RUNAWAY BRIDE

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CHAPTER X

Marcia's first reaction, as she saw intimacy of that corner table re Bob and Camilla sat, was re- Once upon a time, such a brief too, she would have experienced rift, hurting pang because Bob had en another. Not tonight. The l was broken. Bob was gay and dsome, tender and devoted, peer- in his way. But that was not ugh. He wasn't a tower of cour- a pillar of strength—all those ngs, old-fashioned phrases at ch she had smiled so brightly such ttle time ago. She no longer res- ed him, and without respect, love synthetic, never real.

he led the way to the table, sat n, chatted gaily, ordered hot milk toasted wafers, all the time aware a new independence that was like a ly, releasing tide. Because she was her gray eyes were softer, the in her cheeks was brighter, and man who so soon was to go back the Pampas noticed these things. was aware, too, that her hair hone the reddish-gold of the silk k she wore and her hands were and white against the dark wood the bare table at which they sat. wondered, suddenly, what those ds would do with a few yards of tonne, a frying pan, and a coffee . Then he smiled cynically because had thought of that. He did not in- pret her vivacity in terms of relief o, she was exerting herself be- se she loved Bob and Bob had n found with Camilla.

Phil did not think, either, that Bob d any special interest in Camilla. ther, he believed, that Marcia's ex- nce was reverting to the feline k of arousing jealousy. The cad! should be trounced, and he'd like do it. Marcia was responding, Phil ided a little bitterly. Well, he him- would be out of all this tomor- . He would be alone and the free ds would blow away the confusion. a little while now he would be back man's world—a man's world, true, t was rather empty without a wo- n. . . . He would not propose to mills again. He had been mistaken. might have felt some impulse, ough, on the basis of his years of notion if tonight hadn't given him a w perspective, Camilla, he reasoned, o cared nothing for Bob and knew t the man mattered to Marcia. uldn't have accepted a late invita- n from Bob. Oh, the devil—

"Excuse me, all of you, won't you? n getting off at dawn so I think turn in."

He left abruptly. Five minutes later rcia said, "I'm getting sleepy, too. see you in the morning."

"Wait a minute or two. We'll go ng," Bob said, but Marcia shook r head.

"I might get awake and I don't like lie and count white sheep. Good ht, Marcia. Boodby, Bob."

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Marcia saw Phil off the next morn- —saw him off in a grey dawn and like crying because he was going .

"Marcia, you were grand to get up say goodby to me," he said, blue warm and strong hands very on her fingers. "Those other ngheads haven't any manners."

Maybe she would never see him in. He might not return to Paris, she might be gone when he came. nding in the lobby, Marcia thought these things with a sickening les- ing of her spirits.

Thus was goodby, Phil was thinking. t farewell or au revoir or auf dersehen. Marcia was going to rry another man and there was no d for her to ever know that he had n stimpleton enough to wish that rejected suitor had stayed in the card.

"Goodby, Marcia. And—luck!"

"Just—so long Phil." Then, as un- pectedly to herself as to the man he held out his hand, Marcia ched up, kissed him, and drew ay. "For luck, Phil."

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She didn't wait for his answer. lf ashamed, half glad, she hurried ay. Therefore, she did not know t the man stood where she had left for a minute before he motioned the porter to stay his knapsack in taxicab.

"Good thing you're clearing out, lad," he told himself. "You could- t take much more of that without king a fool of yourself."

It was late that same afternoon t Marcia definitely refused Bob. "You're the handsomest man I now, with one exception," she told m. "You make love divinely and I pe you'll ask me to tea sometimes. t marriage, Bobbie—I'm afraid ."

"As you say, of course." He didn't ed his suit and she wondered if rhaps Camilla was mattering to m. Camilla had money, too—more en than she had.

"I'm going down to Nice tonight," e went on, making up her mind out an invitation that had come a y or two before. "I have some ends who have a villa—Cam knows em, too. Then after that I think ll be going home. I'll be bumping into you on Fifth Avenue some day soon."

Seated on the train, that evening, she reflected that as easily as though everybody would meet again in a day or two, she had watched two people, two men, go out of her life. Soot left smudges on the crisp white-crepe packet of her suit. Soot sifted in and left smudges on the crisp whiteness of her frilly blouse and bordered the perky white ribbon on her shiny black straw hat. Pretty soon, she would be by the sea. She might take a dip before she went to bed. She must decide what she wanted to do with the rest of the summer, next winter—all the summers and winters from now on to an indefinite age when she would be too old to care if there were moons or rains or wrinkles or springs. She might see Phil again some day . . . paths always crossed some time, some where—only she wouldn't . . .

She loafed in beach pajamas, apricot, blue, tan, and green, for the next week. She danced at night in colored chiffons, cool and clinging. She went to Monte Carlo one sunny afternoon and she heard the band concerts a couple of times at dusk. She decided that she might as well sail soon, but couldn't quite leave. Phil was somewhere in France—a picture postcard, forwarded by the hotel, had come from him. It showed a fishing village, looking like a stage set. He said he was developing a good appetite. That was all.

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She did not sail, though. The Paris Tribune carried a message that delayed her going. It announced that Camilla's father's fortune was gone. Knowing that it was tottering, he had taken a wild gamble—and lost. The statement was brief and terse. Camilla, though, was no longer wealthy.

"Oh, the poor child," Marion Creighton, who was Marcia's hostess, exclaimed. "She needs to be gay just now! We'll telephone her to come down and get up a house party. She needs fun."

"She may want to go home," Marcia suggested. "We might meet up on the same boat and I could do a Pollyannish stunt by her."

"It's no time for mourning, I tell you," Marion insisted and picked up the telephone. "I'll get her right away. Her father and stepmother never did have much interest in her. They gave her money and set her loose. Now they can't even give her money, but she'll marry well. She may make up her mind about Phil Kirkby now."

"Yes, of course she will," Marcia agreed, wondering why the admission hurt when it couldn't matter to her, one way or another, what Phil did.

When Marion hung up the phone she smiled triumphantly. "She's coming tomorrow. And she wants to bring a young man with her. She said you knew him. A Robert something. I didn't catch the name."

"My once-upon-time-affianced Bob."

"No!" Marion's china blue eyes grew rounder. "They're that way?"

"I don't know. But Bob's poor, too, so—she's a wise woman. She'll take Phil now."

"She may have to. She said that she hadn't any social tricks except the ones Elsa Maxwell knew, so she guessed she would have to consider matrimony. I wonder where Phil could be reached—I'm going to play Cupid and get him here—pronto!"

(To Be Continued)

At Walterville

WALTERVILLE, June 27—(Special)—Mrs. Z. C. Potter and son, Raleigh, and daughter Mrs. Al Morrison and Mrs. Steve Bonapart of Eugene were in Walterville Thursday. Mrs. Potter stated that she was planning on moving back to her home here in the near future. She has been living in Eugene with her son Raleigh since the middle of May.

The Daily Vacation Bible school closed Friday after being held two weeks by the Misses King and Fotheringham, students of Albany college and a picnic was held at Emmerjicks ferry for the last day of the classes. Classes have been held each morning for the past two weeks from 9 o'clock until 12. Sessions have been held at the Walterville church. Twenty-five or thirty children have been enrolled in the school. Friday evening the demonstration of the work done was presented before the public at the church auditorium.

Ladies of the community club met Thursday afternoon at the upper N. O. W. hall for their regular meeting of the week. Bazaar articles were worked upon during the day. Several were present for the afternoon.

The county is repairing the small bridge that crosses the power ditch leading into Walterville from the east. This bridge has been badly in need of repair for several weeks. They are filling in with dirt on the north side of the bridge and also replacing the old timber with new.

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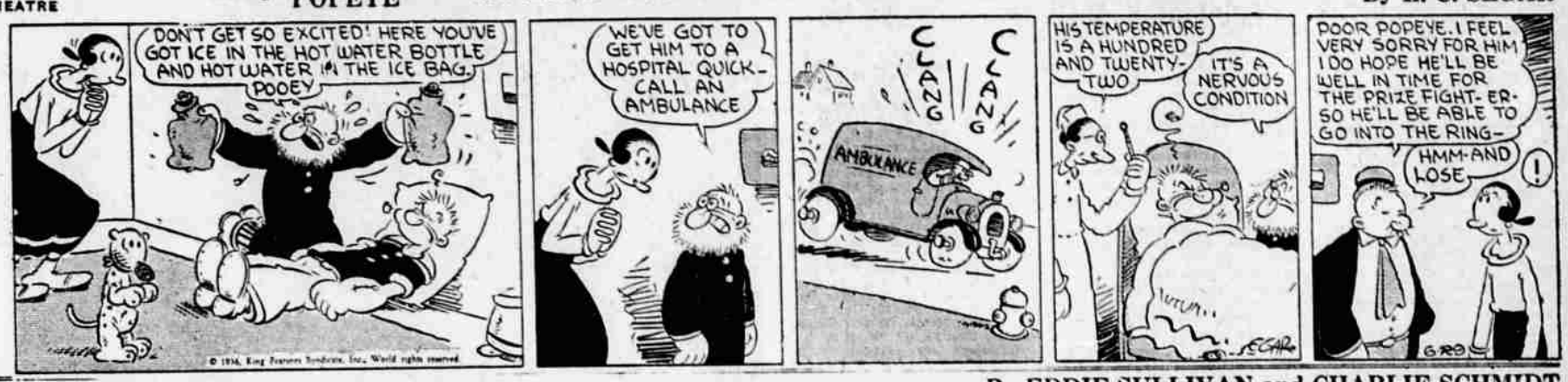

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