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THE Phantom Lover:

(By the Author of "A Bachelor Husband.")

CHAPTER XXVII

ter, it must have been a shock to her him sceptically, and took as long as to see the bitter disappointment in possible to make out the ticket; even Micky's face. He stammered out that when Micky had paid he still looked he had not expected to see her, that suspicious. he was in a deuce of a hurry; he hoped she would forgive him, but-

said another voice, and there was each passer. Marie's father, the good-natured old man who had pretended to agree with his wife when she raved against Micky for the cavalier way in which he had ated his daughter, but who in his thinking that Micky, had been rather

He shook hands with Micky heartily emough; he, at any rate, had no grudge

Are you going over, my boy? Come with us. I've got a reserved carriage very least like Esther. you. Marie and I are just off for a lit-

tle holiday by ourselves." He touched his daughter's arm. "Ask

him to join us, my dear." Micky did his best to answer civilly; again; he had got to meet a friend but

had missed her in the crowd. "I came off in the deuce of a hurry," he said. He was chafing bitterly at this enforced delay: each moment was so

precious. Marie touched her father's arm.

forced to humiliate her. He stammered would forgive him, but he was in such a duce of a hurry. . . He went off temple.

Everybody was off the train now, and many people were already on the boat. Micky remembered that he had no ticket: he entered into a hot argument with an official, who listened to

The gangway was still down; Micky went on board and stood as close to "Micky, by all that's wonderful!" it as he could, scanning the face of

> Esther was not amongst them. "Stand away there-stand away

Micky was pushed aside, and a couple of brawny seamen hauled the heart had indulged is a quiet chuckle, gangway on the harbour. The gap of green water was widening slowly chever to escape from the toils at the between the pier and the ship's side. Micky felt as if he were being exiled. Supposing she was not on the boat? He turned away and searched the crowded deck. The boat was full, and most of the people were women, but

there was nobody who looked in the She would be wearing the he was sure—the coat he had given

One or two people stared at him curiously. Once he came across Marie and her father on the leeward side of choked sort of voice. he was in the deuce of a hurry, he said the boat. For decency's sake he had to stop. He made an inane remark on the and a most unwilling relief swept her weather and said he thought they were

going to have a smooth crossing. Marie's brown eyes lifted to his:

"You haven't met your friend?" she

Micky had a horrible conviction that "We are only keeping Mr. Mellowes, she had not believed that he had any Daddy . . . " Something in her voice one to meet. He coloured in confusio made Micky's eyes smart. It was hard as he answered-

"No-no." I'm sorry to say

She moved away leaving him with

a little sore with you still." Micky wished it was possible ump overboard. He found the old an's friendliness more insufferable han the look of reproach in Marie's

have seen him and was deliberately

had arranged themselves on the couch Micky passed the cabin some one slammed the door smartly in his face. He went upon deck again and stood

It was getting dark rapidly; the lights of Dover twinkled through the greyness. Micky stood and watched till they could no longer be seen. He was chilled to the bone in spite of his warm cost; he turned the collar up round his throat and thrust his hands deeply into his pockets.

telegrams he had written in the train and forgetten to send. He swore under

He kept out of the Delands' way when they reached Calais; he was

eager-a couple of Frenchmen standing near him chattered incessantly; out incoherently that he hoped they Micky moistened his dry lips; there to put it down for her she turned on

> Supposing he never saw her again! His hands clenched deep in his pockets . . supposing he never met the halfshy glance of her grey eyes-supposing he never heard her voice any more -or her laugh . . .

The sweat broke out on his forehead. For a moment he closed his eyes with a sick feeling of hopelessness, and when he opened them again he saw Esther standing there not half a dozen

The glare from a huge arc lamp shone full on her slim figure and gold-

She was looking round her in a scared, apprehensive way as if knowing where to go.

through Micky's very soul that for a for God's sake let me explain things moment it almost turned him faint. watched her he saw a French porter away and never see you again. But I in a blue blouse go up to her and start | can't let you go now without telling chattering away, pointing to the small you the truth. I ought to have told you suit-case she carried and gesticulat- before-it was for your own sake I ing violently. Esther shook her head- tried to keep it back . . Micky remembered that she knew no French-but the man persisted, and believingly.

Micky covered the distance between

"Esther . . ." he said, in She turned with a stifled scream,

arm, then drew it away, moving back. how dare you follow me . . .?" she said passionately.

Micky took her arm very gently. "We found your note," he said. ad to come . . . June said. . . "Oh, thank God I found you-thank ing dazedly round her in a helpless God!" he said hoarsely.

denly she broke out again-

"I don't know what you mean. I'll mean leaving her, and she would pro never forgive June if she sent you af- probably go away in the night. They ter me. I'm going to Paris. I'm not a went back to the station, and Micky child to be followed and looked after found a waiting-room with a roaring like this. . . . Let me go."

ather stern.

to you. If what I have to say is use ss, ' give you my word of honou that I will leave you here and let you go on to Paris alone."

"I don't believe it—it isn't the first ime you've lied to me . . ." she broke off breathlessly. Micky turned pale, but he answered evenly enough—
"You're quite justified in saying

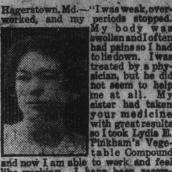
"I don't care—" but she dropped her voice a little, and when Micky made a slight movement forward abo

It was cold on the quay—there was a fresh wind blowing, and Esther shiv

"There's a restaurant place here." icky said. "I want a meal if you

TWO SISTERS

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able to eat a thing.

"I don't want anything to eat," Esther said. She sat sideways in her chair away from the table; there was a pitiable look of strain in her face; she still gripped her suitcase tightly. When Micky asked her to be allowed AN ATTRACTIVE APRON MODEL.

The French garcon eyed them both

are was tragedy of some n this pretty, frail-looking girl and the tall man in the big coat "You said you were hungry, but you're not eating anything." Esther broke out irritably. "How much longer are you going to make me sit here

night. the table, and he broke out, "Esther, to you. You've all your life before She was quite alone, but as Micky you; to-morrow, if you wish it, I'll go

Her grey eyes searched his face dis-

'Il you've anything to say agains Mr. Ashton," she said, "I refuse to listen. I shouldn't believe anything you say, for one thing, Why, you don't even know his name—unless June has told you." she added breathlessly.

"June has told me nothing, but I yards of 36 inch material. know, all the same I knew the first seersucker, figured percale, linen, night I ever met you-when I left you "Oh, Micky!" she said breathlessly. and went back to my rooms, he was for this style. sateen, alpaca and drill are all good A pattern of this illustration mailed

She half turned, leaning across the "He was there-who was there?" she asked shrilly.

"Ashton-Raymond Ashton," Micky answered.

There was a tragic silence, then Essort of way.

Micky called for the bill-withou waiting for his change he followed Esther seemed arrested by the emo- Esther out into the darkness. She offered no resistance when he drew her She stood looking up at him with hand through his arm. He did not wide eyes and parted lips, then sud- know what on earth to do with her; fire; he dragged one of the uncomfort door and came back to her.

There was so much he wanted t (To be continu

Nervous Exhaustion

Asaya-Neurall

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO.

I bought a shot-No Reasonable and s l e w the family next door. And I was moved Offer Refused.

when thus I end-

they had never

done me wrong

them well a n

1 o n g, Remorse burned in me like

a fire when I shot down the aged sire,

and plugged a nephew and a niece and

gave two aunts eternal peace, and

when I burned the residence it shock-

ed my fine esthetic sense. But I had

cture plays! I chased the managers

ound and begged them, while they

ingle chance; I knew quite well I

ave them all a pain; a creek, they

well might soak my dome. I'd never

gilded movie lot unless I played some tartling game designed to give me

idespread fame. But now the offers

plunks a day. As Bill the Butcher, on

the screen, I'll teach the young that

vice is mean, that children are but

lizzy fools who do not go to Sunday

chools; a moral tag attached to

orime hands out alesson most sublime. And when I think how I'll im-prove the children, where the movies

move, I'm almost glad I took my gun,

style. It is cut in 4 Sizes: Small

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and I had known

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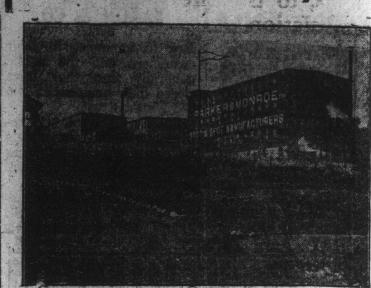
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So we're going to buy her

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Right at home

So she can have

All the music

For Mother's Birthday Mother's been a good pal Care of us and Spending all her

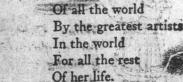
She sat up nights with us When we were sick. She kissed our



She washed and ironed And cooked and scrubbed She helped us all With our lessons And taught us manners

And truth And courage And honesty And faith.

Mother likes music But she has been So busy taking



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her father. The old man slipped a hand through Micky's arm.
"Don't notice her, my boy; won are queer cattle-and I expect she's

If Esther were on the boat she must keeping out of his way; he glanced in

already made up their minds to be ill, es, with pillows under their heads; as

looking out to see, with the wind stinging his face.

His fingers came in contact with the

first off the boat; he stood in the darkness trembling with excitement. There were all sorts of people pourng past him-men, women, and children. They all seemed happy and

was a little nerve throbbing in his him almost fiercely.

paces from him.

A wave of such utter relief swept

ened sort of way.

them in a couple of strides.

She put out her hand as if to grip his there waiting for me . . ." "How did you come here'. . . . oh, table, and her eyes were like fire.

Then suddenly his calmness broke. ther rese to her feet; she stood look-

CHAPTER XXVIII. ion in Micky's voice.

Micky released her arm at once. able wooden benches close to it and When he spoke his voice was quiet and made Esther sit down; he closed the "Please don't make a scene. I have ollowed you for your own sake. I say, and for the life of him he did no now I can't stop you from going to know how to begin. She sat there so Paris. I'm not going to try. All I do silently; she seemed to have forgotask you is that you will let me speak | ten his presence altogether.

She looked at him with stormy eyes

that; I'm not going to try and deny it. But we can't stand here all night— people are beginning to stare at us

Pattern 3556 is here illustrated. It cut in 4 Sizes, 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 6 year size will require 21/2 yards of 36 inch material. One could use drill, jean, or madras

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