

# Judith Lane

by JEANNE BOWMAN

Chapter 45

## NORMAN'S STORY

"YOU'RE here," whispered Judith to Norman, "it's all I care about now."

"Better take the stand, Norman," said Cunard, and to Judith, "You'll have the rest of your life to talk to him."

Judith watched his quick, firm step as he strode to the witness stand.

"I—I object!" roared Lampere, voice forgotten, fury in his face.

"On what grounds?" inquired Morgan. "You said in your closing words that you wished you had him here to present. Well, I've brought him and when he gets through testifying for me you can spend the night with him."

"Mr. Dale, you are no longer associated with Mr. Lampere, are you? Will you give the date that you severed connections there?"

"July 24."

"Will you give your reasons for leaving?"

"May I say broadly, that I learned of certain conditions which made it impossible for me to remain conscientiously."

"Did you learn of these conditions from inside of the office, or—?"

"I was approached from the outside. I gave Mr. Lampere no reason for leaving because I wanted first to make sure that the party to whom I had talked was right."

"Your wife hadn't previously told you certain facts that she, as former stenographer to Tom Bevins, knew?"

"She tried to, but I had allowed my mind to become so poisoned against her theories... not against her, I want you to understand, but against her theories, that I would not listen."

"Where have you been since you left your firm, Mr. Dale?"

"In the valley of the Rio Diablo, I went there to check the statements of the man who approached me while I was still acting with Mr. Lampere."

"Did Mrs. Dale know of your presence?"

"I believe not. I think at one time she halfheartedly recognized me. I was working at the Seathorne oil fields at the time. The first well had just come in and she drove over to see it. It was dark, and after the first shock of seeing her look at me with half-recognition, I hurried away."

"Why were you there incognito?"

"Because I wanted to carry on my investigation unobserved by any one."

"Why did you begin at Seathorne field?"

"Seathorne, as you know, is subsidized by Morton Lampere. Mr. Lampere's capital developed the field."

"I object. I demand that statement be stricken from the records... I demand—"

"Mr. Morgan," said the Judge, who was leaning over his desk with interest, "proceed with your witness."

"MR DALE, in what capacity did you serve while in the Rio Diablo basin?"

"I was acting as a persecutor of our Judith Dale."

"Your duties?"

"To assist the gentleman sitting out there in the first row," he pointed to Lampere's last witness, "in creating a mutiny among the workers, by spying on Mrs. Dale and if possible in catching her in some compromising position which was to be construed to Seathorne's benefit."

"Before you go into this, Mr. Dale, how long had you known Tom Bevins?"

"All of my life. Our houses, the Bevins' and my father's, were in the same block."

"In the course of your life did you ever at any time see Mr. Bevins under the influence of alcohol?"

"Big Tom, you mean, drunk? Good Heavens, no, and it was the one thing he was strict about in the field. He even disliked big dinner parties where wine was served. I don't believe he ever took anything stronger than a cocktail."

"Mr. Dale, prior to your appearance here a witness intimated that Big Tom had come home on numerous occasions completely under the influence of liquor."

"So help me God," said Norman Dale, "that person lied."

"Your honor!" roared Lampere, "are you going to sit there and let this—"

"Mr. Lampere, sit down before I charge you with contempt of court," barked the Judge. "Your only other course will be to prove your witness has not perjured herself."

"I thought it was you even though Delphy said you were the new gardener." She looked at the wrought iron console table, caressed it needlessly. "Let's get some glads for that bowl, these look rusty around the edge."

"I wish I never had to go to that old court again," Judith said from the comfort of Norman's arms.

"Mr. Morgan," he turned to Judge Morgan, "that question was completely unethical but," he coughed irascibly, "proceed and watch your words... er, just a moment, bailiff, catch that man going through the door. I would like to question him further and if we can prove perjury—there... now proceed."

But they didn't proceed. Such confusion arose at the bailiff's attempt to capture the man, that the Judge called a recess and when court again convened, word was sent in that Morton Lampere had become violently ill and asked the session be adjourned until the following day.

Judith and Norman left the courthouse together. When they passed on the steps for photographs, they were asked for interviews.

"Give us a chance to talk," pleaded Norman, "we haven't had time to say more than hello."

His roadster waited at a nearby garage. Silently they got into it and drove out to Hillendale.

"The DeMaos are in Galveston for the week; they turned the house over to us."

"That was nice."

"I planted your stocks," Norman said, as he fumbled for the right key.

"Yes, I saw you."

"You—what?"

"I thought it was you even though Delphy said you were the new gardener."

"Why didn't you sell Hillendale?" she inquired as they inspected the dahlias.

"I'd as soon put a child on the auction block," he admitted, "and when I found you weren't through with me I found these folks who leased it."

"Don't have to," he answered. "We're giving Lampere a chance to leave the country tonight. Slim Sanford will fly him down to some place in Mexico and from there he'll go abroad. Mrs. Bevins has asked Morrison to appear in court and ask for a dispensation of the law. You and Mathile and the Missus heading for Europe where they'll meet Lampere, who will marry Mathile as soon as Mrs. Lampere can get a Reno divorce."

"Dinner, Ma's Norman an' Miss Judy."

"Coming," they answered.

It was wonderful, Judith thought, to sit across the table from Norman, looking at him across a blue bowl of yellow roses from their own garden. She fingered her cup lovingly. They'd purchased that on their honeymoon.

Soon they would go out and sit on the terrace and watch the little spire moon slide down to the west, all mixed up with oak tree limbs and stars.

Judith wondered if Ligo's smile was not endangering his ears. It stretched so far, and when she asked him, it stretched even further. Rosa, delighted at meeting Ligo's "folks," was helping him in the dining room, a needless service. And Delphy waited in from the kitchen every so often to see that things were as they should be.

They were out on the terrace and Judith was curled in Norman's arms, protected by his arms against everything, when a thought came.

"Norman," she cried in sudden path, "I've got to go back to the dam. I can't leave it half-finished."

"That's all right," he said, "your house is big enough for two, isn't it? Delphy's marrying Rosa's stepmother's uncle by marriage, and you can't live alone, besides," he added, "one clause in Big Tom's will read that after I had become convinced of Lampere's duplicitous, I was to be retained as legal adviser of the Bevins Construction Company, and I think, Judith, that I should be on the ground, don't you?"

"Oh, I do, I do," and hastily her mind constructed scenes of the little wooden house above the dam with cold winter winds blowing and inside Norman and herself, facing the future together. No longer the promising young attorney and the aspiring stenographer, just Mr. and Mrs. Norman Dale.

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## OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



## JOE PALOOKA



## OLLY OF THE MOVIES by Ollendorff



## DIANA DANE



## SCORCHY SMITH



## THE DILLYS



## THE NEWFANGLES



## No Stallin'



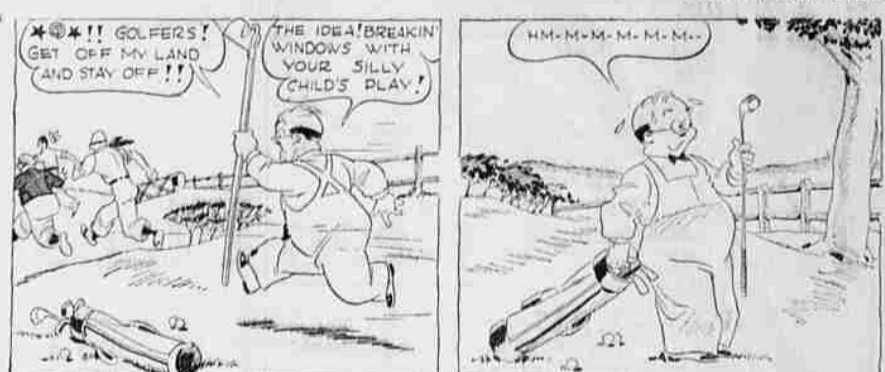
## Blessings Sometimes Come Disguised!



## Boys Will Be Boys



## The Smart One



## Verb Chaser



**MT. GLEN PERSONALS**  
School closed here May 11. Mrs. Della Millering, the teacher, completed her second year of teaching here very successfully. Eighth grade diplomas were received by Ella Berry and Wiley Nebeker.

Mrs. Mary M. Garner, a former resident of this community, is visiting relatives. She now makes her home at Weiser.

Vernon Waite is working at the Tollgate CCC camp.

The hay season started here this week. It is about a month earlier than the average time for cutting. The yield is reported as being very good and the hay is of a fine quality.

Berries and garden vegetables are also much earlier than usual.

**BUS SERVICE**  
For WALLOWA, ENTERPRISE, JOSEPH and Way Points. Leave La Grande, Daily 4:10 P. M.

For PENDLETON, Way Points Leave La Grande, Daily 10:30 A. M.

F. P. Stage Depot, 1308 Adams Phone MAIN 43

Word has been received here that the condition of Miss Eliza Zaiger who underwent a major operation in Salt Lake City recently is much improved.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Kohler and daughter and Arnold Ebdalson attended church services here Sunday.

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