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THE Phantom Lover.

By the Author of "A Bachelor Husband."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Raymond Ashton was always an outsider. There! I won't say another word. You've come home, and that's all that matters.

It was only when they were safely up in the room with the mauve cushions that she flung her hat down on the sofa and drew a long breath.

"Well, I never thought we should be here together again," she said tragically. "It seemed like the end of everything when I found your note on the telephone. I don't know what I should have done if it hadn't been for Micky."

"I don't know what I should have done either," Esther said. She met June's eyes and flushed crimson. "I've been horrid about him, I know," she added bravely. "And now I'm sorry."

June said "Humph." She sat for a moment staring at the floor, then she got up and searched for the inevitable cigarette.

"You ought to go to bed," she said in her most matter-of-fact tone. "Where did you sleep last night?"

"Nowhere—at least—we were in the train all night. I did sleep a little, but not much."

June took her by the shoulders. "Of you go to bed, and don't argue. I've had a fire put in your room, and Charlie is there with a new bow on. I'll come and tuck you up when you're ready, and—"

But Esther refused to move. "I couldn't sleep if I went to bed. I want to tell you about—about what's happened. . . . She paused breathlessly, but June was not going to help her.

"I don't want to hear anything," she said flatly. She looked at Esther and saw the tears in the younger girl's eyes. She put an arm round her, drawing her down to the sofa.

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

"What there isn't much to tell, except—"

Esther held out her left hand. "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 went to Enmore. I hope he's married a nice who's lead him an awful dance. It would serve her right to let her know the sort of man he is—to let her know the sort of letters he's been writing to you—to show him up properly."

Esther hid her face in the mauve cushions. "Oh, but he has never written to me," she said chokingly. "I've never

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—Mrs. Elsie A. Mirreault, 1707 7th Ave., East, Owen Sound, Ont.

If you have any symptom about which you would like to know write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for helpful advice given free of charge.

curly. "And of course, I didn't know—if I had, I should have told him that he was a fool to waste his time and money on a girl who thought nothing of him," she added flatly. Her voice changed all at once. "Oh, isn't he just splendid!" she said emotionally. "I don't understand it in the very least, why he has done it, or how he managed it, or anything, but I think it's the finest thing in all the world—"

Esther turned away.

"I knew him before we met here—he wanted to tell you, but I asked him not to—"

She stopped and dragged on again.

"I met him on New Year's Eve—I was so miserable—there seemed nothing to live for, and he was kind and so . . . so . . . I told him a little of what was wrong, and I suppose he guessed the rest."

"And when he went to Paris that time it was all for your sake, and it was for your sake he kept coming here—oh!"—June rose to her feet with a gesture of intolerance—"If you don't just get up and go home, he walks on!" 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 yet saw only the ruins of a dream that had been so beautiful, the rapidly receding shadow of the man whom she had once made a giant figure in her life.

"I never want to care for any one again," she said presently in a hard voice. "You told me once that people 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 you're a bigger idiot if you pretend to think I was right. There's nothing better in the whole world than being loved—"

Her face flushed like a rose. "If Micky had cared for me even a quarter as well as he does for you I would have married him, and that's the truth," she declared. "It was only because I know he hadn't anything except friendship to offer me that I knew it wasn't fair. . . . She tried to cover the seriousness of her words with a laugh. She lit another cigarette. "And now, having got rid of my heroics, let's talk sense," she added more calmly. "But you ought to go to bed. You look worn out. You'll be a wreck in the morning."

"I don't want to go to bed. I have such a lot to tell you. I shall have to leave here, of course; I haven't got any money. I must try and find a post. I thought of asking Eldred's to take me back; there might be a vacancy now. . . . But her voice sounded weary and hopeless.

June swooped down on her. "You poor tired baby, come along to bed and don't worry any more. You've got me whatever happens, and if the worst comes to the worst there's always June Mason's wonderful skin food for both of us to live on."

They went upstairs together.

"There's nothing like sunshine to put you on good terms with yourself," she said philosophically. "Whenever I'm in the dumps or feel that I'm looking particularly plain, I put on my best hat and go out in the sunshine, and I assure you I'm a good-looking woman when I come home again."

"You're always better than good-looking," Esther told her.

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