

Honeymoon Mountain

(By Frances Shelley Wees)
(Continued from last week)
Graham's voice thickened. "That's your fault."
"I don't think so. It was fortunate for Deborah that somebody happened along to help her, but she would not have married you, Graham, even if she had to work the answer out for herself. She was quite unprepared for the way in which you greeted her. It was entirely your own fault. If you had taken the trouble to act as a gentleman for the short time it was necessary to spend with her, she would have married you. She expected to marry you. I was only a chance passer-by."
"Is that so?" Graham said through clenched teeth. "It's a damned lie. What you think you'll get out of it, I don't know. Who the devil are you? This is my business."
"No," Bryn said slowly. "Not any longer."
Graham's eyes narrowed. "Why?" he inquired. "Go on. Try your story out on me. See how far you get."
"Apparently you have already read my letter."
"Yes. Well, Deborah won't marry you. That's final."
Graham murmured acerbically. "So that's final, is it? And I suppose she's scared to see me and tell me herself, is she?"
"It isn't necessary for her to see you," Bryn explained. "Her marriage with you no longer depends on her own choice. She can't marry you. Even in case, like our friend of the jungle, you had changed your spots. She can't marry you because she is already married. To me."
For half a minute Graham stood perfectly motionless, staring at him. Then he moved back a step and folded his arms. "Do you expect me to believe that?"
"I hoped you would."
"Well, I won't. It's a damn lie. She wouldn't marry you. She couldn't marry you. I know the family. I know the circumstances. They're from the grandmother, and the girl, too. There isn't a chance in the world that she'd have married you."
"Why?"
"You know damn well why. In the first place, she loses her property. In the second place, the old woman wouldn't hear of it for a minute, property or no property. She'd starve first. I'm the only man in the world they'd marry the girl to, and you know it. Oh, I get the situation. I'm not entirely dumb. I can see that you're in love with her, and she's in love with you, but that doesn't change the situation any. She isn't married to

you. She wouldn't do it. She hasn't got the courage. And she wouldn't take a chance of breaking the old woman's heart."
"What proof will you take?"
"None," Graham said flatly, "except a statement from Mrs. Larned herself."
Gary lifted his head. "They are married," he said to Graham. "It's the truth. It's nothing but the truth he's telling you."
Graham's eyes shifted to Gary's honest old face. His expression changed slowly. It lowered, darkened. His lower lip thrust itself out.
"If they are," he began, "there's something fishy somewhere. There's something... after all this talk about marrying her to me. To a Graham. Where's the catch?" He fingered his chin. "I get it," he said at last succinctly. "I get it now."
Bryn waited.
"So that's your game in meeting me here and trying to scare me off it? That's your game. You're and the girls. After all her molly-coddle looks. Pretty cute."
"Just exactly what do you mean?"
"The icy note in Bryn's voice did not curb Graham's rising pride in his own cleverness. "You don't want me to see the old lady," he announced. "And why? Because it will spoil your game. There's some reason why it will spoil your game."
"Look here," Bryn said coldly, standing up. "I'm telling you the truth, Graham, and there's no game about it. Deborah is married to me. We were married three days after she met you there in San Francisco, as soon as we could get a license. It was her twenty-first birthday, the day she would have married you if you'd been decent to her. Why you come up here now, I don't know. By the terms of the will, it's too late for you to marry her and collect the estate, even if she weren't already married to me. I suggest that you forget it and go back to your ship. I will get you proofs of our marriage; possibly you are entitled to that much; and then you must see that there is nothing at all to be gained here, and that you may as well get on."
Graham was smiling an evil, knowing smile. "Nothing to be gained... by me," he said softly.
"What do you mean?"
"You've filled in the picture pretty well, haven't you? But you know too much about that will, and the estate. It seems to me the trouble I could make, my cocky young friend, is that you would be telling the old lady who I am, and who you aren't."
Bryn waited.
"That's the lay," Graham said. "You've married my girl, and now you're passing yourself off as me. You must think I'm a damn fool. And at the end of the year, if nobody spikes your plans, you'll get the million dollars that ought to be mine. And you have the everlasting guts to tell me to get out

of here in peace and let you get away with it!"
Bryn began to whistle tunelessly between his teeth.
"Tubby stepped suddenly through the open door. 'Look here, Bryn,' he said, 'what's the use of trying to talk sense to him?'"
Tubby was followed closely by Simon. At their sudden appearance, Graham moved back a step, stealthily. Something in his pose caught Bryn's eye, and without stopping to think, he hurried himself forward on the burly figure and flung it backward. Graham, taken by surprise, fell heavily. In a second Tubby and Simon were into the muddle. Bryn, sitting on the recumbent man's chest, handed something to Simon. "He had a gun," he explained.
Bryn rose. "Get up," he said to Graham. "We'll put you in the milk house and let you think it over. Maybe, you'll begin to come to your senses."
"You can be arrested for this," Graham threatened, struggling to his feet.
"I don't think so," Bryn said mildly. "This is my lawful residence. You came here uninvited, threatened me, and drew a gun."
(Continued Next Week)

Answers to Our Puzzle Corner

No. 87—Goodygraphic: Cop with wrong hat; "cop" misspelled; candy shop with bell on tail; snake on window frame; club of cops; cop's trousers; awning; stripe missing; ball not falling from awning; bird's nest in cop's hair.
"D" objects: Dog-catcher; derby; dress; dots; disc; diner; dinner; dish; drink; dome; dog.
Missing words: Map, ani, inn, let.
Dots: Snake serpent.

MICKIE SAYS—

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THE GOOFUS FAMILY



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TINCTURE OF IODINE
IF KEPT WITH THE CORK REMOVED INCREASES IN STRENGTH DUE TO THE EVAPORATION OF ALCOHOL AND WILL EVENTUALLY BECOME A CONCENTRATED SOLUTION WHICH WILL BURN THE SKIN...

WHEN A MEMBER OF THE FAMILY IS SICK KEEP HIS OR HER DISHES SEPARATE FROM THE OTHERS... BOIL THEM BEFORE BEING PUT TO COMMON USE AGAIN...

THE BODY REQUIRES NOT LESS THAN 3 QUARTS OF FRESH WATER DAILY TO INSURE GOOD NORMAL HEALTH....

IF YOU REARRANGE THE LETTERS ON THE BLACKBOARD YOU'LL GET THE TEACHERS NAME...

OUR PUZZLE CORNER

THERE ARE TEN "T" OBJECTS IN THIS ALPHABETIC SCENE... "C" IF YOU CAN "C" THEM...

DO YOU EVER SEE A HYALPSIMAL?

CAN YOU FIND 10 THINGS WRONG IN THIS GOOFGYGRAPH?

ZOO
SNAK-HOUSE

DRAW A LINE FROM 1 TO 71 AND SEE IT AS IT LEAPS FROM MOUNTAIN TO MOUNTAIN...

SMPLN
ILES

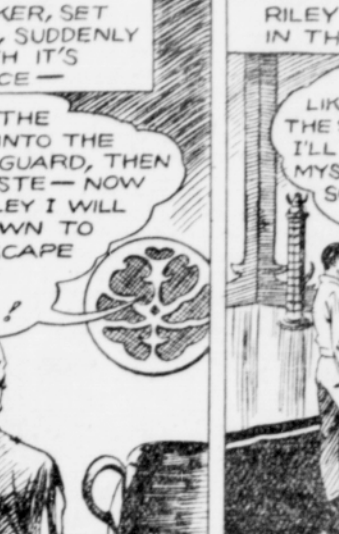
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