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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 CCCXVI

WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THE WARDEN CAME

Dismay, chagrin, terror, all these swept over me in rapid succession as I listened to the fish warden declare his intention of arresting Dicky and

me for violating the state fish and game laws by trouting out of season. I knew that Mr. Cosgrove had purposely delayed the man in the hall and talked of the matter in loud tones to give us a warning of what was coming, but even the preparation did not still the trembling of

my limbs, nor enable me to whip any color into my face. To think that I, with my life-long reverence for the law, should face arrest!

I must have been an abject looking object, indeed, for Dicky, as he heard Mr. Cosgrove's words, took one swift glance at me, and reaching out his warm hands to my cold ones, gripped them protectingly, possessively, and then swung me behind him, releasing his right hand, but holding me with his left as he faced the warden.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Graham," Mr. Cosgrove said, as he entered the room with the warden, while the two young men, our fellow-boarders, scuttled out of the living room and up to their own chambers, "this is our fish warden, Mr. Drake, and he seems to think you've been casting for trout. I told him he was mistaken, but he's a persistent sort of cuss, always has to have the last word."

"Sorry to trouble you," Mr. Drake said perfunctorily, but the cynical gleam of his eyes belied his words. "I have warrants here for both you and your wife. I suppose the lady behind you is Mrs. Graham. You won't do her any good by standing in front of her. I have a warrant to serve on her, and I certainly can't do it through you."

"I Wish You Joy."

"Just leave Mrs. Graham out of it if you'll be so kind," Dicky re-

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plied hotly. "I'll answer for her appearance or any fine that she may have to pay, if it goes that far. It surely isn't necessary to trouble her now, and, besides, as my friend Mr. Cosgrove informed you, you are harking up the wrong tree. You can have no possible proof that we have been breaking the fish laws."

"Don't take things so much for granted, young fellow, you'll live longer," drawled the warden in a tone that I knew must irritate Dicky almost to the breaking point. "As it happens we have the evidence of a very respectable person who saw you both catching trout, and says you are old offenders at it, so you'll just put on your things and come along with me."

"I wish you joy of your unknown informant," Dicky said coolly. "He has given you a choice collection of misinformation which I am afraid you'll have hard trouble to prove. However, I see we are up against it just now. You, of course, will be willing to wait until we can get a lawyer."

"Mr. Cosgrove, is there an attorney anywhere in the county who can get here by auto in record time if he doesn't have to consider expense?"

"Not a Man."

Mr. Cosgrove moved to the telephone, took down the receiver and gave the number to the operator.

"Jack Lewis can be here in twenty minutes if he's at home," he said over his shoulder.

"That lawyer business won't get you anywhere," the warden said sullenly. "I've got to take you before the justice, and he closes court at noon. If we don't get there before I'll have to clap you in the calaboose until Monday."

I am proud to remember that I did not give even a tiny exclamation of dismay when I heard this threat, although for a moment I was almost overcome with horror. But an instant's reflection convinced me that the man was bluffing, that he was simply a type of the "insect authority" of Mark Twain's unforgettable phrase.

"You'll get there before noon," interposed Mr. Cosgrove, after a brief colloquy with the man at the other end of the telephone wire. "Jack Lewis is coming right away in his dependable old flivver, and he'll whisk you all over there in no time. Better leave your roadster here, Drake, go over with Lewis, and then come back here for dinner. We're going to have some fine young ducks, baked after one of Mrs. Cosgrove's pet recipes."

The sullen look of thwarted authority faded from the warden's face. He grinned sheepishly.

"Can't resist that combination," he said. "But I won't leave the roadster here. You come along over with me, and Lewis can bring these folks."

"Now you've said it!" Mr. Cosgrove replied jovially, slapping the other man on the back. "I'll be glad to go over, I want to find out who the lad is that's been circulating lies like this around."

The warden looked embarrassed, and the flush on his cheeks deepened to a brick red.

"Well, you see the truth of the matter is," he explained, "it wasn't a man that tipped us off, but a woman. She asked me to keep her name out of it until Monday; said she'd appear and give her evidence then; she had to go away today. But it doesn't seem quite fair to you folks not to know the name of the person who makes the complaint against you," he added virtuously.

"Especially as it naturally would be the first thing our attorney would demand," Dicky said coolly. "But we already know the name of your informant, Mrs. Alice— I not right?"

"Quite correct," the warden returned.

(To be continued)

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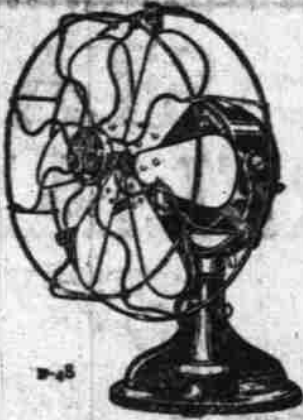
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No Special Session for the Suffrage Amendment

Governor Olcott has no intention of convening the Oregon legislature in a special session for the purpose of ratifying the federal suffrage amendment. The governor yesterday received a letter from Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, president of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, asking if he would be one of 22 governors to call a special session to make this ratification.

The governor telegraphed the following reply:

"Legislature but recently adjourned. Think it ill advised to reconvene an extraordinary session."

Some weeks ago Governor Olcott publicly announced that a real and a serious emergency must be apparent before he will consent to call a special session of the state legislature.

Helen E. Howz, Student of High School Is Dead

Miss Helen E. Howz died Thursday at 256 North Cottage street after a short illness. Miss Howz died of erysipelas. She was attending Salem high school. W. H. Howz, her father, lived at Shaw. The funeral services will be held at the Rigdon chapel and burial will be in the cemetery at Turner. As yet no date has been set for the funeral.

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