

# Buying Barbara

by Julia Cleft-Addams • Author of "YOU CAN'T MARRY"

**SYNOPSIS:** Barbara Quentin blunders into a wild party and decides that Farrell Armitage, who has taken charge of Mark Lodely's career and is making him a famous artist, is really trying to seduce her. Barbara is engaged to Mark, but has promised not to marry him until the end of Farrell's experiment. For Farrell loves Barbara. Barbara asks Mark to leave Farrell; Mark tells her the wild party she saw was all his own idea. Then he effects orders Barbara to leave him. She goes, and collapses as his car disappears.

## Chapter 40 FINDING BARBARA

It was a month later that Armitage again came to the West country. He drove the beautiful Devalat tenderly, because it was one day to be Barbara's; but he drove resourcefully, demanding every ounce of power and speed, because he was in a hurry.

He remembered with detachment how he had been in no hurry at all on his first journey down. He had almost dawdled on the road, postponing the moment when he should present himself, the conventional week-end guest, at South-the-Water; wishing that it was the Upper Mallard vicarage to which he was going; wishing that he had stayed at home. Not even dimly sensing what havoc was to be made of him by a girl's upturned face, pearl-clear in the dusk.

He entered Kings Mallard on this second occasion in the late afternoon and found his way at once to the house where Barbara had had her lodgings. He knew he would not find her there, but he hoped for information.

Mrs. Lodely had frightened him. Mrs. Lodely had complained to him loudly and irrelevantly of the sudden silence of Barbara. "Slipping away that party night, without any-thing good-by!"

"And only a line since to say the Way End house is sold furnished and my poor old belongings stored in some furniture warehouse that I'll bet is damp and costin' me a don't know what! It's selfish of her, puttin' me to expense like that. And Mark smilin' to himself whenever I ask him where she is and what she's up to! No use ever tryin' to get a scrap of news out of Mark."

Armitage had politely commended her patience whilst his own had immediately and entirely deserted him. He had ordered the Devalat and a packed bag and had left London within the hour.

"No, sir," Barbara's landlady leaned her shapeless bulk against the door-post. "Miss Quentin ain't been in Mallard, not since she tuk Mrs. Lodely's boxes away. To 'toaster, she'd be, likely."

"No, I've inquired in Toxeter. Nothing is known of her at the house she had there and her shop is sold to a comparative stranger." Armitage reflected. His mind was blankly silent. The Yarn Market lay unanswering under the winter wind. He sighed, re-started the Devalat—and found that he was muttering "At Bcey Cove..."

Barbara there! It seemed nonsensical. He glanced at his watch—it was not yet six o'clock, not too late, really, and not too cold for a healthy girl to walk by the seashore. The bay could not be far from here.

He was there in four minutes, for the stony road of his memory had been replaced by very fair paving. There was even a parking-place where he could leave the Devalat.

"Do you know if there is a lady on the shore?" he asked the man who came to collect the fee. "Up towards Bogy Head she went. She didn't ought to go further. Tide's coming in."

"I'll bring her back." Armitage stepped out on to crisp, solid shingle. The moon was young and faint in an uncertain sky. He strode towards a group of rocks that awakened childish memories.

As he rounded the rocks, he saw her. She was standing with bent head, kicking a hole in the sand with her heel. She was bare-headed and, under the cloud-hung moon, her hair looked like a crest of foam.

She had not heard him come and, afraid of startling her, he stopped and attempted to light a cigarette. He knew exactly when the abortive spurt of flame caught her gaze and he threw away the cigarette and moved nearer.

"Barbara!"

"Who—who is it?" And then, as though ashamed of the evasion—

The woman's body, ablaze, was found Thursday in the shadow of Spook Rock, Spring Valley, N. Y., and identified by her two sons by bits of clothing that escaped the blazing gasoline. Relatives and police of constant squabbling in the Carnora household.

New spring shoes now on display. A larger and smarter variety than we have ever had, and at only \$1.95 to \$3.95. The Band Box and Shoe Box. Phone 542 We'll haul away your refuse City Sanitary Service.

# TORCH SLAYER ADMITS CRIME

HACKENSACK, N. J., Jan. 30.—(AP)—Frank Carnora, confessed "torch slayer," waived extradition today and was taken to Rockland county, New York, to face trial for the killing of his wife, Lena, 57.

# FERN VALLEYITES INJURED ON SKIS

FERN VALLEY, Jan. 30.—(Sp.)—Young folks of the neighborhood have been enjoying the snow. Hardly a day has passed since the first snow that there has not been some one on the hills. Saturday evening, Janu-

ary 21, after skiling a while, a party was given by Mr. and Mrs. Lester Carr at their home. Guests were Misses Helen, Lillian and Anna Kantor, Lois Mason, Verlee Connor, Echo Alford, Grace Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Kantor, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Ed Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Davis, John Kantor and Ivan Olsen. Sunday, most of the same crowd enjoyed the day at the Kantor place on Coleman creek where skiling was ideal.

A few accidents have occurred, only two of which proved very serious. Echo Alford fell from the skis when she hit a streak of mud and skinned her

face and blacked her eye one evening. Mrs. Pearl Kantor sprained her ankle Sunday while at Coleman creek. She has been unable to be up since.

# Fake Inspector Believed Banker

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 30.—(AP)—Police tonight were seeking clues to an "inspector" who is believed to have planted a bomb in the home of John M. Di Sylvestro, national head of the Sons of Italy, destroying the house, killing his wife and injuring 16 persons.

# MRS. ROOSEVELT SEES NEW HOME

WASHINGTON, Jan. 30.—(AP)—A tall woman in black today walked

swiftly, with a long, swinging stride, up the curved driveway to the White House.

It was Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, arriving on foot and alone, to call on Mrs. Herbert Hoover and to look over, by invitation, the executive mansion which after March 4 is to be her home for nearly four years. It is customary for the wife of the outgoing president to invite the fu-

ture mistress of the White House to visit her, so she may decide what furnishings she will need to bring for the rooms on the second floor assigned to the president and his family.

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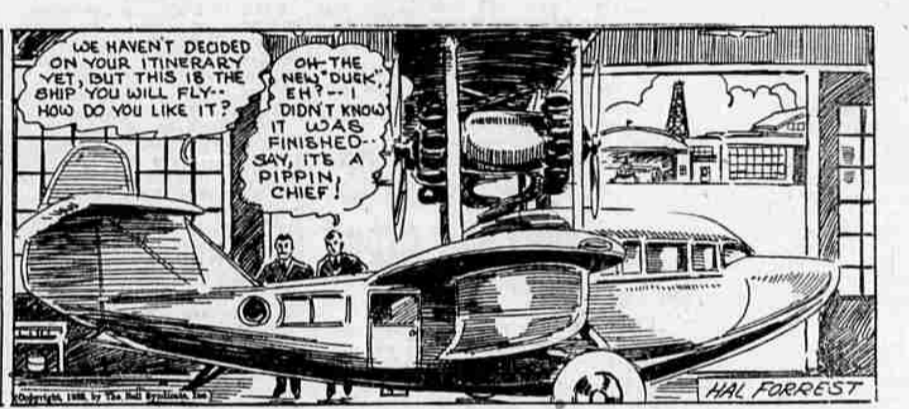
# S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



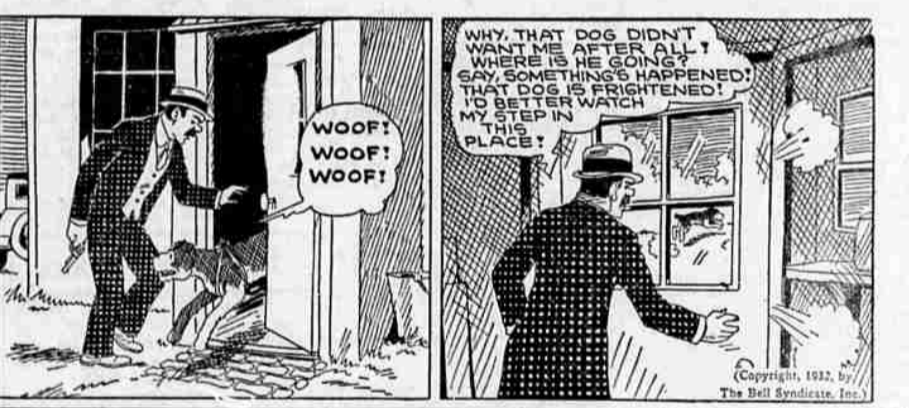
# TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Beginning Of A New Adventure!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



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