## The Manager

 Of the B. Q A.By VAUGHAN KESTER
$\qquad$
(Continued from Saturday.)
 mings unanished."
There was a Emory sald softly:
"I am so sorry". tor me," dryly.
But ahe didd $n$.
was wondering how she would have felt had the con "I supp
cooilish"
Sbe loo "Why do wou that? re

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { "Are you going?" she cried, with a } \\
& \text { rigo of real longigg and regret in her } \\
& \text { volce, Hifted out of herself for the moo- }
\end{aligned}
$$ and foollah to care for some one?"

"Waanit ttr" with suidenty kindle bope, for he found tit hard to give her Mitse Emory drew herself together "I never thought of thls," she sald,
wich was hardly true; she had thought of it many times, thnocently
"Na"
admitted Dan,
Down enoush, for ber Hightest word had be- had
come gospel to htm, such was his love come gosepel to htm, such was his love
and roverence. "Tou couldn't know."
Poor Oakley. smallent part of the knowledge. "I
thnk 1 soe now, perfecty, how great
a difference this affatr of my father's must make. It sort of cuts me off
from evergtinn,"."
"it is very tragic. I wish you hadn't old me fuat now." Her lips trembled
pathetically, and there were tears in

"I didn't know,"
Of course you couldn't know," he
repeated. Theen be plunged abead eckloesaly, for he found there was it love bopeless as it was.
"It has boen moot berlous and sacred
O me. I shall never forget you-never. it me. I ahail never forget you-never.
to me me th mo many ways just
to know you it know you. It has changed so many
my ideals. I can't be grateryl nough.", Iteals. I can't be grateful Was as it should be. She was sorry or him. She admirsed his dignity and trong and purposeful. asy, Mr. Oakley. You will tind some enwoud be tnse MINQ," generousty, "that couldn't
not find nny one, IIl not look," "Oh, but you will
Alroady, with the selfsahness of ber
vex and a selfashness which was great er than that of her sex, she was regret-
ting that she had allowed him to step

"I don't know why you think that.
I can't say any more than I have sald.

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\begin{aligned}
& \text { him he gave up too easily. } \\
& \text { "t any rate, we are friends," ho } \\
& \text { ndded } \\
& \text { "Are you going?" she cried, with a }
\end{aligned}
$$

 shinli see you again?" "We couldn't
"Probably," smillag. "We well avold seelng each other in a place
the size of thss",
He held out his hand frankly.
"And I shan't see you here any
 quite fair to him, If her abillty to to
Euard herself was entirely commenda-
be atter all. He knew th the end hls
ouly memory of her would be that she
was beant was beautiful. He would carry thit
memory and a hauntng sense of in
completeness with hlm wherever he went.
she placed her band in his and look-
ed up Into his face with troubled, serl. ous cyes.
"Goody," It was almost a whisper.
Dan crossed the roou to the door
and flumg it open. For an tnstant he and fung it open. For an lnstant he
wavered on the threshold, but a mo-
ment later was striding down to
street, with bis hat jummed needlessly ment later was striding down the
street, with hils hat jammed needessly
low over hils ears and hils hands thrust deep tu his trousers pockets.
At the whodow Constance, with a
white, scared face, whas watchths himm
from between the parted curtalus. She from botween the parted curtains. she
hoped he would look buek, but he nev-
er once turned his head. STEAMER GARLAND
Leaves Maf shfield every
Morning af 5 a. m. run-
ning up os River to
Daniel Creet



\section*{| STEAMER FLYER |
| :---: |
| M. P. Pendergrass, Master |}





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