LOVE or MONEY

by H.W. CORLEY

©1932 BY NEA SERVICE INC.

CHAPTER XXVIII

NA looking across the table at her companion and reflected. ing was better than that they ll talk of themselves. With the g that they were approaching ous ground she had carefully the conversation away from their

rprisingly enough, she was find- the experience of lunching with husband not disabreeable. He was taining, she admitted. Hand- even. It did not seem possible, possible at least not at all likely, this man should have stooped to his nephew by thwarting him marriage. Yet he had intimated Wilands that when their marriage been arranged young Barry's in- tions were not unknown to him. ll explain if I may," Mr. Town- said as though he read her nds. "After I returned from Sulphur Barry told me he was with a girl he had met re- I vetoed it immediately be- I wanted him to marry Miss . Her father and I have looked ard to such a marriage for years. pose the day for such arrange- s by parents is over, but we t realized that. Barry refused to listen. As a matter of fact, ugh I did not realize it at the time, believe—a fine girl, too—positively ed to marry Barry. She is in it seems, with a young man in office, a penniless nobody—"

Like me," Mona offered.

Not at all like you. You should him." The next instant Mr. mend paused with concern. Mona even young Ashcroft. She had d been robbed by him!

At any rate, please believe me," blundered. "I did not know when ked—or had Garretson ask—you marry me that I was thwarting y. Please believe me!"

marry the girl of whom he'd spo- marry the girl of whom he's spo- Mona said. "You knew—well, you threatened to change your to effect his inheritance. I don't just how but I've heard about You didn't want him," she went bravely, "to marry the girl he ed to marry. You do not wish to make a success of the mine . You don't want Barry to do thing except follow your plans and ones and ideas. It isn't his fault

he waiter, hovering over them, d a glass with tinkling ice and ed in water.

Do mean," Mr. Townsend began , his eyes glinting, "that I am ing Barry badly because his stole my fiancee. Well, since d, perhaps that's my view."

he set down the glass after a . "I did not invite you to h, however, to discuss Barry. The ect is painful to me. We have ussed later; I've a gift for you. ented it some time ago. Maybe e heard of it. A huge diamond d The Empress of Peru. It's . Withington, my jeweler, has it for you in a necklace. Too large ly but worth that rather varying ent, a king's ransom!"

You've bought 'The Empress' for ?"

You've heard of it then?" He ed at her sidewise.

Of course I've heard of it. Who n't. It's been in the newspapers. t you've bought it for me?"

They rode in a taxicab to With- n's. At once they were ushered a private room and Mona, not ware or displeased by attention owed upon her husband, saw that was recognized as a man of af- s and importance. She felt that they had come to purchase shirt s their reception wold have been less gracious.

The busy little manager welcomed m and, smiling, rose without words ing open the huge safe behind and bring forth a red velvet box. o men stood on guard in the door- The Empress was not a bauble e tossed about carelessly.

The little man opened the case and ered the necknace. Mona, see- him, wondered idly if anything in world—save Barry who was de- ter—could mean as much to her this jewel meant to Mr. Withing-

He laid the necklace gently in her s. It seemed at once marvelous pathetic. Her husband had given the largest diamond available. He n dealing in superlatives just as small boy selects the rosiest apple his sweetheart, the most delicate e for his mother.

It's beautiful," she agreed, hand- the diamond back to the jeweler n was hovering about much as a ented nurse hovers when her charge he the moment in incapable hands. He begged to be allowed to fasten chain about Madame's throat. autiful! Charming!" he echoed. hy Madame could wear such a ne!"

It was agreed that the diamond uld remain in the safe at Withing- 's until the opera season when e should wear it on her first ap- rance in the Townsend box.

"Our first engagement of importance, really," her husband said, his eyes traveling along the thronged sidewalk as their cab threaded its way up Fifth Avenue. "I do hope, my dear, that you will enjoy it. Forgive me if you can for anything I may unwittingly have done. Think it over. Is there anything else, anything at all that you would like to have me do?"

Mona's cameo profile was clear cut against the shadows of the cab. "Are you sure you would do anything I asked?" she said softly, without looking at him.

"I would try."

"Maybe I'll ask you later."

"Drive through the park," he ordered as they neared 59th street. For some moments they drove in silence. Fall was more evident here than in the streets. Children on roller skates, warmly dressed, waited at crosswalks with their nurses. The trees were beginning to look bare. The shrubbery was bronzed with red berries.

Summer wanderers, summer absentees were returning. The new season had begun.

Vaguely Mona understood that something new had come about, too, in her relations with this man who was so strangely her husband. She did not—could not—hate him now. Yet through him Barry's life seemed ruined. Her own life was ruined too.

"Ask me now. Tell me what I can do to make you happier!"

Mona aroused herself from the reverie to hear those words. Instantly she made up her mind.

The car shot across the bridal path and she could see a figure on horseback, reminding her somehow of that picture she had imagined of little Barry astride his pony at Twilands. Even then his uncle's animosity toward Barry had begun.

She laid an impulsive hand on the man's arm. "You can do this," she exclaimed. "Nothing for me because I have everything. Every luxury and comfort I could wish or even dream of wishing for. For the first time in my life I've been able to do things, give things to others." There was a break in her voice. Her eyes were shining.

"But what are you doing to Barry?" Mona went on. "Everything that can hinder him in his work. Those two boys have made a success of that old worked-out mine. But that success has been Steve's, not Barry's! Everything can be traced to steve! He found (she was going to say the Empress but checked herself) the larger diamonds they sold to buy machinery. Steve controls the men more easily than Barry could. He has had more experience, I suppose, and understands them."

"Ive never met Steve," Mr. Townsend commented idly. He sat very still.

"Whatever way you look at it this is Steve's enterprise. Barry doesn't count because of you. He came north to get money to finance the new dredging machinery—"

"New," remarked Mr. Townsend disinterestedly. "Those mines have been worked for years without machinery. South American mining is shallow. Nothing like the South African mines."

"You light Twilands with electricity, don't you?" asked Mona hotly. "You don't use candles simply because people did a few hundred years ago. Let Barry have his inheritance or the money you are keeping from him. Oh, I know what you've done is legal enought but legality and right don't necessarily go hand in hand!"

They rode for a moment in silence. Mona's breast was heaving. Her face was flushed and her breath came in quick, short gasps. Suddenly she opened her purse and began repairing the damage of the tears that had come into her eyes.

"When a woman gets out a powder puff," observed Mr. Townsend cooly, "I realize she has had her say. So I'll have mine. Don't you suppose I know the Empress came out of that mine? Don't you suppose I know precisely what you'll do with it the moment you have the chance?"

"What?" asked Mona.

"Sell it. No woman wants to wear that lump of ice. Even though she knows it cost a million. Well, sell it and give the money to Barry if you like. But it will not come from me! You see?"

Mona looked at him in amazement. "Sell it? When?"

The man waved a smoothly gloved hand and laid it over the other which was grasping his walking stick.

"Any time. Now—today—tomorrow. Or better still, when I am gone."

(To Be Continued)

MINCING PARSLEY

If you want to mince parsley, roll the leaves into a firm ball. Cut the ball with a pair of scissors kept in the kitchen to assist in the preparation of food.

A few drops of lemon juice will improve the flavor of apple sauce. If apples have a flat taste it will be considerably improved by this addition.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE — Dough, But No Bread — By HAROLD GRAY

The Best of the Nation's Human-est" and Funniest Comics On This Page Daily

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK — By LYMAN YOUNG

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES — Danger Lurks! — By MARTIN

BRINGING UP FATHER — By GEORGE McMANUS

THIMBLE THEATRE — Starring POPEYE — By E. C. Segar

NOW SHOWING—"GOING NOTIVE" TOMORROW—"BOSOM FRIENDS"

- THIS CURIOUS WORLD -

OUT OUR WAY — By WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE — By AHERN