

Heart of Liane

By MABEL McELLIOTT

CHAPTER XIII

Liane looked up, then away. All her ardent young soul was in that place.

"You don't like me," the man accused, veiled tones. "You run away whenever I come near. Why? We were such friends last summer." Liane moved restlessly under his intense scrutiny.

"I don't know," Van Robard's words were measured. "I don't quite know."

"Why not?" Liane asked, her voice trembling and broke at memory of the disappointment she had suffered when he had gone away without a word or look after the night he had left her on the steps.

Instantly the man was at her side, all concern. "My dear," he cried in that deep, troubling voice. "My dear, I've made you cry. And that's a thing I never meant to do."

"Go away," Liane begged, despairing. "Go away, making a fool of myself."

"Not a step," said the man stubbornly. "I've discovered what I've done. Here—" He thrust a big, soft linen handkerchief into her trembling fingers.

Liane, frantically the girl wiped away the tell-tale tears. Scarcely had she repaired the casual ravages and powdered her pretty nose before Mrs. Cleopatra's majestic tread was heard on the stairs. Liane jumped up, regarding Robard's restraining hand. She took up the poker and began to clatter it noisily, disturbing the logs.

"Let me do that," demanded a quiet voice. Liane yielded up the poker and fled into the shelter of the dining room where she made a brave show of a last minute consultation with the waitress.

"When Olive came in five minutes later he found a composed and quiet Liane before the fire. Van, hands in pockets, lounged carelessly and at Liane's glance, she glanced keenly at the young girl who sat half in shadow. When dinner was announced, Van offered his arm ceremoniously to the old lady who approved of formalities.

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Liane sat, pale and smiling, scarcely touching her food. She glanced across the way, so handsome and slender-looking in his poster black and white. Olive seemed astonishingly young compared to Robard although there was probably not 10 years difference in their ages.

"When do you leave for the east?" Van asked him presently.

Olive flashed a quick, annoyed glance at his mother who bridled and snarled for him.

"Such nonsense I think it is!" she said briskly. "Why can't Olive potter around here? There's plenty to do on the estate. But no, he must dash off to this tea planting place or rubber, or whatever it may be. I should like to see him in Wall Street as his father was before him," she finished with majesty, "but he doesn't see things my way."

"It's Surabaya, to be exact, and the business is rubber," Olive returned affably to Robard. He ignored his mother's protest.

"McAllister who was at school with me has a place there. He's a Britisher, you know. Very good fellow, very enthusiastic. I'd like to try it, say—four or five years."

Van inquired with suavity, "You aren't going to Paris this winter, are you?"

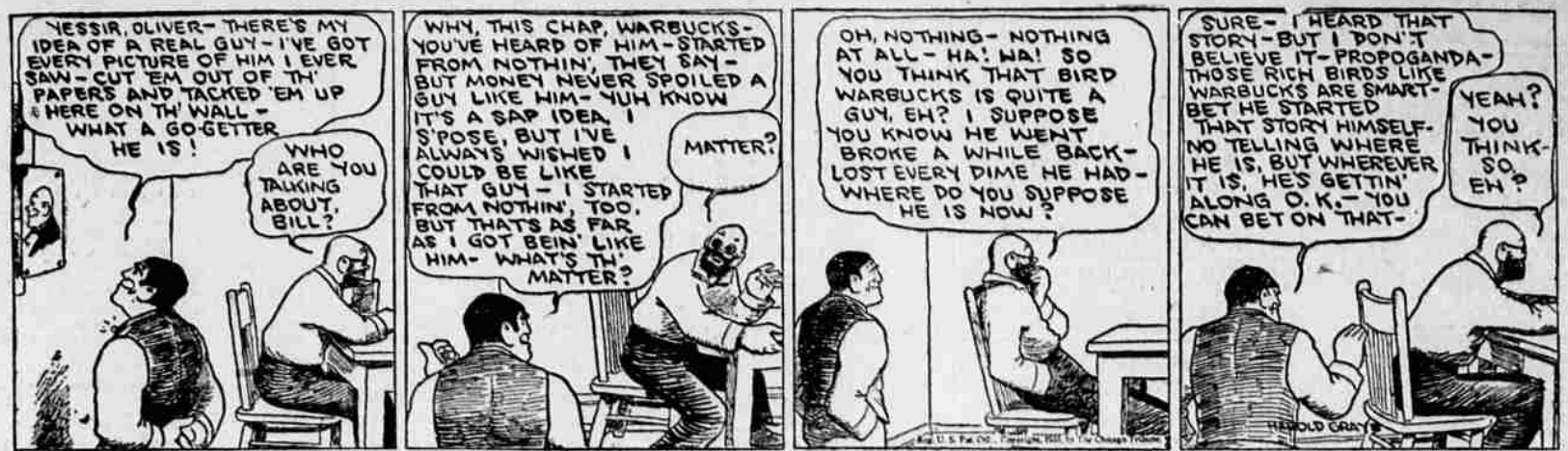
"No, I'm not. I love this place in the fall. And I think I'm getting old. The thought of traveling wears on me this year. Perhaps I shall be dull but I think I shall stay here until Christmas at least. This good child," she smiled at Liane, "has done much to make life pleasant here."

"I'm staying in New York for a month or two," Van informed them, felt so much as glancing at Liane. She felt her heart pound suffocatingly in her breast. "I've some—important things to attend to."

Why, thought the girl rebelliously, must be always be so mysterious? There was a subtle undercurrent in everything he said. She at once loved and hated it. It attracted and repelled.

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TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK



POLLY AND HER PALS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



Hidden Proverb

SATURDAY'S ANSWER

HORIZONTAL

1 Anticlimax.
2 To sew.
3 Diced.
4 Mooly apple.
5 Pertaining to the sun.
6 Last word of a prayer.
7 Cor.
8 Clear.
9 To stroke lightly.
10 Slime.
11 To implore.
12 Within.
13 Swine.
14 To bark shrilly.
15 Southeast.
16 Opposite of in.
17 Striped cloth.
18 Secured.
19 Not short.
20 Inclination.
21 Duration.
22 To oppress with heat.
23 Nominal value.
24 Fourth note.

VERTICAL

1 Ugly old woman.
2 To attempt.
3 Witicism.
4 To droop.
5 Embrace.
6 Kettle.
7 Unit.
8 Verb.
9 Social insect.
10 Point.
11 Coin.
12 One and one.
13 Moisture.
14 Chart.
15 Turf.
16 Rodent.
17 To drink dog fashion.
18 Cotton picker.
19 To diminish.
20 To value.
21 Snaucy.
22 Monetary unit of Italy.
23 Organ of hearing.
24 Iniquity.
25 Monkey.
26 Nothing.
27 Behold!
28 Pound.

BRINGING UP FATHER



MICKY MICE

