

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by ADELE G. RIRISON

CHAPTER 639

HOW HARRY UNDERWOOD BROUGHT UP THE NAME OF MADGE'S FATHER—WHY SHE ACCEPTED HIS "WORD."

"When did you hear from your father last?" Harry Underwood asked abruptly.

I was on guard in an instant. I had been so occupied in trying to fathom the inner workings of his mind, especially since the incident of the playing of the national anthem and his ensuing comments, that I had almost lost sight of my conviction concerning his knowledge of

my father's whereabouts. He had talked of everything and nothing with the charm he so well knew how to throw around his conversation, and in listening to him I had felt the old, half-repentant, half-attracted fascination with which the man's presence always affects me.

But his question was like the sudden blazing up of a pile of kindlings, the flame clearing away the mist of thought through which I had been groping. One of the objects toward which my presence opposite him in the Fleur de Lis tea room constituted the first step was the unlocking of the sealed book which recorded my father's fate, and of which I believed

Harry Underwood to have the key. It behooved me to answer his questions most warily.

I waited a long minute before answering. Finally I decided that truth was my best card.

"Not for a number of weeks," I said quietly, and then countered with another question and an assertion.

"You must have seen him frequently when you were in South America," I said. "Was he all right when you saw him last?"

Did his brilliant black eyes war ever so slightly as they met mine? Did he flinch almost perceptibly at my question? I wasn't sure, for when he answered me he was his usual self.

"What's the Real Trouble?"

"He seemed to be well, but rather nervous and worried—as if something were troubling him," he replied.

I pondered the answer. It might mean just what it indicated on the surface—on the other hand, unknown

depths of treachery might lie beneath.

"What's the real trouble, little girl?" Harry Underwood's voice, soft, dangerously tender, sounded across the table. "You're uneasy about your father, I can see that. And, who knows, perhaps I can help you. Won't you tell your Uncle Dudley all about it?"

I looked up into his eyes to find them sweet, clear of all mockery. Kindness, sincerity, looked out of them, and I longed to believe they weren't a mirage.

A sudden impulse came to me. I could do no harm, I reasoned, for me to tell Mr. Underwood the story of the anonymous clippings purporting to betray my father's horrible death as a spy, which had been sent me. If he had had any hand in them—something which I didn't believe—I was sure I could detect the fact, imperturbable as he was. On the other hand, if the clippings had been sent by Grace Draper without his knowledge or sanction, I felt instinctively that it would not injure either my father's cause or the work in which I was engaged with Lillian for him to learn of the dastardly scheme.

I folded my hands in my lap, for I could make no pretense of eating during the recital of the events which had so terrified me, and spoke slowly, meeting his eyes deliberately as I did so.

"There is something very grave troubling me," I said, "something which involves my father's very life. But if I tell it to you you must regard it as a confidence."

His black eyes gazed steadily, intently at me.

"I give you my word of —" he stopped with an almost saturnine twist of his lips, and repeated impressively, "I give you my word."

"I accept it," I returned, convinced in spite of the slip he had made in answering me. I knew as well as if he had explained the matter at length, that he had started to say "my word of honor," and had stopped in sheer self-loathing at the word "honor" applied to himself.

"Thank you," he returned, and there was a humility in the tone wholly foreign to any phase of Harry Underwood I had ever known.

An Unexpected Diversion.

I cast about for words with which best to frame the story I had to tell him. As I did so the sad-eyed French waitress came up, and in her usual deft manner cleared away the dishes of our meat course, preparatory to bringing out cheese and coffee. Then she stepped back to the table near us at which I had seen the imperious looking woman. An instant later, while the opening words of my story still lingered on my lips, reluctant of utterance, I heard the clear, carrying tones of the woman at the other table:

"I usually give 10 cents, but I shall not give it to you."

(To be continued)

OREGON LOSSES IN OREGON GROW

Thirty-two Fires Reported Outside of Portland—Losses Aggregate \$258,000.

Fire losses for the month of June, not including the city of Portland, totaled \$258,725, according to a report prepared by A. C. Barber, state fire marshal. The fires numbered 32, the most disastrous occurring at Whitney, with a loss of \$60,000.

The towns in which the fires occurred, together with the respective losses, follow:

Town	Amt. loss
Baker	800
Blachly station	2,000
Barton	1,400
Benton county	1,800
Clatskanie	1,000
Cornucopia	300
Condon	150
Deschutes county	500
Estacada	40,000
Hermiston	125
Hood River	2,500
Halfway	30,000
Mt. Angel	500
Myrtle Point	100
McKen	800
Oregon City	20,000
Powers	50
Roseburg	1,250
Roseburg	30,000
Roseburg	1,500
Shaff station	2,000
Stayton	4,000
Springfield	1,000
Springfield	1,200
Salem	40,000
Tillamook	3,000
The Dalles	4,200
The Dalles	50
Umpire	500
Whitney	65,000
Yamhill	900
Yamhill	2,000
Total	\$258,725

Motorcycle Crashes in Fence and Girl is Killed

EUGENE, Or., July 9.—Marie Scott, 15, of Marcola, Or., sustained injuries last night from which she died en route to a hospital when a motorcycle sidecar in which she was riding with two boys crashed into a fence. The boys sustained minor injuries. Miss Scott formerly resided with her parents at Harrisburg before they went to Marcola to reside about two years ago.

Quite a number of aspiring democrats at San Francisco, who encouraged the presidential bee, were stung. It is the ever old but new story.

"What's the matter with your old man, Liz?" "Why he's kinda downhearted? He

Everybody is hard up these days, some for the price of a meal, others for a million dollars. But we are only poor by comparison.

Nuxated Iron Will Increase Strength of Delicate People In Two Weeks Time

So many instances says City Physician... persons have suffered for years without knowing what made them feel tired, listless and run-down when their real trouble was lack of iron in the blood—how to tell. If you were to make an actual blood test on all people who are you would probably be greatly astonished at the exceedingly large number who lack iron and who are ill for no other reason than the lack of iron. The moment iron is supplied a multitude of dangerous symptoms disappear. Without iron the blood at once loses the power to change food into living tissue and therefore nothing you eat does you good; you don't get the strength out of it. Your food merely passes through your system like corn through a mill with the rollers so wide apart that the mill can't grind. As a result of this continuous blood and nerve starvation, people become generally weakened, nervous and all run down and frequently develop all sorts of conditions. One is too thin; another is burdened with probably fat; some are so weak they can hardly walk; some think they have dyspepsia, kidney or liver trouble; some can't sleep at night, others are sleepy and tired all day; some fussy and irritable; some skinny and bloodless, but all lack physical power and endurance. In such cases, it is worse than foolishness to take stimulating medicines or narcotic drugs, which only whip up your flagging vital forces for the moment, maybe at the expense of your life later on. No matter what any one tells you, if you are not strong and well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see for yourself how much you have gained. You can talk as you please about all the wonders wrought by new remedies, but when you come down to hard facts there is nothing like good old iron to put color in your cheeks and good sound, healthy flesh on your bones. It is a great nerve and stomach strengthener and one of the best blood builders in the world. The only trouble was that the old forms of inorganic iron like tincture of iron, iron acetate, etc., often ruined people's teeth, upset their stomachs and were not assimilated and for these reasons they frequently did more harm than good. But with the discovery of the newer forms of organic iron all this has been overcome. Nuxated Iron, for example, is pleasant to take, does not injure the teeth and is almost immediately beneficial. **Manufactured Now:** Nuxated Iron which is made from the best iron ore and is so easily assimilated, and does not injure the teeth, make them hard, and upset the stomach. The manufacturer guarantees that every healthy individual taking it will gain strength as they will return your money. It is the best thing in this city by all good judges.

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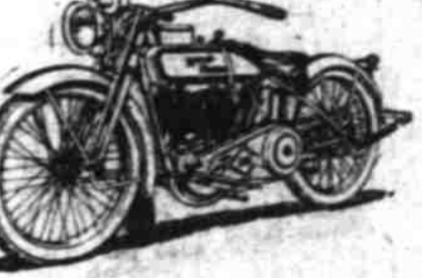
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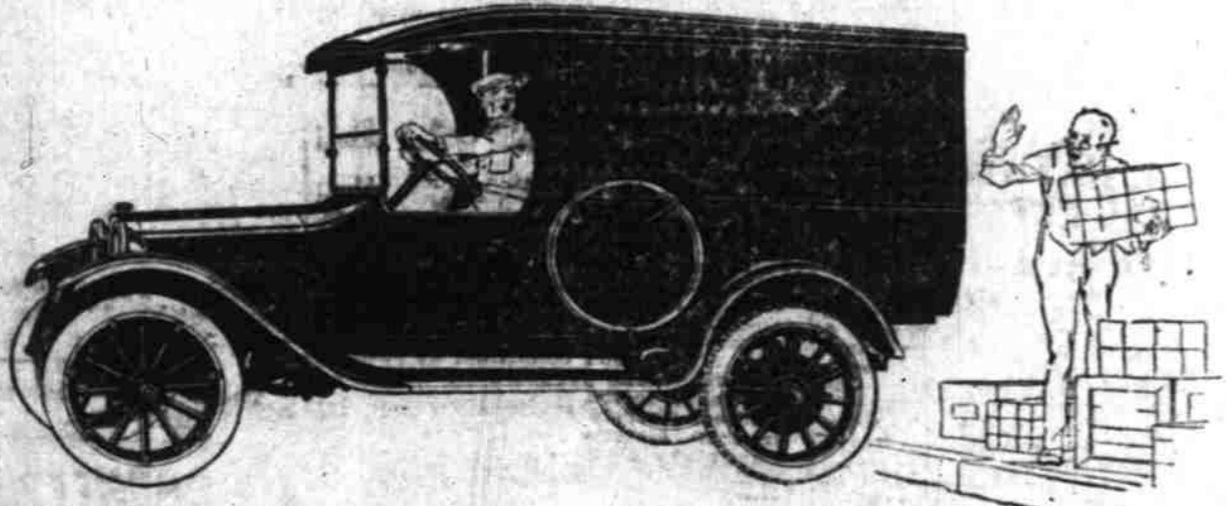
Perhaps the best proof of their efficiency is that the installation of one of these cars is so frequently followed by the purchase of others.

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