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The Indissoluble Bond-By Samuel Hopkins Adams

One of the Series of Evening Public Ledger Original Short Stories on Married Life by the Best American Fiction Writers

" Come soon," she whispered.

"Send for him." "To come here? The family will love

More considering off.

From a lore?

The family aren't speaking to me

NINE minutes had passed since ding party: I knew from that moment the tower clock boomed high it was a hopeless case. I also fell The organist was harmoni- wrathful, noon.

ously killing time. The ushers were "So this is a put-up job." I accused striving to look easy and uncon- her. "Don't you think it's pretty raw The congregation was be- to---ginning to rustle and whisper and I "The message ; his message !" she be-

that

was sharing the incipient nervous- sought. Then, as I shook my head, ness, since, as best man, it was my she continued: "It wasn't put up. 1 responsibility to put the wedding hadn't seen him nor heard from him. through without mishap, and the ab-sence of the bride was a decided im-pediment to my plans. My cousin, Chester Lipscomb, who was sup- her voice. "Then something told me posedly the person most interested, he was here. That's the way it hapwas taking it coolly, in that immov- penel with us at the first. So I knew ably self - confident, self + satisfied I couldn't go through with it with manner of his, as if proceeding upon consistent some superior desurance that noth- I concendered. "I'll give you the

cerned.

ing in which he was conterned could message when I some back." I said. go far wrong. . Well, nothing even had. That is A sort of well-bred social riot folwhy the match was dormed such a good one for Eleanor Jermyn. If I maintained my private misgivings about mating of the girl's vivid.

mirthful, adventurous romanticism that war and good dignifiedly to Japan with Chester's solerne rigidity of or Jugo bland or somewhere, which is spirit, it was not my business as best exactly what he do man to voice them. My business was When what was left of wilted me got to get that twain safely married. back to the Jermins, Norrie was after

At sixteen minutes and six sec- me instantly. onds (by my stopwatch) past twelve. "Where is he. Vix" the sexton brought me a note which "At the Pioneers. What are you going to do about it?" read:

Dear Vix-It's all off. I simply can't go through with it NORRIE.

Through the agency of a hastily of the line. The running board was front unsuitably decorated with a yonug man whom I had never seen until he attached himself to it at the moment of starting. He was -pare and lithe and deep-browned by a sum harsher than ours, and there was a hard-controlled excitement in his curiously luminous eves. "She isn't coming. Is the ?" he de-

manded. Then, reading my expression and in a dash of triaraph. "I knew she wouldn't?" "Where do you come in on this?"."

I retorted. All the answer that I get, as he dropped with surveyorted moncha-lance from the speeding car, was, "I'm at the Pioneers' Club when she I. wants me.

A flustered maid admitted me to the house and piloted me to E'ea. "by I've on'r just landed." nor's room. As I entered a strange expectancy died out of the bride's

"Oh! It's only you Vix, I about thought-

three minutes to be in the san"

erward. Go bask and get rid of



"The dream! The voices! You heard them, too?"

Through the agency of a basting inspired usher the news way. Can you blame them?" "He held out his arms. church that the bridal gown had suf-fered a last-minute binny of a seri-ous though not necessarily faila na-the Jermyn's heuse in a car which I had commandeered from the end?" "He held out his arms. Last commandeered from the end?" "He held out his arms. The a million tons of light crashed the very day, prosale love and all of us after in the portice, gaining it just as the very day, prosale love and here, and all of us after in the portice, gaining it just as the very day, prosale love and mating, "I am the lawful wedded wife of the series for each of the under the work here, and all of us after in the portice, gaining it just as the very day, prosale love and mating, "I am the lawful wedded wife of the work here are the man very day, prosale love and here and by the mechani-tar standal. If here ones, series is contacted railroad turned and passed it is contacted railroad turned and passed i the Jermyns' house in a car which wholly beyond reason yet. 'Vix, will mansions and stores stood empty and uncompy of the line. The running bound was fraction.'' Me? I'd like to heat you to a fraction.'' I'd like to heat you to a fraction.''

Which means nothing to me," said alone gives to the Deserted Village the sure everything in the world to transitory semblance of life. Tiger lilles of July were swaving over

 $\mathrm{dan}\ \mathrm{mit},\ \mathrm{I'll}\ \mathrm{go}^{**}$ I yielded, the peaceful graves when the stillness I show out would, dear," she said, was invaded by the start a molern I doe upl know. Norrie always gets and saturnine paneply of a molern had she said, was invaded by the stiff, mechanistic burnal. The cars in the procession had

ALVIN SUNNETT received me with driven out from the nearest club, to n were stated air which did not bury old Mark Jermyn beside the others a new rest and to come back." said of his generation.

and have contrived to get Through the compulsion of family loyalty, Eleanor Jermyn, his great-"Sorry," he returned composedly, niece, had been drawn most unwillingly from a house party several hundred

South America. We were lost in the miles away, where she had been having ds A: least ten might have sent word and I wired vesterilar. Her parents for the line of the stream which divide-"Think afterward. Fli give you must have intercepted it." "Think afterward. Fli give you must have intercepted it." They would." I reflected aloud. "There isn't going to be any aft. "We', what and here for." ward. Go back and get rid of "Wien I tell you, you won't believe denees of the line of the stream which divor-the Deserted Village from the world of netuplities than the spell of peace en-folded her. Through the southing ca-denees of the burnel service she steed.

THE BREAKING POINT

The first is and see him." I wrote a gainst the years, for the cantor it sources it is allowed the "That's worse." she complained. "I the other in the soft sibilance of wind way." "That was our punishment." said out of a far past, speaking one to "I wrote. My messenger died on the it

not his, in the sight of Heaven."

desirable that he should not identify they heard the car outside.

"Tomorrow morning. At my apart-There was a sound of sobbing, hushed ment," I replied. sharply, a cry of the agony of part-"Not tonight?" he asked gently, with

ing in the woman-voice, and the manthe enger compulsion of his eyes upon voice once again, fading : "I will go. But I hold you through mine. "You can talk with her." I partly time and eternity. Ours is the true time and eternity. Units is claim you, yielded, "if anything so modern as a though it were a thousand years. I phone will serve your purposes,"

I called Norrie and relinquished the bid you to wait for me." instrument to him. What they said I

THE sun shot through between massed can only surmise. Probably it could T clouds drawing back to the world of have been as effectually communicated the living the two still figures in the by telepathy ! He was at my apartment, waiting, church portico. The girl's eyes were

heavy with tears and passion and won- when Norrie came. I was there also, der as she turned them upon her com- I might as well have been in Patago. nia, for all that they reckoned when they panion

"Did you kiss me?" she murmured, saw each other. He called her name, and there came from her lips a broken "or was it----" "No." He shook his head. "It was breath like the sigh of respite from long-borne pain of yearning and de-

in the dream." "The dream! The voices! You privation as she ran to his arms. I heard them, too?"

"Everything." "What does it mean?" "What could it mean, except that again, e have come back to each other !"

"Don't !" she rebelled. "You frighten

He smiled at her, and her breath quickened in her throat. "Why should you be afraid, beloved?"

you be afraid, beloved?" The blare of a motor born brought Effenor Jermyn to a sense of realities. She jumped to her feet. "Whew!" she whistled briskly. "We're lucky to be alive after that close call. Look!" I perceived that it did not: that noth-ing in the universe mattered to those two but their rejoined selves. To me, however, as representing the world of hard actualities there was a phase that did matter. "Without ceremony?" I A bough, riven by the thunderbolt inquired. They started, brusquely recalled from from the great elm, covered Calvin Sen-nett's mound as with a massive wreath. "There's the car, come back for me,"

They started, prusquely recalled from their exclusive absorption in each other. "We do have to be married, don't we?" said he in a benused voice. "It seems absurd." said the girl, "but I suppose we do." she added. "You're not going, now!" he said incredulously. "Of course," she laughed. But there "I suppose you do, indeed," I con-firmed.

was a tremor in her voice. "Eleanor!" He held out his arms. And so, as they say in the tales of

She swayed to him, pressed to him, set her lips to his in a swift, soft caress. "That's for good-by," she said breathlessly. "It's all nonsense, you know. And we must forget." He wrote her once, a long, passion-ate, learning letter, ending, "I bid you to wait for me." Then the hand of vast forests and unmapped rivers wallowed him un

wallowed him up. And Eleanor Jermyn told herself that wallowed him up. was only a strange and sweet and

finished episode.

By all the proprieties I should have

And so, in these days of change, of discontent, of fies readily soluble, faith tly and inflexibly. "I am bound in hear and in the action in the action of the readily soluble, fait hear and in discontent, of the readily soluble, fait hear and in discontent in law. He is together as inevitably as magnet and know, will endure.

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instant and compelling consciousness of one another? I do not know. I shall never know. Not that it has the small-est importance. What is and ever shall

found the street scenery sufficiently en-

grossing until Norrie's voice notified me

that they were aware of my existence

"We're going away." she appounced

'You must tell the family, Vix, dear,"

"Must I? When are you going?"

It was he who answered, "Tonight," "Indeed! Where?" "Does it matter?" said she.

Can eril identity be lost in good? See how this throbbing story of mystery, regeneration and love solves these problems.

"I was with him when he saw him. Unfortunately I couldn't help him out." semblance. I'm darned if I know, Look see here, the sixth row, next the able : Ten years dead. His money's been split himself with his past. The loss of She had brought in her sewing, and there's a girl in a blue dress braide him, up a dozen ways from the ace. Then memory of the period immediately pre- David pretended to read. Now and See him? Do you know who he is?" - I knew him, you know -I don't think

For some time he walked the deserted

he went back to the office and to the filing room. Then for two hours he sat reading closely old files of the paper, going through them methodically and

making occasional brief notes in a memorandum. Then, at 2 o'clock he put away the files and sitting back,

It wascall there; the enormous Clark fortune inherited by a boy who had gone

mul about this same Beverly Carlysle; her marriage to her leading man, Howand Lucas: the subsequent killing of

Lucas by Clark at his Wyoming ranch, and Clark's escape into the mountains.

The sensational details of Clark's in-

faturation, the drama of a crime and

Clark's subsequent escape, and the later certainty of his death in a moun-

tain storm had filled the newspapers of

the time for weeks. Judson Clark has

a lifetime.

lighted a cigar.

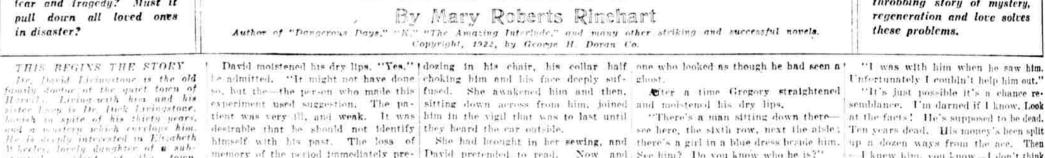
and see him." I have it even know his internal to bury its deal there, even unto the to anyway. There's a frightful storm the other in the soft sibilance of wind the woman-voice fearfully. "You must the the voice and a woman-voice. The num-voice said: "Eleanor, my" "Go? Leave you? You are my wife. "Too late to get away." said he, as a beloved !" few, slow, hency raindrops sounded risp on the leaves overhead, through the stillness. Gene to the church."

Keen with dread and pain, the woman-voice denied war-women back?" "Why did you "No." the woman-voice denied war-ity and inflexibly. "I am bound in how He is a good man." "Eleanor." eried the man-voice, steel.

When does human nature crash under the strain of fear and iragedy? Must it pull down all loved ones in disaster?

The first flash seemed almost to over-

take them as they ran for shelter deep



"Oh, yes! Certainiy! Just like that!" I returned burgely. "Irelad-ing Chester, I suppose." "Especially Chester: I hate him."

"A nice time to find it out. What's T the idea, Norrie?" "Nothing," replied the hewider-ing rebel. "I hate him for-___oh. just for wanting to mairy me." "See, here, Norme Jermyn." cn 17 I authoritatively, "you can't pull thus sort of thing just on a hunch of hate. You're either going to produce a

same reason or you're coming with me now." "Has it got to be same ?" she an-

That

A subtr -national THE PARTY OF Did be send Sudder b



Samuel Hopkins Adams, author of "The Clarlon," and other successful novels, is one of the few American authors who do not come from the West. He was born in New York State, and can trace his ancestry back to two signers of the Declaration of Independence. He started writing while still in college, and when he graduated joined, immediately, the ranks of the journalists in Park Row. While he is extremely well known in this country for his he is even more famed for his forceful and effective campaign against traud, which he engineered after he left newspaper work.

the telus a binatic performance half hypostized, her face piquant and dreamy, vivid nor add that after the terred. second, in the dappled movement of The and that after that smile, shalov a shalov a station and that after that smile. It was thus that Robert Sennett first

It was thus that Robert Senert first such as the senert fi

group of sturity mansions, cottages, a she place and the spell that the volue courch, and a brick street of stores, of the stranger who had silently holder, there were labor and ambation and love ther to stay should be telling her served. The read all you've written on the new and then in a more independent understand-there were labor and ambation and love ther to stay should be telling her served. The read all you've written on the new and then in a more independent understand-there were labor and ambation and love there in a good many of

Do, Vix should be store when busy mills there, a real it seemed quite in keeping with David nondered this. Do, Vix should be s

insisted the voice.

the elm, where he stlently pointed out stance-

resident of the torn.

"Has it got to be same?" she and "Has it got to be same?" she and swered dreamily "Suppose I were married already?" "You, Narrie! A secret marriage. I don't believe it." I don't believe it." I don't believe it." "To she to the dood. That is where and wanted to be alone for a white "To she to the dood. That is where and wanted to be alone for a white "To she to the dood. That is where and wanted to be alone for a white "To she to the dood. That is where "To she to the some day." "To she

THERE is a cear biner's about "Y's together. The faithful of our thing further are an active and the second time, go back there at the loss since. You'll see that it must be the second time, go back there at the loss since. You'll see that it must be the second time, go back there at the loss since. You'll see that it must be the second time, go back there at the loss since. You'll see that it must be the second time, go back there at the loss since. You'll see that it must be the second time, go back there at the loss since. You'll see that it must be the second time, go back there at the loss since. You'll see that it must be the second time, go back there at the loss since. You'll see that it that tryst of invite the second time beaution of fear, this wall the second time beaution of silver and a pear. Nothing the second the beadstone of Sam- the loss second the beadstone of Sam- at first rather oppressed David. The second time second time second the loss second the beadstone of Sam- at first rather oppressed David. The second time second time second to be second t

The former deriving stream. Years and form the activities of many there were bisy mills there, a many there were bisy mills there, a

He talked on, with David nodding

ambition and love things of the past. think it was for him." The psychonanalist put his finger then be considered to opycask. Dreams with a finger

Wealthy Wellie Segre is a love with gradually, the cloud began to lift over At midnight they heard the car go in. So perhaps two minutes Gregory here and sit through a performance. Alhere here system Name declares, prove tables A uset Liven he is again to the earlier periods. It was there that a trip to the Wert to the over some there of ten ways of his life about where he had begatten after an avoident following which he had been and the standing of the stable door, there of ten ways of his life about where he had been and the in to fit what he was then to fit what he was

nervoir iy. Sublemity she shoulder put a hand on David's shoulder a Duck was whistling on the kitchen porch. Louis Bassett was standing at the respected, bringing with him a small component.

CHANTER VI at David, and looked away. ON WEDNESDAY morning David 'An interesting experiment,'' he operation of the theory taken in office in the city. He sat commented. ''It must have taken in the value company. Fred it, Bassett summerd, the stage man-

streets of the city, thinking and putaling over the possibility of Gregory's being right. Some time after midnight



been famous, notorious, infamous and dead, all in less than two years. when the first than two years. A symmetry and somehow pitiful story. But if Judson Clark had died, the story still lived. Every so often it came up again. Three years before he had been during the weather the matter Rate 1 blowed him terms.
She blowed him term

an asset stood noy to be a bitter lis-

Tong to a base rate of supering to the series time of the probability of the transformer of the