

BARGAIN BRIDE

CHAPTER FORTY-FIVE

ELINOR broke the silence. She said in a hesitating, uncertain tone, "Barrett—"

He turned toward her. "Yes?" he answered.

"Do you want—very much—to go on that expedition?"

"No, but I thought perhaps you'd rather have me out of the way. That was the only reason I considered it."

"I'd rather you didn't go," she said slowly.

"Oh, Elinor!" He had risen and stood with eager, pleading eyes fixed on hers.

But she was not yet ready to tell him the truth—that she loved him and wanted his happiness more than her own, that she wanted him near when their child was born.

"I think you ought to become better acquainted with your boy—with Gerald," she said, her voice hard again.

"You mean that I should be with you in the country?" he questioned quickly.

"Yes. Don't you think so?"

"If I don't bother you to have me there," he said slowly.

For a moment he had hoped for so much more than that. He added, still in that weary tone, "I love you more deeply than you'll ever know, Elinor. The one thing I want is your happiness."

Then quickly he left the room. Elinor cried stormily, sitting huddled in the big chair which made her look so small. For the first time since her mother had told her about Barrett's ward, she felt prompted some of those tears.

She was small, she knew. Small! And she could not seem to help being so. If she stretched a hand toward Barrett she would see another misty hand go out to him. If she dreamed of kissing him again she saw another woman held close in his arms.

She groped her way upstairs later, and for a time in her room stood by the closed door, wanting to open it. She wanted desperately to say to Barrett, "I love you. I love you! I want you to be happy. That's all that matters!"

But she could not do it.

DAYS passed in which Elinor shopped to equip the new house in the country. She began the task eagerly, glad to have something to occupy her time, something to think about.

Soon, however, that first interest paled. She could not take heart in furnishing a home where Barrett and she were to meet as strangers. And she could not forget the misery in her heart while salesmen and women displayed draperies, furniture and rugs.

Bessie Thrope came to the rescue. Bessie was constantly at hand with helpful advice. For her, the shopping expeditions were a source of delight that had been quite complete if Bessie had not been worried about Elinor. She didn't like the girl's listlessness and disinterest. It wasn't anything that one could talk about and that made the situation worse.

Small Gerald arrived to take his place in the household and, from the moment she first saw him, Elinor's heart warmed toward the child. He, at least, was in no way responsible for the state of affairs.

All three of them went out to the home in the country. Higgins with them and soon had the household routine running smoothly and efficiently.

One evening after a long day of work at his desk, Barrett wandered to the porch at the side of the house where Gerald, with Elinor's help, was making a fish net from some bits of string. Just as with human relations, the string would tangle disastrously now and then.

"Sexton and I are going fishing tomorrow," Gerald told him, "and Aunt Elinor's helping me make this net."

net." He was struggling over it and his speech slowed with the struggle.

Barrett looked down at the work and workers, his heart touched. Elinor had done so much for the small boy. He was like a different child since they had come, and he adored Elinor.

FROM down the hill Sexton whistled a bob-white call—the boy's secret signal which half the neighborhood understood perfectly.

Gerald was up in an instant. "It's Sexton," he said eagerly. "May I go, Aunt Elinor?" They have to dig bait!"

"Of course, dear," she answered, "but be back in time to make yourself tidy for dinner."

He kissed her, made a pugnacious, boyish pass at Barrett and was off, whooping down the hillside. The strain settled that always appeared when Gerald left them alone together.

"I want to talk to you about something," "May I sit down?" Barrett asked.

"Do," she said, head bent above the net.

"I wondered if you wouldn't like to ask Bob Trifare out for some week-end—or perhaps longer," he suggested. It wasn't easy, but he had done it! Thank God, he'd managed to get the words out.

"Bob's been a good friend," Elinor answered levelly. "I'd like to have him come, but not unless you care to have him—"

"Your home is the place for your friends," Barrett said.

"It's your home, too."

"Let's have him next Sunday if he'll come."

"If you like," she agreed. He could not help but warm to the fact that she seemed to care so little. "I'm still rottenly jealous," he thought remorsefully.

"Did you see Marcia when you were in town yesterday?" Elinor asked. She had hardly seen Barrett since his return. She and the Thrope had had a moonlight picnic on the beach the night before and when they had returned, Barrett had been working.

"The closed door had made her feel like a child for whom there is no convincingly close tomorrow. She had gone to bed to lie there wakefully thinking, "He may be at work again before I get down in the morning—unless I'm up early."

Barrett preferred to avoid encountering her unless it was necessary. Seeing her made everything so much more difficult. A hundred times he had been close to blurting out the truth of Marcia's secret. He wanted to tell her, to say, "What do I care about a promise? What do I care about honor? Nothing matters to me but you and your love!"

But he could not allow himself to do that. He had made his vow to Marcia.

Now he said in answer to Elinor's question about Marcia, "I ran in to see her for a few minutes."

"How are things?"

"Bad," he told her.

She caught her breath. Fright darkened her blue eyes. "Poor Marcia!" Elinor whispered.

"Yes, poor girl! Look's about at the end of his rope. He wants to get out of the house, begin to take some interest in life, but she doesn't want to. Twice he's found her in the nursery unconscious—"

Barrett studied Elinor then with a deep concern. He had noticed before how deeply distressed she seemed over Marcia's tragedy and it troubled him.

"Marcia has spoken of coming out to see you," he said quickly.

"I'd be glad to have her," Elinor said warmly. "Tell her to come any time."

Again she raised her eyes to Barrett, and again he thought, "What do I care for a promise? How can I keep a vow that is making you miserable?"

But he did not tell her. Instead, with a few murmured words, he went back to his study.

Boys and Girls
get a
MASK of TARZAN
FREE

Get a real life-size mask of Tarzan

Or a mask of the ferocious lion

Or a mask of the mighty ape

***HERE'S HOW**
Go to your grocer, drug or department store. Buy 3 rolls of Northern Tissue, or 4 rolls of Gause, the famous bathroom papers. With either purchase you get a **FREE** mask of TARZAN, or the LION, or the APE, while they last. Get your Mother to buy Northern Tissue or Gause today.

MOTHERS
Northern Tissue and Gause are the bathroom papers designed especially for women. They are super-soft, marvelously absorbent. And sterilized for absolute purity. Today—buy 3 rolls of Northern Tissue or 4 rolls of Gause at special low prices.



GROWERS TO ASSEMBLE

Administration of Wheat Act to Be Session Topic.

Wheat growers of Perry and Lawrence townships will hear plans for the administration of the agricultural adjustment act at meetings Thursday night at 7:30.

The Perry meeting will be held in the Southport high school building with John Bright Webb, chairman. Lawrence farmers will attend a session in the Lawrence high school building with Walter Barbour and Henry T. Van Cleave in charge.

Today's
Almanac
August 2nd



1610-Henry Hudson
Enters Hudson Bay
for first time.

1835-Elisha Gray.
American inventor,
born

1889-United States
gets art-conscious
as American Art
Association pays
100,000 for the
Angelus.



**WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT**
THE PERFECT GUM

IN STEP
WITH
THE NATION

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

UNCLE ROGER,
I WANT YOU TO
MEET MAJOR
HOOPLE, OF TH'
BOARDING
HOUSE WHERE
I LIVE

ROGER, MY BOY, DELIGHTED, EGAD!
NICE LOOKING FARM YOU HAVE HERE!
AFTER A WEEK'S REST, I'LL GO OVER IT
AND GIVE YOU SOME VERY VALUABLE
ADVICE THAT WILL DOUBLE YOUR YIELD!
NO DOUBT, YOU HAVE READ GOVERNMENT
ARTICLES WRITTEN BY ME FOR THE
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE—YES?
PREPARING ONE NOW, ON THE CULTIVATION
OF MY ODORLESS ONION AND SELF-PEELING
POTATO!—WE'LL DISCUSS IT AFTER
DINNER?—HAW-
YUM-YUM—

8-2

HOWDY, UNK!

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

GUMMING
HIGHER AND
HIGHER, EVERY
TURN IN THE
ROAD UNFOLDS
ONE MAG-
NIFICENT VIEW
AFTER ANOTHER,
BUT THE
SCENERY
IS SECONDARY
IN
FRECKLES
MIND JUST
NOW.....

TELL US MORE
ABOUT THIS PAT,
UNCLE
JOHN!

WELL...SHE AIN'T
BEEN WITH ME LONG,
SO I DON'T KNOW SO
MUCH ABOUT HER.....
ONLY THAT SHE'S GOT
MORE LIFE THAN A PACK
OF WILD CATS!

I WANTED TO BRING
HER DOWN WITH ME TO
MEET YOU BOYS, BUT SHE
DIDN'T WANT TO COME.
GUESS SHE DOESN'T
LIKE THIS OLD
RATTLE TRAP!

YOU HAVEN'T
TOLD US WHAT
SHE IS YET,
UNCLE
JOHN!

IS SHE A FOX BEAR,
DEER, COYOTE,
DOG OR RACCOON?
YOU TALK LIKE
SHE'S A
PET OF SOME
KIND!

WASHINGTON TUBBS II

SERVES YE RIGHT, YE
BLASTED MUTINEERS!

THAT ORT TO
HOLD 'EM.

SLUGG STEALS ABOARD, AND
KAYOS THE WATCH.

NEXT, HE BOLTS AND TIES THE FORECASTLE COMPANIONWAY.

SALESMAN SAM

SAM
WANTED TO
BE A BIG
SHOT WITH
THE CIRCUS—
AND TODAY
HE GETS
HIS
CHANCE!

NOW, WATCH CLOSELY, FOLKS! SAM HOWDY,
THE HUMAN CANNON BALL! HERE HE GOES!

BOOM

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

T RIESE TO HIS
WORD, THE
PROFESSOR
ARRANGED FOR
SPENCE TO
SPEND THE
NIGHT IN THE
KITCHEN TO
WATCH FOR THE
MARAUDER
THAT HAD BEEN
RAIDING THE
ICE BOX

OH DOGGONIT, I'M
TIRED OF JUST
SITTING HERE. I
THINK OPAL IS
CRAZY

I BET NOTHING EVER
BROKE IN—SHE JUST
THOUGHT SO! SHUCKS,
THIS OLD GUN WOULDN'T
SHOOT ANYHOW

OH, OH
OH, GEE WHIZ

JUST THEN SPENCE SAW THE SILHOUETTE
OF A HUGE, SHAGGY FORM RISE JUST
OUTSIDE THE WINDOW. SOFTLY OPEN IT
AND DROP TO THE FLOOR, INSIDE...

TARZAN THE APE MAN

What's that?" asked Jean, listening to a nearby sound. "Bell bird," replied Holt. "Wouldn't it be awful if every time you rang for your maid you made a noise like that?" laughed the girl. "Do you miss all that—ringing for your maid?" asked Holt, half-jokingly.

Not in the least—thanks to you and Riano. Tell me... am I a nuisance at all? Do I get in the way?" "Of course you don't," replied Holt. "You've shaken down to it marvelously! Here... you'd better put this around you... this altitude plays funny tricks with the temperature."

He put a rug over her, despite Jean's protest: "I'm not cold." "You may think you aren't." They sat quietly before the fire a while. Then Jean said: "You're very silent." "I feel silent," answered Holt. "You are a withdrawn person, aren't you?" remarked Jean.

"I haven't felt withdrawn lately, but somehow tonight I feel danger in the air... danger perhaps..." He did not finish his thoughts. "Danger!" exclaimed Jean. "Don't say you've got second sight!" "I think we all have about certain people." "Have you about me?" she asked. "Yes," he said, soberly.

OUT OUR WAY

C'MON! I THOT
YOU COME
OUT TO
TAKE A
HIKE IN
THE
COUNTRY

WHY, YEH!
YOU CANT
SEE MUCH
BUT CARS
PASSIN' BY
THERE—
C'MON! DON'T
BE LAZY

IT AINT LAZINESS!
IT'S GASOLINE HEART!
I GOT IT BAD TOO!
WHENEVER I GIT VERY
FAR FROM A RIDE—I MEAN
TH SMELL OF GASOLINE—
WHY, MY LEGS GIT WEAK,
BREATHIN' IS HARD, AND
I PERSPIRE—YOU GO
AHEAD—I GOT TO BE
VERY CAREFUL WITH
THIS GASOLINE HEART

8-2

RIDERS CRAMP

By Ahern

WHAT
KIND OF A
SURPRISE
HAS
UNCLE
JOHN UP
HIS SLEEVE?
WHAT IS
YOUR
GUESS?

By Williams

THEN DOWN THE MAIN HATCH.

JUMPING
JIMINY!
IT'S
SLUGGS!

YEAH! I COME BACK TO GIT EVEN WIT' THEM
BLOOMIN' MUTINEERS 'N' YERE GOIN' TO HELP ME.

By Crane

MIGOSH, SAMMY! YA
LOOK SCARED TO
DEATH!

KIN I HELP IT? THE BOOM OF A
CANNON HAS ALWAYS FRIGHTENED
ME, EVER SINCE I WAS A KID!

By Small

WHAM

By Martin

WHAM

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

WHAM

Hot Weather Hint: Keep Cool While You Eat Lunch
in Ayres' Air-Cooled Downstairs Lunchroom!