

BARGAIN BRIDE

by KATHARINE HAVLAND-TAYLOR

© 1933 NEA SERVICE, INC.

CHAPTER XII

"I've never been here at this hour. I think it's beautiful!" she said softly. Barrett thought, "I knew you would." He did not speak and he knew he did not need to. He had never felt so completely that everything was as it should be. He had a flash of misty memory; the same feeling that had been his as a very small boy with his face against his mother's shoulder. That phase had been short. She had died just after his tenth birthday and within two years his stepmother, Rita, had begun her rule. Rita had never grown quite accustomed to the chills of the northern climate and had remained heatedly Spanish to the end. She had courted or ignored but had never seen him as a child. "I've been lonely," Barrett realized with surprise, "and never even knew it!" He was not lonely now.

"I've never talked this way to anyone before," Ellnor admitted wonderingly.

Though the words were close to his lips Barrett did not speak them. "I love you!" his heart was crying out. "I love you!"

The girl was entirely unconscious of all this. She rode beside him, drinking in the beauty of the fading day. Across the bridge in Brooklyn, Barrett set his car to a speed in keeping with the sedate bustle of the streets. He had always been certain that successful marriages were made after a calm consideration and selection. He had thought often, "If I ever marry it will not be because I have been swept off my feet."

Now he realized that he knew nothing of the mind of the girl who was beside him and yet he wanted—as he'd never wanted anything—to have her by him for the stretch of his life. The conviction had come as suddenly as a lightning flash that suddenly flares to reveal a landscape hidden by darkness.

He had had many interests to which he had given generously of his superb energy. He had thought sometimes, working with his crew and sustained by the hope of discovering a valuable find, that he could never know such absorption in any other way. Now he knew that old hopes had been frail, that all past interests would be paled if he had the chance to care for this girl, to give her everything he had.

"Better go slowly," he warned himself. Aloud he said, "Are you comfortably warm, Miss Stafford?"

"Yes, thank you," she responded in undertones and not quite steadily. Here beside her was a man who would not lie, who was strong and gentle and kind. As a child she had adored him. Now she was doing it again; willingly, humbly and with all her heart.

"Do you remember giving me a box of candy years ago?" she asked. "No, I don't."

"Well, one day I was at Aunt Ella's. There were a lot of older people there and you came in and found me sitting on a stool turning the pages—I suppose rather wearily—of 'The Lives of the Saints.' You dropped to the floor beside me to make the most amusing comments on some of the pictures. I'm sure you must have shocked Aunt Ella terribly. Then you went away and half an hour later Higgins appeared with a wonderful box of candy. For me! A pink box with a ribbon on it. I've never forgotten it!"

"I'm glad to hear you say so," he murmured.

"I've never forgotten it," she assured him, "and I never shall!"

Ellnor sat back against the seat, smiling. The relaxation she felt was so good. Usually people, unless she knew them well (and she knew few people well), made her tense.

CHAPTER VII

Barrett had headed the car down the narrow streets that are called and open to echoes on Sundays, same streets that hum on working days. Here and there in windows were a, muted by the late afternoon to lemon, but most of the clouding buildings slept. The comely, stately mass Barrett felt with the girl. He doubted (the light coming to him in a flash) that the most man in the throes of intense love affair could be as easy as he was at that moment. He absently content.

He turned the car to a bridge below the river proclaimed itself in thickening twilight by holding its body mirror to the lights.

CHAPTER VII

CHAPTER VII

CHAPTER VII

CHAPTER VII

CHAPTER VII

CHAPTER VII

CHAPTER VII

CHAPTER VII

CHAPTER VII

CHAPTER VII

CHAPTER VII

CHAPTER VII

CHAPTER VII

CHAPTER VII

CHAPTER VII

CHAPTER VII

CHAPTER VII

CHAPTER VII

CHAPTER VII

CHAPTER VII

CHAPTER VII

CHAPTER VII

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

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

Safety First

LOOK OUT, SANDY— HERE COMES A CAR—

COME ON— JUMP IN AND I'LL GIVE YOU A LIFT—

NO, THANK YOU, MISTER— WE'RE IN NO HURRY— WE'LL WALK— BUT IT'S MIGHTY NICE OF YOU TO ASK US—

HE LOOKED LIKE AN O.K. GUY— PROBABLY JUST WANTED TO BE KIND— BUT YOU NEVER CAN TELL, THESE DAYS—

I CLAIM A KID IS A SAP TO ACCEPT RIDES FROM ANY STRANGER ANY WHERE AT ANY TIME—

By HAROLD GRAY

7-10-33

By LYMAN YOUNG

7-10

By MARTIN

7-10

By GEORGE McMANUS

7-10

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

OUR TROOPS ARE AT THE PEAK OF EFFICIENCY, EXCELLENCY

AND IT IS YOUR DUTY TO KEEP THEM SO—

THE MEN BRUMBLE FOR LACK OF ACTION, SIRE—

EMPEROR KARLOS' JUNGLE SCOUTS HAVE REPORTED NO SAFARIS OR CARAVANS TO BE CAPTURED AND ROBBED OF THEIR RICH CARGOES, BUT THE DAILY TRAINING AND INSPECTIONS OF THE EMPEROR'S TROOPS ARE NEVER INTERRUPTED

Boots and Her Buddies

SPENCE!!! FOR SILLY SAKES— WOT'RE YUH DOIN' UP HERE?

THE PROFESSOR SENT FOR ME, DOGGONIT

HE SAID WE NEEDED AN ASSISTANT, YES SIRE— AND HERE I AM— OR, I THINK I AM

Hired!

BUT— WOT DOES HE WANTCHA T' DO?

DO? SAY, GEE WHIZ!! HE WANTS ME TO RUN THE PLACE FOR HIM

HELLO, YOUNG FELLA! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU

HERE'S A SUT YOU CAN JUMP RIGHT INTO! FROM NOW ON, YOU'RE CHIEF BELLHOP, PORTER, DOORMAN, YARDMAN, ERRAND BOY, WAITER AND JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES

Bringing Up Father

MAGGIE WANTS TO START ON OUR VACATION TOMORROW AN' I WANNA GO TO DINTY'S OUTIN'— I WISH I COULD STAY HOME—

I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO— I'LL PRETEND I'M SICK AN' SHE'LL GO WITHOUT ME— I'LL TELL HER I'LL JOIN HER WHEN I FEEL BETTER—

GRACIOUS! WHAT'S THE MATTER?

MAGGIE— DARLIN'— I DON'T FEEL WELL— I'VE HAD A FEW DIZZY SPELLS IN THE LAST FEW DAYS— WELL— I GUESS YOU'LL HAVE TO GO ON YOUR VACATION WITHOUT ME—

WHY— YOU SILLY BOY— I WOULDN'T THINK OF GOING WITHOUT YOU! I'LL STAY RIGHT AT YOUR SIDE UNTIL YOU ARE WELL— WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?

WUM! I HADN'T THOUGHT OF THAT—

Starring POPEYE

THE ADVENTURES OF POPEYE AND WIMPY ON A GREAT METROPOLITAN NEWSPAPER THE DAILY BLAST CIRCULATION 501,762,43 DAILY

SEE THE FIGHTING REPORTER AND THE 'DEAD PAN' PHOTOGRAPHER DO THEIR STUFF—

I'M THE CITY EDITOR OF THE DAILY BLAST— I THINK YOU SHOULD INVEST SOME OF YOUR CASH IN OUR PAPER

IF YA SAYS IT'S A GOOD INVESTMENT, CASTOR, WHY WE'LL GO SEE MR. I.B. WORKS— HE'S PUBLISHER AND OWNER

MISTER WORKS, THIS IS POPEYE—

WELL— WHAT OF IT?— I'M BUSY NOW!— HUMPH— I'M BUSY JUST NOW

HE HAS FIVE MILLION TO INVEST

WELL, BLESS MY SOUL!! SO THIS IS POPEYE!— HMM— HAVE A CHAIR— SIT RIGHT DOWN!

HOW'S ALL THE FOLKS? HAVE ANOTHER CIGAR!— YA SURE GOT HOSPITALITY, MR. I.B. WORKS

COME ON, SMOKE UP!

By WILLIAMS

WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

7-10

OUT OUR WAY

SAY THIS SHIRT YOU GINNE HAS A FRAYED COLLAR! GOOD GOSH! I CAN'T GO OUT IN A THING LIKE THIS!

THAT'S RIGHT— WE CAN'T HAVE THAT! SOME BODY MIGHT SEE THE FRAYED COLLAR AS YOU DRIVE BY IN YOUR BEAUTIFUL CAR

By WILLIAMS

WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

7-10

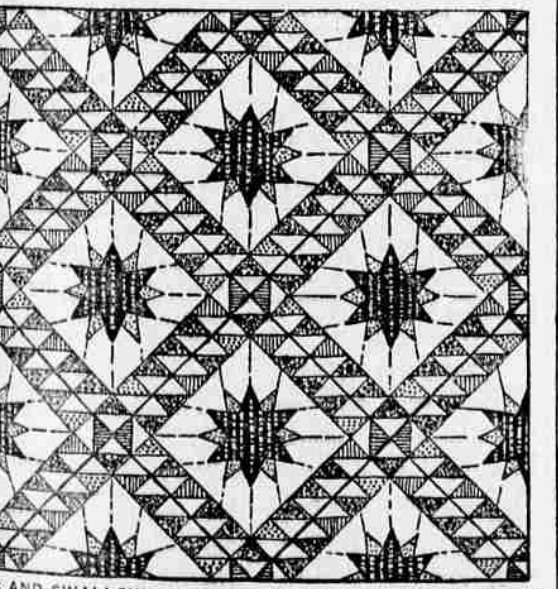
By AHERN

HAW—EE—GAD! ISN'T THAT A BEAUTY!—UM—A CATCH OF GREAT SCIENTIFIC SIGNIFICANCE, BY JOVE! THE EXCEEDINGLY RARE AND HIGHLY PRIZED CHINAPAKOPAE!—YES, SIR! SORRY TO LEAVE YOU, FRIEND— BUT I MUST HURRY BACK TO MY LABORATORY AND MOUNT THIS RARE SPECIMEN, AND PRESENT IT TO THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY!

WHY, THAT'S ONLY A PERCH!—AN' IT AIN'T BIG ENOUGH TO WAKE UP A CAT! YOU CAN GET 'EM THAT SIZE BY STICKIN' YOUR FOOT IN TH' WATER AN' CATCHIN' 'EM IN BETWEEN YOUR TOES!

ANYHOW, HE MAKES A GRAND EXIT

PATCHWORK QUILT PATTERN



AND SWALLOWS PATTERN No. 472 By LAURA WHEELER

When the needlewoman of the past carefully placed her quilts, little thought that her handiwork would in later years be sought and placed in museums. Star and Swallows is a quilt which has had itself this distinction. The center star, a six-pointed one and of one piece, is surrounded by the swallows, represented by the wings. In the original quilt, the swallows were all made of different scraps of material, a most attractive effect. The pattern comes to you with complete simple instructions for designing, sewing and finishing, together with yardage chart, diagram of it to help arrange the blocks for single and double bed size, and diagram of block which serves as a guide for placing the patches and suggests contrasting materials. Send 10c for a pattern for this design to the Eugene Register-Guard, Circulation Dept., 82 Eighth Avenue, New York City.

A FAMOUS FLAVOR

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

THE PERFECT GUM

KEPT RIGHT IN CELLOPHANE