

BARGAIN BRIDE

by KATHARINE HAVILAND-TAYLOR

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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 it won'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, shame 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 clumsy hand go out to him.

If she dreamed of kissing him again she saw another hand 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 worked 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 would have 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 went 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

Boys and Girls get a MASK of TARZAN FREE*



(To Be Continued)

GROWERS TO ASSEMBLE

Administration of Wheat Act to Be Session Topic

Wheat growers of Perry and Lawrence counties 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."

*HERE'S HOW

MOTHERS

Northern Tissue and Gauze are the bathroom papers designed especially for women. Buy 2 rolls of Northern Tissue, or 4 rolls of Gauze, the famous bathroom paper. With either you have got a FULL TARIFF ON TARZAN or the APE, while they last. Get your Mother to buy Northern Tissue or Gauze today.

NORTHERN TISSUE
Gauze

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM
The Perfect Gum

IN STEP
WITH
THE NATION

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

CLIMBING
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.....



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

—By Blosser

WASHINGTON TUBBS II

SERVES YE RIGHT, YE
BLASTED MUTINEERS!
SLUGG STEALS ABOARD, AND
KAYOS THE WATCH.



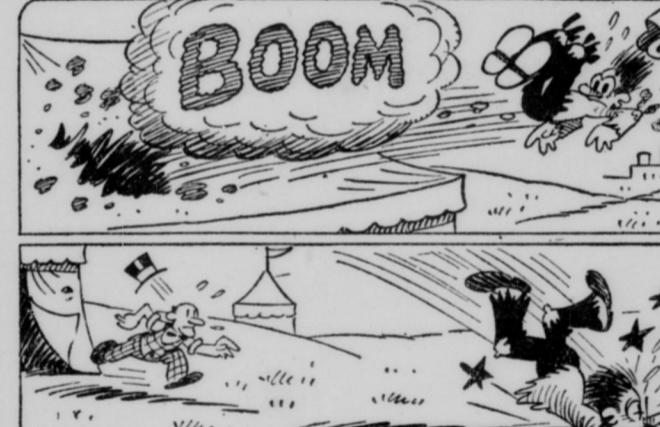
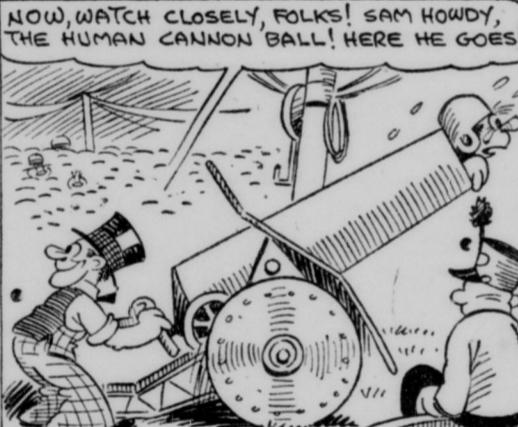
NEXT, HE BOLTS AND TIES THE FORECASTLE COMPANIONWAY.



—By Crane

SALESMAN SAM

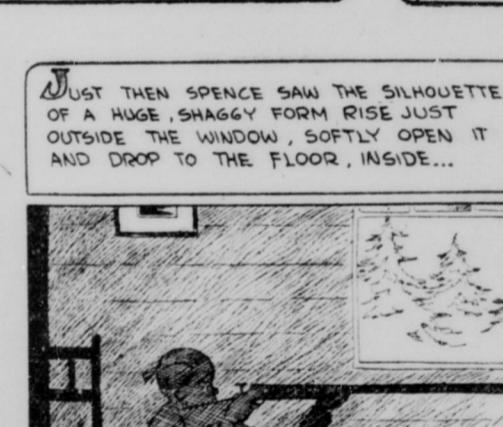
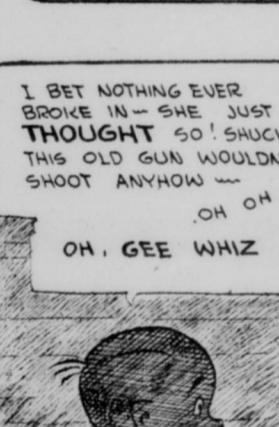
SAM
WANTED TO
BE A BIG
SHOT WITH
THE CIRCUS—
AND TODAY
HE GETS
HIS
CHANCE!



—By Small

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

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



—By Martin

TARZAN THE APE MAN



—By Edgar Rice Burroughs

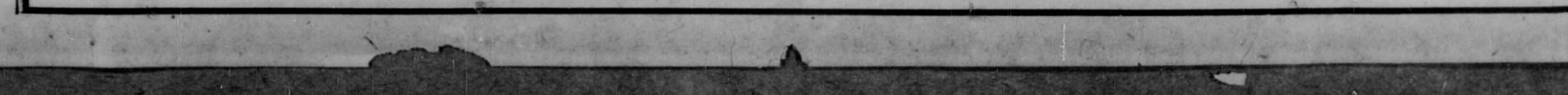
"What's that?" asked Jean, listening to a nearby sound. "Bell bird," replied Holt. "Wouldn't it be awful if every time you rang for your maid you made a noise like that?" laughed the girl. "Do you miss all that—ringing for your maid?" asked Holt, half-jokingly.

"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.

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



OUT OUR WAY

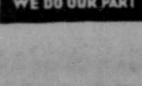
—By Williams



RIDER'S CRAMP

J.R. WILLIAMS

—By Ahern



WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM

IN STEP
WITH
THE NATION

8-178