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made in her by centuries of feminine submission. The mothers who had gone before had built this warped and distorted ego. In all the ages gone the man had owned all and the woman nothing. She had been the creature of his fancy, the slave of his whim, the recipient of his bounty.

Officer Dowd walked into the police station just as the desk sergeant with the sausage shaped red mustache gave way to one with a blue eye and a blue chin, and the new incumbent greeted Officer Dowd with effusive cordiality.

"What's bringing you into my district? Or are you off duty?" "Dan, you got a girl here by the name of Rose Hesper that claims to know me, and I just dropped in to mug her."

"You can look them all over if you've time," granted the sergeant, and Dowd walked back into the cell room. "Rose Hesper's in cell 5."

"Why, hello, Marie!" exclaimed Dowd. "What you in for?"

Marie looked up with a jerk. "There's a little friend of mine here, too," she explained. "It was all a mistake. I'm in an awful hurry."

"Wait a minute." And Officer Dowd stalked out to the desk. "Well, Dan, you got the wrong parties," he announced. "What's against my friend, Rose Hesper?"

"Copping a motorboat last night," said the sergeant, looking at the blotter.

"Wrong party," returned Dowd promptly. "I was with Rose Hesper myself last night, her and her little friend, and we didn't leave the cafe till nearly daybreak."

The sergeant made an entry on the blotter. "I'll tell that dock watchman it's an all right."

"Will he stand for it?" Dowd asked. "If he don't we'll push him off the dock," calmly stated the sergeant. "Joe, bring out 5 and 17."

Five was out first and displayed her friendly smile. "Where's your little friend?" asked Officer Dowd, waiting and glancing past a dejected looking little chauffeur with a tiny mustache who came through the cell room door.

"That's him," and Marie introduced Henri. The big policeman and the little chauffeur glared at each other a moment.

"Oh!" Durban looked at his wife slowly. "You may take them down, Oscar," said Mrs. Durban quietly, and both the artist and his wife were silent while the tapestries were removed.

"Vivi, I don't understand," puzzled her husband. "I don't see why you'd remove important things without consulting me." And he glanced at June, who had returned to the house to resume her nap. Her eyes were closed, although she was not sleeping.

The woman's chin went up. "Bennett, dear, this is my house." "Oh, yes, yes, to be sure!" He walked very quietly back to his big canvas and studied it for a long time without seeing it at all.

June was not only shocked, but filled with compassion. She understood as the man could not the reason for the astounding change in the woman. The sudden acquisition of property had transformed her entire nature, and given her a dizzy haughtiness, and twisted her view until she placed an utterly false valuation upon herself and upon everything around her.

Money again! Always money! Mrs. Durban's attitude had been

ment, while the cheek bones of Marie grew red with pleasure. Henri looked about him wistfully.

"I am happy that I have met you, M. Dowd." He bowed politely. "Now we go, Mlle. Marie."

Marie displayed her friendly smile to Henri and then to Officer Dowd. "Won't you come with us?" she inquired.

"You'll come with me!" he blurted and grabbed her by the arm. "Got him!" he triumphantly yelled.

"Say, listen. I just done a fine piece of work. I sleuthed the other party's detectives. They got the girl's dog, and they've spotted your husband's limousine. Join me in front of the Biakely building and I'll lead you to them."

At the same moment Ned's detectives were telephoning the same information to the anxious group in the Warner apartments.

"Didn't I tell you we'd find a clew?" exclaimed Iris Blithering and sobbed to relieve her feelings.

The little runaway bride was a picture which would have held the eye of any artist as she lay asleep in the inglenook with the flare of the flames dancing about her. The flimsy negligee had slipped from one shoulder, and her pretty head, with the wavy hair rippling back from her brow, rested upon a tapering white arm. She suddenly awoke under Durban's gaze and drew the negligee in place.

"You've spoiled it!" cried Durban. "My Spirit of the Marsh! Come here!" He caught her hand and raised her.

He led her, bewildered, before the big canvas, where, crudely indicated by a few rough strokes of the crayon, the "Spirit of the Marsh" hovered over her domain.

"You must be my model!" he excitedly informed her. "I will pay you any price you wish. Here is some money in advance." And, jerking a wad of loose bills from his pocket, he thrust them in her hand. "Now stand here." He was so quick, so energetic, so fired with impatient fervor, that June had no time to think, much less

protest. He half led, half pulled, her on the small dais which he hastily



"You're in love with her," she snapped.

shoved into position. He caught up a sharp knife. It would not do. He ran to a workbasket in the alcove and brought back a long pair of shears and with one clip slit the flimsy negligee at the shoulder.

At that moment the portieres opposite the big canvas opened far enough to reveal the dark, handsome face of the black Vandyked Gilbert Blye.

Toward the Durban house there dashed two automobiles, the electric of Honoria Blye and the Moore family car, with the parents and husband of June and her bosom friend, Iris Blithering, and Bobbie.

Marie and Officer Dowd were suddenly interrupted in their leisurely stroll by a loud yell, and a white and brown streak threw itself against Marie. Bounce! He barked, he circled, he ran up the street a little way, ran back and darted off again.

"Miss Durban!" cried Marie, and, clutching Officer Dowd by the sleeve, she ran up the street after the dog.

Vivian Durban, her chin tilted, her face serene, her step deliberate and leisurely, came into her studio. Whatever she had been about to say froze on her lips as she saw the tableau before the canvas. The exquisitely molded runaway bride, draped like the Spirit of the Marsh, stood upon the dais.

"Oh!" The word was a shriek. Vivian Durban rushed down the length of the studio, towering with rage. "So that's it!" she cried. "That's why you brought this creature here!"

"Vivi!" protested the artist. "Out of my house!" the woman screamed at June, her fingers working convulsively. "Out of my house this minute!" And she started toward the frightened June.

"Here!" Bennett Durban caught his wife's arm and held her back. She stopped, and slowly her chin went up. She turned on him coldly.

"Either that creature leaves—goes instantly—or you go! This is my house!" With a low cry June had darted across the studio, clasping her gauzy draperies about her as best she could. In the hall she turned to dart up the stairs, where her clothes had been left.

"Out of my house!" sternly called the woman, and as June stopped, bewildered, half crazed, the front door was opened by the smirking butler, whose furtive eye leered at her.

Faint, dazed, scarce knowing what she did, June, draped as the Spirit of the Marsh, slipped out of the house and into the street.

The artist and his wife went to the porch and watched the girl flutter away. The woman turned to Durban. "You're in love with her," she snapped.

Around the corner, two blocks away, tore the Moore car, with Ned Warner peering intently ahead. From the opposite direction came Honoria Blye's electric. In front of the Durban door stood a luxurious limousine with the black shades drawn. Gilbert Blye's.

As June dashed down the steps the door of the car opened and the white mustached Orin Cunningham sprang out and caught June by the wrist. Another figure sped from the Durban door, close upon the beautiful Spirit of the Marsh. It was Gilbert Blye, and he held outstretched a voluminous black cloak.

(To be Continued.)

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