried Mrs. Craighill, seizing while his announcement sank into her hands. Her spirits lifted as she saw that Jean was intent on her own "I must say that you have your plight; that probably she had been berve! Have you ever appeared in thinking wholly of the strange figure she had made in her flight to the house, and that the fact of there being anything unusual in the ginning, I like Mrs. Craighill; she's presence there of another woman I'm an old man and she's a young and a man had not occurred to her. "Such a thing is likely to happen

behind the best roadster in Penn to any of us," declared Mrs. Craigsylvania I should like to know why! hill, laughing. "And there we were-Besides, if she's driving with me she Mr. Craighill and I--just as lost ain't in any mischief. I guess I'm and forloru as you were! It was so silly of us all to get lost in the Their eyes met; it was perfectly clear storm that I think we'd better not "You may be sure I'm not proud merely to occupy her time and to of my part in it," declared Jean; mpart to her a sense, thus delicate "but I must send back the housekeeper's shoes, and get my own."

"Oh, don't think of it!" exclaimed asked her to go," said Walsh, chew- Mrs. Craighill, to whom, in the new ing his bit of lemon peel, "It made confidence established between them, hot. I was afraid for a minute a mere item of shoes seemed the that she would blow up; but she most neglible thing in the world. I'm going to get you to accept-Wingfield was trying a new medi-please!-a pair of shoes from me-a cated biscuit, which the club kept for souvenir of the occasion-and I'll see pers that he was at the Broder his benefit, and Walsh took one and that the borrowed ones get back to

"Well--" began Jean. "What do you think Wayne will do aback by Mrs. Craighill's animation. I sent my card to him and waited a "Nothing; he'll not say a word back; and we'll have the shop send second day I went to the house and

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ask a great favor of you, Miss Morley don' like being alone, and I wish on would come and dine with me again tonight; I shall very likely be all alone-you know my husband is in Boston, and Mr. Wayne is very uncertain. We can have a fine, long evening together. You know I'm just a little bit jealous that Mrs. Blair has a share in your work, and here am I, quite on the outside!"

"I shall be very glad to come." said Jean: "only, it will spoil me, so The joke's on him, and when he takes much splendor! I'll have to go down a second thought he'll be much ob to my boarding i vise from school, but I'll come here late in the after-

"That is very dear of you. If I'm expected; and do make yourself perfeetly at home. That strange means to be kind, don't you tnink so? He seemed very much interested in you last night-he told me you were very nice-there!'

"He's very interesting and very kind. I think. He and my grandfather know each other. I'll come then, about five."

Mrs. Craighill sighed heavily as she saw the girl depart; but after all, things were not so ill. The absence of Mrs. Blair was nothing short of providential; and Jean Morley seemed the least suspicious of young wo men. Very likely, but the time Mrs. Blair returned, the girl would have forgotten the meeting at Rosedale and what. Mrs. Craighill asked her upon the cheerier mood in which Jean had left her, what was there to awaken suspicion in any mind? Wayne she had ceased to consider at all; his conduct had been unpardonable, and she was well rid of him. It did not matter whether he came home to dine or not; if he ap peared she would punish him by with drawing early, with her guest, to whom his attentions had been so marked, and leave him to his own

Her grievance against her husband for leaving her behind, for reasons that were in themselves an insult, hung darkly in the background. She was aware that she never could feel the same toward him; in her heart she had characterized him in harsh terms that repeated themselves over and over in her mind.

She had received a brief note from im, pencilled on the train, and a clipping from a New York paper with the program of the Boston meetand would be glad to be home again

tossed into the fire contemptuously. She dressed before luncheon for the maid. he drive with Walsh, and found to her surprise that the thought of go- er of her desk and went down. faded into nothing.

him almost protesque.

maid brought her an immediate deperscription and clutched it in her gloved fingers for a moment before ed, the bells crashed discordantly in opening it, as though a truce with bad news. It was a letter of length rhythmic, tuneless jangle from the in a woman's hand, loose and scrawling as though by one traught. Mrs. Craighill raised her veil and read: or rather she caught at the sentences which seemed to dart at her from the paper:

"I was never so outrageously treated in my life. The idea that my daughter's husband should be ashamed of me! I hope you will not miswas entirely proper. The fact that he thought I had gone abroad after your marriage had nothing to do with it, though he seemed to think it strange you hadn't told him of like ick's, and your note told me that you would not be here. Why you taken didn't come I still don't understand. Of course these shoes must go day. Then on the afternoon of the

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This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 4810 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipt in a plain ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge \$3.00 to \$5.00 for merely writing out a pre-scription like this--but I send it en-

asked for him. Oh, you needn't curi your lip; I tell you I don't intend t. have him ignore me in that fash- and never spend a cent on. They told it he wast resting, but I wasn't to be put off. He came down and was decent enough at first; then said he had to be excused as hew as to speak that night and needed rest. I held him long enough to tell him that I had got tired of we do. waiting for an invitation to visit you and that I was coming down right away. He said that you were visitors: that he supposed I was in Italy. I mildly suggested that I was a little short of money, an dhe shut up like a clam. A lady-I suppose it was the Mrs. Broderick you hear so much about-you know we saw her three years ago in Paris-passed right through the hall and he never som uch as offered to introduce me I expect to leave Sunday night and spend Monday in New York and be with you Tuesday. This gives you a

"Mr. Walsh is waiting," announced She thrust thel etter into a drawing with him had grown less hate- Walsh was turning thec utter in ivi. Even if he had undertaken to thec ourtyard at the rear of the watch her, it was rathe interesting house and drove into the covered that one had to be watched. Her entrance as she opened the door. busband had sacrificed her on the With a merry jingle of bells they altar of his own vanity without the were off. She was relieved to find of life, the fine security and chival to talk. Walsh's interest was wholly rous protection which she had ex- in the mare, Estabrook stock, he inpected to gain by her marriage had formed her, whose swift, even pace he watched with delight. When, af She had put on her hat and coat ter traversing one of the boulevards, and waited for Walsh at her sitting they swept into the park, many other room window, and punctually at half- horsemen, making the most of the past two his cutter whirled smartly fine sleighing, looked twice at Walsh into the grounds and round to the who, for the first time within man's porte cochere. She took account of knowledge, was driving with a wo his burly figure and his sturdy arms man beside him. These horsemen did holding the taut reins over the spir- not know Mrs. Craighill; and even ited, graceful animal he drove. His the few acquaintances they passed drawn low on his head, made seemed not to recognize her. Walsh bent toward her now and then, with She was about to run down, to save out taking his eyes from the mare. him the trouble of ringing, when the and shouted short sentences which she did not always hear, but he ivery letter that had just been left seemed to be speaking of the horses ranther than of the persons who drove them. When other seighs pass

> long-striding mare floated back upor them like an echo. The park's undulations, agleam in the snow, ther ush of the sleighs, the liveliness and cheer of the gay pa geant, were a lure to the eve and a stimulus to the spirit. Their runners slipped over the close-packed snow as though the splendid mechanism of the horse might-so near they approached flight-at any moment

> pear them skyward. ired, but she shook her head and they flew on again. The freedom from responsibility as they sped on was in itself grateful; she was even able to forget herself at times, to be detached from her own quite thoughts.

> When they reached the house, she asked him, quite perfunctorily, if he would not stop and warm himself. Much to her surprise he said he would She summoned a servant but Walsh went himself to blanket and house the mare. When he returned shew as waiting for him in the li-

"I'm afraid to offera man tea, but ou can have anything you like, Mr

"Nothing, thank you, Mrs. Craignill," he replied, rubbing his hands briskly at the fire. She rose to the need of making talk and complimented him upon the horse's speed and

"There's good blood in her; and they say blood tells. She could keep up that lick all afternoon. She enjoyed it as much as we did.

The excellence of the mare having been agreed upon, she felt herself faltering upon the edge of another byss of silence. But with only an nstnt's hesitation, in which he bent the gaze of his odd little eyes upon her sharply, he said:

"I have no wish, Mrs. Craighill, to meddle in yourp rivate affairs, but it is possible that I may be in a position to serve you. She clasped her hands tightly on

her knees; her heart beat fast.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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