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really wanted me. . . "

ried to raise Esther.

June threw away the cigarette and

"What! My good child, have you

"Yes." It was the smallest whisper,

"He did-he only told me when he

June rounded on her angrily.

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## THE

13y the Author of "A Bachelor Hus

CHAPTER XXXI. Raymond Ashton was always an outsider. . . . There! I won't say an- do you meant?" ther word. You've come kome, and

that's all that matters." It was only when they were safely ed eyes. up in the room with the mauve cushions that she flung her hat down on the ters—the money never came from him," she said in a stifled voice. sofa and drew a long breath.

Well, I never though we should be here together again," she said tragic- gone out of your mind?" ally. "It seemed like the end of everything when I found your note on the sincushion. I don't know what I should them, then who in the world did?" she ter in the whole world than being lovhave done if it hadn't been for Micky." demanded crisply, "And if he didn't

done either," Esther said. She met June's eyes and flushed crimson. "I've been horrid about him, I know," she illuminating thought. added bravely. "And now I'm sorry." June said "Humph." She sat for a got up and searched for the inevitable ence; then June got up and began the seriousness of her words with a fast and gone out. cigarettes.

in her most matter-of-fact tone. breath. "Where did you sleep last night?" "Nowhere-at least-we were in the train all night. I did sleep a little, but back, laid a hand on her arm and said the morning."

"Off you go to bed, and don't argue. Charlie is there with a new bow on. all the world?" I'll come and tuck you up when you're ready, and . .

But Esther refused to move. I can't sleep if I went to bed. I want to tell you about about what's you can't understand if you've never

said flatly. She looked at Esther and or good in what he had done; I only food for both of us to live on." saw the tears in the younger girl's knew that I'd been played with, made eyes. She put an arm round her, draw- fun of. . . . " She stopped, sobbing desing her down to the sofa.

"Tell me all about it, then," she said. "I'm just-just longing to know."

"But there isn't much to tell, except " Esther held out her left hand. queer eyes. "I'm not engaged any more," she said with a faint attempt to laugh. "He-Mr. Ashton-is married. . . ."

"I know-Micky told me before we knew why I was going to Paris-he looking." Esther told her. went to Enmore. I hope he's married told me in the train. It's been from a vixen who's lead him an awful dance. Mr. Mellowes all along—the money It would serve her right to let her I've had every week-my clothes-this know the sort of man he is-to let her | coat . . . he's been paying for my food, know the sort of letters he's been and for me to live here. . . " She raiswriting to you-to show him up pro- ed her eyes to June's face. "Did you know?" she asked shakily. "He said

Esther hid her face in the mauve you didn't, but somehow . . . "

"Oh, but he has never written to "If Micky said that I didn't, that me," she said chokingly. "I've never ought to be good enough," she said

One simply pared them and kept them. She never knew an hour without coms.

One used a harsh, unscientific treatment. It was inefficient and it often caused

The third applied Blue-jay, liquid or plaster. It was done in a moment and it stopped the pain. In a little while the whole

If I had. I should have told him that ney on a girl who thought nothing f him," she added flatly. Her voice hanged all at once. "Oh, isn't he jus plendid!" she said emotionally. ion't understand it in the very least why he has done it, or how he managed it, or anything, but I think it's finest thing in all the world-

"I knew him before we met herehe wanted to tell you, but I asked him not to-" She stopped and dragged

"I met him on New Year's Evewas so miserable—there seemed no thing to live for, and he was kind and . so . . . I told him a little of what was wrong, and I suppose he

time it was all for your sake, and itwas for your sake he kept coming here -oh!"-June rose to her feet with a away, and that was on New Year's gesture of intolerance-"if you don't Eve. It's all been a mistake-a sham fust adore the ground he walks on," . . he never cared for me-he never she said, "you ought to, and that's all I've got to say."

Esther made no answer; she was looking into the fire with eyes that as "What are you taking about? He did yet saw only the ruins of a dream that write to you you told me yourself had been so beautiful, the rapidly rethat he wrote beautiful letters he ceding shadow of the man whom she sent you that money-Esther! what had once made a giant figure in her

Esther looked up; for a moment "I never want to care for any one June caught a glimpse of misty, shamagain," she said presently in a hard voice. "You told me once that people "They weren't from him; those let were happier if they didn't love, and I think you were right."

"I was an idiot to ever say such a thing," June cried in a rage. "And June was a hundred miles from you're a bigger idiot if you pretend to June asked once abruptly. "You look guessing the truth. "If he didn't write think I was right. There's nothing bet- so sad, don't look sad, my dear! there's -" Her face flushed like a rose. pier days than you've ever had." "I don't know what I should have send the money, who in the wide world "If Micky had cared for me even a quarter as well as he does for you I was too late for Micky to come now would have married him, and that's was the thought in her mind. Suppos-She caught her breath on a sudden the truth," she declared. "It was only ing he never came again? because I knew he hadn't anything except friendship to offer me that I knew moment staring at the floor, then she and it was followed by a tragic sil- it wasn't fair. . . ." She tried to cover

walking aimlessly about the room; she laugh: She lit another cigarette. "And "You ought to go to bed," she said felt as if she had been robbed of all now, having got rid of my heroics, let's talk sense," she added more calm-Twice she turned and looked at Es- ly. "But you ought to go to bed. You ther's huddled figure, then she went look worn out. You'll be a wreck in

in an odd, gentle voice that was "I don't want to go to bed. I have strangely unlike her own brisk tones: such a lot to tell you. I shall have to "And do you mean to say that you leave here, of course; I haven't got it, and make my fortune. I'm going out I've had a fire put in your room, and don't just think him the finest man in any money. I must try and find a post. I thought of asking Eldred's to take me back: there might be a vacancy "I didn't think of him at all—it was now. . . ." But her voice sounded like having a knile turned in my heart, weary and hopeless.

when I knew," she said wildly. "Oh, June swooped down on her. "You poor tired baby, come along to ." She paused breath- cared for anybody what it feels like to bed and don't worry any more. You've lessly, but June was not going to help know that you've been made a fool of, got me whatever happens, and if the When he told me I felt that I hated worst comes to the worst there's al-"I don't want to hear anything," she him-there didn't seem anything fine ways June Mason's wonderful skin

They went upstairs together. "There's nothing like sunshine perately, but for once June attempted put you on good terms with yourself." no consolation. She was looking at she said philosophically. "Whenever Micky's portrait on the shelf, and there I'm in the dumps or feel that I'm lookwas a wonderful tenderness in her ing particularly plain, I put on my "Who told you?" she asked then and I assure you I'm a good-looking Who told you that it was Micky?"

woman when I come home again."

"You're always better than good-CHAPTER XXXIII.

June tucked Esther up in bed and replenished the fire She turned out the gas, leaving the room firelit. "June," Esther said timidly. "What

did your aunt think? What did she say -when-when-"She said we must go back and finish our visit another time-she took

"You're saying that to please me." "I'm not! honest Injun!" June heard the tears in Esther's voice; she bent and kissed her gently.

"Now, not another word! I refuse to answer another question! Pleasant dreams-or better still, no dreams at all." She went away, and shut her door behind her.

Esther lay awake for a long time watching the firelight on the walls and ceiling, and thinking of what had hap-

It seemed impossible that she had even really seen and spoken to Raymond Ashton; impossible that instead of loving him desperately, she could ply shudder at the memory of him.

The tears forced their way to her eyes, and scorched her cheeks. But for licky, where might she not have been now?—and he had refused to even let her thank him. Her heart was filled with a new humility. At best her words would be so poor-like beggars in the

palace of his generosity. But she would see him again soonshe comforted herself with the assurance. In spite of his changed manner and apparent indifference, she was sure she would see him again. Micky
—as June had said of him—never fail-

It was her last thought as she fell asleep, that she would surely see him

But Micky did not come!

Esther rested till lunch time, after which June insisted on a walk,

"The sun's shining, and it's wicked to stay indoors," she declared; she marched Esther about for half an hour. Esther had been so sure that Micky would come. She glanced up at the clock, and then at Micky's photograph

out to-day he seemed to be looking

lieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

half the time. I tried everything but nothing did me any good, and the last doctor I had told me he never expected me to be on my feet again or able to do a day's work. One day one of your little books was left at my door and my husband said I should try a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I thank God I did, for it relieved me, and I am now well and strong. I think there is no remedy like the Vegetable Compound for anyone who has my troubles, and have recommended it to my neighbors. You can publish my letter for the benefit of those I can't reach."—Mrs. HENRY A. MITCHELL, 1767 7th Ave., East, Owen Sound, Ont.

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was bustling about, and she gave little sigh.

"What are you thinking about?"

Esther was only half listening. It She cried herself to sleep that night.

When she woke it was late in the morning, and June had had her break-She came in while Esther was dress-

ing. She looked very pleased and alert. erican! and Mick's introduction! Mr. George P. Rechester!-isn't it a levely name? He's going to establish me firmly in little old New York, as he calls to lunch with him at one o'clock and you're coming too! Oh, ves you are! as Esther shook her head, "I've told him all about you already." Esther

"You must have got on very fast." to play odd-man-out."

June made a little grimace (To be continued)

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