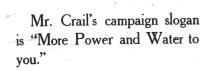
## THURSDAY



Joe Crail, Los Angeles attorney, who is a candidate for the Tenth district Republican congressional nomination on a platform which calls for government construction at the earliest possible moment of a high dam at Boulder Canyon and the All American canal.







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been in London for the past two days—I don't know when he will be back. Will you sit here?"-sht diragged forward a chair. Peter sat down in the rather shabby armchair by the fire and stretched his long legs with a sigh of contentment. "This is the first time I've felt really at home since I came back." he\_said. iend, JOAN ENDICOTT, whose hus-and has just returned to France, and who insists that Nan should orget Peter and encourage the ve of Peter's friend and fellow

said. She looked at him with startled

officer, JOHN ARNOTT, with whom Peter is resting at the home of Arnott's widowed sister, not far rom the Marraby estate. Nan is lealous of Arnott's sister and creatly disgusted with the ad-She looked at him with startled eves. "The first time . . . What do you mean? Surrely Mrs. Mears . . " "Oh, she is kindness itself; but the house is rather formal—there are half a dozen servants, and . . well . . " He shrugged his shoulders expressively.

"I thought she save a several weight of the several weight was seened very nice," said Nan; it was the last thing she had thought, but she was so happy to hear Peter say he was more at home with her than over at Gadsden that she felt magnanimous. She began to pour out the tea. "You don't take sugar, I know; you see, I haven't forgotten—" She stopped with a stifled exclamation. Just for the intervening weeks had been swept away, and that she and Peter were once more



2 going to marry that brute?"

sed if you will, 1 nothing-h of relief r regiment "because ap."

–ask him "to tea—" ask him to tea—" tea," Claudie

Mr. Ly

sheby "Say and harply. She knew that Peter

me enough in another ," he said. "If the wa then," he added, sm ne, boys, say goodby -he wants to be go

erable jealousy raged in her netimes it seems as if it soid caught Claudie almost the hand. night to Mr. Lyster at come in," she said be over," it seems ll ever be broke off-She had garden she said. impossible at peace f—her blue heard the gate, and outside had She knew that t her. "I think I will stay after may be allowed to chan sind," he said suddenly. Nan hardly knew if she w gh the Harley

ndow. was on her feet in an in-and out of the room. Peter her urgent voice in the hall: not

and unfriendly. never do things I ought to Peter answered, with a faint came back

mile. The boys were wild with excite-nent: they rushed on ahead into

reathless. Peter met her eyes. "Was that Sefton?" he maked. "Yes." Nan's eyes fell. Her heeks burned. Peter sat looking absently before inn then all at once he spoke-"Did you send Sefton away be-spin la was here?" house. We only have a most ordinary "Nan said; she was so nervous hardly knew what she was say-

"Yes," said Nan. Bitterness filled his eyes. ag. "I know," he answered coolly. You told me before—thick bread

Carson and Crave one 73-J

-unpleasant things. II--II you as:-thinking of marrying him, it's only fair you should be told what he is. I--I wouldn't wish my worst en-emy to walk blindfolded into such a marriage." "Thank you," she said shrilly. "Thank you," she said shrilly. "Thank you very much for your kind interest, but I'm quite able to take care of myself. I've learned enough--and suffered enough in the past few months to teach me that no man is what one believes him to be. I don't suppose Sefton is any worse than the rest." Peter moved a step towards her. "What do you mean?" he asked. There was a sort of uncertainty in his voice. "It's nonsense talking like this. There are plenty of de-cent men in the world-good fel-lows who would make you happy-Arnott, for instance..." Nan's breath came hard. "Has he asked you to appeal fon him?" she demanded harshy. "It that's wyl you've come here you might as well have saved yoursel the trouble. If's nothing to di with you--I shall marry Mr. Sefton I'l like when I want-your advie I'l ask for it."

like—when I want your isk for it." ster turned rather pale. rnott has never spoken ne; he has too much p bose I had no right to the

Strangled cry-"Peter" She had put such a careful g on her lips during the last w Not once had she forgotten and dreased him by his Christian m but now, for the moment at 1 nothing seemed to matter but she was pagting with him in an it broke her heart to see the droop of his shoulders-the look in his eyes." Peter turned in a flash and ' back to where she stood. "Miss Murraby! She fung up her head; her were hard and bright. "On go-go!" she said fier "Let me alone. Why can't you

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said hoar -lately "This a foo

made a fool of myself in front ( you." A queer expression crossed hi face. She heard him catch hi breath. He took a step toward her. "Do you know," he said slowh "that sometimes—when I am with

get a strange so that I've known

-sometimes-your small e, c way you move your shoulder you did just now-. He st a sort of pained indecision gled in his eyes. "Miss Mar are you one of those people I have forgotten?" he "Were you ever in that part life which I cannot remen (To Be Continued)



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