

A DELAYED HONEYMOON

By Harold Carter.

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It is generally worse when your wife bows to you coldly than when she cuts you. Especially is this the case when you have not seen her for a couple of years. So John Ferrand, who was neither divorced nor estranged from Mrs.



He Stammered Out His Love.

John Ferrand, felt badly when he accidentally encountered her on the board walk at Atlantic City.

The meeting was accidental in that John had hoped to select the opportunity. But he had gone to Atlantic City to find her, immediately after his return from Nevada, where, as the discoverer and subsequently as owner of the

Diamond Silver mine, he had leaped into meteoric fame.

He hurried after her, and Edith seeing him, halted and faced him.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Ferrand," said John, ignoring the look of anger which she gave him. I have always meant to return this purse to you. You left it behind at the Pennsylvania terminal."

"And you have carried it for these two years?" asked Edith Ferrand scornfully.

He bowed. "You see, I didn't know your address. And it seems to contain some papers," he said.

Edith took the purse and opened it.

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Two years before Horace Mills, senior partner in the law firm of Mills and Hoppner, had called John Ferrand, one of his clerks, into his private office.

"Ferrand," said the head of the firm thoughtfully, "you have been with me for five years now."

"Yes, sir," answered the clerk.

"You have not shown a great aptitude for law, I think," said Mr. Mills, smiling faintly.

"Nevertheless," he added, "I know you to be a man of sterling integrity. And I want such a man just now. Ferrand, did you ever think of getting married?"

"No, sir," John Ferrand answered.

"Would you be willing to remain a bachelor for the rest of your life for—well, say for twenty thousand dollars?"

Twenty thousand dollars! Ferrand thought of the men he had