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REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by ADELE GARRISON

CHAPTER CCLXXIV

WHY LILLIAN SAID "DON'T THINK ABOUT THE MAN AT ALL, JUST ENJOY YOUR LUNCHEON."

"Well, my dear, what are you moaning over that you didn't see me come in? I beg your pardon, Madge, what is the matter? Tell me." Lillian Underwood stood before me. Lillian, whose entrance into the small reception room of the Sydenham, at which we had an appointment, I had not even seen. She stood looking down at me with an anxious, alarmed expression in her eyes.

"There is nothing the matter," I returned, evasively. "Don't tell me a terradiddle, my dear," Lillian countered smoothly. "You're as white as a sheet, and I can see your hands trembling this minute. Something has happened to upset you. But, of course, if you'd rather not tell me—"

"There was a subtle hint of withdrawal in her tone. I was afraid that I had offended her. After all, why not tell her of the stranger who had so startled me?

"Look over by the door, Lillian," I said, in a low voice, "not suddenly as if I had just spoken to you about it, but carelessly. Tell me is

there a man still standing there staring at us?"

Lillian whistled softly beneath her breath, a little trick she has when surprised.

"Oh-h-h!" she breathed, and turning, she looked swiftly at the place I had indicated.

"I see a disappearing back which looks as though it might belong to a 'masher.' I just caught sight of him as he turned—well set-up man about middle age, hair sprinkled with gray, rather stunning looking."

Lillian's Common Sense

"Yes, that is the man," I returned, faintly. "but, Lillian, I'm sure he isn't an ordinary 'masher.' He had the strangest, saddest, most mysterious look in his eyes. It was almost as if he knew me or thought he did, and I, I have the most uncanny feeling about him, as if he were some one I had known long ago. I can't describe to you the effect he had upon me."

"Nonsense," Lillian said, brusquely. "The man is just an ordinary common lady-killer of the type that infests these hotels, and ought to be horsewhipped at sight. You're getting fanciful, and I don't wonder at it. You've had a terrible summer, with all that trouble the Draper

caused you, and I imagine you haven't been having any too easy a time with dear mamma-in-law. I'm mighty glad you're going to get away with Dicky by yourself. A week in the mountains ought to set you up wonderfully, and you certainly need it when you start weaving mysterious legends about the common or garden variety of 'masher.' Lillian's rough common sense steadied me, as it always does. I felt ashamed of my momentary emotion.

"I fancy you're right, Lillian," I

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said nonchalantly. "Let's forget about it and have some lunch. Where shall we go?"

"There's a bully little tea room down the street here," she said. It's very English, with the tea cozies and all that sort of frills, and some of their luncheon dishes are delicious. Shall we try it?"

"By all means," I returned, and we went out of the hotel together.

Although I looked around furtively and fearfully as we left the hotel entrance, I could see no trace of the man who had so startled me. Scoring myself for being so foolish as to imagine that the man might still be keeping track of me, I put all thought of his actions away from me and kept up with Lillian's brisk pace, chatting with her gayly over our past experiences in buying hats and the execrable creations turned out by milliners generally.

"Don't Say Anything."

The tea room proved all that Lillian had promised. Fortunately, we were early enough to escape the noon hour rush and secure a good table near a window looking out upon the street.

"I like to look out upon the people passing, don't you?" Lillian said, as she seated herself.

"Yes, I do," I assented, and then we turned our attention to the menu cards.

"I'm fearfully hungry," Lillian announced. "I've been digging all morning. Oh! it's chicken pie here today." Her voice held all the glories of a gormandizing child. "I don't think these individual chicken pies they serve here can be beaten in New York," she went on. "You know the usual mess—potatoes and onions, and a little bit of chicken mixed up with a sauce they insult with the name gravy. These are the real article—just the chicken meat with a delicious gravy covering it, baked in the most flaky crust you can imagine. What do you say to those, with some baked potatoes, new lima beans, sliced tomatoes and a ice for dessert?"

"I don't think it can be improved upon," I said gayly, and then I clutched Lillian's arm. "Look quickly," I whispered, "the other side of the street!"

Lillian's eyes followed mine to the opposite side of the street, where, walking slowly along, was the man I had seen in the hotel. He did not once look toward the tea room, but as he came opposite to it he turned from the pavement and crossed the street leisurely toward us.

"I believe he is coming in," I gasped, and my knees began to tremble beneath me.

"Suppose he is," Lillian snapped back. Her tone held a contemptuous impatience that braced me as nothing else could. "The man has a right to come in here if he wishes, and may be followed, you. You're rather fetching in that little sport rig, my dear, as your mirror probably told you this morning. Unless he obstructs himself there is nothing you can do or say, and if he should attempt to get fresh—well, I pity him, that's all."

Lillian's threatening air was so comical that I lost my nervousness and laughed outright at her belligerence. The laugh was not a loud one, but it evidently was audible to the man entering the door, for he turned and cast a quick sidelong look upon me before moving on to a table farther down the room. The waitress indicated a chair, which, if he had taken it, would have kept his back toward us. He refused it with a slight shake of the head, and passing around to the other side of the table, sat down in a chair which commanded a full view of us.

Lillian's foot beat a quick tattoo beneath the table. "The insolent old goat," she murmured, vindictively. "He'd better look out. I'd hate to forget I'm a perfect lady, but I'm afraid I may have to break loose if that chap stays around here."

"Oh, don't say anything to him, Lillian," I pleaded, terribly distressed and upset at the very thought of a possible scene. "Let's hurry through our luncheon and get out."

"We'll do nothing of the kind," Lillian said. "Don't think about the man at all, just go ahead and enjoy your luncheon as if he were not here at all. I'll attend to his case good and plenty if he gets funny."

(To be continued)

MORE CONTRACTS TO BE AWARDED

State Highway Bids on May Will Cover Total of 38.55 Miles

A total of 105.34 miles of highway improvement, including 38.55 miles of pavement, will be covered by bids to be opened by the state highway commission at a meeting in Portland on May 6. The estimated cost of the work is approximately \$1,750,000. The projects on which bids will be received are:

Grading and macadamizing Pacific highway, Benton county, Monroe to Lane county line, 3.24 miles in length; 18,000 cubic yards excavation; 6,750 cubic yards rock surfacing.

Grading, Pacific highway, Clackamas county, Oregon City to Oswego, 6.8 miles in length; 40,000 cubic yards excavation.

Grading and macadam, Pacific highway, Douglas county, Comstock Pass creek section, one mile in length 5000 cubic yards excavation; 2000 cubic yards rock surfacing.

Grading and macadam Pacific highway, Douglas county, Leona-Drain section, 3.25 miles in length; 19,000 cubic yards excavation; 6000 cubic yards rock surfacing.

Grading and macadam, Pacific highway, Douglas county, Oakland south section, 1.2 miles in length;

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14,000 cubic yards excavation; 2,400 cubic yards rock surfacing.

Grading and macadam, Pacific highway, Douglas county, Roseburg-Winchester section, 2 miles in length. 9000 cubic yards excavation; 4,000 cubic yards rock surfacing.

Grading and macadam, Pacific highway, Douglas county, Roseburg-Dillard section 6.7 miles in length; 51,000 cubic yards excavation; 7,500 cubic yards rock surfacing.

Grading and macadam, Pacific highway, Douglas county, Jaques Place-Johns place section, 7.2 miles in length; 28,000 cubic yards excavation; 11,200 cubic yards rock surfacing.

Grading, Columbia river highway, Gilliam county, Arlington-Morrow county line section, 12.3 miles in length; 88,000 cubic yards excavation.

Grading and paving, Pacific highway, Jackson county, Gold Hill-Josephine county line section, 12.3 miles in length; 24,000 cubic yards excavation.

Grading and paving, Pacific highway, Jackson county, Asland-Green Springs Mountain road, 5.85 miles in length; 24,500 cubic yards excavation.

Paving, Pacific highway, Jackson county, Green Springs Mountain road-California line section, 14.8 miles in length; 11,000 cubic yards excavation.

Grading, Pacific highway, Josephine county, Sexton Mountain section, 7.6 miles in length, 118,000 cubic yards excavation.

Paving, Pacific highway, Lane county, Eugene-Goshen section, 4.9 miles in length; 10,000 cubic yards excavation.

Grading and macadam, Pacific highway, Lane county, Junction City-Benton county line section, 14.8 miles in length; 16,000 cubic yards excavation; 11,500 cubic yards rock surfacing.

Paving, Old Oregon trail, Union county, Island City-LaGrande-Hot Lake section; 6.5 miles in length.

Paving, West Side highway, Washington county, Hillsboro-Forest Grove section, 4.3 miles in length.

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Christian Citizenship Appointees Are Named

At the request of James S. Martin, general superintendent of the National Reform association, Governor O'cott has appointed five citizens to represent Oregon at the Third World's Christian conference to be held at Pittsburgh, Pa., November 6 to 16. The appointees are Dr. W. W. Youngson, Dr. E. H. Pence and Dr. W. G. Elliott, of Portland, and Rev.

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H. H. Hubbel of Pendleton and Rev. A. M. Spangler of Eugene. The conference will be held under the auspices of the National Reform association. At the first conference, held at Philadelphia in 1910 seven different nations were represented by speakers on the program, while 11 were represented at the second conference, which was held at Portland, Or., in 1913.

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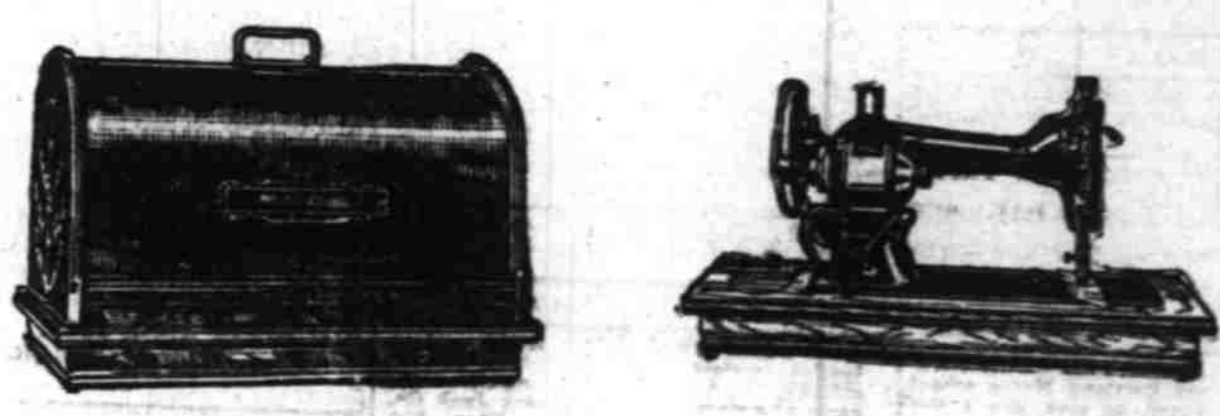


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