

BARGAIN BRIDE

CHAPTER I

Barrett made no reply to that. After a moment he was seated in the car he had just bought. "Do you want to stop at the hotel?" he asked.

"No, unless you particularly want to," he answered. The necessary arrangements before Bessie Thropo could be too difficult.

Barrett sat rigid. She drew away from him on turns of the road where the motion of the car, her hand might have brushed his. He was deeply. But he had no notion of her thoughts.

Barrett was thinking of the child to whom he had just sold the house. He had sold it to Barrett's child. She had told him about it. At first the child had made her wildly happy but all that was changed. It only seemed to him that the situation in which she was placed was more bitter, more hopeless.

Barrett turned to look down at her. "My God, Elinor," he whispered, "how cruel than you know," she said.

"I think you're right," he said.

Barrett traveled without a word. When they reached home he went to the library. There, he found a note from Elinor. It was a note about the expedition. He was best for her. That would be the end of the matter. He would give her the money. He would give her the money. He would give her the money.

Barrett was in the drawing room, sitting far back in a chair when Higgins brought the coffee tray and placed it on a low table before her. She had turned off the lights and the gray of an early summer evening filled the room. Curled up in the big chair, she looked like a wistful, uncertain youngster of 16.

She had been thinking over what the butler had said. Perhaps he was right. She had been too much concerned about herself recently to think of anyone else. Suppose something should happen to Barrett while he was away! Higgins had said the south seemed with fever. Barrett might grow ill and die—far away from her, without knowing that she did love him and could not help loving him, even while she despised him.

When Barrett returned at 10 o'clock Elinor knew from his step that something was wrong. She called out, "Barrett!" and he came quickly to the door of the drawing room. His face was white and drawn.

"He's gone," Barrett stated with an effort. "Marcia's baby! Some heart defect."

She felt herself grow faint. "Oh, Barrett!" she gasped.

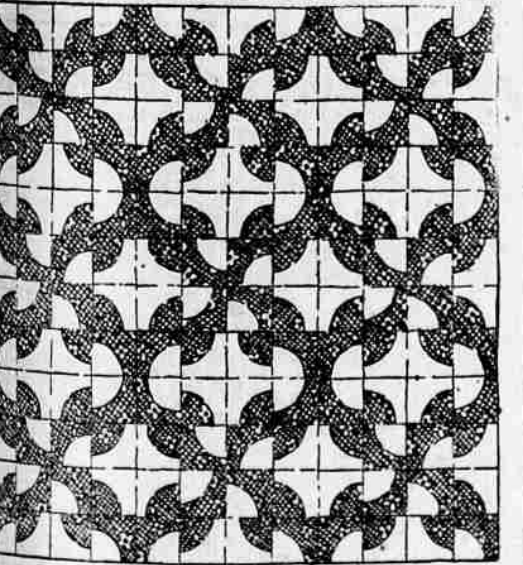
"It's bad," he murmured. He dropped to a chair and she saw a muscle twitch at the corner of his eye.

"Mind if I sit here a moment?" "No, of course not."

He covered his face with his hands. This, Barrett thought, was the worst of all. He had known, leaving Marcia, that he could never break his promise to her. He could never tell Elinor the truth.

(To Be Continued)

MRS. WHEELER SIMPLE TWO-PIECE PATTERN MAKES DECORATIVE QUILT



DRUNKARD'S PATH PATTERN NO. 480

The Drunkard's Path was an old time favorite, a fact that is easily understandable when one knows that but two pattern pieces are needed to make this handsome quilt. It is the clever alternating of the two pieces in the two materials that results in the ornate pattern. This quilt is attractively done either entirely in patchwork or as illustrated, or in alternate patchwork and plain blocks.

Pattern 480 comes to you with complete, simple instructions for cutting, sewing and finishing, together with yardage chart, diagram and diagram of block which serves as a guide for placing the patches and suggests contrasting materials.

Send for this pattern to Register-Guard Needlecraft Dept., 825 Avenue, New York City.



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

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

"AFTER THE BALL IS ON—VER— AFTER THE BREAK OF DAWN—"

His Trained Seals

THE WAY THE AUDIENCE CLAPPED AND CLAPPED— THEY DID LIKE OUR ACT DIDN'T THEY?

LIKE IT— THEY WENT CRAZY— WHO COULD HELP IT? WITH THAT ACT YOU WOULD GO GOOD ON BROADWAY, EVEN—

GEE, MR. CHIZZLER— DID YOU HEAR WHAT HE SAID ABOUT OUR ACT?

YES— YES— HA! HA! BUT YOU MUSTN'T BELIEVE ALL YOU HEAR— COME— LET'S HURRY, NOW, AND CHANGE— I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU, AND MR. BALLAD TO DINNER—

WHY DOES HE HAVE TO KEEP TELLING 'EM HOW GOOD THEIR ACT IS? HE'LL GIVE 'EM A LOT OF CRAZY IDEAS THAT THEY'RE WORTH REAL MONEY— I WISH HE'D MIND HIS OWN BUSINESS AND LEAVE MY TRAINED SEALS ALONE—

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

HIS FEVER'S DOWN A BIT

HOP INTO THE COCKPIT AND WE'LL FLY HIM TO THE DOG AT THE FORT

— AN— I LEFT THE POOR FELLER BACK AT THE OASIS— TIM— HE WAS— PRETTY— FAR GONE

DID YOU HEAR THAT, HAVRE?

IT'S A WASTE OF THE CARTER— THE BOY DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT—

POSSIBLY NOT, HAVRE, BUT HERE'S THE MAN— AND HE'S ALIVE!

THE SHIP'LL NEVER TAKE OFF WITH THE FOUR OF US—

WE'LL DUMP SOME OF OUR PETROL— WE CAN'T LEAVE EITHER ONE OF 'EM HERE—

By HAROLD GRAY

By LYMAN YOUNG

Oh, What a Gal—

By MARTIN

By GEORGE McMANUS

By E. C. Segar

By WILLIAMS

By AHERN

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

BILLY

HERE COMES YOUR PAL, HATTIE

HEAVEN HELP ME! I'VE GONE SWIMMING— OR TO AFRICA— ANYWHERE!

Ohhh— Bill EEEEE

BRINGING UP FATHER

LISTEN— IF YOU SAY THAT YOU WANT ANOTHER HOT DOG, I'LL KNOCK YOU OFF YOUR FEET—

OH— THERE IS THE FRENCH VILLAGE—

NICE TIME I'M HAVIN'—

WE'LL GO IN— BUT NO ONE SAY A WORD— I'LL SPEAK IN FRENCH— IT'LL BRUSH ME UP ON MY FRENCH—

THEY SAY IT'S AN EXACT COPY OF A FRENCH VILLAGE—

O— U!

BY GOLLY! IT'S THE GANG FROM HOME—

PULL UP A CHAIR— HELLO JIGGS—

HELLO— JIGGS— CAFE DE L'...

THIMBLE THEATRE

HURRY UP! TELL ME WHAT THE MOTHER OF ME CHILD SAID OVER THE TELEPHONE

THE INFANT'S PARENTS WERE SHUDDERED— THEY WERE PICKED UP BY FISHERMEN FROM DEMONIA

A FEW MONTHS LATER THIS BABY WAS BORN— THE DEMONIANS BELIEVE IN OMENS AND EVIL SPIRITS— THEY ARE THE MOST SUPERSTITIOUS PEOPLE ON EARTH— THEY HAVE THE IDEA THAT THEY ARE SURROUNDED BY DEMONS

THEY WORSHIP EVERYTHING WHICH THEY THINK MAY BRING THEM GOOD LUCK— THEY ESPECIALLY WORSHIP THE NUMBER SEVEN— THEIR FLAG IS DECORATED WITH TWO DICE— FIVE SPOTS ON ONE AND TWO ON THE OTHER

WHAT'S ALL THAT GOT TO DO WITH MY BOY KID?

IF THEY GET YOUR BABY THEY WILL TREAT HIM LIKE A GOD— SUCH TREATMENT WOULD SPOIL HIM

AND THAT IS WHY THE MOTHER RAN AWAY FROM DEMONIA— SHE SENT THIS BABY TO YOU BECAUSE SHE KNEW YOU'D FIGHT FOR HIM— HERE'S THE CAUSE OF ALL THE TROUBLE— THERE ARE SEVEN MOLES ON THE KID'S BACK— LET'S LOOK

YES, THERE THEY ARE! (WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! JUSS' LIKE THE WINNING NUMBER ON DICE)

OUT OUR WAY

BREAKFAST IS READY!

By WILLIAMS

By AHERN

I AIN'T BRAGGIN', HOOPLE BUT I CAN BURN MY THUMB BETTER'N HALF THESE BARBQUE GUYS CAN COOK HAMBURGERS AN' HOT DOGS? WHEN I HAD A STAND, PEOPLE USED TO COME FOR MILES TO CURL TH' TONGUE AROUND MY SANDWICHES! SAME MEAT AS TH' OTHER GUYS USED— BUT I HAVE A KNACK— TAKE PLAYIN' TH' FIDDLE, FR'INSTANCE— WE ALL GOT TWO ARMS AN' A CHIN— BUT SAWIN' OUT THAT MUSIC— HA— THAT'S TH' KNACK! SAME AS MY HAMBURGERS!

YOU'RE RIGHT, GRIDLEY! EGAD— WHAT IS IT I ALWAYS SAY— OR WAS IT SHAKESPEARE?— OH WELL, LITTLE DIFFERENCE— BUT, A MASTER IS SERVANT TO HIS TRADE! —AH— THAT AROMA— SNIFF— I WOULD I THE NOSTRILS OF A MOOSE!

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