

Marriage of Barry Wicklow

By RUBY M. AYRES

Copyright, 1922.

(Continued from Yesterday.)
Not such a bad looking chap, the reflection told him; and in spite of Norman's curls and classical nose, Barry registered a vow to eat his hat if he couldn't effectively cut him out with this little Hazel girl and win that five thousand.

CHAPTER IV.

The tall man in the brown leggings looked Barry Wicklow up and down with humorous eyes.
"How far to Bedmund?" he said thoughtfully. He spoke with a slight country burr in his voice, which was rather pleasing.

"Well, it's a three-mile walk from here across the fields; further round by the road."
Barry swore. He dropped the suitcase he carried and mopped his face. "They told me at the station it was only three miles, and I've walked about a dozen already," he said irritably. He looked up at his companion with a scowl. "Is it utterly impossible to get a conveyance in this corner of the world?" he demanded.

The man in the brown leggings rubbed his chin; he had a firm, strong hand, a little work and weather roughened.
"Well," he said at last slowly, "I've got a trap. What part of Bedmund do you want to get to?"

Barry hadn't the remotest idea, and said so frankly.
"The eyes of the two men met, and suddenly Barry laughed."
"The fact is," he said more cheerfully, "I've never been here before, and I don't know my bearings. I heard that the country was fairly decent round Bedmund, so thought I'd make it my headquarters and do a bit of walking." He stopped. The man in the brown leggings was looking down at Barry's boots.

"You won't get far in those boots," he said bluntly.
Barry colored. "I know. I've got some others in my bag," he explained in a hurry. "But, I say, if you really could give me a lift?"

He glanced eagerly towards the small dogcart drawn to the side of the roadway.
"I suppose you're a farmer?" he submitted.
"I suppose I am." The answer sounded fairly ironical. "And if you care about a lift you'd better come along—I'm in a hurry."

Barry did not particularly care for the blunt way in which he spoke, but he was tired and cross, and anything was better than a further tramp across plowed fields and down dusty roads; so he picked up his bag and followed the man in the brown leggings to the dogcart.
"I suppose there's a hotel or an inn place where I can put up?" he asked more cheerfully when they were jogging along down the road. The mare between the shafts was evidently not particularly young; her feet clopped languidly at each step, and the lightly-built trap jolted rather uncomfortably; but for once Barry was not disposed to be critical. He was only thankful for the lift.

"The man beside him glanced down with a sort of pitying scorn.
"That's the name of Hay," he said laconically. "It's a beer house, but I never heard that they had any rooms to let."
Barry said "Oh!" rather blankly. "I dare say I can get fixed up somewhere," he said. "Perhaps you can put me on the right track."

The man seemed to be considering; once or twice he looked at Barry with a sort of suspicion in his eyes.
"My sister lets rooms in the summer time," he said at a moment. "They're only plain, but if you're not too particular—"
Barry assured him that he should be only too delighted, that he did not care where he put up as long as the place was clean.

"Oh, it's clean enough," his companion assured him dryly. "I'm not sure that we can take you, mind; it was only an idea of mine. If you care to come up to the farm and see—"
Barry said again that he would be only too delighted, that the suggestion was most kind.

"It's just business," he was informed unemotionally.
He relapsed into silence after that; it was uphill work trying to talk to this farmer; Barry looked at him rather resentfully. He was not a young man, he might have been anything between 40 and 50, and his face was tanned to the color of mahogany by wind and sun.

His hair was slightly grizzled at the temples, and there was a fine network of lines round eyes which were startlingly blue against his sun-burnt face. He wore a rough tweed coat and a woolwork waistcoat, and there was a horse-shoe pin stuck in his tie.

He turned his head abruptly, and met Barry's interested eyes.
"Well," he said, "and what do you make of me?"
There was a sort of blunt humor in the words, and Barry colored. "I beg your pardon," he said awkwardly. "I didn't know I was staring so hard."

He sat up and looked out over the country. The day was drawing to a close; there was a faint haze rising from the land; the sky was streaked purple and yellow with the sunset; away in the distance the sloping roof of a farmhouse was turned to red in the glow, and beyond it were hills—gray hills.

The man beside him followed his gaze. "That's my farm," he said. He turned the horse towards an open gate; the trap rocked and rumbled for a few yards over rough ground before it reached a made road again.

There was a sloping lawn in front of the house and a pond with ducks scratching and cackling round its margin. The farmer got down and hitched the mare's bridle to a post; then he came back and took Barry's suitcase.
"You'd better come and ask about the rooms," he said stoically. "I don't know if anybody's in."
Barry followed silently. It was a rather picturesque spot, he admitted, but dull—deadly dull! Somehow he did not think he would be staying here for long.

stood open. The floor inside was stained and polished—a bright warming pan hung directly opposite the door, and somewhere a grandfather clock was ticking solemnly.
The farmer set Barry's bag down in the narrow hall. He went to the foot of the rather steep stairs and called up: "Is any one at home?"
A girl's voice answered him instantly. "Coming, Uncle Joe."
The farmer turned back and pushed open the door of a sitting-room on the right. "Walk in," he said bluntly.

Barry obeyed. He had to stoop to enter, as the door frame was so low. The room was long and narrow, and a long black beam of oak ran lengthways across the low ceiling.
A black cat lay asleep on the wide window ledge. There was a big bowl of late roses on the table.

Barry stood twisting his hat. He should rather like to stay in this house, he thought; there was something about it that made a fellow feel at home, in spite of the farmer's bluntness. He thought it would be rather ripping to wake up in the morning in such a place. He looked at his companion.
"May I ask your name?" he began, and then stopped. Some one had come into the room behind him. A voice said:

"Here I am, Uncle Joe," and then broke off sharply as Barry swung round.
A girl stood in the doorway, a girl in a pink cotton dress with loose sleeves rolled up to the elbow; a girl whose eyes, after the first quick glance, met Barry Wicklow's with an incredulous amazement and delight in their grayness; the girl who a week ago had shared his box at the theater.

Barry's heart gave a big thump, and seemed to stand still for a moment. For once in his life he lost his long and only star.
To meet her here of all places. Surely this was a piece of real romance. He realized all over again how very pretty she was. It flashed through his mind that he would like to see all his women friends in London wearing cotton frocks like the one this girl wore, with the sleeves rolled up to the elbow, showing soft white arms.

But that was only his man's stupidity. He would have thought Agnes Dudley out of her mind if she had walked into her drawing room, or any one else's, in such a get-up. He did not realize that environment is everything.

The girl recovered her composure more quickly than he did. She broke into a little laugh.
"How very funny! Mother and I were only talking about you last night and wondering if we should ever meet again."
Barry grinned delightedly. "Were you? You're jolly! I say, it is ripping to see you again. What happened to you after the show? I looked everywhere."

"I don't know; we lost you in the crowd. We were so sorry not to see you again and thank you for your kindness."
The farmer had been standing by looking on stoically. He broke in now in his rather expressionless voice.

"This gentleman is looking for a room. I told him I would ask your mother if we could put him up."
He asked no questions. He did not seem particularly surprised at the mutual recognition.

The girl turned to him at once. "There is plenty of room. I am sure mother will be pleased if Mr. Barry stays here."
In the excitement of the moment Barry nearly told her his real name. He only just stopped in time.

"My name is Ashton," he said. It was quite true, his name was Barry Ashton Wicklow, and he had decided on the journey down from town that, for the present, he would adopt his second name.

"If you could put me up—for a night or two," he said, diffidently.
"I dare say it could be managed," the farmer said, gruffly. "Where is your mother, my dear?"
"She went into the village; she won't be long, though. Would you like some tea?"

She looked at Barry; her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes sparkled; there was no doubt that she was very pleased to see him again.
Barry said he should love some tea; he had forgotten all about the farmer. His eyes followed the girl about the room as she laid the cloth; he thought she was just ripping; as she passed and re-passed the window the light of the sunset touched her hair and the dainty profile of her face; she chatted away to Barry the whole time. She seemed quite at her ease.

"Mother will be so surprised to see you," she said, pausing at the door for an instant; she had a green painted tray under her arm; she was quite unembarrassed at having to take tea for him. "What has brought you down here?" she asked with sudden interest.

Barry blushed; he knew that the farmer was looking at him.
"Well, to tell you the truth, I really don't know," he said. "I like the country, and my—some one told me it was pretty in this part of the world, so I thought I'd come down and put in a week."
"It's pretty enough," she admitted, rather doubtfully. "But I should have thought you would find it dull."
She went away without waiting for a reply, and Barry heard her singing as she crossed the narrow hall and went into the kitchen.

"I should have thought you would find it dull, too," the farmer said rather abruptly. He was standing back to the fireplace; a big, rather clumsy figure in the low-ceilinged room. He was looking at Barry rather hard. "We've had gentlemen like you down here before, but none of them seem to stay long; they all find it dull."
It was the longest speech he had made as yet, and Barry fidgeted rather uncomfortably.

There was a moment's silence. "So you have met my niece before?" the farmer said again.
"Yes—a week ago—in town at a theater."
Idle rooms are not profitable; let an Omaha Bee "Want" Ad find a desirable tenant for you.

Brief City News

Damato Asks Damages—Six federal booze raiders and their bonding company were sued for \$20,000 in Douglas county district court yesterday by Frank Damato, former policeman, proprietor of a soft drink

parlor at 3624 North Thirtieth street. Damato alleges that he was beaten by the raiding agents without provocation when they visited his place May 6.
Falls Out Window—Ada Bell, 20-month-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Maxson, 1122 Cass street, fell from the window of the second story of the house Thursday eve-

ning. She was unable to walk yesterday.
Sovena Opens—A sovena in honor of St. Mary Magdalene opened yesterday and will continue to July 22 in St. Mary Magdalene church, Nineteenth and Lodge streets.
Investigate Fire—Incendiarism is suspected as the cause of two fires in a cottage at 821 Avenue K, East

Omaha, within two hours Thursday night. Fire department agents are investigating.
Bodies to Arrive—The bodies of two Nebraska lads, killed in action in France, will arrive in Omaha at 8 this morning on the Northwestern. They are Ernest H. August and Neale H. Delozer.

King Ak to Entertain Soldiers Monday Night
Next Monday night at Ak-Sar, Ben den will be "Military night" when King Ak will entertain Fort Omaha and Fort Cook officers and men. Sarpy county visitors also will be honor guests on that night.

Band Concert Sunday.
The City Concert club band of 38 pieces will give a concert at 5 Sunday afternoon in Riverview park.
Idle rooms are not profitable; let an Omaha Bee "Want" Ad find a desirable tenant for you.

Wonder Square
200 Philippine Gowns Hand Embroidered \$2.95
This represents but a fraction of their real value.
Burgess-Nash—Main Floor

BURGESS-NASH COMPANY.

"EVERYBODY'S STORE"

Dance Records
35c; 3 for \$1.00
Latest popular song and dance records. We invite you to hear them.
Burgess-Nash—Fifth Floor

Join the Crowds That Will Shop Saturday at "Everybody's Store"

Toilet Goods
A special New York purchase of toilet goods has enabled us to offer a number of needed articles at undeniable "lower - than - usual" prices.
Bathing Accessories
Caps in numerous styles, both plain and fancy. From the complete assortment you may select a becoming cap to match any suit. Priced at 19c and 29c.
Ayud's Water Wings, 39c.
Lee Floaters, \$1.15 and \$1.65.
Household Rubber Gloves, medium weight, 29c heavy weight, 59c.
Rubber Bath Sponges, small, 2 for 25c; medium, 29c; large, 49c each.

An Enormous Purchase Plus Our Entire Stock Forsythe Blouses

(Sold in Omaha Exclusively by Burgess-Nash),
Saturday at Four Prices--

1.90 - 2.90 - 3.90 - 4.90

Discriminating women realize the necessity of a Forsythe blouse to complete the suit, the sweater or the separate skirt costume. They demand the unequalled tailoring, the fine materials and the distinct style combined in these blouses. We offer them Saturday at the season's lowest pricing for blouses of such distinction.

There Are Blouses
For Suits For Sweaters
For Golf For Riding
For Separate Skirts

They Are Made of
Imported Dimity Novelty Voile
French Crepe English Broad
Silk Broadcloth

Among them are all-white blouses, white blouses with colored collars, cuffs or pleatings and blouses of solid color in all desirable shades.

Neither by stating their pricing nor by sketching these blouses can any idea of this sale be conveyed.

Mail Orders Promptly Filled
Sizes 32 to 52
Burgess-Nash Blouse Shop—Third Floor.

Face Powder
Pond's Face Powder, 35c.
Royal Lillium Face Powder, 35c.
Mavis Face Powder, 33c.
Pond's Compact Face Powder, 29c.
Mavis Talcum Powder, 18c.
Mavis Toilet Water, 69c, \$1.69.

Bath Tablets
Lucerne Bath Tablets, doz., 89c.
Haskin's Hardwater Soap, 4 for 25c.
Palm Olive Soap, 3 for 23c.
Assorted Soap, dozen, 50c.

With every purchase of a 25c can of "Qui Sait" Talcum we will give a Vanity Vial of Lournay Perfume.

Burgess-Nash—Main Floor
O O O
Organdy Flouncing Dress Pattern—\$4.85

Colorful organdy flouncing, gingham trimmed, with the necessary plain organdy makes this delightful combination dress pattern.
Each package contains: 2 yards 38-inch flouncing for skirts.
1 1/2 yards plain organdy for waists.
2 1/2 yards 5-inch trimming for collar and cuffs.
The colors—red, green, capen, lavender, black, pink, yellow and brown.
Set complete, \$4.85
Burgess-Nash—Main Floor
O O O

Children's Shoes
Every pair of children's shoes, high shoes, slippers, oxfords and sandals will be sold, without reservation, at
20% Discount
Burgess-Nash—Main Floor
O O O
Women's Summer Footwear



What vacationist does not always need one more pair of low shoes? At these Clearance Sale prices she need not consider the purchase an extravagance.

Nile Cloth Pumps
One-strap pump or oxford with flat or military heel. Special, pair, \$4.95
White Buck Pumps
Lightweight one-strap pump with black, tan or gray trim. Junior Louis heel. Special, pair, \$4.95
Sports Oxfords
Brown and tan calf oxford with rubber sole and heel. Pair, \$4.95
Odd Lot Pumps
Patent black and brown kid in high and low-heeled styles. Not all sizes in each style.
Choice, pair, \$3.95
Burgess-Nash—Main Floor

Stunning Duvetyn Hats
Millinery for the Coming Season
7.50

In compliance with the demands of the vacationist for something new and advanced, we feature silk duvetyn hats in many new shades at a price remarkable for early fall millinery.
Other new-season hats in advance materials and styles
Priced, \$10.75 to \$25
Burgess-Nash Hat Shop—Third Floor

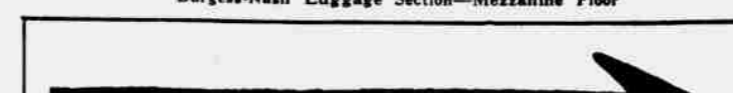
Sale of Spanish Combs

Not half concealed beneath a silken mantilla, but coquettishly worn at the side of one's head-dress. They are made of tortoise shell, imitation jade or amber, and also in black and white.
Lovely for evening, and very, very useful to tuck up a willow lock if one's hair has been bobbed.
1/2 Price
Burgess-Nash Jewel Shop—Main Floor

A Sale of Vacation Luggage

Wardrobe Trunk

Three-quarter size Hoffman trunk fitted with eight hangers, five drawers, one large hat drawer; shoe pockets. Lift top and strong lock.
July Sale price, \$21.00
Hat Boxes
Round and square hat boxes of enameled duck, cretonne lined; made to hold from two to six hats.
Special, \$6.95
Suitcases
24-inch cases of fiber and matting, sale price—
Each, \$1.50
Burgess-Nash Luggage Section—Mezzanine Floor



RED ARROW BOOTH

Kiddies' Undermuslins
43c
Made of muslin in white or pink and daintily trimmed in lace or embroidery.
Pajamas . . . 43c Combinations . . 43c
Night gowns 43c 2 prs. bloomers, 43c
Sizes 2 to 8
Burgess-Nash "Red Arrow Booth"—Downstairs Store

Candy Specials
Chocolates
"Gold Medal" in assorted flavors of lemon, orange, raspberry, nougat, mint, and strawberry. Special—
Pound, 42c
Penochi
Deliciously rich with chopped nuts. Vanilla and maple flavors. Special—
Pound, 44c
Marshmallows
"Dillings," soft and fresh. Ideal for picnics. Special—
Pound, 36c
Candy Shop—Mezzanine Floor
O O O

Special Fiction 49c
Just when one most wants an interesting book to while away the lazy hours of summer, comes this opportune sale of books. Included are:
Robert Hichens—"Mrs. Marden."
Stephen McKenna—"The Education of Eric Lene."
M. C. Banning—"This Marrying."
K. H. Taylor—"Barbara of Baltimore."
Burgess-Nash Book Shop—Main Floor
O O O

Kodaks
Pictures more vividly recall to mind the remembrance of happy hours past and gone. Take a kodak with you on your vacation.
Autographic kodaks, \$6.50 and up.
Brownies, \$2.00 and up.
All Eastman accessories moderately priced. Six-hour service on all photo finishing.
Burgess-Nash—Main Floor
O O O

Stationery
Vacation time brings added letter writing. We suggest:
Box Paper
Higham fabric finish with long style envelopes. White and tints. To close out at, **Box, 21c**
Tuberoso or Piccadilly
Linen of high quality in flat sheet style. 60 sets to the pound. Matching envelopes.
Paper, pound, \$1.00
Envelopes, pkg., 40c
Burgess-Nash—Main Floor
O O O

Handkerchiefs
Low Priced
Sports Handkerchiefs for men and women. Made of Jap silk and crepe in scores of colors.
Each, 9c
Kiddies' Handkerchiefs
Linen finish, put up in attractive folders. Just the kind of which small boys and girls need so many.
Each, 6c or 6 for 25c
Linen Handkerchiefs
for men and women. Made of pure Irish linen with wide or narrow hem; some have initials in the corners. Reduced to 25c
One lot of Handkerchiefs, slightly soiled, includes some of part linen.
In plain and fancy colors for men and women.
Each, 5c
Burgess-Nash—Main Floor
O O O

Notions
Hair Nets, cap shape, doz., 35c.
"Rits" Nets, double mesh, cap and fringe shape, dozen, 90c; each, 10c.
Bonnie B Nets, cap and fringe, packed 6 in box, for 50c.
Sanitary Napkins, doz., 35c.
Sanitary Aprons, each, 35c.
Organdy Trimming, all colors, some with a little touch of gingham, special at, yard, 15c.
Coats' Machine Thread, 6 spools, 29c.
Finishing Braid, 6-yd. bolts, 5c.
Darning Cotton, 2 balls, 5c.
Singer Machine Oil, bottle, 10c.
Machine Belts, each, 25c.
Smith's Collar Bands, 3 for 50c.
Burgess-Nash—Main Floor