

# Marriage of Barry Wicklow

By RUBY M. AYRES

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(Continued from Yesterday.)

"Oh no, I'm not. I can't think why I did not recognize you at first. It came back to me all in a flash as you were standing there. As a rule I'm awfully good at remembering faces, but it wasn't to see me that you came to the theater. You were only pointed out to me, and I remembered your name. It struck me as being rather a nice one."

Barry did not know what to answer. "I don't know why you're calling yourself Ashton down here," she went on. "But you need not look so scared; I'm not going to give you away—"

Barry found his voice then. "No, for heaven's sake, don't! There's a reason. I can't explain, or I would."

She shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, I am not curious. And what an awful time they are having with that tea."

Hazel came into the room at that moment. She looked from one to the other with faint apprehension. Barry wondered if she had heard anything of their conversation. He felt that he should never know any peace of mind till Delia had rolled away in her smart car. But apparently Delia was quite comfortable where she was.

She talked and chatted with Mrs. Bentley with great friendliness. "I always wanted to know you both," she said, rather gushingly. "I'm simply delighted to have met you at last. You must let Hazel come to stay with me in London. I've got a ripping flat; she'll just love it."

Mrs. Bentley answered, rather hurriedly. "Oh, but I can't spare her."

"I've never had an invitation before," Hazel broke in quickly. "Of course, I should simply love to come and stay with you," she said, with enthusiasm, turning to her cousin.

Barry scowled into his cup. It was very easy to see which way the wind was blowing, he thought. It made his blood boil to have to sit by, unable to interfere.

If Hazel went to London with Delia it would spoil her, he was sure. The two girls were so utterly different. He was remembering that night at the theater to which Delia had referred.

He and a rascally crowd of his friends had gone behind and taken

a party of the girls out to supper. He could not remember having seen Delia amongst them, but he felt uncomfortable when he remembered that night. It was one of the episodes in his life of which he had lately grown to be slightly ashamed.

Delia turned to him. "Do you live in town, Mr. Ashton? Oh, but, of course, you do; you told me so. Well, you must come and see me, too, will you? I give you all a standing invitation to come when you like, and take Postle."

Hazel's eyes sparkled. "She was fascinated by this new cousin. She had never seen anyone quite like her before, and she was really sorry when at last Delia rose to go."

"My brother will be sorry not to have seen you," Mrs. Bentley said, rather formally. "This is my brother's farm, you know. We have lived with him ever since my husband died."

Delia said, "Oh, how ripping!" rather vaguely. She was not particularly interested in the conversation. She kissed Hazel and Mrs. Bentley effusively.

She gave Barry's hand rather an unnecessary squeeze when she said "Goodbye."

"Come and see me in London—Barry," she said. She added the last word in a mischievous whisper.

Barry was red and uncomfortable as he stood and watched her drive away. She stood up in the car when it reached the road and waved a last farewell.

He turned then and looked at Hazel. "Well," he said, "what do you think of your new cousin?"

Hazel roused herself from the reverie into which she had fallen. "Oh, I think she's sweet," she said, with enthusiasm. "How I should love to have beautiful clothes like hers!"

"You hope I shan't! Oh, but, of course, I shall. It's what I've been longing for all my life."

Barry looked angry. "Your mother won't let you go," he said.

Hazel laughed with a trace of annoyance. "I think I know mother better than you do," she told him.

"She will let me go if I wish to—and, of course, I wish to." She was turning away when he stopped her. "Wait a moment. I want to speak to you."

She hesitated. "I am in a great hurry." He was very much in earnest now. Hazel stood still. "Well, what do you want to say?"

Barry asked his question with blunt impudence. "Is that fellow Norman Wicklow coming down tomorrow?"

She drew herself up a little. "Oh, I know," he rushed on. "I know you think it's no business of mine, and that it's cheek to ask; but well, if you knew how much it does matter to me. It just comes to this—if he is coming, I'm going away."

There was a little silence. "Why?" she asked then quietly.

He blundered on recklessly. "Because I know he's coming here to see you, and because I'm not going to stand by and see him following you about, and—and—" He stopped.

"Are you angry?" he asked, hopelessly.

She raised her head a little. "Why should I be angry? I'm not at all angry. And if you want to go—why, of course, you must. No, I really can't stay any longer. And she turned and left him."

### CHAPTER X.

Barry knew he had behaved foolishly. As usual, he had allowed his tongue to run away with him. He swore under his breath as he stood there looking towards the gate through which Delia's car had vanished a moment since.

Mr. Daniels and the rickety trap were coming through it now. Barry went forward to meet him. The farmer was staring down at the big tire marks the car had left in the wet ruts of the road. "Who's been here?" he asked gruffly.

Barry answered with a touch of maliciousness: "A Miss Bentley—Mrs. Bentley's niece, I believe. She came in a Rolls-Royce."

The farmer turned blank eyes to him. "In a—what?" he asked.

"A Rolls-Royce," said Barry again. "A car—a jolly fine car, too. She's only been gone a few minutes. You must have passed them on the road."

A grunt was the only answer. Mr. Daniels left the trap and went into the house.

Mrs. Bentley met him in the passage. She was a little flushed still with the excitement of Delia's visit; she began to tell her brother breathlessly all about it.

"It was so unexpected. I don't know how she found us. It was no wish of mine that she came. I've been slighted so long by the whole

family that it would not have mattered if they had never taken any notice of me. But she made herself very agreeable, I must say—and, oh, Joel she wants Hazel to go and stay with her in London."

The farmer thrust his hands deep into his pockets. "Oh, she does, does she?" he said. "Well and what did you say?"

"I said that Hazel never went away alone. But Hazel is, so anxious to go."

"Why, of course," Hazel chimed in from behind her mother. "And, of course, I shall go, shan't I, Uncle Joe?"

He looked at her from beneath his heavy brows. "Not with my consent, you won't," he said, curtly, turning on his heel.

Barry wondered what was going to happen. He stayed out of the way, expecting a scene; but when he joined them all at supper, apparently nothing had been said.

Hazel talked about her cousin the whole time. She was evidently very keen on her visit, and asked Barry a thousand and one questions about London. She had evidently forgotten their little tiff earlier in the evening.

Barry looked constrained. He was still wondering what on earth to do about the week-end, and whether Norman would be coming down. When supper was over Mr. Daniels turned to his niece. "Stop a minute, Hazel; I want to speak to you."

Barry went out of the room. He strolled up and down the garden in front of the house, far enough away to be out of earshot. He could guess what the farmer had to say, and was glad of it, for he was sure now that Hazel would not be allowed to go to London.

The time went by. Presently he saw the half-closed front door open again and Hazel ran out into the dusk. The white frock she wore made her look very slim and childish as she came towards him. Barry's heart began to race. "Well," he said, "is the lecture over?"

She did not answer at once. Then suddenly she turned on him passionately. "I suppose it's your doing. I suppose you told Uncle Joe not to let me go to London. Oh, how dared you interfere?"

Sheer astonishment kept Barry silent. Then he broke out, indignantly: "I never said a word about it. I give you my word of honor I didn't—Hazel!"

She was crying now, like a disappointed child. Her voice was caught with little sobs as she answered him. "I want to go so much. I've never been anywhere, or had any fun. I've tried to be contented down here, but—oh, if you knew how d-dull it is. Nothing but fields and trees, and—and the country. It's worse in the winter than it is now. Oh, I think they might let me go?"

Barry did not answer for a moment. He hated to hear her crying. "I thought perhaps you'd advised Uncle Joe not to let me go," she went on, desolately. "I'm sorry if I was rude."

"That's all right," said Barry, rather huskily.

"I couldn't have come to any harm," she went on. "And it would have been just lovely to have perhaps a whole week in London. If you knew how I've longed for some one to ask me up there. And, after all, she's my cousin, and I like her very much."

"What reason did Mr. Daniels give for refusing?" Barry said presently.

She shook her head. "None, except that as my father's people had snubbed mother all her life, he wasn't going to let me know them now. It's absurd to argue like that. It isn't Delia's fault. She's ever so nice and friendly, isn't she?"

"Yes," said Barry. He wanted to say something about it being a wise decision on her uncle's part, but he did not dare.

"Never mind," he said at last, gruffly. "You're sure to have other chances—lots of chances. When you marry—"

She gave a little pitiful laugh. "When I marry! They'll never let me marry the man I care for. They'll expect me to choose some one down here—one of the boys who've lived by all their lives, and who don't know anything of the world and how beautiful it is outside of this little village. They'll expect me to settle down on another farm like this one, and stay here till I get old and gray."

She laughed drearily. "That's what mother and Uncle Joe will expect me to do when I marry."

Barry's heart was thumping up in his throat. His eyes had never left her face. She looked so pretty standing there with the little pathetic droop to her mouth, and her hands tugging, school girl fashion, at her handkerchief, that he suddenly lost his head. He took her face in his hands, looking down at her with passion-filled eyes.

"Marry me!" he said, in a whisper. "I love you, Hazel! Marry me."

### CHAPTER XI.

It was so silent down there in the dusk. Years afterwards Hazel could close her eyes and live again those few moments when she stood with Barry's eyes looking down into hers and heard his voice through the still evening.

"Marry me—I love you, Hazel—marry me!"

For a moment she seemed to lose all sense of time and place. There was nothing in all the world any more but this man's face and his voice.

(Continued in The Bee Monday.)  
Bee Want Ads Produce Results.

### Road Conditions

Furnished by the Omaha Auto club. All roads reported in good condition. Weather cloudy at some stations, but no rain predicted.

## Contracts for State Capitol to Omaha Firms

J. H. Wiese & Co. Awarded General Contract for Superstructure at \$1,982,847—Parks Gets Plumbing.

Lincoln, July 21.—(Special.)—Contracts for the superstructure of Nebraska's new \$5,000,000 state house, totaling \$2,246,763.03, were awarded here this morning by the capitol commission.

The general contract, including all work except plumbing, heating, electrical wiring and the installation of an elevator, was awarded to J. H. Wiese & Co. of Omaha for \$1,982,847.03.

Specialty contracts were awarded as follows: Plumbing and heating, Robert Parks Heating and Plumbing company, Omaha, \$211,497.

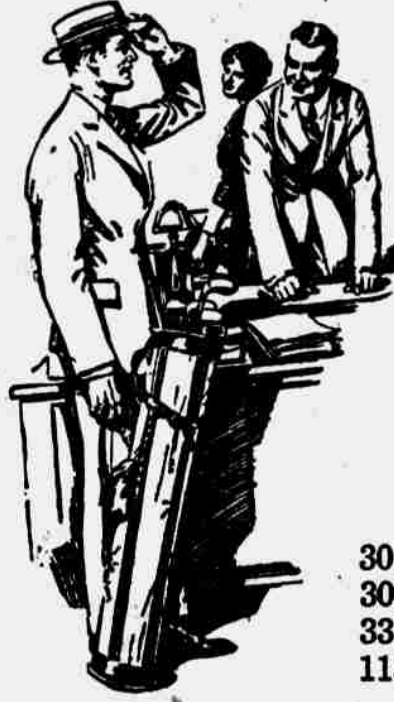
Electrical wiring, Chicago firm, \$48,419.  
Elevator, Otis Elevator company, \$40,000.

The Bee Want Ads are best business boosters.

# THE BRANDEIS STORE

## Saturday Money-Savers for Men

### Sale of Our Entire Stock Men's and Young Men's Summer Suits



A COOL summer suit is no longer a luxury at these prices. Enjoy the heat in a comfortable, well made, summer suit. The materials are Panama Cloth, Tropical Worsteds, Palm Beach, Gaberdines, Gabiroyal, Crashes, Silks, and Dixie Weaves. There are sport and conservative models in light and dark colors, staple and novelty shades. All are well cut, well made garments, nicely finished throughout.

- |                             |       |                            |       |
|-----------------------------|-------|----------------------------|-------|
| 301 Summer Suits, each..... | 7.69  | 77 Summer Suits, each..... | 19.50 |
| 302 Summer Suits, each..... | 9.75  | 79 Summer Suits, each..... | 26.75 |
| 332 Summer Suits, each..... | 12.75 | 16 Summer Suits, each..... | 21.75 |
| 113 Summer Suits, each..... | 14.75 |                            |       |

Fourth Floor

### Palm Beach Trousers

In light and dark colors. To make the summer wardrobe satisfactorily complete, the extra pair of trousers of Palm Beach is unequalled. This famous material not only wears well, but washes well. Saturday, per pair

# \$3<sup>95</sup>

Fourth Floor.

### Men's Wool Trousers

The materials are Cassimeres and Cheviots. Well made trousers that will make one's suit last twice as long. In a variety of colors and shades from which you can choose a satisfactory match for your extra coat. Priced, per pair

# \$2<sup>95</sup>

Fourth Floor.

## Continuing Saturday in Our Men's Furnishings Department

### Half Price Sale of Manhattan Shirts

Last week we sold out most of the sizes over 15. For Saturday's sale we will offer sizes 13 1/2, 14, 14 1/2 and 15. There are a few larger sizes.

These Shirts Are in Such Well-Known Cloths as:

Solway Silk and Cotton, Solway Fiber and Madras, Finest Madras Cloth, Bedford Cord, Duetine Cloth, Russian Cords, End-to-End Madras, Printed Penangs.

1/2 PRICE

- |                       |                      |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| Manhattan Price, 2.50 | Brandeis Price, 1.25 |
| Manhattan Price, 3.00 | Brandeis Price, 1.50 |
| Manhattan Price, 4.00 | Brandeis Price, 2.00 |
| Manhattan Price, 5.00 | Brandeis Price, 2.50 |
| Manhattan Price, 7.00 | Brandeis Price, 3.50 |

1/2 PRICE

### White Madras Shirts, 1<sup>95</sup>

They look cool and they are cool. In neckband style with soft cuffs. The Madras comes in neatly corded patterns. This material launders especially well.

Main Floor—South

### Phoenix Hose For Men

This well-known brand of hose gives the utmost in quality and style. Shaped in the weaving so that they fit well and made of extra strong cotton yarn or silk, they outwear most other brands of socks.

- |                     |                     |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| Lisle Sox, per pair | 40¢                 |
| Silk Sox, per pair  | 75¢—1.00            |
|                     | 1.10—1.15—1.65—1.85 |

Ask to see the New Raised Stripe Silk Sox, an attractive novelty

Main Floor—South

### Sexton Athletic Union Suits, 1<sup>00</sup>

Made of fine handkerchief cloth. Cut full and well made with reinforcements where the wear is greatest. Well finished seams and buttonholes.

Main Floor—South



## Raisin Ice Cream Week

### Cooling—Energizing Raisin Ice Cream

LEADING ice cream manufacturers are making a specialty of raisin ice cream all this week—for these reasons:

Raisin ice cream helps replace vitality that hot weather saps, yet doesn't tax digestion, and thus heat the blood.

Raisins in ice cream furnish healthful energizing nutriment in practically pre-digested form.

Therefore, best of all "warm weather" desserts. Fine food for little tots because it's pure and wholesome.

Delicious flavor. Most refreshing. Real cooling effect. Both good and good for you. Let your family try it now.

Ask at Soda Fountains

—Order for Home Use in Brick or Bulk—made with

## Sun-Maid Raisins