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See that the "Maple Leaf" is on the wrapper you buy. "Wireless" means who lived in a shoe.

and you'll be so pleased you'll tell the good friends.

Best grade of Para gum, the toughest, most rubbers in existence.

Finishing wear-and yet so



her part, was angry and dis-

chilled by her manner, and she

abandoned all further of confiding in her and an-

grily and sadly: "It will be

before I return to the life ranch. I have other plans

regretted her action and as

said, with a smiling assump-

easy, friendly interest which

worse than anything she had

spoken: "I think it wonderful

you are coming on. We will

dinner in a few days."

you. I shall be down at the

moment," he quietly replied

back in his chair, white

ring, his eyes closed, his lips

well aware that she had not

her higher self in this in-

and that she had been cruel-

ly and distant with her

I don't see how I could have

ferently," she argued with

self. "He must not go on

me more deeply interested in

than I really am."

Barnett was impatiently wait-

return.

did he say?" she breathlessly

"I'm dying to know."

answered with evasive indiffer-

ence thanked me again for my

erion and begged pardon for

ness, all of which he might

THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

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cowboy and fooled Baker and the rest of the squad. And now I'm posing as an invalid when I ought to be out on the ranch again. It's time I rode away to a new range."

Mrs. Barnett was alarmed at the undertone of bitterness in his words. "You must not think of even walking downstairs for a week."

"But I can't sit here and sink deeper and deeper into obligation to you," he answered. "What rights have I in this room? I'm only a poor, wandering ne'er-do-well, and your beautiful home makes me ashamed—more than ashamed—it fills me with a sense of guilt. I can walk now, and I ought not to stay another day."

Mrs. Barnett knew very well that his mood was due to Ann's icy disdain, and she realized, too, how difficult the task of diverting his mind from this foolish purpose would be. She said gently: "You were injured in our service, Robert, and it is our duty to look after you. You must not utter another word of this sort of talk to me or I will call Don, and then you will hear a voice that will make you quake. I tell you frankly I will not listen to your walking out of this room for a week."

Louis, who had been sitting in some wonder, trying to catch the undercurrent of this talk, put his hand on Raymond's knee and said: "When you go, I go too. Remember that."

It was interesting to Jeannette to observe that evening dress changed Ann's estimate of Raymond's character. The girl had to admit that he looked surprisingly well as he came slowly into the library just before the little Chinese chime sounded for dinner. Every trace of the cowboy, the man of sun smit, wind swept plain, was gone. He was pale, languid, but self contained and wore his dinner suit with easy grace.

His manner toward Ann was that of a polite acquaintance merely, and her fear of something—she hardly knew what—instantly vanished. His bearing during dinner and throughout the evening made her forget the kind of person he had hitherto seemed to her, and she began to study him in his true character. He dropped all his ranch life phrases and, putting aside his reserve, talked with entire intellectual freedom, showing a knowledge of books and of communities remarkable in any man. Once or twice as she encountered his glance a mysterious movement ran about her heart and her breath quickened.

As they rose from dinner and while he stood to allow her to pass he said: "You are very beautiful tonight. Mountain air has done wonders for you." "You are very courteous," she responded, and her eyes fell exasperatingly, and she walked away with a sense of having revealed a weakness.

He came into the drawing room half an hour later to say good night to his hostess, looking very tired and pale, and when he took Ann's hand his eyes were burning with deep inner passion. "Good night," he said, "and forgive me for my impertinence." She scarcely had time to reply, to ask his meaning, for Mrs. Barnett ordered him instantly to bed.

No voice responded to Louis' knock at Raymond's door next morning, and, hurrying to Barnett's room, Louis called excitedly, "Consin Don, have you seen Rob?"

Barnett, splashing in his tub, shouted: "No. Can't you find him?" "He isn't in his room."

"He's gone down to breakfast, then. Hurry along and keep him company. Don't let him go out."

Louis rushed into the breakfast room, but found it empty. The maid said: "Are you looking for Mr. Raymond? He came down very early and said he was going out for a walk."

The boy hurried outdoors, filled with dismay. "He shouldn't be out alone. He might get dizzy and fall." He ran round the block, eagerly seeking Raymond, who was nowhere in sight. When Barnett entered Rob's room he found two letters lying on the little desk. One was addressed to Don and one to Ann.

Barnett broke the seal and read his note almost at a glance: "Dear Barnett—I'm sorry to pull out in this way, but I am afraid it's my only way. I have been very uncomfortable because of my growing indigestion to you and Mrs. Barnett, and so I have cut loose. Please don't think me ungrateful. It is because I feel so deeply your kindness that I go. Don't look for me. I'm going to hole up for a few days till I get

strong. If you happen to get any crew to where I've gone, don't tell the boy. I can see that his sister does not approve of his fondness for me, and she is quite right. I'm not a proper companion for a boy of his sort. I enclose a check, which squares us so far as money can, but your kindness in other ways, and especially Mrs. Barnett's care and assistance, I am in despair of ever paying. I slide out because it would be difficult and painful to say goodbye, and, besides, I feel that I must cut loose from the boy.

Raymond's note to Ann was short, almost curt: "Since my thanks are a burden to you, the least I can do is to take myself out of your life and beg pardon for having entered it. Had I attended to my duties that night of the fire, you would not have been troubled by me. I stayed because you were beautiful, and that is the whole truth. It is not the first time a man has neglected his duties for a woman, and the pain I now suffer in giving up all hope of meeting you again is a just punishment for my presumption. I am sorry to go without saying goodbye to Louis, but it is best. I know you do not like his growing regard for me, and you are quite right.

Louis came to her door and cried out dolefully, "Ann, Rob has gone away!" "I know it. Come in."

He entered with troubled, tearful face and in deeply aggrieved tone said: "He went without saying goodbye. I want to go hunt him and bring him back, but Uncle Don says that we must respect his wish. All the same, I like him, and I want him back. No, I don't—I want to go with him."

"And leave me?" His resentment, long smoldering, burst forth: "Yes, I would! Don't you suppose I have seen how you treated him? You think because you're from New York you can snub a man like Rob, but you're not up to him. You're not half as good as he is."

Ann listened in astonishment to this outburst from her brother and then cuttingly remarked: "One would think I had taken away some plaything of yours. Go out of my room and stay out till you can treat me with respect."

"I'm going, and you'll never see me again. I'm going to follow Rob. I don't care what you say." With this defiant cry he rushed from the room. A keen ache of jealousy ran through the proud girl's heart. The one soul of vital interest in her life, her sweet little brother, seemed about to pass from her hands to that of an adventurer. Her resentment of his influence blazed hot within her. "I will defeat him with his own weapons," she said. "I will win him back to me. I will go wherever he wishes to go."

But Louis did not return to lunch, and she was greatly troubled. He did not appear at dinner, and at last, open-

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ly alarmed, Ann told Mrs. Barnett of Louis' bitter accusation and of his threat that he would never return. "Don't worry. Don will find him. He'll get tired of it and come back. These boyish tantrums don't last."

"It scares me to think of that poor, innocent lad spending the night alone in a big, wicked western city. I wish Don would hurry home. Can't I go down to his office?"

"Oh, no; there's no need of your going. I'll telephone him at once."

When Barnett returned, Ann, white with anxiety, poured out her story. He comforted her by saying: "You take it too seriously. I will notify the police at Cinnabar and Mogalyon. They'll locate him in an hour."

They did not find him, and Ann passed a miserable night, imagining all sorts of ill adventures into which Louis might be led, and would have accompanied Barnett on his quest next day but for his firm command: "Don't be absurd. I can find him alone much quicker."

"Bring him back if you have to use force!" she cried. And then, with a knowledge of Raymond's power, she added: "If you find Mr. Raymond please tell him to send laddie home. Say I wish it."

With these words in his ear Barnett took his way to his office. At lunch he was more concerned. "He's not in Cinnabar nor any of the surrounding towns. He may have gone back to the ranch. I will wire out there this afternoon. Did he have any money?"

"Yes. I had just given him his allowance. He must have had nearly \$200."

Don whistled. "A smart boy can hide out a good while on that. However, he'll come back when his pet wears off."

Even though Raymond had taken himself bodily out of her life, his power to disturb and thwart Ann's will remained. She began to fear him a little. He was bigger, more powerful, than she had thought him. Could she have found him in the days which followed—days of increasing unrest and anxiety—she would have humbly asked him to find the runaway and bring him back to her, but he had disappeared as utterly as if he had never been.

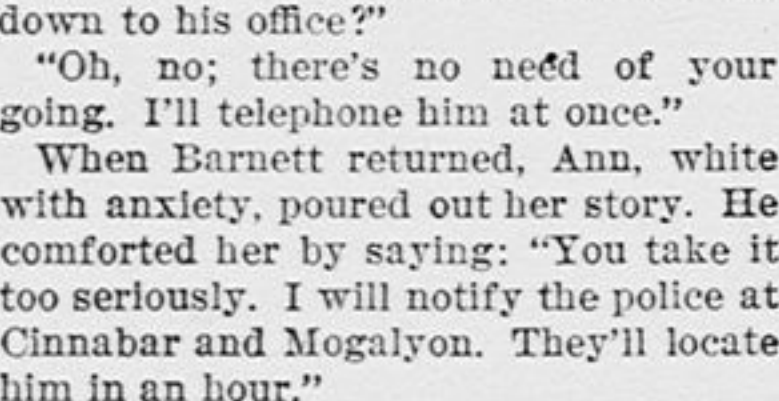
(To be Continued.)

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