

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by
ADELE GARRISON

CHAPTER CCLXXXII

WHY MR. GORDON SAID TO DICKY, "I CANNOT TELL YOU WHAT THIS MEANS TO ME."

"Do not be alarmed—I am all right—only a momentary faintness, I assure you."

Mr. Gordon, the mysterious stranger, who after trailing my movements and starting me out of countenance for several days, had finally secured an introduction to Dicky, and through him to me, opened his eyes and smiled at us wily.

I knew that Dicky was as much relieved as I at our guest's return

to self-command. That he was resentful as well as mystified at the singular behavior of Mr. Gordon I also gleaned from his darkened face and a little steely glint in his eyes.

I could not blame Dicky. Mr. Gordon's actions were extraordinary. He had explained his persistent pursuit of me by saying my resemblance to a very dear friend of his boyhood was most startling; then when he had asked my name before marriage and I had replied, "Margaret Spencer," he had reeled as if suddenly smitten, and we had thought he was about to faint away.

"I hope that you will forgive me," Mr. Gordon went on, and his rich

Mothers!

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If its liver's full of bile.
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voice was so filled with regret and humility that I felt my heart soften toward him.

"I trust you have not gained the impression that my momentary faintness had anything to do with your name," he said. "My attack at that time was merely a coincidence. I am subject to these spells of faintness. I hope this one did not alarm you."

"Your Mother's Name—"

He looked at me directly as if expecting an answer.

"I am not easily alarmed," I returned, trying hard to keep out of my voice anything save the indifferent courtesy which one would bestow upon a stranger, for the atmosphere of mystery seemed deepening about this stranger and me. I did not believe he had spoken the truth when he said that my utterance of my maiden name, in response to his question, had nothing to do with his faintness. I was as certain as I was of anything that it was the utterance of that name, the revelation of my identity thus made to him, that caused his emotion. I sat thrilled, tense, in anticipation of revelations to follow.

Mr. Gordon's voice was quiet, but a poignant little thrill ran through

it which I caught as he spoke again.

"Was not your mother's name Margaret Bickett and your father's Charles Spencer?" he asked.

"You are quite correct." I forced the words through lips stiffened by excitement.

I saw Dicky look at me curiously, almost impatiently, but I had no eyes, no ears, save for the mysterious stranger who was quizzing me about my parents.

"My Other Self."

One of Mr. Gordon's hands was beneath the table; as he was sitting next to me I saw what no one else did—that the long, slender, sensitive fingers pressed themselves deeply, quivering into the palm at my affirmation of his question. But except for that momentary grip there was no evidence of excitement in his demeanor as he turned to me.

"I thought so," he said quietly. "I have found the daughter of the dearest friends I ever had. Your resemblance to your mother is marvelous. I remember that you looked much like her when you were a tiny girl."

"You were at our home in my childhood, then?" I asked, wondering if this might be the explanation of my uncanny notion that I had sometime in my life seen a man bending over his demitasse as he had done a few minutes before.

"Oh, yes," he said, "your mother, as I have told you, was the dearest friend I ever had. And your father was my other self—then—"

His emphasis upon the word "then" gave me a quick stab of pain, for it recalled the odium with which every one who had known my childhood seemed to regard the memory of my father.

I myself had no memories of my father. My mother had never spoken of him to me but once, when she had told me the terrible story of his faithlessness.

When I was four years old he had run away from us both with my mother's dearest friend, and neither she nor any of his friends had ever heard of him afterward. I had always felt a sort of hatred for my unknown father who had deserted me and so cruelly treated my mother, and the knowledge that this man was an intimate of his turned me faint.

"No Family Ties."

But if Mr. Gordon's inflection meant anything it meant that even if he had been my father's "other self" my mother's desertion had aroused in him the same contempt for my father that all the rest of our little world had felt. I felt my indefinable feeling of repulsion against the man melt into warm approval of him. He had loved the mother had idolized, had resented her wrongs, and I felt my heart go out to him.

"I cannot tell you what this finding of your wife means to me," said Mr. Gordon, turning to Dicky. The inflection of his voice, the movement of his hand, spelled a subtle appeal to the younger man.

"I have been a wanderer for years," the deep, rich voice went on. "I have no family ties"—he hesitated for a moment with a curious little air of indecision—"no wife, no child. I am a very lonely man. I wonder if it would be asking too much to let me come to see you once in a while and renew the memories of my youth in this dear child?"

He turned to me with the most fascinating little air of deferential admiration I had ever seen.

But I looked in vain for any answer to his appeal in Dicky's eyes. My husband still retained the air of formal, puzzled courtesy with which he had brought Mr. Gordon to our table and introduced him to us. I could see that the mysterious stranger's appeal to be made an inmate of our home did not meet with Dicky's approval.

I could not understand the impulse that made me turn toward the stranger and say earnestly: "I shall be so glad to have you come to see us, Mr. Gordon. I wait for you to tell me about my mother's youth."

New Members Named for Higher Curricula Board

Governor Olcott yesterday appointed Charles A. Brand, of Roseburg, and reappointed Dr. C. J. Smith of Portland, as members of the state board of higher curricula.

Mr. Brand, who has been a member of the legislature for several past sessions, is a graduate of Oberlin college and is well known for his interest in educational matters. He will succeed on the board O. P. Coshov, of Roseburg, whose term expired in 1917. Governor Olcott contemplated reappointing Mr. Coshov when the point was raised that the law provides that no member of the board of regents or of the alumni of any higher educational institution of the state is eligible to serve on the board of higher curricula. As Mr. Coshov is an associate member of the alumni of the University of Oregon he expressed his readiness to retire from the board.

Other members of the board are A. G. Beals of Tillamook, Rev. Jonah B. Wise of Portland and J. E. Hedges of Oregon City.

LIVESLEY BREVITIES

G. W. Gerber has been at home working on his farm this week.

Pearl Eakin has purchased a piano.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Rodgers of Pasadena, Calif., spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs. N. N. Carpenter.

Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Lewis who have been on the sick list for several weeks were able to attend church last Sunday.

Mrs. Clara Langford is said to be recovering rapidly from her recent operation.

Mrs. Sophia Mather was a visitor at Hall's ferry last week.

Audrey Johnson of Portland spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Johnson.

The Rodgers farm has been pur-

chased by A. Howard of Canada. Mr. Howard has already settled in his new home, and is getting the farm in fine running order.

Mrs. Harry Ent and baby spent last week with Mrs. Ent's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Foster.

T. Bemish and family are entertaining relatives from South Dakota.

Everyone is looking forward to next Sunday when W. W. Howard, D. D., will speak in the church. Mr. Howard is presiding elder of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion church. He will be assisted by J. W. Miller of Kimball college who will sing.

SECOND CHILD DIES

SILVERTON, Ore., May 2—(Special to The Statesman)—The two-year-old baby of Mr. and Mrs. Selmer Ness died at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. Evans Monday. The baby had been seriously ill for about a week and the parents of the child brought it to Silverton. Mr. Ness has been employed at Portland for sometime. The funeral services were held from Trinity church Wednesday afternoon, Rev. George Henriksen officiating. About six weeks ago Mr. and Mrs. Ness lost their youngest child who then was eight months old.

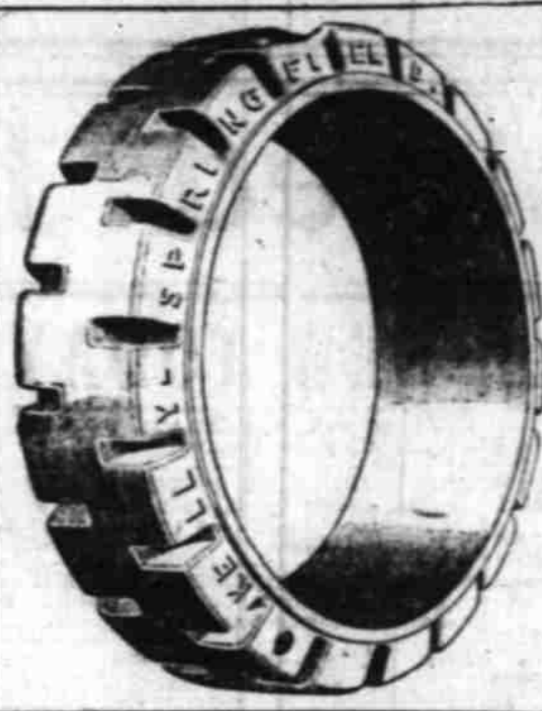
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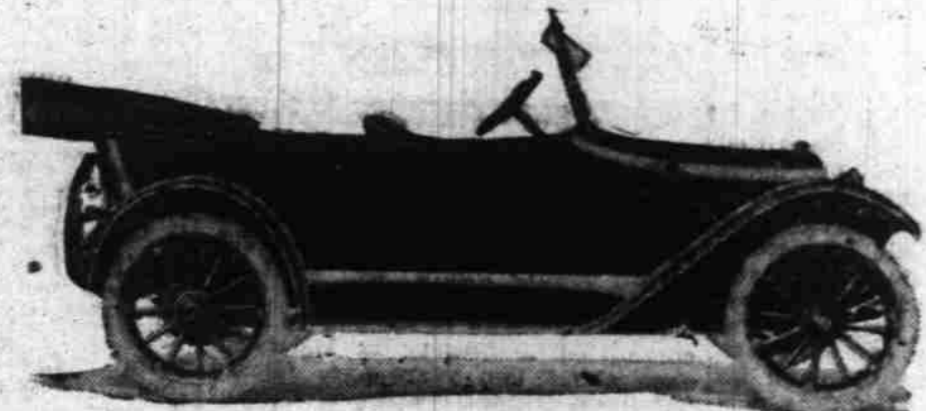
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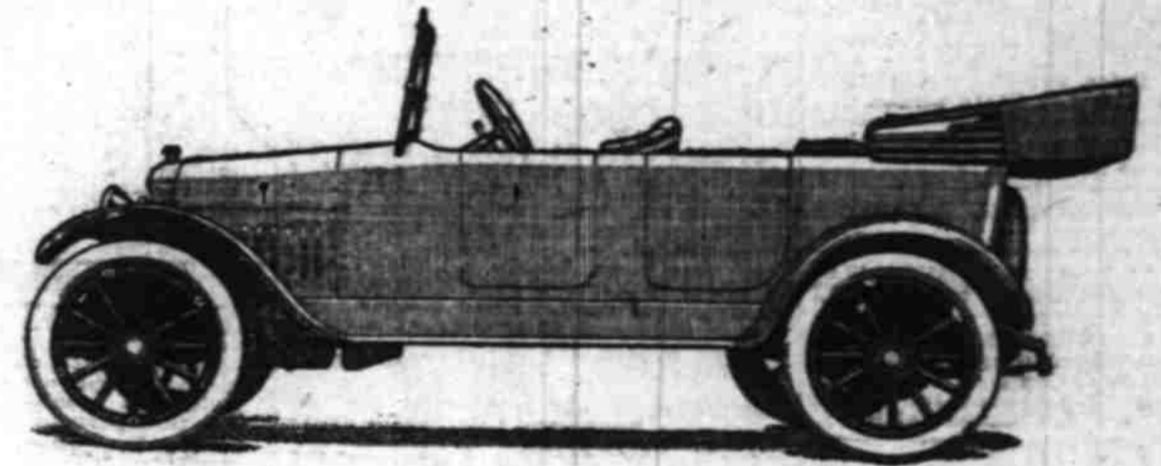
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