A BACHELOR HUSBAND

By RUBY M. AYRES Auth or of "Richard Chatterton," Etc. Copyright, 1980, by W. J. Watt & Co.

THIS BEGINS THE STORY Chester and Christopher grie Chester and together, and less were raised together, and her father died they married; because she loved him and ght he loved her; he because he her and needed the money and the money and seeded act along very thought he loved her; he occause he liked her and needed the money and is thought they could get along very siely together without any non-sense. On their honeymoon she overhears one of his friends say that they are to the they are to the first did not love her, realizes the truth of the statement; so tells her husband that she does not love him husband that she does not love him he and that he had better continue the Backelor Husband his friends think he naturally is. It grieves her to note that he is relieved rather than stheretice. She goes swimming with saved from drowning by another, Dakers, known as Feathers, and durbing the illness that follows, Christics to be kind, but-manages to have to good time all by himself—and part of the time with a Mrs. Heriot. One day he carries Marie into the garden and props her in a deck chair with and props her in a deck chair with cushions and rugs.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES AND HERE!

"I NOT an invalid really, you know," she said, looking up at him shyly. "I could have walked quite him shyly. "I could have walked quite of her accident, and assuring her that there was no need to worry.

She felt bound to say it, and yet not for worlds would she have forgone being carried in his arms. The distance had seemed all too short. Just for a little she had been quite, quite happy.

Young Atkins was fussing around seemed all too sheep quite, quite happy, she had been quite, quite happy, she had an enormous bunch of roses in one hand and all the newest magain, one hand and all the newest magain the first sentence. "Is that true?" he asked. He pointed to the words: "I am ever so happy."

at down beside her.
"You look heaps better." he declared ferrently. He always said the same thing every time he saw her, "You lo feel better, don't you?"

She laughed at his caserness.
"I really feel quite well, but they will persist that I'm an invalid." She looked around for Chris, but he had strolled away, and she gave a little

"I've got to go back to town tomerrow." young Atkins said presently.
He snoke rather lugubriously.
"Rotten, isn't it? And, I say, Mrs.
Lawless, I may come and see you when
you get back, mayn't 1?"
"If you want to—of course!"
"Of course I want to?" He had

never been in love before, but he was 'Of coarse not, Please go. I shall fully persuaded that he was in love be all right, I am going to take my now, and he never lost an opportunity book down on the sands. to scowl at Chris-when his back was

He moved a little closer to Marie, and looked down at her earnestly.
"If ever there's anything you want done, never be afraid to ask me to do it!" he said. "You'll remember that,

won't vou?"

Marie did not take him seriously. She Marie did not take him seriously. She was not used to being made love to. She just looked upon him as a boy.
"Why, of course, I will! And there's something you can do for me now, if you will—see if there are any letters."
"Of course!" He was off in an instant, and Marie looked across the instant, and Marie looked across the

garden, hoping desperately that Chris won'd see she was alone and return. But he was laughing and talking with Mrs. Heriot and an elderly man and a little chill feeling of unwantedness had seized upon her. stole into her heart. Would life always be like this? she

asked herself, and closed her eyes with a sudden feeling of dread.

have been broken-hearted, but she knew to another, and quite unintentionally the folly of such a belief. He would have been sorry, of course, for they had known one another so long—heen such bed at 10 o'clock without seeing him pals, in the past, at any rate!

with a little half sigh.

"I think you could be," she an-

Atting you could be, she had sweed, seriously.

He sat down in the chair young Atting had left. "Tell me, and see," he suggested, half in fun.

Marie looked across at her husband, and then hack at the year healds her. and then back at the man beside her. "I was wondering."

"I was wondering," she said, "what would have happened if you had not pulle me out of the sea?"
"What would have happened?" He school her words not "What would have happened?" He choed her words with mock seriousness. "Well, you would have been drowned, of course."
"I know! I don't mean that! I mean, what would have happened to—to Chris—and every one else."
Feathers did not answer. He vaguely felt that there was some serious questions.

felt that there was some serious question at the back of her words, but his experience of women was so small that he was unable to understand.

She did not answer, and looking at ness of her face, by the downward haps because she owed most of her curves of her pretty mouth and the wistfulness of her eyes, and suddenly he realized that he was a suddenly he had that he was a suddenly he was a suddenly he had that he was a suddenly he was a suddenly he was struck by the suddenly he was struck by the suddenly he was a suddenly he was struck by the suddenly he was strucked by the suddenly he was struck stumbled across a secret which he had girl was unhappy!

Where fault? The question clamored at his brain. Chris' fault or her own? He was conscious of anger against his friend.

Chris was sauntering back to them through the sunshine. He looked very mre'ess and debonair, and was care'ess and debonr whistling as he came. Feathers rose. "Take this chair,"

"No, don't you get up." But face.

Feathers in-isted, and as soon as Chris was seated he walked off to the hotel.

He went into the lounge and aimlessly took up a paper, but he did not read a word.

Fond as he was at Chris to the hotel into the hotel into the said. "Don't you recognize the cluts? I thought you were a golfer."

'He hates me, you know," she explained to Chris as they went on down the road.

Fond as he was of Cheis, he knew the road.

"He doesn't like any women," Chris all his faults and limitations, knew just fear for Marie grew in his heart.

Aying, without the smallest effort on rather friendly with your little wife, she part to listen. The newspaper screened his face, and

he could only suppose afterward that they were unconstitute of his presence, for Mrs. Heriot said with a rather Heriot said with a rather life, you know."

Of course! How stupid of me!" Unical laugh:

"Did you see our heroine on the lawn, with her eavaliers?" Very amusing, isn't it? I don't suppose she has ever had so much attention in her life? They say that he married her straight from the schoolroom."

"Really! She locks only a child!"
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the other woman answered interestedly. The hie way, which is her husband? The hie, ugly man, or the good-looking

twas the other one. There is some-thing in the way he looks at her * * translation in the way he looks at her * translation in the way he looks at her * translation in the way he looks at her * translation in the way he looks at her * translation in the way he looks at her * translation in the way he looks at her * translation in the way he looks at her * translation in the way he looks at her * translation in the way he looks at her * translation in the way he looks at her * translation in the way he looks at her * translation in the way he looks at her * translation in the way he looks at her * translation in the way he looks at her * translation in the way he looks at her * translation in the way he looks at her * translation in the way her way he looks at her * translation in the way her way can't explain! But if you hadn't They played a riold me. I should certainly have said Heriot beat him. he was the one who was in love

Feathers' big hands gripped the paper with sudden tension. "What cackling, sentimental fools women were! In love! He! Why, he had never looked at a woman in his life. He flung the paper down, and, rising, stalked out of the lounge. The two women looked after him in blank dismay.

"My dear, do you think he heard?" the younger one whispered.

Mrs. Heriot laughed spitefully.

"I hope he did! It will do him good!

"I hope he did! It will do him good! He's never even commonly civil to a woman," she said. "But it's really woman," she said. "But it's really rather droll, you thinking he was the husband! How he will hate it!"

CHAPTER VI

"What shall I be at fifty.
Should nature keep me alive—
If I find the world so bitter.
When I am but twenty-five?"

At the end of the week Dr. Carey ccased his visits.

"You won't need me any more," he assured Marie. "Take care of yourself, that is all, and no more bathing

Marie shivered. "No, I promise

"And I am ever so happy," she wrote, with desolation in her heart. "And I like the hotel, and there are

Marie laughed, but she was giad that be could not see her face. "Of course, it's true," she said. "I have never had such a good time in my life."

A more observant man would have heard the flatness of her voice, but Chris only heard what he wanted to hear, and it gave him a sense of relief. If she was happy, that was all right. He thought things had arranged them-selves admirably. Marriage was not going to be the tie he had dreaded, after

"Mrs. Heriot wants me to play round of golf with her this afternoon, he said after a moment. mind?

"Very well-don't overtire yourself."

Wery well—don't overtire yourself.

He laid his hand on her shoulder for a mement and then walked away.

Marie sat staring at the finished letter before her. Would Aunt Madge be as blind as Chris, she wondered. She thrust it into an envelope and took it to the next. to the post.

had peeped at the moonlit sands and sea from her window as she was dressing

for dinner and a sudden longing to walk

through its silvery radiance with Chris "Come out with you? Why, of course!" Chris said in quick response. "I promised to play Feathers a hundred sudden feeling of dread.

Supposing she had been drowned! take long, and we can go afterward."

But it had taken over an hour, and me after all! me after all!
She tried to believe that Chris would watched the game had challenged Chris

ds, in the past, at any rate:
"A penny for your thoughts," said shall, "she to'd herself as she lay awake shallers heade her, and she looked up with the moonlight pouring through the window. "Other women with onen window." "I shall get used to it, of course I shall," she told herself as she lay awake "You will be angry with me if I tell open window. "Other women with husbands like Chris get used to it, and so shall I."

She never shed tears about him; all

She never shed tears about him; all her tears seemed to have been dried up. Her only longing was that he should be happy, and that she should never bore

him or prove a tie to his freedom. She loved him with complete unselfishness-with complete foolishness, too perhaps, an unkind critic might have

His was a nature so easily spoilt. If anybody offered him his own way he took it without demur. He liked things to go smoothly. If he was having a to go smoothly. If he was having a good time himself he took it for granted that everybody else was, too.

He went off to his golf quite happily. He told Mrs. Heriot that Marie had taken a book down to the sands.
"Alone?" Mrs. Heriot laughed.
"How queer! Doesn't she find it dull?" "She loves reading-she'll be quite

"We don't want to think of such things," he said briskly after a moment. "You are alive and well. Isn't that all that matters?"

And Chris really believed to the saying.

He did not care a jot for Mrs. Heriot, but she played golf magnificently, and but she was never tired. She could be out the was never tired. She could be out the was never tired. She did not answer, and looking at n the links all day and dance all night, her curiously, he was struck by the sad- and still look as fresh as paint—per-

that he had inadvertently he'el they encountered Feathers.

Feathers stopped dead in front of his never suspected, and it was that this friend, blocking the way, girl was unhappy! "Where are you going?" he asked

meompromisingly. "Where are we going?" Chris echoed with sarcasm, "Where do you think we are going? Hunting?"

Mrs. Heriot laughed immoderately. She did not like Feathers, and she knew that he did not like her or approve of her friendship with Chris, and it pleased her to read the annoyance in his ugly

how selfish he could be, and a vague said easily.

You really think so?" she asked,

A little distance from him Mrs.

Heriot and another woman were talking. It was quiet in the lounge, and
Feathers could hear what, they were

White wife "Only that I thought he seemed wife."

is explained.
"Oh, with Marie!" Chris laughed. Yes, I'm glad to say he is. They get

the way, which is her husband? to feel the slightest jeslousy. Mrs. Heriot laughed. "My dear! Do you mean to say you don't know! Techaps it was stipid of hee, but thought I really quite thought that was the other one. There is some-

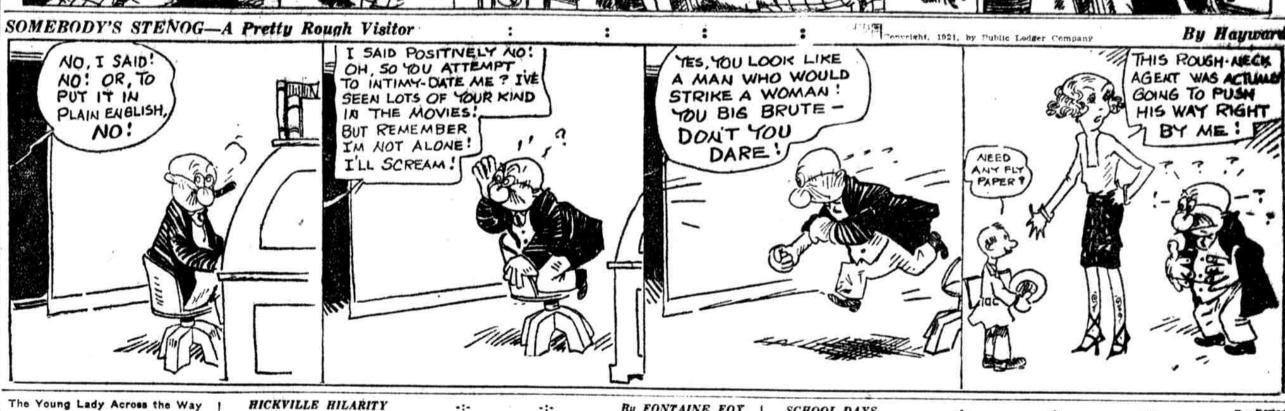
HO HUM -SOME LEFTOME JASL I WISH MY SEEM ID BE BOKH THCKA-BHIP HOULD HEY MAKE A LITTLE INVESTMENT AND CLEAN UP ENOUGH DOUGH TO LAST 'EM FOR THE REST OF THEIR LIFE- I WEN I HAD SOME OF THEIR LUCK-COME M-

THE GUMPS-If Wishes Were Horses

A SUCCESSFUL MAN IS THE MAN BETWEEN HIS TEETH AND WOULDN'T RECOGNIZE FAILURE IF HE SAW IT. AND YOU'RE WAITING FOR YOUR SHIP TO COME IN - NO SHIP UNLESS HE SENT ONE OUT-

YOU'D RATHER HAVE PEOPLE POINT AT YOU AND BAY THERE'S LUCKY GUMP INSTEAD OF SAYING THERE'S ANDY GUMP THE BUSINESS MAN-THE EMPIRE BUILDER - THERE IS A MAN SHO DOES THINGS - I BUPPOSE IF YOU WERE A PARMER YOUR SIT BACK UP TO YOU TO BE MILKED -

By Sidney Smith





The young lady across the way says it's only four years from the time one enters college to the time one matriculates and faces the real battle of life.



SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG ONE NIGHT WHEN THE WHYD
OF BLEW COLD,
BLEW BITTER ACROSS THE TOLD MA SHUCKS WHY I ALWAYS EAT EM RAW! THEY'RE JEST THE SAME'S A OYSTER, ONLY A LOT BETTER. I'LL THY ONE HARRY, YOU PUNCH A HOLE IF YOU WILL IN BOTH ENDS - SEE? GOTHY SALT ? ALL RIGHT- A FELLER KIN OHLY DIE ONCE . FIX US ONE, FROG. BARHYARD COCHTAN





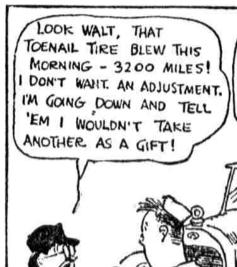
THERE

MUST BE SOME MISTAKE, SIR!





GASOLINE ALLEY—Good Salesmanship



I JUST DROPPED IN TO TELL YOU YOU'RE TIRES ARE CHEESE - SWISS CHEESE, AND FULL OF HOLES. I WOULDN'T USE ANOTHER ON AN ELECTION BET!

IN TIMBUCTOO, THE CORDS OF MARVELOUS STRENGTH AND FLEXIBILITY AND THE SCIENTIFIC CONSTRUCTION

HAVE YOU NOTED THE THICKNESS

STRIP MADE FROM COTTON GROWN

OF THE TREAD, THE BREAKER

OUR TIRES ARE DELIVERING MILEAGE UNDREAMED OF A FEW YEARS AGO. 12 - 15 -18,000 MILES! BLOWOUTS ARE ALMOST UNHEARD OF, PUNCTURES ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE!



By King

CONTINUED TOMORROW