

for LOVE or MONEY by CORLEY

CHAPTER XXIV
A flash of light and a sound of a door slammed. Barry and his uncle had just been talking. Barry, who had been called in by the name "Barry," on legal documents, the name was "John Barnett."

Mona had given her word to marry the stranger. The wedding had been arranged. Beyond doubt, to harass Barry further. Someone—

Barry himself possibly—had blurted out his interest in the red-haired girl in Garretson's office and this had been the cause of the whole plot.

Mona turned to Mr. Garretson and was amazed to see only the kindest smile on his face. Was it possible that he knew nothing of the fraud?

Garretson must have understood all along that Mona understood it was a matter of her uncle's divorce. The older man she was to marry, Mr. Garretson had not even dreamed she was young Barry, much less was in love with him.

"Can you sit up, Barry, if I hold you?" Mr. Garretson was saying.

The minister, a lean-faced young man, drew nearer. Mrs. Faxon arrived from somewhere and the nurse started her throat expectantly.

"But you aren't going to marry this old man?" Lottie whispered sharply to Barry. "If you lose your job I'll see you through."

Mona shook off Lottie's objections and moved nearer. She'd go through the ceremony. She would live up to her part of the bargain and she'd take her money they offered and use it, too.

Some way, some how, she would make John Barnett Townsend pay! He would pay for ruining her life and ruining Barry's life.

"Be Barry wouldn't stay," she repeated, smiling, with no sign of the result in her heart. "Possibly he didn't approve of your choice of a bride." Her voice sounded metallic.

For once Lottie was speechless. She watched Mona calmly remove her dress, clasp hands with the man who had betrayed her trust, and in a few minutes become his wife.

"And now shall we go?" Mona asked. "I am free to come and go as I wish, to make my home at the Townsend house in 63rd street."

Her husband bowed. "To come and see you like with, of course, one obligation almost unnecessary to mention. You are to conduct yourself so that no action in any way reflects on your new name."

Mona bowed. "To come and see you like with, of course, one obligation almost unnecessary to mention. You are to conduct yourself so that no action in any way reflects on your new name."

Mr. Townsend waved a generous hand. "Go anywhere you like for a few days—the Ritz, Atlantic City, A. in the 63rd street house is being renovated for you. Garretson will arrange all financial matters. Suppose we take a week enjoying yourself. Shopping possibly, visiting your family, getting adjusted to your new—er—situation. Take your friend here with you. He broke off in a spasm of feeling."

The two girls left the room in silence. Mona, head held high, said nothing as they walked down the wide stairway. At the foot she turned to Lottie.

"A year isn't forever!" Flushing, she had turned to the butler. "Tell Mr. Garretson that he'll find us at the—er—"

"Ritz," supplied Lottie hopefully. "Ritz," Lottie repeated firmly, drawing her lips close.

Mr. Garretson appeared at the top of the stairway. "Miss Moran, er—Mrs. Townsend," he called. "One moment." The lawyer descended hurriedly.

There is the ring, the engagement ring you know. It hadn't been completed yesterday when we talked matters over. Possibly you would like to wear it with—"he pointed to the diamond circlet almost shyly—"with that."

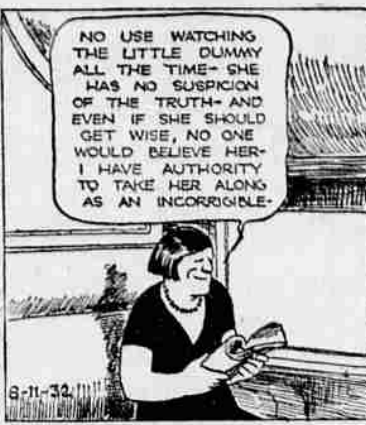
The ring he held was magnificent. Mrs. Lottie gasped. A huge emerald surrounded with diamonds gleamed in the palm of his lean brown hand. "You like it?" he explained. "Mr. Townsend said that you were."

Mona took the ring absently, weighing it in her closed hand for a moment. A flower look in her eyes. "I don't like it," she held an infinitely tiny look in their depths.

"If you need anything," Mr. Gar-

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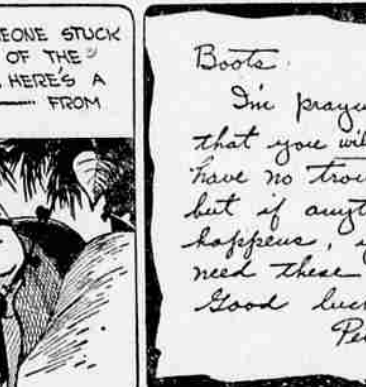
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THIS CURIOUS WORLD



The AARD-VARK... of Africa... HAS TEETH LIKE NO OTHER ANIMAL. EVERY TOOTH IS MADE UP OF HUNDREDS OF TINY TUBES, EACH OF WHICH CONTAINS ITS OWN NERVE.

The MONKSHOOD FLOWER GROWS ONLY WHERE THERE ARE BUMBLE BEES TO CARRY ITS POLLEN.