lit if

Nowhere By RUBY M. AYRES. (Copyright, 1922.)

(Continued From Yesterday.) without feeling. Ronnie was gone, umphed over her.

The words beat against her brain don't know what you mean," she said. "I came home from busino meaning. early and I've just got tea Where is Ronnie?" her heart felt dead in her breast. She would never kiss him agam; plotting, planning, contriving.

Mrs. Higgs burst into sobs. never hold him in her arms; never Tear her now!" she appealed to hear his eweetly shrill voice calling how she would get him back-her

mangle. "Hear 'er! Where is to her. He had gone. He was no life would be starved without him, the precious—as if she don't longer a part of her life. All She dared not think of the terrible w It's too bad of yer. Miss that was left to her of him were gap the loss of the child would make. the mangle, "Hear 'er! Hingleby, that it is, to make a joke the little shoes upstairs and the the lonely nights, the silent homewhat's near broke me heartcheap toy engine with the string coming, the always empty room. solet took a step forward. Her tied round the funnel,

Only the really lonely can appreface was white, She heard Mrs. Higgs talk about clate the difference made by What are you talking about?" she sending for the police and advertise love of a child, and Violet had alasked hoarsely. "I only asked you ing, but her voice war far away ways loved children; no little street where Ronnie is. Where is he, and unreal. She was suddenly con- arab was too ugly and dirty to win where is he?" scious that her head ached terribly, a smile from her; no child was too

She seized Mrs. Higgs' arm and She wanted to get away, to be naughty to exhaust her patience and would not have cared had she known shook her with sudden frenzy, alone. She dragged herself up tenderness. She was a born mother, would not have cared had she known that the secret she still diplomatically the secret she still diplomatically alone. There are only too few such women dropped, like a blind woman she felt nowadays. Mrs. Higgs screwed herself free, her way across the kitchen. The minutes ticked solemnly away, for face was flushed with anger be- Mrs. Higgs followed, talking with The untouched tea grew cold on the

Her face was flushed with anger beneath the tears. voluable carnestners.

panted.

"Don't you go shaking me now," "Oh, miss, don't take on so, she shrilled furiously, "It's yer own police'll get 'en back for yer. I've with Mrs. Higgs in the kitchen. She fault sendin' the pretty dear away, a cousin in the force, and he's stopped at Violet's door and knocked. "im as you've no right to 'ave 'ad mighty clever. Shall I go round and "Let me in," she said. Her usu-'im as you've no right to 'ave 'ad mighty clever. Shall I go round and at all, that's my belief. Don't you fetch him up 'ere for yer, miss?" ally careless voice was softened. Violet shook her head. She smiled When Violet unlocked the door, go for to-

She broke off, staring at Violet wanly. It was impossible to explain Olive put a kindly arm about her. with her one eye wide. "Oh, Miss Violet," she whimpered that she had no right to Ronnie. She was shocked at had never had a right to him. She younger girls face.

suddenly, "don't go for to tell me that you didn't say he was to go; don't tell me that I've let him go when I 'adn't ought-didn't yer know then? Oh, Lord a mercy, what 'ave L done2". done?

swimming before her eyes. When The very thought of such a thing longer hers, there was not much to she spoke her voice sounded like a was like a brutal blow on her own stranger's.

"You mean that Ronnie has— gone?" she asked with white lips. "Is that—what you mean—Mrs. Higgs? Please follow." name over and over again. "Ronnie, Ronnie, Ronnie!" Higgs? Please tell me."

"They fetched him. They said as it was all right," sobbed the as it was all right, source the woman brokenly. "And he went off that ready and willin', the pretty love, the gentleman says as he was a goin' to take him to you. Miss Hingleby.

ingleby." "The gentleman? What gentle-"Ronnic, Ronnic, Ronnie!" she man?" moaned.

Mrs. Higgs wiped her one eye agam.

Higgs called "I ain't never seen 'im before, through the keyhole. Miss, but he says it was quite all "Oh, go away, go away," said right; he give me 'alf a sovereign. Violet. The floodgates about her Miss, and he says that his name is heart were breaking. The realiza-Hastings-Mr. Ronald Hastings." tion of what had happened was slow-"Mr.

Hastings, Mr. Ronald Hast- ly coming back to her, and with it-Violet echoed Mrs. Higgs' with it was a deadly hatred of the ings. tearful words in a vague, expres- man who had done this thing-the sionless voice. She groped back- man who had robbed her of all she ward for a chair and dropped into it. loved in the world. She scrambled to her feet, still She laughed mirthlessly.

She had been tormenting herself holding the little shoes. She raised with misgivings for the part she had them to her lips, kissing them pasplayed with regard to this man, and sionately. She looked round the all the time-all the time-it was empty room, so empty now without she who had been fooled-he who the patter of Ronnie's little feet, the incessant chatter of his voice, had been fooling her! For the moment she was utterly and it was Hastings who had deso-

so to speak. She helped herself to some of the loved me. I must have him back. I ment of heartbreak—the woman had him! arms she had lain, whose kisses she had taken. She felt she could have

bread and jam which Violet had cut must. I must." torn her lips as she remembered for Ronnie. She talked between those kisses. She had thought herself a good mouthfuls.

"You'd better go to the police, I'll actress. She had many times known come with you. It's a clear case of haby stealing. Who is the boy, Vi? You never told me where you got him from. What right have you to remorse for the part she played, but her skill had been nothing to his. He had known all along. He had tri-

She paced restlessly up and down Violet rocked herself to and fro. like hammers, but they conveyed the room. She felt as it she would "Oh. I haven't any. I haven't any," she said in a stifled voice. "Ex-Ronnie was gone, but go mad if action were denied her. Her brain worked like a nerv wheel,

cept that I love him. Oh, you don't know how I love him-you don't he'd have been a regular nuisance to She would get Ronnie back. Somenow." you later on, when you wanted to Olive chewed a crust. She could get rid of him." know

not understand any one being "mad The words were spoken with kindly intention, but they roused Violet or kids," as she called it. "Well, if you haven't any real to fury. She started to her feet,

her pretty face all distorted with right to him." she said reflectively, it rather complicates matters. Mrs. grief and anger. "I should never have wanted to get Higgs says that Ronald Hastings took him away. Is that right? What's he got to do with him?" I loved him better than my own life. Hastings? I'd have stolen, and stolen gladly, to Violet 1 "He's his father," said Violet, She

longer cared who knew. She keep hun. Go away-I hate you, I laugh. hate you, 1 wish I were dead. I wish I were dead." the secret she still diplomatically

guarded. She felt she wanted a friend-some one to help and advise -and Olive was as good as any table. Presently Olive Hale climbed other. The the stairs. She had had conversation

"If it were me," said Olive presently when she had finished the crust, "I should just go round and have it out with Hastings. Can't you make a bargain with the man? Men don't really care for children, at least not the men I've known. What does that she had no right to Ronnie. She was shocked at the pallor of the he want him for? You don't tell me any details, and Mrs. Higgs is too

busy weeping with her one eye to be coherent. Of course, Ronnie was a nice looking little fellow," she

added condescendingly. Violet flung her head down on who had deserted his wife, disowned that fate had taken the cards out of Violet clutched at the table with bis child. It tortured her to believe her own hands, but she shrewdly her arms and burst into a passion of both hands. Everything seemed that he would not be kind to the boy, saw that now the move was no tears.

She locked the door of the room The Famous Oshkosh--424

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lated sher life, the man in whose he lost by going over to the enemy, solibed stormily. "He was all I had to the woman who had cast herself added fiercely. "I hate him just now love, the only one in the world who down on the ground in an abandonso much that I could-almost-kill

been her own sister, the one crea-Olive watched her friend reflee- ture whom Olive had really cared tively. She was wondering what was for; she was dead now; the grass the next best move to make. She had grown and died for many sum-

took a cigaret from her bag and In it. in Olive Hale's heart was still open tional hank of Chappell, Neb., plead- hours. "I should go and see Hastings my-self," she said "I-hang it all, Violef,

do stop crying. You get on my nerves; and he wasn't your own child, after all. There are plenty She hid it from the world; she buried it beneath a cold exterior, but sometimes, in the darkness of night she would draw the bedclothes over more in the world, and I dare say her head to stifle her sobs when she remembered the sister who had received her deathblow from a coward's hand.

> She rose now and went over to the window.

"Don't rave at me." she said presently, in an unusually subdued voice. "It won't do any good; if you want rid of him. You're utterly heartless the child back that's not the way to to suggest such a thing. I tell you get him. What sort of a man is

Violet laughed-a hard, mirthless

-Mr. and Mrs. John Lang and "What sort of a man? Oh, he's daughter. Miss Margaret, who at-good looking, and plausible; a man tended the Kiwanis convention at Olive knocked her cigaret ash into teacup; she had heard a woman against your better judgment-un-their home at Wymore. Miss Lang rave before in a frenzy of passion, til you find out that he's a liar and a was crowned queen of the Kiwanis not about a child. She was cheat," the words came from between while in attendance at the gather thinking of the occasion now, and of clenched teeth. "I hate him," she ling,

New City Water Supply Beatrice, Neb., June 29-(Special.) The city commissioners are making

(Continued in The Bee Tomorrow plans to connect the new well northwest of the city with the water

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Yegge, and one-time wealthy ranch ers, near Chappell. They lost \$45,000 in the failure and are now bankrupt. Sentence was deterred pending the trial of four others, F. A. Burling, Charles Babcock, Charles Wertz and Tom Johnson, also under indictment in the same case. Joseph W. John-

Supper the only difference being the kind of meat you seson pleaded guilty last week. He and the Yegge brothers will testify for the government in lect at this meal. case against the other four. We all know Mrs. Baker and

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The Reasons:---

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kets of the country are open, offering

many opportunities to merchants to pur-

chase the latest productions at consider-

able saving in price. Our buyers have just

returned from these markets, and their purchases will be shipped to us in time

for our August sale. Because of the length

of time necessary for mipment, we could

not give our patrons the advantage of

these purchases at a sale held in July.

Invoice Period

immediately precedes the first of

July. At this time many pieces are brought to light that we will close out at enormous reductions. These pieces could not be marked and prepared in time for a sale in July.

For these reasons we believe August is the logical month for our Semi-Annual Sale.



for Friday and

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Vacations"

to take advantage of our midsummer sales

in July because the time conflicted with

their vacations. Then, too, all of our sales

people will have returned from their va-

cations in time for the August sale, re-

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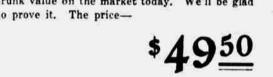
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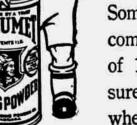
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