

MAD MARRIAGE

by LAURA LOU BROOKMAN Author of "HEART HUNGRY," etc.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX (Con.)
Gypsy hurried around the house. Sure enough, there were her worst fears realized. A hole the size of a bushel basket in the center of the precious tulip bed and high on either side it mounds of soft, fresh earth.
"Oh, Sam!"
Broken flower stems and mangled blossoms showed in the wreckage. Gypsy reached down and tried to raise to life one of the half-uprooted plants.
Pat, unaware of the damage he had wrought, came close to her, his head slightly to one side, eyeing the gaping hole. He evidently was proud of it.
Gypsy took the dog's head between her two hands. "How am I going to teach you," she said sadly, "that you must not dig in the garden? You've been a bad dog, Pat. I don't like you when you tear up the flower. I don't like to have the garden spoiled!"
She shook her head at the terrier. Pat eyed her in puzzled dejection. "If he was mine I'd spank him quick enough!" Sam spoke up crossly.
Gypsy rose. "Do what you can with the tulip bed," she told the man. "I'll talk to Mr. Wallace about stretching up a piece of wire fencing. She could hear him growling to himself as he led Pat toward the house."

THEY had not been inside ten minutes when the door bell rang. Matilda was in the kitchen baking. Gypsy went to the door. There were two women outside on the porch.
"How do you do, Mrs. Wallace," they chorused. For an instant Gypsy was startled. Then she remembered where she had seen that purple costume. The woman Jim had introduced at the hotel—Mrs. Butterworth! The younger one was the daughter.
"How do you do?" Gypsy answered. "It's Mrs. Butterworth, isn't it?" And Miss Butterworth. Won't you come in? I've just got in from town."

Mrs. Butterworth glanced about the living room. "We've been meaning to drop in to see you for a long while," she said, "but you know how time flies!"
"I declare, here it is the middle of April. Yes, time certainly does fly. Been making some changes in this room, haven't you, Mrs. Wallace?"
"Yes, I hope you like it."
"Oh, it's lovely! Lovely! Only of course it looks different to me, because I was always used to the way Miss Ellen had things. Miss Ellen likes it in her little house down the street, I suppose?"
"I think she likes it very much," Gypsy agreed. "If you'll just excuse me a moment, I'll have Matilda make some tea. It will take only a minute."

She was back almost immediately. Daphne Butterworth looked up and amazed Gypsy by speaking. "I've been telling mother how much I like your curtains," she said. "It was the first time Gypsy ever had heard Daphne express an opinion. Before Gypsy could reply, Mrs. Butterworth cut in:
"I suppose you read about that Loring girl marrying Brock Phillips?" she said. "My, what a surprise that was! Maybe I shouldn't say it to you, but of course you must know the whole town expected Marcia to marry Jim Wallace. Only girl I guess Jim ever went with."

"Well, that's the way it goes. You can't tell about men. No, indeed, you certainly can't. Did Jim know about it before he read it in the paper?"
"Why, really, Mrs. Butterworth—"
"Oh, I suppose I shouldn't have asked. Only, of course, you know there's bound to be a good deal of talk. That's why I wanted to have the straight of it."
"Well, I guess Marcia Loring's getting a sight more money than she's ever had before. The Loring didn't have much, you know. He was in the bank here, but outside of some insurance and real estate there wasn't much left."
"Their going east must have been what broke up the match between Marcia and Jim. And last summer when she was visiting out here he was so devoted to her!"
"Three jumps," Mrs. Butterworth instructed as Gypsy raised the sugar tongs. "I like my tea sweet no matter what the styles are."

She accepted the cup, then continued: "It does seem sort of unusual, doesn't it, for Jim and Marcia to have their wedding almost the same month after being engaged to each other for so long?"
Gypsy handed a tea cup to Miss Butterworth. "Have you read anything interesting lately?" she asked in a deliberate voice.
"Why—no, I guess not. Somehow I never seem to catch up with the books I want to read. I guess it's what Mamma calls having too many irons in the fire."
Twice again Mrs. Butterworth tried to turn the conversation to Marcia Loring's wedding, but each time Gypsy was on guard. When the callers left twenty minutes later, there was hostility in the older woman's eye.
Saturday and Sunday passed uneventfully, and Monday was a day of brilliant sunshine. By 9:30 Gypsy was out of the house on her way to the secret visit to Nina Roberts.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN
GYPSEY was in luck. She waited on the stone steps for several moments and then the face of the guard appeared behind the heavy iron door. It was Steve, the same guard she had seen the day she had come with Jim.
"I'm Mrs. Wallace," Gypsy said. "Jim Wallace's wife. I came with my husband the other day to see Nina Roberts. Don't you remember?"
The jail guard nodded.
"I wonder if I can see Nina this morning. I thought maybe a little company would do her good."

The guard turned the lock and swung the door open. "Come in," he said. He closed the door then and led the way to the office. "Sit down," he said, motioning toward a row of chairs, "while I get the matron."

Gypsy had not realized there might be any difficulty in seeing the girl. She tapped one foot nervously and studied the ugly room. At a desk directly opposite a man was writing in a huge book.
She heard Steve's heavy footsteps. Mrs. Sloan, the matron, entered the room behind him.
"Good morning, Mrs. Wallace," she said, smiling. "Steve says you've come to see Nina."

"Yes, yes. I hope it won't be any trouble. With the trial starting tomorrow, I thought she might like some one to talk to. How's she feeling?"
Mrs. Sloan shook her head. "That's a hard one to say. A hard case! I don't know how you'll find her. I've seen lots of queer ones here, but I can't understand that girl."

Gypsy followed up the stairs and down the corridor of barred cells. Nina was lying on her cot, one arm thrown over her eyes to shield them from the light.
"Some one to see you, Nina," Mrs. Sloan said as she unlocked the cell door.
The girl did not move. "Who is it?" she asked without the slightest show of interest.
"It's Mrs. Wallace," Gypsy said quickly. "If you're resting, I don't want to disturb you. I can come another time."

Nina lowered her arm and looked up at them. The girl's eyes were red-rimmed and swollen. Then she sat up. "I wasn't resting," she said. "Don't go away."
Gypsy entered and sat down on the cot.
"I got the magazines," Nina said, pointing to the chair where the bright-covered periodicals lay. "It was nice of you to send them."
Mrs. Sloan had fastened the door and was disappearing down the corridor. Gypsy covered Nina's hand with her own.
"I came as soon as I could," she said in a lower voice.
Nina was silent, looking down at the floor. When she glanced up her dark eyes studied Gypsy. "I guess I shouldn't have bothered you," she began haltingly.
"But if there's anything at all that I can do for you, I'd be so glad to do it!"
"Would you?"
"Oh, Nina, don't you realize there are lots of us on your side? You mustn't be so disheartened! You must help Jim fight this thing out!"
Suddenly Nina Roberts clenched Gypsy's hand. She held it so tightly it was painful. "Do you think I did it?" she demanded in a whisper.
"No, Nina. I don't."
The girl turned her head away. When she faced Gypsy again her voice was steady.

"I didn't do it," Nina said. Gypsy never had felt so sorry for any one in her life. There was nothing she could say. She patted the girl's arm comfortingly.
"They won't any of them believe what I say," Nina said. "They won't know why I asked you to come back here, only there's something—well, there's something I've got to ask some one to do for me. After I tell you about it, if you don't want to, just say so."

"What is it?" Gypsy asked eagerly.
From the neck of her nurse, Nina drew forth an envelope. It was blank on the outside.
"It's in here," the girl said. "I mean what I want you to send. It's a letter. The name and address are there, too. It's a letter to a boy I know back home. If the trial goes against me—I want him to have this letter. Will you send it for me? Will you do that?"
"Of course I will. Only don't think about things like that, Nina. The trial isn't going to go against you."

The girl did not seem to be listening. They asked me if I had any relatives," she was saying, "and I said no. Know why I did that? Because I didn't want them to know. And nobody does know."
"Nina Roberts isn't my real name. I changed it when I came here. It's all in the letter there. But it's not to go unless they send me away! Will you promise that if anything happens to me, you'll send it to him?"

"I give you my word, I promise!" Nina put the letter in Gypsy's hand. "Tell me," the girl went on quickly, "what do people outside think? Do they say I did it? They won't tell me see newspapers. They won't tell me anything!"
Gypsy hesitated. "Lots of people are sympathetic with you," she said, "only the case is such a complete mystery. Jim's traced down every clew. Nina, who do you think shot the doctor?"
"I don't know!"
"But haven't you the slightest idea?"

NINA ROBERTS jumped up and walked back and forth in the tiny cell. "I've told them a thousand times I don't know," she began resentfully. "That's what they're always asking me."
"Do you think if I had the slightest idea I wouldn't have told? Night after night I've lain here and tried to figure it out."

"I suppose you know Jim's going to try to show it was suicide?"
Nina shook her head. "Doc wouldn't have done that," she said. "He didn't have the nerve."
"But it's the only chance to save your life, my dear girl!"
Nina was quiet again. She sank down to the cot.
"Wasn't there any one at all you knew he had trouble with?" Gypsy persisted.

"No one," Nina said. "He never talked much to me about anything like that. Oh—God, how I wish I'd never seen that man!"
There was no use continuing. It only increased the girl's misery. Gypsy arose.
"I'd better leave you now," she said. "You're getting nervous and worked up. Mrs. Sloan never let me see you again. There—she's coming!"
They heard the matron's voice on the stairway. Gypsy turned and put the letter in Nina's handbag. "I'll do as you asked me to with this," she promised. "And if there's anything else I can do let me know."

(To Be Continued)

STICKERS

LC CHEWSTER XASEE

People do funny things sometimes. For instance, here is an envelope that was addressed to a girl with five letters in her first name and four letters in her last name. Can you make out her name and where she lived?

Answer for Yesterday

The above shows how the design may be drawn with one continuous line, which does not cross at any point. Parts of this design are opened up a bit to show clearly the route of the pencil.

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

Esteban knew that he must escape from this situation quickly or his false pose as Tarzan would be soon discovered by the Waziri. What would happen then, the Spaniard wondered fearfully? Evolving a plan, he ordered the blacks to bury the treasure. "We will return for it when we have punished the thieves," he said. This attitude pleased the warriors. "Once more is Tarzan acting like himself," thought Uswa. Cutting across the jungle and guessing at the probable route of the Europeans, next morning they luckily came in sight of Flora Hawkes' party.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern

"Y'KNOW, MARTHA—IF IT WAS ANY PLACE ELSE, AN' I WAS HELPING TO PAINT A HOUSE. AN' I FELL OFF A LADDER LIKE I DID, AN' NEARLY BROKE MY WRIST. ACCORDING TO TH' 'COMPENSATION' LAWS, I COULD SUE YOU FOR DAMAGES! BUT, OF COURSE I WON'T!"

WELL, THAT CERTAINLY IS SWEET OF YOU—YOU BIG WESTPHALIAN HAM!—AND DO YOU KNOW I COULD COUNTER-SUE YOU FOR TRESPASSING ON MY PROPERTY, SINCE YOU WERE NOT INVITED HERE?—AND, BESIDES, YOU WEREN'T WORKING AND I COULD HAVE YOU ARRESTED FOR VAGRANCY!—AND, WITH YOU UP ON A LADDER, YOU COULD BE TRIED AS A SECOND-STORY MAN!

SETTLED OUT OF COURT

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

—By Blosser

WHEN I GOT BACK LAST NIGHT, AUGUSGAVE SHOWED ME THAT BOX, WHICH HE SAID HAD BEEN DELIVERED SHORTLY AFTER I WENT OUT. I WAS TOO TIRED TO OPEN IT THEN, SO AUGUSGAVE AND I PUT IT IN HERE FOR SAFETY!!

AND YOU SAY IT WAS A SHIPMENT OF BOOKS?

YES—AND NOW ALL THAT'S IN THE BOX IS STRAW. THE BOOKS, AS WELL AS MY RARE RUBY, ARE STOLEN

I THINK NOT. THAT BOX NEVER HAD ANY BOOKS IN IT. DO YOU WANT ME TO TELL YOU WHAT WAS IN THE BOX?

WASHINGTON TUBBS II

—By Crane

FOR THE NEXT WEEK OR SO, RUMORS DRIFT BACK TO CAMP THAT BULL IS MAKING THE ROUNDS OF ALL THE TOUGH JOINTS IN NEW ORLEANS.

HEY! YOU TRYIN' TO START TROUBLE, SAILOR?

YES, BY THUNDER!

HE PICKS FIGHTS WITH EVERY TOUGH-LOOKING SKEANHEART HE CAN FIND, AND LEAVES BEHIND HIM A TRAIL OF BROKEN BONES AND SMASHED FACES.

SALESMAN SAM

—By Small

KITTY, HERE'S SAM TO SEE YOU!

ALL RIGHT, MOM! TELL HIM I'M HERE ON THE DAVENPORT!

OH, SAM!

SMACK

KITTY! DID SAM KISS YOU AGAINST YOUR WILL?

NOPE—HE JUST THINKS HE DID!

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

—By Martin

HEY, GUY! HAVE YOU SEEN BOOTS HERE AT THE AIRPORT TONIGHT?

SURE, SHE JUST TOOK OFF! THAT'S HER UP THERE NOW! SEE HER LIGHTS?

BUT WHY TH' DICKENS WOULD SHE GO UP THERE THIS TIME OF NIGHT, HUH?

HEY

SHE DIDN'T SAY A WORD TO ANYONE—ACTED KINDA QUEER, I THOUGHT—SEEMED IN AN AWFUL HURRY—WONDER WHAT SHE'S HEADING BACK FOR?

SHE MUST HAVE SEEN US

LOOK OUT

HEY, FER—!!!

OH, LOOK—SHE'S MOVING—!!!

OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams

NO—NOPE, YOU'RE WRONG, THERE.

WRONG—YEAH? IS THAT SO? WELL! WELL!

DON'T TELL ME TH' BIGGER A GUY GETS, TH' BROADER MINDED HE IS—LOOK HOW MAD IT MAKES TH' BULL O' TH' WOODS! T' BE TOLD HE'S WRONG.

I SEE YOU DON'T KNOW THAT CASE. WELL, THEY BOTH STARTED HERE TOGETHER AN' ONE GOT BIG, BECAUSE HE WAS RIGHT MOST OF TH' TIME. AN' TH' OTHER DIDN'T GET BIG BECAUSE HE WAS WRONG MOST OF TH' TIME—WELL, TH' WRONG ONE THINKS TH' RIGHT ONE WAS TH' WRONG ONE FOR TH' JOB. AN' IS LIVING UNHAPPILY EVER AFTER, TRIN'T PROVE IT—EVERY SHOPS GOT ONE OR MORE.

SOUR GRAPES

—By Blosser

YES YES—YES—YOU DON'T THINK—

I DON'T THINK—I'M POSITIVE WHEN THAT WAS DELIVERED HERE LAST NIGHT IT CONTAINED A CRIPPLE—

A CRIPPLE! A CRIPPLE! MY WORD!

YEAH—I KNEW THAT BEFORE I EVEN LOOKED IN THE BOX. MR. HECTOR—DO YOU KNOW ANY CRIPPLED PERSON?

—By Crane

ADULLA, YOU'RE ME PAL. SEE, ANYBODY WHO KIN DO ME UNDER, I RESPECTS, SEE.

YAH!

FROM THEN ON, THEY ARE INSEPARABLE.

—By Small

NOPE—HE JUST THINKS HE DID!

—By Martin

HEY, FER—!!!

—By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Owaza, a wily old scoundrel and chief guide for Flora's party, was the one that Esteban elected to share his confidence. It was the mistake of his life as matters later turned out. To the native, Esteban made known his true identity and told the story of the cached gold. Then he found an excuse to quit the party, taking Owaza and a dozen blacks. Night overtook them before they had finished moving the treasure. And as they labored a crafty smile played on Owaza's face. He also had an idea. "Why," he reasoned, "trick death in a battle with ivory raiders when all this gold is as good as mine?"

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
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HORIZONTAL 38 Skirmish. 39 Species. 9 Animal habit. 40 Human wreck. 10 Warning of danger. 12 Capital of Prussia. 13 To degrade. 15 Feast. 17 To stop. 18 Fish. 19 To eject. 22 Definite article. 23 Yellow bugle. 24 Frozen water. 27 Chair. 29 Sul. 31 Kill. 33 To see. 35 To see. 37 Noises.

VERTICAL 1 To cut up meat. 2 Law. 3 Old-woman-ish. 4 Skill. 5 Boy. 6 To choose by ballot. 7 Cognomen. 8 To pay for. 9 To graze. 10 To choose by ballot. 11 Soft pulpy mass. 12 Who owns New Zealand? 14 Sewing implements. 16 Antagonist. 20 To emulate. 21 Feline animal. 25 Bivalve mollusk. 26 Articulate. 27 To jeer. 28 One apparently indifferent to pleasure or pain. 29 Beach. 30 Advantage. 32 Unoccupied. 34 Stunted animal. 36 Born. 37 Type of snowshoe.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWER

CAMPBELL BANK
OWE ARE TINE
RE WAG BATTEN
ETIL CAPES
SOT POLES
SAD NADES
AD CODES
HOBES PIT DO
RILLS SAC MAP
ANTE DELEGATE