

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by
ADELE GARIBON

CHAPTER CCCIV

WHY DID MRS. ALLIS ASK, "WHO IS THE ARTIST THIS TIME, FRED?"

I think Mrs. Allis, the mysterious boarder at the Cosgrove farmhouse, and Fred, one of the twin sons of the house, were equally confused and annoyed at discovering each other. But while the boy reddened so painfully that Dicky and I crouched in the undergrowth near by, could see the rush of color to his cheeks, and in other little ways showed his confusion plainly, the experienced woman of the world masked hers cleverly.

Under one arm the boy carried a large, shapeless bundle done up in brown paper. As he caught sight of Mrs. Allis he made a quick, clumsy, involuntary effort to shift his burden behind his back. Then, evidently realizing the absurdity of his attempt, he stood stock still with the bundle held awkwardly in front of him and his face the color of a ripe beet.

"Well, which are you this morning, Fred or Ned?" Mrs. Allis asked mischievously, knitting away at the sock on which she had been ostensibly at work since the man whom she had come to the gigantic oak to meet had left her.

With the remembrance fresh upon me of the words I had just heard this woman speak, words which had betrayed the plot against the valuable collection of paintings in the Cosgrove parlor, in which she and her accomplice were concerned, I marvelled at her calmness.

"I'm Fred," the boy answered truthfully.

"And Fred," the brilliant black eyes played over the lad maliciously, "what's the mysterious bundle you're so afraid I'm going to see? Hand it over for inspection, sonny. I'm a customs inspector. No bundle goes

by this tree unless I know its contents."

Her tone and manner were as artless as those of a little girl playing a game, and I knew that she meant to give that impression to the boy before her. But I could read real curiosity beneath the surface of her teasing and realized that she meant to ascertain the contents of the pack, either because of her love of malicious teasing or for some more cogent reason.

At her words the boy started uneasily, clasped his clumsy bundle closer, and started back from her. But she was too quick for him. Lithe as a cat she sprang toward him and snatched at the bundle, laughing merrily the while as if it were the merriest jest in the world.

The boy, plainly torn between the desire to keep a knowledge of the bundle's contents from her and a wish not to offend her, held on to his burden stoutly. But in the struggle the paper loosened and its contents tumbled to the ground.

Mrs. Allis Taken Aback.

From where we crouched Dicky and I could plainly see the contents of the heavy brown paper wrapping. An artist's carrying case, of good material, but much worn with age and hard usage, fell to the ground and opened, its lock evidently not having been securely fastened. From it spilled a small roll of canvas, brushes, tubes of paint, all the paraphernalia of an artist's work. There was a similar outfit in Dicky's room at home, although his illustrating had long relegated it into the back-ground.

For once I saw Mrs. Allis taken aback. She gazed at the carrying case as if it were a venomous serpent. Her face turned white. Then she flamed out fiercely at the boy: "Where did you get that?"

The conviction came to me that she had seen the case before, was, in fact, familiar with it. But even

as she spoke, her usual poise came back to her, her face cleared, and clapping the wondering boy lightly on the shoulder she said laughingly: "Did I frighten you, Fred? Well, then, I'm square with you for the many times you've fooled me as to which twin you are. I know where this case came from, of course. Your mother has spoken so many times about her brother who painted those pictures in the parlor. It is his case, I suppose. Oh, yes, here are his initials, 'R. S.' But who is the artist this time, Fred?"

Her tone was careless, but I saw that she waited eagerly, watchfully for the lad's reply.

Fred's Very Plausible Explanation.

But the boy's perplexed, troubled face had cleared swiftly at her question. Evidently he had found a way out from his dilemma, whatever it was.

"Why, I am!" he said, with every appearance of truth in his face and voice. "Ma's been promising me a long time I should have a chance to try to copy those paintings of my uncle's in the house. Of course I can't do 'em well, but I've wanted to try 'em since I was a little shaver."

It was a plausible explanation. Fred was just the sort of shy, dreamy boy to have such aspirations, and his unwillingness to have the contents of his bundle known was also explained. Mrs. Allis looked genuinely relieved. She stooped to pick up the scattered things.

"I'm tired staying here," she announced. "I'll just go back with you to the house. Are you going to start copying this morning?"

The boy gave a little start of consternation, which, as her face was turned toward the scattered brushes she was picking up, she did not see. But he recovered himself with a quickness I could not help but admire, and answered nonchalantly:

"I don't know. I wish I could, but I suppose there'll be something to do as usual. I've pestered Ma until I got the things, now I suppose I'll have to pester Pa until he gives me the time. But I'll have lots of time after the boarders go."

"And you'd like to have me go home so you can get at your old pictures," Mrs. Allis exclaimed reproachfully. "Well, Fred, I didn't think that of you! Come along, I'm going to tell your mother how you treat her guests."

(To be continued)

Corner Stone Laid for New Silvertown Church

SILVERTOWN, Or., May 28.—(Special to The Statesman)—An all-day program was given at Trinity church Sunday on the occasion of the laying of the corner stone which was laid at 2:30 p. m.

The program began at 10:30 with a sermon in the Norwegian language by Rev. S. C. Foss of Seattle, Pacific coast foreman of the Lutheran church. This was followed by a ser-

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mon in the English language by Rev. H. Rogn of Monitor.

Owing to the fact that there was no place to serve dinner each family brought a basket lunch. The Ladies Aid society furnished coffee. The afternoon program began at 2:30 in the basement of the new church which had been decorated for the occasion. The corner stone was laid by O. Satern about four feet from the ground in the northwest corner.

To the contents of the corner stone box which was removed from the old box were added a Silvertown Appeal, a Silvertown Tribune, an English hymnal and Bible, a Silvertown Messenger, and a copy of the constitution of the church in the English language.

Due to the weather the entire program of the afternoon could not be held in the basement of the new church as was the intention. Immediately after the cornerstone had been laid the attendants assembled in the old church where the program was continued. Rev. J. C. Roseland of St. Johns church gave a talk on Symbolism.

During the day special music was furnished by the church choir; by Mrs. E. J. Gunderson, soloist; Miss Marie Corhouse, soloist, and the Trinity Sunday school.

Send a copy of the Peace edition to the boys in the service. Only a limited number of copies left, so order early. 25 cents per copy.

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Commander J. H. TOWERS

Social Given at Shaw Is an Immense Success

SHAW, Or., May 28.—The social given Thursday, May 22 at the hall in Shaw by the women of the Catholic church was a big success both socially and financially. A novel feature was a parcel post office which furnished a lot of fun. A short but excellent program, auction sale of various articles, ice cream and home made candy, and a bounteous supper served cafeteria style were all enjoyed and patronized liberally.

Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Noyes came home to spend the week-end. The Misses Mary Fleber and Stella Botliner came out from Salem Thursday for the entertainment.

Shaw school will close Wednesday. A program and a lunch will be given Wednesday night at the school house.

Frank Fleber has built a fine new brooder house. He has purchased between 300 and 400 black Minorca chicks.

Miss Katie Amort is home for her vacation. She has been teaching at Lexington.

A Salem Product—"Thelma" Individual Chocolates, 5c everywhere.



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"I wants him to have de Scriptural name 'Hallud,'" she replied. "Hallud? Why where did you find that name in the Bible?"

"Well, for de Lawd's sake! You a preacher what says yo' prayers every day an' doan know 'staidd de Thy name'!"

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There are 25 shipping points on the 150 miles of road which it is proposed to improve and therefore the theoretical average haul is 150 divided by 25, or 6 miles.

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The ton-mile will be 384,000 tons, times 3 miles, or 1,152,000 ton-miles.

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