

SERIAL STORY

When a Man Marries

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
Author of *The Circular Staircase*,
The Man in Lower
Ten, Etc.

SYNOPSIS

James Wilson or Jimmie as he is called by his friends was round and looked as though he was a man of life and adventure in life was to be taken seriously, but people usually refused to do so and considered a frolic. Jimmie's friends, and he, being together a year or so ago, Jimmie had just celebrated his first anniversary of his marriage. Jimmie's friends, and he, being together a year or so ago, Jimmie had just celebrated his first anniversary of his marriage. Jimmie's friends, and he, being together a year or so ago, Jimmie had just celebrated his first anniversary of his marriage.

CHAPTER XIX. (Continued.)

"Playing the part of Mrs. Wilson" he repeated. "Do you mean—?" "Exactly. Playing the part. She is not Mrs. Wilson. It seems that the honor belonged at one time to Miss Knowles. I believe such things are not unknown in New York, only in the name of some dace a man want to divorce a woman and then meet her at two o'clock in the morning to kiss the place where his own wedding ring used to rest."

"Do you mean—" "Suppose he should—Bella, are you telling us all symptoms?" Bella put down her handkerchief and got up from her position on the stairs she looked down on us with something of her old haughty manner. "It is ill, my dear Miss Knowles, you yourself, all of you," she said cruelly. "You taunted him with being-fat, and laughed at him, until he stopped eating the things he should eat. And he has been exercising—do you know, if he was himself out. And now—be ill. Ho—ho—has a rash."

knob I felt it more under my fingers. The counter pressure evidently alarmed whoever it was, for the knob wobbled and nothing more happened. But by this time anything go uncomplicated as the fumbling of a knob at night had no power to disturb me. I went back to bed.

CHAPTER XX.

Breaking Out in a New Place. Hunger roused everybody early the next morning. For the first time since he had discovered a box of bonbons that he had forgotten, and we divided them around. Aunt Selma asked for the candied fruit and got it—quite a third of the box. We gazed at the lady and she said she would divide the remaining sweets with Mr. Harbison examined the telephone.

He did not glance in my direction. Betty and Dal were helping him, and he seemed very cheerful. Max sat with me on the stairs. Mr. Harbison had just unwound the telephone box from the wall and was squinting into it, when Bella came downstairs. "I was always late, nobody noticed. When she stopped, just above us on the stairs, however, we looked up, and she was holding to the rail and trembling perceptibly. "Mr. Harbison, will you—can you come upstairs?" she asked. Her voice was strained, almost reedy, and her lips were white.

Mr. Harbison started up at her, with the telephone box in his hands. "Why—certainly," he said, "but unless it's very important, I'd like to fix this talking machine. We want to make a food record."

"I'd like to break a food record," Max put in, but Bella created a diversion by sitting down suddenly on the stair just above us, and burying her face in her handkerchief. "Jim is sick," she said, with a sob. "It doesn't seem very serious, but I thought I was alone. After a while, I got a whiff of smoke, and then I saw Mr. Harbison far over in the corner, one foot on the parapet, smoking a pipe. He was gazing out over the river, and paying no attention to me. This was natural, considering that I had hardly spoken to him all day."

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And just when I had decided that I hated him, and that there was one man I knew who would never make love to a woman whom he thought married and then he was very dignified and aloof when he found she was not. I heard that was wrong by the telephone wire.

It had been cut! Cut through with a pair of silver manœuvre scissors from the dressing table in Bella's room. The wire was cut where the wire had been clipped where it came into the house, just under a window, and the scissors still lay on the floor.

It was mysterious enough, but no one would believe me if I said anything just then. We wanted food, and wanted it at once. Mr. Harbison fixed the wire, and the first thing we did of course, was to order something to eat. Aunt Selma went to bed just after luncheon with indignation, to the relief of every one in the house. She had been most unpleasant all morning.

When she found herself ill, however, she insisted on having Bella, and that made trouble at once. We found Bella with her cheek against the door into Jim's room, looking maidlin white but shouting love messages to her from the other side. At first she refused to stir, but after Anne and Max had tried and failed, the rest of us went to her in a body and implored her. "I'm afraid I've had a awful shape—what she was, as to temper—and that she had thrown a mustard plaster at Anne, which was true.

So Bella went, grumbling, and Jim went to her from the other side. It would be so had for Bella, but Aunt Selma fell asleep soon after she took charge, holding Bella's hand, and slept for three hours and never let go.

About two that afternoon, the sun came out, and the rest of us went up to the roof. I stayed on the roof after the others had gone for some time. I thought I was alone. After a while, I got a whiff of smoke, and then I saw Mr. Harbison far over in the corner, one foot on the parapet, smoking a pipe. He was gazing out over the river, and paying no attention to me. This was natural, considering that I had hardly spoken to him all day."

"I'm going to make a request, Miss McNaair," he said evenly. "Please keep off the roof after sunset. There are several of us who are going to be preparing to go downstairs. Unless I know the reasons, I refuse to do anything of the kind." I retorted. "Then the door will be kept locked," he retorted, and opened it for me. He did not follow me, but stood watching until I was down, and I heard him close the door firmly behind me.

"(TO BE CONTINUED.)"

Ask the Grocer. Paternalism with a vengeance is practiced in certain New York City wards. It is benevolent paternalism though.

"Ma wants two pounds of sugar," said a child to a patriarch in the street. He consulted a calendar on the wall. "I guess you'd better take only a pound today," he said. "You got him last week. The week is only half gone, but you have already eaten up four-thirds of your allowance. Tell your mother so."

His Intelligence. Negley, who did not have a poor opinion of Poldier's intelligence. "Gayer—You would, too, if you knew he had been looking in the city directory three days for Ziegler's address and had got only as far as the D's.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF

Charlotte.—As a result of a quarrel over some trivial matter concerning their work, several negroes connected with a circus which showed here engaged in a fight with the result that one, William Wiggins, has been killed. The quarrel was about a knife welded by one of his opponents and may die. Wiggins' left arm was broken in two places and badly cut and a knife was thrust into his side, cutting through three inches upward under his ribs. For an hour after he was slashed he wandered around the fair grounds looking for the man who knifed him, and finally caught the man and slashed him terribly with the same arm.

Langs.—Announcement has been received by the state military department that Lieut. Col. J. C. Grantly, Fourth cavalry, once the put of O. L. Spaulding, Fifth field artillery, has been detailed as inspector and instructor for the M. N. G. camp August 9 to 19 at Fort Huachuca. Captain Spaulding is a West Point graduate of General Spaulding of St. Johns, and a graduate of the University of Michigan. Captain Spaulding was adjutant of the field artillery camp at Sparta, Wis., last year. He is at present on duty at the war college in Washington.

Hastings.—After lying nearly three days unconscious in her home in Wakelee Springs, tomorrow, Mrs. August Middleville, Mrs. Annes Wilson, aged eighty-five, is dead. Her only companion was her middle-aged daughter, who is partially demented. She did not recover from the shock of this, and taking the girl was discovered by a visitor, who immediately summoned a physician from Middleville. His arrival was too late, however, as Mrs. Wilson soon passed away.

Birmingham.—Following a happy afternoon with members of the Clio Literary club of Detroit at the home of her daughter, Mrs. John Starr, at Willow Brook, about three miles south of here, Mrs. G. D. Whitney of Pavilion, N. Y., aged sixty-seven, was struck and almost instantly killed by a Detroit-Fondue limited car, soon home. The aged husband was compelled to stand helplessly by and witness the tragic death of his wife.

Monroe.—William Curtis, son home. The aged husband was compelled to stand helplessly by and witness the tragic death of his wife.

Pontiac.—Pontiac township will hold a state reward road to Oakland avenue from the city limits to Waukegan township at once. A one mile of road will be built on Perry street and residents of the steam mill are circulating subscription lists to secure funds to continue the state road built last fall to the northwestern township limit.

The Texas Armadillo. During the last three years Dr. Newman and Patterson of the school of zoology at the University of Texas have been much interested in working out certain points concerning the biology of the armadillo. The armadillo is the most unique animal in Texas. This little creature represents a migrating species which has in large numbers crossed the frontier of Texas from Mexico and now inhabits the greater portion of the southern half of the state.

SO SADIE CAME BACK

ONCE DISCARDED.

Battered, Lame and Starving, The Old Pet Was Recovered From the Peddler for the Playing Children.

"It's Sadie!" shrieked the children. "Oh, papa, it's Sadie!" Attached to a heavy wagon, scared and battered, and with high bones protruding about the hips, a yellow horse blind in one eye, a swelling on one pastern, and a pronounced lump in a forefoot, wearily plodding along the street, and on the rusty wagon a man in a dirty sweater and something that might have been the word "cool," since the wagon was loaded with fuel. "Oh, papa, it's Sadie!" The man took one look and saw that it was so. He turned once the pet of the children and sold because of growing infirmities and increasing age, had seemingly not improved.

"Oh, papa!" There was that in the three young voices that made the father take a moment's pause. He remembered how the children had wept when Sadie had gone and how he had heard his heart because the old horse was so utterly worthless and such an eyesore.

"Don't she look bad?" the little boy asked in an awed tone. The two little girls broke into muffled sobs. The father could stand no more. He stepped to the driver, who pulled up the old mare at the curb. "What value do you place on that horse?" the father asked briefly. The driver stared at him and winked openly. "She's worth a hundred dollars to me," he said. "My wife's that attached to her." The father looked at the children followed slyly in view of the look on his face. He had sold Sadie for \$15, and had been glad to get it. The driver, alarmed, called after him, "Sally, mister!" he shouted, "maybe we can trade. What'll you give me for her?" The father turned.

"I owned that horse once," he said in a tone that made the driver gasp, "but he had looked so mild. 'I sold her for \$15, and she was worth ten. 'I'll give you \$25 for her, spot cash. Take it or leave it."

"Lemme drive my wagon to the yard?" the man asked, shrewdly. "Pull it yourself," said the father sharply, noting a raw spot on the old mare's neck. "That goes," said the driver, climbing down. "Lemme see your money." Then he signed a receipt the father scribbled on a leaf of his notebook, threw the patched harness to the wagon and disappeared, dragging it after him. "Oh, papa! Oh, papa!" said the children.

And hearing, the father figured that this alone was worth the difference of \$10.—Dallas News.

FREE



A trial package of Munsyon's Paw Paw Pills will be sent free to anyone on request. Address Professor Munsyon, 534 & Jefferson St., Philadelphia, Pa. If you are in need of medical advice, do not fail to write Professor Munsyon. Your communication will be treated in strict confidence, and your case will be taken as carefully as though you had a personal interview.

Munsyon's Paw Paw Pills are unlike all other laxatives or cathartics. They clear the liver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, they do not grip, they do not weaken, but they cleanse the entire system of the liver and stomach in a way that soon puts these organs in a healthy condition and corrects constipation. In an opinion, constipation is responsible for most ailments. There are 23 feet of human bowels, which is really a sewer pipe. When this pipe becomes clogged the whole system becomes poisoned, causing biliousness, indigestion and impure blood, which often produce thrombism. No woman who suffers with constipation or any liver ailment can expect to have a clear complexion or enjoy good health. If I had my way I would prohibit the sale of nine-tenths of the cathartics that are now being sold for the reason that they soon destroy the lining of the stomach, and so paralyze the bowels that they never fail to act unless forced by strong purgatives.

Munsyon's Paw Paw Pills are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves. They invigorate the liver, weaken the bowels, and they enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that it is put into it. The pills contain no alcohol, no dope, they are soothing, healing and stimulating. They school the bowels to act without physics.

Regular size bottle, containing 45 pills, 23 cents. Munsyon's Laboratory, 634 & Jefferson St., Philadelphia.

Some Contrast. "Morning in Judy," called a neighbor, "look to your good, old mammy. 'I mean that Skeeter Jim is due gum him a new wife. I hope she leat fater's dat pindin', no-count streak-o'-lean!" "Watter 'n him" Mammy replied, "collien her eyes and clasping her own fat hands. 'Lawsy, chile, dat jus lak a needle 'n a haystack!'

CREATING ENVY.

Bronson—What do you find in the greatest pleasure in living in the country? Woodson—Getting in town and falling people about the cool breezes, whether there are any or not.

COMES A TIME When Coffee Shows What It Has Been Doing.

"Of late years coffee has disagreed with me," writes a matron from Rome, N. Y. "Its lightest punishment being to make me 'lolly' and dizzy, and it seemed to thicken up my blood. "The heaviest was when it upset my stomach completely, destroying my appetite and making me nervous and irritable, and sent me to my bed. After one of these attacks, in which I nearly lost my life, I concluded to quit the coffee and try Postum. "It went right to the spot! I found it not only a most palatable and refreshing beverage, but a food as well. "All my ailments, the 'lolliness' and of my blood, my nervousness and irritability disappeared in short order and my sorely afflicted stomach began quickly to recover. I began to regain strength and appetite, and I am now well. Have a good appetite and am rejoicing in sound health which I owe to the use of Postum. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "Read the 'Only Book' 'The Road to Wellville.' It picks: 'There's a reason.' "Ever read the above letter? A new one appears regularly. It tells you of the benefits, true, and full of human interest.