THE STORY of NINETTE

By RUBY M. AYRES

(Copyright, 1921, by The Wheeler News-Chapter XI.—Ninette Clings to Nothard.

What would Peter say when he knew? Ninette stood still, half-way down the stairs, catching her breath with a little stiffing sound.

Peter was an honorable man! How could be now-even supposing he wished it more than anything else in the world-break off his engage-

less, her heart beating with dull misery. Then she went on, and down to the library, where a light shone through the half-closed door. Peter stood there alone by the fire, his elbow resting on the mantle-shell, his eyes fixed on the glowing fire, an unlit cigaret hanging de-jectedly from his lins. He did not hear Ninette enter, and

only turned when she spoke. Mrs. Cranford sent me to see where you were. She says-she says she thinks you ought to stay in the house tonight, in case you are

She did not look at him as she spoke but he flung the cigaret away at once, and came towards her. "In case I am wanted? What do

His voice was constrained, and his eyes were hot as he looked at the girl's white face.

inette answered tonelessly: "Mrs. Cranford says that Dorothy s not conscious yet. She says-" She put her hand to her throat, as f she could hardly breathe. "She says that the doctor thinks she is very

There was a little silence; then Peter Nothard said with an effort; "I am sorry for that. I had hoped she was all right. I will go up and see if there is anything more I can But he still waited a moment.

only turning away when Ninette gave no sign of his presence. She knelt down by the fire and held out her hands to its warmth. Dorothy was going to be disfigured for life! There seemed no room for any other thought in all the world. It meant that her slender claim on Peter's regard and affection

that nothing could ever break! "Not that I knew he really wanted to break them." Ninette told herself hurriedly. And yet deep down in her heart she had known it

Peter loved her as she loved him. All along although she had been too blind to see it, her happiness had lain with him, and now that she had awakened to the truth it was too late. The tragedy of the evening had raised an impassible barrier between

It seem a long time before she heard Nothard descend the stairs again. He came into the room quietly, and shut the door behind him.

Ninette did not turn or raise her head, and he came over to where she

You know what the doctor says? "They told you?"

That Dorothy may be disfigured for life?" "There was a long silence. She felt as if her lids were weighted and

"You know what that means for

Ninette found her voice then, the hot color rushing in waves over her white face.

"Why do you tell me this?" she asked stormily. "What has your en-gagement got to do with me, and why should you wish to break it?" She tried to free herself from him, but he held her fast by her

arm so that she could not run away. 'It's not the time for us to pretend to one another," he said. "It's a time for the truth to be spoken. I love you you know that. I love you with every beat of my heart, and I believe you love me. Ninette, do you love me?"

She tried to deny it. but somehow the words refused to form them-

selves on her lips. 'I saw it in your eyes tonight, be-"I saw it in your eyes tonight, before this happened," he wenty on
roughly. "And you see, you cannot
deny it. I care nothing for Dorothy
the matter with her. You say your--you know that, too! Years ago, self she doesn't love you. Well, I when I was a boy, I did, and she let do! I suppose I've no pride to say me down, I told you. Then we met this now, but it's the truth, and I again and somehow things were allowed to drift, and we patched things up. She is nothing to me, and if the truth were spoken, I dare say I am nothing to her, except someone who —" She cried out as if in pain as will give her a good time, and pay he caught her hand and tried to turn her bills. Tonight"—he paused and her to him.

"Oh. let me go—let me go!" she tered everything, if what the doctor sobbed fears is true, and you know as well as free, I never can ask for my free- at him as he spoke.

not very successful.

why you say all this to me," she in the world for me—but Dorothy persisted obstinately. "Why say you loved her years ago, and so—" She Ninette cried out passionately: raised her passionate eyes to his and suddenly stopped speaking, her heart overwhelmed with sudden desolution. She knew that every word Nothard had said was true; she knew that no matter how they loved each faces silently. Then he broke out other, happiness could not come to again them now, unless Dorothy gave it with magnanimous hands. And she hated Dorothy-hated her with the strong intensity of her nature, in spite of the fact that tragedy had just knocked at the closed door up-

Then all at once her pride broke down and she tumbled forward against Nothard's breast, the bitter sobs breaking from her as she clung

"Oh, I do love you-I do love

you!"
"Ninette!" his arms went around her, holding her fast. He could not

My Marriage Problems Adele Garrison's New Phase of "REVELATIONS OF A WIFE"

What Happened Between Dr. Pettit and Claire Foster.

'I'm so afraid mother will overdo,' said worriedly, as Lillian and I huried out to the big old barn which "No doubt she will." Lillian re-

I suppose my face showed the startled query I was too polite to voice, for Lillian explained with a

lied composedly, "but it won't hurt

"It's a 40-to-1 shot," she said, ment?

For some seconds Ninette stood without moving, her face quite colorwithout moving, her face quite colorare pretty nearly on the ragged edge. and if she didn't have any physical labor to do she'd exercise her nerves by going into one of her tantrums and ragging you. As it is, she can juggle the frying pan and bang the double holler until she gets the choler out of her system. By night she'll be so tired she'll go to sleep like a

"By night none of our lives will be worth a penny whistle," I laughed. "But we all possess excellent foot-work, and she'll be too tired to chase us." Lillian retorted.

"I wish Elizabeth would go home." said inhospitably, but the addition of a rocking chair guest like my sister-in-law and four obstreperous youngsters to a maidless household was enough, I felt, to make almost any chatelaine quail.

"She'll go tomorrow, mark what I'm telling you." Lillian prophesised. "Her mother will put her to work today, and from what I have observed of your sirster-in-law, labor of any sort is anathema to her."

"I hope mother piles it on her today," I said viciously, and relieved, eyes, though half-ashamed of my outburst, I climbed into my car and backed it fluste out of the barn.

An Important Call. "Poor, unsuspecting Elizabeth!"

hair, and then, as she raised her face, their lips met.

CHAPTER XLL

Peter Makes a Choice. It was Ninette who spoke first, breaking away from him, her eyes wild, her voice tremulous. "It isn't fair-I never have any

happiness! She doesn't love you, was fettered for all time with bonds and I do! I've never had any happiness! It's been only trouble, all through my life!" "My dearest-

"Oh, you take it so calmly!" she broke out. "You are quite willing to marry Dorothy, just because they say she may be scarred. What does that matter? She never cared for you-you've just said so-and I-" She stopped, afraid to trust her-

self to say any more, Nothard walked away from her agitatedly. After a moment he broke

said if I ask her to give me my freedom. I can't do it, Ninette! I love you with every beat of my heart, exploded: knelt, stooped and raised her to her but this-" He stopped as someone painfully aware of the tragedy both their faces; then she said: "Peter, Dorothy is asking for

> There was an eloquent silence. then Peter made a quick, irresolute

Mrs. Cranford hesitated, but they as if she could never raise them both seemed to have forgotten her, again. Then Northard said hoarse- and she went silently away. Ninette turned round then. Her face was marble white, and her eyes

me—that I cannot break my engage—blazed. She had lost all sense of ment, if Dorothy wishes to hold me justice and proportion in her newly justice and proportion in her newly realized love. She had known the joy of being held in this man's arms, and of feelings his kisses upon her lips, and for the moment her

"Ninette, for God's sake-" She drew back. "I mean what I sav! Put yourself in my place and see how you would feel. Imagine that some man who cares for me was upstairs, asking for me-ill! How would you like me to go?" Her breast rose and fell stormily; her lips shook so that she could hardly form her words. "If

won't spare you! You can go to her, if you like, but if you think I

But he was stronger than she and do that, unless Dorothy sets me held her forcibly, making her look

You don't mean this Ninette: Ninette tried to laugh, but it was you're upset, unstrung! It's my duty to go to her now, and you know it. "I don't know what you mean, or I love you-there is no other woman

Ninette cried out passionately:"I wish I were dead!" She trembled so that she would have fallen but for Nothard's up-holding hands and for a moment they looked into one another's tragic

"At least kiss me, Ninette-if it's for the last time!" When he bent toward her she struggled, and tried to hide her face, but she was like a child in his grasp, and he pressed a long, passionate kiss on her lips before he

released her, He turned to the door, but as he opened it she called his name wildly. Peter! Don't go to her-don't

For a moment she thought he

hesitated; then, with a sudden move-

ment, he turned and walked out of

the room, shutting the door behind him.

Littian apostrophized, as we rolled down the driveway past her windows. "Little she knows what is in store for her today, Oh, joy! Madge, you needn't turn your head, you're past now, anyway, but if you could have seen your mother-in-law just now as I saw her! Elizabeth's window shade

went up with a jerk, and Mother Grastill holding the cord with which she had sent it up, was framed in the window registering disgust, indignation and all the other emotions appropriate to the occasion. Send the car along, old dear, I'm anxious to get back. It promises to be an eventful and entertaining morning."
Send the car along I did, accord-

ingly, and we soon drew up before the old house in Sag Harbor in which Dr. Pettit has his office and his rather cheerless bachelor living quarters.

The physician, as stiff and forbidding as ever, betrayed by his manner that he was a trifle shocked at our early call, as well as extremely cur-ious about it. But Lillian gave bim time to indulge either emotion, While I basied myself with the 4-months-old magazines in the reception room-I have yet to find a physician or a dentist who has an up-to-date magazine—she accompanied Dr. Pettit into his private office with much the air, I told myself, of z mother escorting a small boy into

"That Man-" For fully 10 minutes, I heard the continuous murmur of their voices, Lillian's smooth, crisp, narrative the physician's at first nervous, expostulating, finally acquiescent. And when Lillian returned to the reception room there were traces of a battle bitterly fought, hardly won, in her

Dr. Pettit, behind her, was visibly flustered. He turned to me awk-

"Your trip has done you good, Mrs. Graham." he said, with his best pro-fessional air. "You are looking exceedingly well. How are Mr. Gra-ham and the child?" "Both are very well, thank you."

I returned demurely, hesitated, then asked abruptly: "And Miss Foster?

Is she still in Sag Harbor, and

I had asked the question simply to startle him out of his ridiculous selfconsciousness, but when he perceptibly paled at the question I was angry I had asked it.

"She is not in Sag Harbor. As for her health, I do not know, for I have heard nothing from her for weeks."

His words and manner indicated that nothing was more trivial, more remote from his mind than the welfare and the whereabouts of Claire Foster. But I-who knew of his infatuation for the breezy western girl -caught the look of suffering in his eyes, and guessed that there had been some sudden and tragic ending of his love story. But I had no chance to out again:

"It's my duty, as I see it. She has only her beauty—you know that Ninette, and you know what will be door, and made an imperative little signal for me to follow her. When we were safely out of hearing she

"Of all the colossal, coiled-in-red-He was very white, but his voice as steady when he spoke.

tapped at the door. Mrs. Cranford tape, anointed idiots, that man is the imost colossal and the most anointed!" she exclaimed. "Won't he do what you wish?" I

"You can bet the last cent you ever expect to have that he will," she re-plied emphatically, "But it took me 10 minutes to convince him that he'd better. I hope your mother and Elizabeth are progressing with that breakfast. Wrestling with the dear doctor's muslin mind has given me a ravenous appetite."

Problems That Perplex Answered by BEATRICE FAIRFAX

soul was aflame with jealousy.

"If you go to her now I will never forgive you or speak to you again as long as I live!" she said.

She hardly raised her voice, but it was shaken to the depths by the strength of her passion.

"Ninette, for God's sake—"

Tell Her the Truth.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man of 22 and have been friendly with a girl over a year. I love her time ago and stayed a week or two. He lost the last red cent he had, as gamblers sometimes do. He had as gamblers sometimes do. He had as gamblers sometimes do. He had been eating in the place, bout once her New Year's with an engagement ring, but it seems doubtful now. I do not want to get married until 1 do not want to get married until I am in a position for it. I am a young man who does not want to make a fool of a girl and break her heart. When I start something I want to finish it. Now, I love her very much and I haven't the nerve to tell it to her. In that way, I think she gets the idea that I don't love her. Do you think if she really you the clothes a fellow wears. love her. Do you think if she really likes me she would wait for me?

Tell the girl the honest truth about the situation. Your love sounds like a big, honest, fine feeling, which any real woman would
be proud to have. And you are
young enough to wait. The only
thing that would be utterly unfair
to the girl would be to leave her
in doubt as to your feelings. She
has a right to know and to make her has a right to know and to make her

Sixteen: Five feet and 16 years call for not more than 120 pounds It's the candy that's piling the fat on, so you had better be strengthen-ing your will and say, "No, thank you, I will not have any," when the chocolate box is beckoning you. You want lots of good, wholesome food naturally at your age, and a certain amount of sugar, but that you can get enough of it in the foods you eat-desserts, sweetening, and so on. I would not advise any strenuous reduction course for you other than watching your diet carefully and substituting for your novel reading good outdoor sports like skating and hiking.

Betty: There is positively no sin in bobbing the hair. It is all a no-tion that it is indecent. But there is strong prejudice against it on the is strong prejudice against it on the part of some people. I would not defy the members of my family, or even my friends by doing it; nor would I do it if I were not quite young, because in my oplmion, it is only becoming to young girls. What is done, is done, however, and if you have cut yours off you'll just have have cut yours off you'll just have to act so beautifully until it has grown long again, that people will forget all about it being bobbed and think only what a lovely girl you

M. S.: For the brittle nails, allp. at night before retiring, and let it remain there overnight. You can train your nails to the half moon believe it was true that she was here clinging to him, when his love for her had seemed so hopeless and far removed.

He bent his head and kissed her limits here at the age of 162.

Him.

(Continued in The Bee Tomorrow.)

A centenarian of Aldershot is recorded as having lost his first tooth at the age of 162.



The Blacksmith's Shop. Twinkleheels trotted proudl ind the buggy in which the old horse Ebenezer was pulling Johnnic Green and his father towards the village. Once Twinkleheels would have chaled at having to suit his just a bit sheepish. pace to Ebenezer's. He would have



Don't do that!" the old horse Ebenezer called to him.

bought Ebenezer's gait too slow But ever since Ebenezer won a race with him in the pasture, Twinkle-heels had thought more highly of his elderly friend. He knew that if Ebenezer chose to take his time it wasn't because he couldn't have hurried had he cared to.

They reached the blacksmith's

hop at last, where Ebenezer and I winkleheels were to get new shoes. Having been there many times be-Twinkleheels, however, was somehat uneasy. He had never visited smithy. And he looked with wide, staring eyes at the low, dingy build-ing. On the threshold he drew back as he sniffed odors that were strange

Johnnie Green spoke to him and urged him forward.
"I'll wait for Ebenezer," Twinkleheels decided. And he wouldn't sudge until Farmer Green led the old horse into the smithy. Then Twinkleheels followed,

"Goodness!" he cried to Ebenezer a moment later. "This place is afire. Let's get outside at once!" He had caught sight of a sort of flaming table against one of the walls. "Don't be alarmed!" Ebenezer "That's only the forge. That's

where the blacksmith heats the shoes red hot, so he tan pound them into the proper shape to fit the feet.' Twinkleheels had trembled with fear. And now he had scarcely recovered from his fright when a terrible clanging clatter startled him. He snorted and pulled back. He would have run out of the smithy had not Johnnie Green tied his ahlter rope to a ring in the wall.

A Silly Song

Old Mack Teeland went to town to sell a load of steers. He hadn't been so far from home in almost 20 years. He got the money for his stock and went to feed his face. The folks all smiled behind their hands when Mack came in the place. He owns a section and a half of good Nebraska dirt, but he was dressed in overalls and home-made gingham shirt. After supper when he went to pay his bill, by heck, the feller at the register refused to cash his check. Mack didn't know a soul in town and din't have a cent. He had to wire to Banker Burns and have some money sent. Mack Teeland's kid ain't worth a darn but or twice a day, where Mack had tried to cash the check they would not take for pay. When Mack's son youd the clothes a fellow wears.

Shenezer called to him, "There's no danger. That noise is nothing to he atraid of. It's only the smith pounding a horseshoe on his anvil." Twinklebeels looked relieved-and "I'm glad you came with me," he

aid. "I'd have been frightened if A queer hiss made Twinkleecls forget what he was saying "What's that?" he cried. "Is there a goose hidden somewhere in the "No! The smith put the hot shoe

into a tub of water to cool," Eben-czer explained. He couldn't help smiling a bit. A scrubby looking white mare who vas being shod turned her head and stared at Ebenezer and his small

"It's easy to see," she remarked,



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that that colt has never been in a smithy before. In my opinion he ought to be at home with his mother This is no place for children."

Before Ebenezer could answer her, "I don't know who you are, madam," he snapped. "But I'd like you to understand that I'm so colt. I'm a pony. And I must say I think you owe me an apology,"
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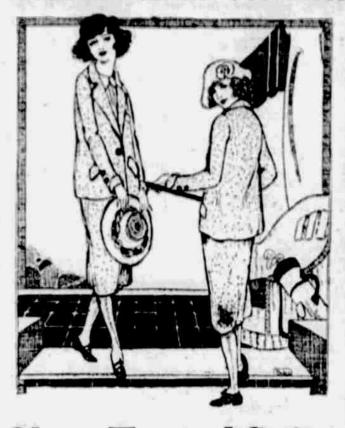
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