

# The One who Forgot

By RUBY M. AYRES

**BEGIN HERE TODAY**  
PETER LYSTER has lost his memory from shell shock on the Western Front. Upon his return to London he fails to recognize

NAN MARRABY, to whom he became engaged prior to going to France. Nan has since left London to return home and care for her three motherless step-brothers. Nan is in touch with

JOAN ENDICOTT, in London who suggests that she forget about Peter and encourage the apparent love of Peter's friend and fellow officer.

JOHN ARNOTT, with whom Peter is spending a leave for rest at the home of Arnett's sister located near the Marraby estate. Nan is jealous of Arnett's sister and disgusted with the attentions of

HARLEY SEFTON, money lender, whom she first met through Peter prior to his departure for France. Sefton, whom Peter also failed to recognize on his return has told Nan that both Peter and her father owe him large sums of money and that it is entirely up to her whether he presses collection.

Arnott his sister and Peter have stopped in for tea with Nan. They are just leaving and Arnett has begged Nan to let him call and take her to his home for a visit.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**  
"Very well," Nan said with sudden flippancy. "Any day you like—I shall be delighted."

She purposely avoided shaking hands with Peter before the car started. The last glimpse they had of her as they drove away was her slim figure at the gate, with the three boys clamoring round her.

The day after Arnett and his sister called at Leavenden, Nan met Harley Sefton in the woods.

He wore the riding breeches and gaiters which he affected when he was down in the country, and he carried his usual crop.

He liked to play the part of country squire when he was at Little Gadsden.

Nan rose to her feet when she saw him, dropping the little sweet-scented flowers all around her, her face paling.

He smiled delightedly as he raised his hat.

"This is better luck than I hoped for—I was coming to call on you this afternoon."

"Indeed!" said Nan.

Her voice was unfriendly; she kept her hands behind her back.

"I shan't shake hands with him, even if he offers to shake hands with me," she was telling herself determinedly.

But Sefton did not offer; he stood flicking his boots with the hunting crop.

"Did you pick those flowers to throw them away?" he asked after a moment.

Nan glanced down to the scattered primroses at her feet.

"Yes," she said defiantly, "I did."

A half smile crossed his face.

"That's rather unkind, isn't it?" he asked.

Nan flushed; she watched silently while he stooped and gathered them together.

"Why were you coming to see me?" she asked suddenly.

He did not answer till he had picked up all the flowers, then he held them to her in a neat little bunch, but she drew back.

"No, thank you."

He did not look in the least offended.

"I wonder you dare treat me like this," she said. "I wonder you dare even speak to me after what happened the other afternoon."

Her eyes were furious.

He regarded her serenely.

"And what did happen?" he asked smoothly. "Just a little plain speaking between two people who are both sufficiently worldly wise to understand. Come, Miss Marraby, I want to be friends with you."

"And I," said Nan, "would rather die than have you for a friend. I don't trust you, and I don't like you."

The faintest little flicker of anger crossed his face.

"That almost a pity—seeing that I mean to marry you," he said, calmly.

Nan stilled.

"I am stronger than you," he said. "And I mean for you to hear what I have to say. First of all—will you marry me?"

"No."

Nan's voice trembled with anger.

She clenched her teeth with a gasp. "I wonder you dare insult me," she said, in a queer, high-pitched voice.

"Let me pass at once, or . . ."

"Or you will tell your father and ask him to forbid me in the house," he finished for her. "You have told me that before, and I told you to do so—I tell you so again—fetch your father, or we will go to him, and I will tell him that I have asked you to marry me, and you will find that he will be delighted."

A smothered sob broke from Nan.

"You—said!" she said brokenly.

Sefton frowned.

"I'm not your fault. For your sake—well, I'm not sure that I couldn't become quite a decent fellow. I've been no saint, as you know, but if you could bring yourself to care for me—well, a little . . ." He caught her hand, holding it fast.

Nan did not move. She knew it would be useless to pit her strength against his.

"I've known some fine women in my time," he said, with a touch of real emotion in his voice, "but I've never met one I admired as I do you. Marry me, Nan . . . Marry me, and I'll let your father off every penny of the money he owes me."

"I don't believe that he owes you anything—I wouldn't believe it if you swore it," she told him. She was breathing and trembling.

"Would you believe it if he told you?" he asked.

"No," said Nan, violently. "And—and even if I did," she added after a moment, "do you think I would sell myself to you, to pay an extortionable debt to which I don't suppose you're really entitled?"

He bent suddenly, peering down into her flushed face.

"But—supposing it was to save—someone else?" he asked.

Nan's eyes dilated as they met the subtle meaning of his.

"What do you mean?" she whispered.

"You know what I mean—you need not look so innocent," he answered, brutally. "You haven't lost your memory as Lyster has—or as he pretends to have done; you know quite well what I told you the other afternoon. Well, I'll be magnanimous—I'll throw Lyster's debt in with the rest—marry me, and I'll wipe them both off, but if you don't—"

"If I don't," said Nan.

He let her go; he even drew back a step.

"If you don't," he said, "I'll go straight to Lyster and tell him the truth."

Nan raised her head proudly.

"And now, if you have quite finished, kindly let me pass."

"But I have not finished—there is a great deal more I have to say, Nan. I'm a rich man—I can give you everything you want; I can look after those brothers of yours and give them a start in life. I can put your father on his feet, and make you somebody in the world."

Nan listened apathetically. When he stopped speaking she looked him squarely in the eyes.

"I don't care to be somebody in the world," she said. "And I have had all the happiness I ever want—thank you."

"You mean—Lyster! Very well, then it will no doubt be a great kindness on my part to go to him and tell him what he pretends to have forgotten—the pause was deliberate—that you were once engaged to him—that he once imagined he loved you devotedly, and that the engagement was never broken until he came back to England and you were forgotten. You see, I have guessed rather more than you told me that day when we came down from town together."

"You can tell him what you like—it is of no interest to me."

She made a movement to pass him, but once again he barred her way. There was an angry light in his eyes, and a note of impenitence in his voice.

"No interest to you—oh? Well, we shall see. I am pretty good at word-writing when I choose, and I think I can tell Lyster a very pretty story of a girl who is broken-hearted at the unfaithfulness of her lover—of a girl who . . ." He stopped short.

"Nan was crimson; for a moment he thought she was going to strike him, then she shrugged her shoulders.

"You're not worth arguing with," she said cuttingly. "I have wasted too much time here already. I forbid you to ever speak to me again—do you hear?"

He laughed.

"You forbid me! That is good—as if a woman could ever pit her will against mine—see . . ." With a sudden quick movement he caught her in his arms—before she could stop him he had bent her head back

against his shoulders, and was kissing her white face.

Nan fought him with the frenzy of despair; but she was a child in his grasp, and her strength would have availed her nothing had not a crackle in the undergrowth broken the silence, and the next moment Peter Lyster was facing them in the narrow footpath.

Harley Sefton let Nan go—he was flushed, but he met Peter's eyes coldly enough.

For a moment nobody spoke. Nan was trembling in every limb.

(To Be Continued)

about all a fan can do in the way of spring training is seek the open spaces and practice yelling "Ro-tien."

It isn't real poverty unless the boys are as bare as their sisters like to be.

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(To Be Continued)

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**TRUSTEES SALE OF REAL ESTATE.**  
By virtue of the power of sale contained in a deed of trust executed to me December 24th, 1924, by A. L. Stanford, having been made in the payment of said balance of money, and being called upon to execute said trust by H. F. Haxell, I as trustee will sell for cash at public auction, at the highest bidder at the court house door in the town of Shelby, N. C., on Saturday, March 27th, 1926,

within legal lines the following real estate, situated in No. 11 Township, Cleveland County, N. C., and bounded as follows: Situated in the eastern part of the town of Shelby, N. C., on the north side of the Cleveland Springs road, being the property of the G. M. D. Jackson property, the undivided property being on the east side of the Jackson old residence, the area and bounds of said lot being as follows:

Beginning at a stake on the north edge of the Cleveland Springs road, said stake being 100 feet of the south-west corner of the Jetton residence property, now the property of J. W. Staninger, and run thence with the East line of the said residence lot north 4 degrees, west 231 feet to a stake in south line of the Gidney belt line, thence with the south line of the Gidney property S. 87 degrees E. 50 feet to a stake, northwest corner of the Eugenia Gamble lot now John Honeycutt's; thence with the west line of the Gamble or Honeycutt lot, south 4 degrees E. 215 feet to a stake on the north edge of the Cleveland Springs road, the Gamble or Honeycutt north-west corner, thence with the north edge of the Cleveland Springs road westward 53 feet to the point of beginning, the same being a part of the H. F. Haxell, Wm. Lineberger, et al property.

This the 27th day of February 1926.  
O. S. ANTHONY, Trustee.

**REV. A. L. STANFORD**  
Former Shelby pastor in a powerful sermon to the congregation of the Tryon Street Methodist church, Charlotte, N. C., Sunday morning, February 21st, said:  
"To save the American boy of today he must be given employment and taught to save some part of his earnings. No boy employed and eager to save money, will ever appear before a court for a sentence to be passed. Parents should see to it that their boys earn and save money. I would suggest that they BUY INSURANCE OR TAKE OUT BUILDING AND LOAN SHARES. These two institutions offer untold opportunities to boys."  
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