

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by ADELE GARRISON

CHAPTER CCCV

WHAT OCCURED WHEN MRS ALLIS LEFT

As Mrs. Allis and Fred moved out of earshot, down the bank of the mountain stream, Dicky sprang to his feet from the underbrush where he had been crouching, and drew me up from my cramped position.

For a few minutes we were too occupied in rubbing our cramped muscles to make any comment upon the amazing interview we had witnessed by accident between Mrs. Allis, our fellow boarder at the Cosgrove farmhouse in the Catskills, and the man whose words showed to be her accomplice in a plot to steal the valuable pictures of the Cosgrove family.

Dicky's first words were peculiarly gratifying to me.

"Oh! wise young judge! Oh! most excellent young woman!" he paraphrased, making a low bow before me. "What a de-tee-e-tuv she would make! Mrs. Sherlock Holmes, I salute you!"

He kissed me with an admiring little laugh, and I nestled close to him, happy in my little triumph. For I could not help remembering how he had sneered at me the night before when I had voiced my belief that Mrs. Allis was planning to steal the pictures.

"How about that dinner at Vanucetti's?" I asked demurely.

Dicky held me off from him a moment, then threw back his head and laughed, not loudly—the thought of Mrs. Allis's proximity was evidently

fresh in his mind—but heartily.

"You bandit!" he said, giving me a little shake. "You are putting in your claims early. You only made a bet last night, and said you would prove your assertion by the end of the week, and here you are claiming it already."

"But it is proved isn't it?" I persisted.

"Oh, yes," Dicky admitted, "but it might stick to the letter of the contract, and refuse to buy the dinner until you have proved the thing by your own efforts. We stumbled upon this discovery, you know. But I'll be game. The dinner is yours. The question is now, what we are to do?"

What They Decided.

"Go on with our fishing trip," I suggested slyly. "You heard her say that she wouldn't do anything until the end of the week, and she is going into New York tonight, for a day. We have plenty of time."

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" Dicky gazed at me in mock amazement. "Going to follow right in the footsteps of her illustrious predecessor, isn't she? Seems to me I remember

that when the terrible criminals on losing Sherlock took a rent, as a sort of day off. Say, lady, humbly, 'let a fellow in on your plans when you get them matured, won't you?'"

"Please don't spoil it all," I returned, a trifle shortly, for his nonsense was beginning to get on my nerves. "I haven't any plans and you know it. But I do want to ask you one thing seriously. Ought we to tell the Cosgrove family at once what we have learned, this morning?"

Dicky pondered the question thoughtfully as we walked along. We were several yards farther up the stream before he spoke.

"On the whole, I think not," he said, and as he turned toward me I saw that his eyes were sparkling with excitement. "There's no immediate danger to the pictures, and I think it will be awfully good sport to let the lady go along making sure she is going to get away with the stunt, and then at the last minute step in and spoil her plans. Then there's that spiel of hers, saying she had a plan to get even with you. I owe her an extra one for that. Besides, I'm curious as to what her plans are anyway."

Woman-like I loved him for the vindictiveness in his voice when he spoke of Mrs. Allis's declaration to her accomplice that her plan to steal the paintings included getting even with me. But I made no reply to that part of Dicky's speech, simply answering demurely:

"I am glad you feel that way about telling the Cosgroves. Personally I would much rather wait and see what the week will bring forth. It promises to be awfully exciting."

A Sudden Interruption.

"And here's something else that promises to be awfully exciting," drawled Dicky, who had been carefully watching the stream as we walked along. "Look at those enormous stones, will you? There ought to be some great hiding places for trout under them."

I stopped promptly, all the exciting happenings of the morning and the night before slipping out of my mind as though they had never been there. In my vacations with my mother, always at quiet lake resorts, for her heart could not stand high altitudes, I never had had an opportunity to go trout fishing. All my

life I had longed for mountain streams and the sport of catching the elusive mountain trout and it seemed too good to be true that I was actually about to try the sport I had anticipated so long.

As Dicky opened the creels and took out the flies from their compartments, I watched him, fascinated with every movement, and when he adjusted my rod and reel and handed it to me I was almost trembling with joyful excitement. The sudden loud snapping of twigs just behind us in the underbrush startled me. As I looked toward the sound, I caught sight of a man evidently recovering his balance from a slip in the dense undergrowth. His face, covered with a growth of brown beard, looked out at me wildly, and then he started on a run up the hill as if a thousand pursuers were after him.

(To be continued)

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In almost every line of war activities the women of this country have done well and have taken front rank for doing work that released thousands of men for service overseas. Some women have been over-ambitious, and at the expense of their health, have filled places once occupied by men. Every woman who, because of overwork, has brought on some ailment peculiar to her sex, should depend upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore her health and strength, as this remedy is now recognized as the standard and has restored multitudes.

STEVENS IS OUT AND STEINER IS WARDEN

(Continued from page 1)

pital has been largely due to the executive ability of Dr. Steiner.

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The state hospital will run along its present lines under the well-developed organization that Dr. Steiner has given it. Dr. Griffith has been with the hospital for 28 years, 16 of those years in the capacity of first assistant physician. He is thoroughly familiar with every angle of the work and is a man with an exceedingly high standard of capability."

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OREGON RAIN.

Some people are yellin' That rivers are swellin', And there's danger of flood, And the roads are all mud; And they kick and complain Of our Oregon rain, whine, Since they cuss and raise Cain In their language profane, I will have to explain A few merits of rain:

The doctors all swear That it clears up the air And drives away germs; And it brings up the worms; And the ladies declare That it softens the hair; And it colors the cheeks— When old Jupiter sneezes.

The blossoms of flowers Are due to the showers And the Oregon mist; With which they are kissed; So think what a blessing Is rain so refreshing. And thank God up above For the rain that we love. —Harry K.

WILLAMETTE TO GRADUATE 28

Some Will Teach, Others to Continue Studies in Other Institutions.

The 75th commencement exercises of Willamette university will begin at 8 p. m. on June 7 with the first showing of the historical pageant and will continue until the evening of June 11.

Twenty-eight students will receive their degrees from the college this year, three from the college of music. The graduates are: Fay Bollen, Elizabeth Briggs, Robert Gathe, Lella Johnson, May Mickey, Helen Moore, Venita McKinney, Vesta Mulligan, Gladys Nichols, Harid Nichols, Mary Parounagian, Mary Putnam, Helen Rose, Grace Sherwood, Florence Shirley, Leslie Sparks, Carolyn Sterling, Ruth Stewart, Lucile St. Pierre, Louis Stewart, John Sutherland, Homer Tasker, Charlotte Tebben, Elizabeth Tebben, Glenn Teeters, Fay Wells, Margaret Wible and Esther Yeend.

Of this number seven already have been elected to teach, three will continue their educations in other institutions and one expects to be employed in the Bunker Hill and Sullivan lead and silver mines. Misses Helen Moore and May Mickey will

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teach in the Stayton high school, Lucile St. Pierre and Mary Putnam at Drain high school, Mary Parounagian at Clatskanie, and Esther Yeend and Grace Sherwood at Woodburn.

Homer Tasker has been granted a scholarship to the University of California and will also assist as instructor in the chemistry department. Harold Nichols and Louis Stewart will enter Oregon Agricultural college for a course in agriculture.

Miss Teeters expects to resume her position as chemist with the Bunker Hill and Sullivan lead and silver mines at Kellogg, Idaho.

Following is the program for the week:

Saturday, June 7— 8 p. m.—Historical pageant. Sunday, June 8— 11 a. m.—Baccalaureate sermon. President Carl Gregg Doney. 3 p. m.—Farewell meeting of the Christian associations. Prof. James T. Matthews, leader. 8 p. m.—Anniversary service of the Christian associations. Sermon by Rev. W. C. Kantner. Monday, June 9— 7:30 a. m.—Senior breakfast. 3 p. m.—Historical pageant. 8 p. m.—Reception, President and Mrs. Doney to the alumni and seniors and their guests; trustees, faculty, students and friends. Tuesday, June 10— 10 a. m.—Meeting of the board of trustees. 12:30 p. m.—Student luncheon. 2 p. m.—Class day exercises. 8 p. m.—Historical pageant. Wednesday, June 11— 9:30 a. m.—Procession formed at Eaton hall. 10 a. m.—Seventy-fifth commencement oration by Mr. Frank Irvine, '77, editor of Portland Journal. Conferring degrees, President Doney. 2:30 p. m.—Alumni association meeting. 6:30 p. m.—Alumni banquet.



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"Look at Me, Madge!"

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