

BARGAIN BRIDE

KATHARINE HAVILLAND-TAYLOR

CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR

BARRETT took the key from the lock of the door before he answered. Then he said, "I never have tried to hide the boy, Elinor."

"She moved one hand nervously. 'The child has a right to live in her home,' she said insistently. 'A real home such as Aunt Bessie's boys have. It's horrible to be shunted from place to place. I know all about that!'"

He said nothing, staring dully out at the sound.

"Hasn't he a right—a real right—to live in your house?" Elinor demanded.

"Perhaps," he conceded.

She flushed with anger. "How can you doubt it?" she asked as close to stridently as she could speak.

Barrett made no reply to that. After they were seated in the car he asked, "Do you want to stop at the Thrope's?"

"Not today unless you particularly want to."

"No," he answered. The necessary pretending before Bessie Thrope would be too thick.

Elinor was thinking of the child to be born in that small house they had just left. Barrett's child. She had not told him about it. At first, the secret had made her wildly happy, but now all that was changed. It only made the situation in which she found herself more bitter, more hopeless.

Barrett turned to look down at her and saw tears in her eyes.

"My God, this is cruel, Elinor!" he whispered.

"More cruel than you know," she answered.

He smiled grimly at that. "I think not!" he said surely.

FOR miles they traveled without speaking. When they reached home Barrett went to the library. There, alone and smoking hard, he tried to decide what to do about the expedition, whether it was best for her to have him out of the way. That would determine his course. Her feeling and her need. Nothing else seemed of any importance to him.

They dined almost in silence. Even before the servants they no longer pretended devotion to each other. The strain was too great.

In the midst of the dinner, Higgins answered the telephone and hurried back to the dining room. He said to Barrett, "Mr. Radnor says he must speak to you, sir."

"Bring the telephone, please," Barrett answered in a tone of complete disinterest.

Higgins brought the instrument, plugged it in and set it at Barrett's hand.

"Yes," Higgins heard. There was a silence and then a shocked, "Oh, no, Dick!"

After a few more words Barrett stood up. "It's the baby!" he said. "Something's wrong. They brought him to town this morning for Winters to look after him and he's worse. Dick says Marcia's nearly wild. I'm afraid I'll have to go down."

ELINOR said nothing but she had lost color. She sat staring at her plate. Her suddenly trembling hands nervously fingered the silver.

Here was a new peril—the loss of a child. That, too, might lie before her. If she should lose her child she would have nothing—no one in the world—left! Marcia had Dick Radnor, a devoted husband who loved her with all his heart.

Another thought cut her heart with knife-like thrust. Was Gerald's mother living?

Barrett turned at the door. "Goodbye," he said wistfully.

"Goodbye," Elinor answered. There was no softening in her tone and he moved away heavily.

Higgins, entering with the dessert, said cautiously, "Mrs. Colvin, may I speak to you about something that has been troubling me?"

"Certainly, Higgins," she told him.

but not as she would have answered a few weeks ago. The butler had never known any one to change so completely in such a short time.

"I'm troubled about Mr. Colvin," he went on, rubbing his hands together in embarrassment. "He's not well, Mrs. Colvin, and that's strange because he usually has such excellent health."

"I've never known him to be like this before. I can't help but be alarmed about it. I've been with the family for such a long time. There's nothing I wouldn't do for him. Nothing! He's such a fine man, Mrs. Colvin."

She flushed hotly. He saw her lay down a piece of silver and was sure she had been moved by his words.

Elinor, angry and close to tears, said distantly, "I think you need not worry, Higgins. Mr. Colvin is quite strong."

"But those fevers in the tropics," he murmured. "They're very dangerous!"

ELINOR rose and found that her knees were weak and unsteady. "You may bring my coffee to the drawing room," she said.

"Yes, Mrs. Colvin," the butler answered unhappily.

As he arranged the tray he meditated that for all he knew he had only made a bad matter worse. But to stand by and see the storm clouds thickening was impossible. He couldn't do that.

No doubt it was the matter of Miss Marcia's boy that was making all this trouble. Higgins knew that if he should so much as hint at what he knew about that affair he would lose his job—and far worse!—his master's trust.

He fumbled with a handkerchief and dabbed an eye. Never before had he felt so old.

Elinor was in the drawing room, sitting far back in a chair, when Higgins brought the coffee tray and placed it on a low table before her. She had turned off the lights and the gray of an early summer evening filled the room. Curled up in the big chair, she looked like a wistful, uncertain youngster of 16.

She had been thinking over what the butler had said. Perhaps he was right. She had been too much concerned about herself recently to think of any one else.

Suppose something should happen to Bennett while he was away! Higgins had said the south teemed with fever. Barrett might grow ill and die—far away from her, without knowing that she did love him and could not help loving him, even while she despised him.

When Barrett returned at 10 o'clock Elinor knew from his step that something was wrong. She called out, "Barrett!" and he came quickly to the door of the drawing room. His face was white and drawn.

"He's gone," Barrett stated with an effort. "Marcia's baby! Some heart defect!"

She felt herself grow faint. "Oh, Barrett!" she gasped.

"It's bad," he murmured. He dropped to a chair and she saw a muscle twitch at the corner of his lips.

"Mind if I sit here a moment?"

"No, of course not."

He covered his face with his hands. This Barrett thought, was the worst of all. He had known, leaving Marcia, that he could never now break his promise to her. He could never tell Elinor the truth.

(To Be Continued)

GRANT ABSENCE LEAVE

Settle to Suspend Farm Bureau Duties to Aid Wheat Control.

William H. Settle, president of the Indiana Farm Bureau Federation, has been granted leave of absence for several weeks to act as special adviser on national wheat control. He will assist M. L. Wilson, who has charge of the wheat control administration under the agriculture recovery act.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

SAMUEL CHAMPLAIN'S MEMORIAL SHAFT

IS A LIGHTHOUSE, ERRECTED AT CROWN POINT, N.Y., TO SAVE THE LIVES OF THOSE WHO SAIL THE WATERS OF THE LAKE DISCOVERED BY CHAMPLAIN.



CATGUT

USED IN TENNIS RACKETS AND AS STRINGS FOR MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, IS MADE FROM SHEEP INTESTINES.



...IN AUSTRALIA...

THERE IS AN ALBATROSS TRAP OF NATURAL FORMATION! THE BIRDS DIP BETWEEN THE WALLS OF A STEEP-SIDED VALLEY AND BECAUSE OF THE LACK OF WIND, LOSE ALTITUDE SO RAPIDLY THAT THEY CRASH AGAINST A CLIFF AT THE END OF THE ENCLOSURE!



THE ALBATROSS requires a running start preparatory to taking flight, and even after getting into the air, it can not ascend rapidly. For this reason, the birds that fall into the Australian "Death Valley," even though they may not be killed by impact with the cliff walls, are unable to get out of the enclosure, the walls being too steep for them to climb.

NEXT—What is a knot, in nautical lore?



WE'RE WITH YOU!

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

THE PERFECT GUM



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern

WHY WE HAVE RECORDS OF OUR TIRES STILL GIVING SERVICE, AFTER FORTY THOUSAND MILES! YES SIR?

EGAD, MY FRIEND, BEING IN THE TIRE BUSINESS, THIS STORY WILL INTEREST YOU—WHILE DRIVING AN EXPEDITION TRUCK THRU AFRICA, OUR TIRES WERE COMPLETELY EATEN UP ONE NIGHT BY THE VORACIOUS CONGO RUBBER BEETLES—HAW—KNOW WHAT I DID, FRIEND—SHOT FOUR LARGE PYTHONS—WRAPPED THEM AROUND THE TIRE RIMS—STUFFED THEIR TAILS IN THEIR MOUTHS, AND THEM BY THEIR FANGS!—GOT 9000 MILES OUT OF MY PYTHON TIRES!

WHEN I EVEN ON A TRAIN WITH STRANGERS, HE BLOWS TH' SAME OL' SHANGHAI SMOKE!



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FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

AFTER WATCHING THE TRAIN THAT BROUGHT THEM TO PARADISE JUNCTION, UNTIL IT HAD DISAPPEARED INTO THE VASTNESS OF THE HIGH MOUNTAINS, FRECKLES AND RED WERE READY TO LEAVE FOR THE LAKE!

PILE IN, BOYS—I'LL PUT THESE GRIPS IN BACK AND ONE OF YOU CAN SIT IN FRONT!

I SEE YOU STILL HAVE THE OLD HATCH, UNCLE JOHN!

YEP! WOULDN'T PART WITH HER FER LOVE, NOR MONEY... SHE'S JUST LIKE AN OLD FRIEND... GETS A BATH THREE OR FOUR TIMES A WEEK—PAYS TO TAKE CARE OF A CAR, I TELL YOU!

WHY DO YOU WASH IT SO OFTEN? I SHOULD THINK ONCE A WEEK WOULD BE ENOUGH, UP HERE!



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OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams

DON'T! PLEASE DON'T SWING ME, RUTHY—IT MAKES ME DIZZY, AN IT MIGHT BUST—PLEASE DON'T!

ISN'T THAT THE FAMOUS BRONCO RIDER, OR BUSTER, I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT OUT HERE?

YES, MA'AM—BUT THE HAIN'T NO BRONCO—YOU KNOW 'BOUT TH' STEEPLEJACK WHO FELL OUT OF A WHEEL BARRER AN' WAS KILLED!



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—By Blosser

SAY! SOMETIMES IT RAINS SEVEN DAYS A WEEK!

BY THE WAY, UNCLE JOHN... WHO IS THIS PAT YOU SPOKE ABOUT?

YOU JUST WAIT!



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—By Crane

WASHINGTON TUBBS II

ONLY TWO MEN ARE ON DECK WHEN THE MATE STEALS ABOARD. THE REST ARE EATING SUPPER.

VAS DOT YOU, LARS?

HIMMEL! HE'S FAINTED!

THE MATE CRACKS HIM, TOO.....

THAT'S TWO O'VE OUTEN THE WAY.

WOP!

BINGO! THE MATE CRACKS ONE OVER THE HEAD WITH A BELAYING PIN.

THE OTHER, HEARING THE FALL, COMES TO INVESTIGATE.



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—By Small

SALESMAN SAM

SAY, BOSS, ALL I'M DOIN' AROUND THIS SHOW IS ODD JOBS! I'M JEST A HANGER-ON!

YER LUCKY YOU'VE HUNG ON AS LONG AS YA HAVE!

AW, I'D LIKE TA BE A BIG SHOT WITH TH' CIRCUS, JEST FER ONCE!

A BIG SHOT, HUH? WELL, NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE! AN' I GOTTA HUNCH ONCE WILL BE ENOUGH, SAM! COME WITH ME!

3 BALLS FOR A DIME

KNOCK HIM FOR A LOOP

A GENUINE 3/2 CIGAR EVERY TIME YOU HIT HIM



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YOU KIN HAVE THE AFTERNOON OFF PROFESSOR-SAM'S GONNA TAKE YER PLACE!

PROF. WHIZZO! THE HUMAN CANNON BALL



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BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

—By Martin

OPAL, I'VE INVESTIGATED AND, FROM THE EVIDENCE, I'M POSITIVE IT WAS A BEAR THAT BROKE INTO YOUR KITCHEN LAST NIGHT! LOOK! HERE ARE SOME BLACK HAIRS I FOUND ON THE WINDOW SILL

Y'MEANS A BAR—A SHO NUFF BAR WAS RIGHT HEAN IN MAH KITCHEN—HEAH WHAH WE IS STANDIN' A—

I'M CERTAIN OF IT

RIGHT NOW?

DAT SETTLES IT! AH! SUHTIN OF SOME-THING, TOO! DIS CHILE IS GITTIN' OUTTA HEAH

OH COME, COME NOW, THERE'S REALLY NO REASON TO BECOME ALARMED! WE'LL HAVE SPENCE STAY IN THE KITCHEN TONIGHT

WELL, NOW DAT AINT SECH A BAD IDEA—ONLY, JEDGIN' FOM DE ICE BOX, DAT BAR SEEMED T' PREFUH COOKED MEAT




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TARZAN THE APE MAN

—By Edgar Rice Burroughs



While they were discussing the coming safari to search for ivory, Holt asked Jean: "Can you shoot?" "Like an angel! Watch me..." she laughed. The young man called Riano to fetch a gun, which Jean took from the native, to his astonishment, and put it to her shoulder.



"Mr. Holt, please throw your nice hat as far as you can," requested Jean. And as Holt did so she aimed, fired and neatly pierced the helmet in midair, some twenty yards away. When Riano returned with it, she told Holt: "Let that remind you how you doubted my ability!"



Several busy days of preparation followed before the safari got under way. Jean had her wish, and, much elated, roughed it with the rest as the party traveled along the river stretches toward the denser jungle. Holt watched Jean closely, keeping constantly near her.



He could not keep his gaze from her rapacious face. Far from the settlement, they first made camp. The noise of the forest was all about them. Jean was thrilled. No thought of danger entered her mind. Yet soon she was to experience life as she never dreamed it existed.

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