The BALL of FIRE

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER and LILLIAN CHESTER

ILLUSTRATED by C. D. RHODES

CHAPTER XXII—Continued.

"Good evening," he replied, and he went out of the door.

When he had gone she flew up to her room, her first coherent thought being that she had accomplished it! She had won Allison, and had given him her definite answer, and had got rid of Jimmy Ford. The two events were back to the billiard room she had held up splendidly, but she was weak now, and quivering in every limb, and she sank on her divan supported on one outstretched arm, and in this uncomfortable position she took up the eternal question of that. The angry tears of mortification sprang into her eyes.

The library was quite stealthy descended in the twilight. A fairy important change had come into the fortunes of Martha Gardner that day. It was as if a stone had been thrown in to a grassy, rutted roadway. All the years of planning had gone the way of the wind, and the card house had all to be built over again. The carefully-laid foundation of the house of cards was gone, and for the first time Miss Ford should be suffered to rest regard not of the pecker of the millionaire sympathizer, and in fact that quite unusual place. She was already under advisement.

The fire of the impromptu roasters were deep in the matter of wars and women while a great pot of coffee was clinging gray, came down the stairs It was late, but the scene means an known, even to her, had decided that she was selling for Her Heart's Desire heart ached as he saw the pallor on her definitely rising cheek and the dark tracing about her brown eyes She stepped quickly across the room her brown hair loosely waved, so that unexpectedly of gold shone in the fire when she passed under the chandelier, and she put her hand on his shoulder and sat down in the corner very silent. She was glad that she had come. It was restful in this calm circle of friends.

A noise filled the hall, and even the lights of the library seemed to bright as Lucile and Ted Artz and time and, and Dick Rodney, came tumbling in, laughing and shouting and carrying hilarity in front of them like a wave. Lucile's appearance of the thoughts still farther back to her head and she sparkled and twinkled like a star.

"We're bringing you a personal invitation," Artz said formally. "Ain't that, Jollicord Lucile kissing every body on Fred Ford's cheek. Ain't that, Fred?"

"You might let Artz attend the invitation himself," Ted Lee.

Then given the pleasure to Gerald," Artz, "and I'll be the mute sister" at that wedding gentlemen." He drew up so much to the fire.

"It's a little informal to-night," he "but we're going to have a regular victory dance, with a new something to him for every one. Lucile and I have been to Jollicord, and I'm afraid we've been rather rude to the people we've called here to-night, all of whom, of course, are going to be at the dance. Lucile has been telling them all about it, and I've been telling them all about it, and we've been telling everybody about the dance, and we've been telling everybody about it, and we've been telling everybody about it, and we've been telling everybody about it