

# REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

## The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by  
ADELE GARRISON

### CHAPTER 671

#### HOW MOTHER GRAHAM OPENED HER HEART TO MADGE

My mother-in-law's sorrowful cry concerning her son found a mournful echo in my own heart. It brought back to me all the morbid thoughts I had had concerning Dicky's curious apathy toward the world war. But the woman at whose bedside I sat was old and weak with illness. I must shield that mother heart as far as lay within my power.

"Why, I don't think anything is the matter with Dicky," I said, trying to make my voice sound honest.

"Don't make matters worse by lying to shield him," she retorted with a touch of acerbity in her tone. Then, mournfully, "I'm not blind, Margaret, neither am I a fool. And you cannot get behind plain facts. The very life of our country, the existence of freedom the world over, is in deadly peril, and where is my son?"

Supreme and utter humiliation was in her tones. I didn't speak. I couldn't. And after a pause she answered her own question.

"Making illustrations for an aviation serial, drawing the figures of men of his own age and younger who

are devoting their lives to the cause." Her tones were dripping with scorn, but there was also heartbreak in them. I cast wildly about for some excuse that I could offer for my absent husband. Before I could think of anything she turned her eyes compellingly on me.

"You must feel about this thing as I do," she asserted. "Have you ever talked with Richard about it?"

With her searching eyes upon me I couldn't evade a direct answer.

"What Did Richard Say?"

"Yes."

"What did he say to excuse himself?"

My face flushed painfully. How was I to tell this fiery old patriot that her son had made her support his excuse to me for not enlisting? But I was spared the necessity. My mother-in-law's eyes—keen as those of a lynx, in spite of her age and illness—saw my confusion and interpreted it rightly.

"I see," she said sadly. He pleaded the necessity of taking care of me. What did you tell him?" Her last words were almost a snarl in their intensity.

There was no use deceiving her. I told the truth baldly.

"I told him we had money enough

put by in the bank for all your little needs, and that I would be only too glad to go back to my position and take care of you as I would my own little mother had she lived."

She put out her hand and clasped mine tightly.

"You're a good woman, Margaret," she said. "What did Richard say?"

"He was very angry at me," I faltered. "Indeed, he is still anything but himself. And he said that you wouldn't be willing to live upon my bounty—as he expressed it."

Over my mother-in-law's face swept a remorseful expression.

#### A Final Word.

"I wonder!" she began, and then she put whatever thought she had behind her.

"Send Richard to me as soon as he comes home," she begged. "And now, Margaret, if you'll fix things a bit I'll try to go to sleep. Don't go for Agatha, you'd only subject yourself to another of her airs. Send Katie to tell her I want her to stay with me while I have my nap."

"Are you sure she won't annoy you with a recital of her grievances?" I asked, remembering the only too evident tantrum in which Cousin Agatha had left the room.

My mother-in-law's smile was grim.

"Not me!" she said. "I shall pretend to be asleep when she comes in, and she knows it's worth her stay here to rouse me on any such pretext as that. No, Agatha knows very well on which side her bread is buttered. She'll go just as near the limit as she can, but you notice she's mighty careful not to overstep the line with me."

Everything's all right now," Mother Graham commented a little later after I had made her as comfortable as possible. "Now kiss me, my dear, and then go and take a rest yourself."

She held my hand in her uninjured one after she had kissed me, and gazed into my eyes, a long, loving look such as I never before had received from my mother-in-law.

"I've been unjust to you, Margaret, many times," she said. "No, don't shake your head, you're generous, I know, but facts are facts. But I think you could find it in your heart to forgive me if you knew how proud and thankful I am that even if my son is shirking his duty to his country, his wife—my dear, dear daughter—is doing such yeoman service."

My answering kiss was blinded in a swift rush of tears. Tears of living gratitude for the mother heart at last opened wide to me without reservation, but also tears of sorrowful bitterness against the man so beloved of us both.

#### CHAPTER 672

WHO ARE THE MEN WHO'VE RENTED MRS. DURKEE'S HOUSE?

"Oh, I'm so excited!" twittered Mrs. Durkee. "What do you think, Madge? I've rented my house!"

"You can't expect me to be glad of that," I returned smiling at the

little woman's manner. "Whatever am I going to do when you're gone?"

We were seated in my neighbor's pleasant, sunny living room, an immense room running the whole length of the house. At the rear some French windows opened out to a long, arched arbor of old lilac bushes, just now in full bloom.

My words were not at all idle ones. I felt decidedly gloomy at the thought of Mrs. Durkee moving away. She has a soothing charm for tired and frayed nerves that few women possess. I have grown to have a very real affection for her, and often when things are depressing at home I steal over to her home for a few minutes chat with her.

Not even the departure of Alfred, her idolized son, for Plattsburg had altered the outward placidity of the little woman. I strongly suspected, nay, I knew, that she had her hours of Gethsemane and Golgotha, but save for a certain faint heaviness and redness of her eyes there was never any outward trace of them.

"Whatever would I do with this house if I stayed?" she retorted smiling. "But I know you'll miss me, although you carry me in your arms as I shall without you. But I'm mighty glad you will," she dimpled.

"It wouldn't be a very good recommendation for me if we had been neighbors and close friends so long and you not miss me—would it, now?"

#### An Air of Mystery.

"If that's all you need for a recommendation it will be a good one," I assured her. "But, tell me, who are sure to be my new neighbors? I am sure I shall dislike them because I can't bear to think of some strange woman using your things and sitting here."

"You won't have to think of it," she returned gayly. "I don't believe there will be a woman around the house after I move. It's to be a bachelor establishment, my dear. What do you think of that? And such distinguished looking men!"

She put her head to one side and eyed the sock she was knitting with a tantalizing air. I smiled to myself, for I knew my little friend's weakness for making a mystery out of her bits of news, knew that she would be disappointed if I didn't quiz her concerning her tenants.

"How very thrilling!" I exclaimed, and was rewarded by the gratified little smile that played around her pretty child-like mouth. "Tell me all about it this minute!"

Had They Met Before?

"Well," she drew a long breath and laid her knitting in her lap, a sure sign that her subject was absorbing one to her. "You know I made up my mind the minute Alf told me he was going to Plattsburg that I would try to rent the house furnished. I'm going to follow Alf around just as long as I can, and the minute I get the house ready I'm going straight to Plattsburg. Of course, I put an advertisement in the New York papers, and, curiously enough, the same Sunday I had mine in, I found this advertisement in every New York paper."

She fumbled in her knitting bag

in which, squirrel-like, she kept all sorts of odds and ends besides her knitting, drew out an advertisement clipped from a paper, and handed it to me. There was nothing unusual in the phrasing of it.

Wanted—By two gentlemen, one an elderly invalid, with one servant, furnished house with grounds in quiet country or suburban neighborhood within 25-mile radius of New York, Long Island preferred. Address X. Y. Z., N. Y. Sentinel.

I read it through and couldn't account for the queer, tingling feelings of excitement that crept over me. It was as if something warned me that this innocuous piece of paper held something of vital interest to me.

"Did you ever know of anything so pat?" demanded little Mrs. Durkee. "It seems as if they were describing this place, doesn't it? You can imagine I lost no time in answering the advertisement. And what kind of an answer do you think I received?"

"I paused dramatically. 'I haven't the slightest idea,' I returned, humoring her.

"A brief note, written on the stationery of the Lombard hotel, saying that mine was the only one of the answers they had considered, asking me to call at the hotel as soon as possible, and enclosing a return ticket from Marvin to New York."

"Of course, you went," I smiled. "Naturally," she returned. "And found the handsomest man, a foreign, Spanish-looking chap with mustaches and a pointed beard. Of course I had never seen him before, but something about him—it must have been his eyes—gave me the creepiest feeling, as if he and I had known each other and talked to each other before."

(To be continued)

#### Harry E. Chipman Dies in Albany, Burial Here

Harry Everett Chipman, aged 62, former resident of Albany but for the last 20 years of Portland, died at the hospital at Albany recently following an operation that was necessitated by the aggravation of an illness from which he has been suffering for many years.

Mr. and Mrs. Chipman arrived in Albany three weeks ago en route to Newport. Mr. and Mrs. Chipman lived in Albany and Yaquna for seven years while the former was master mechanic on the Yaquna branch of the Southern Pacific railway, then the Oregon-Central railway. They went to Albany.

Mr. Chipman was born in Welland, Canada, December 7, 1857, but went to Buffalo, New York, when he was a year old. He came west 25 years ago, and in 1890 he and Mrs. Chipman were married at Salem. Previously he had been employed in the

GAS-AND ACID STOMACH And Other Stomach Troubles Relieved in Two Minutes, by taking a heaping teaspoonful of JOTO in a glass of hot water. Absolutely harmless.

Sold by All Druggists.

middle west as a construction superintendent.

For the last 16 years he had been connected with the Warren Construction company as superintendent and as representative of the Warren brothers. It was in this capacity that he superintended the laying of the first pavement in Albany. During his residence in Albany he is said to have been reputed as one of Albany's best citizens, and since his departure became similarly known throughout the entire state.

Mr. Chipman is survived by Mrs. Chipman, who was at his bedside. Four years ago their only son, Elvin Everett, met death by accidental drowning in the Long Tom river, and the funeral was held in Albany.

Funeral services for Mr. Chipman will be held at 1 o'clock from the residence of Judge and Mrs. H. H. Hewitt, Rev. D. P. Poling, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Albany, and an old friend of the family, will officiate. The body will be taken to Salem for burial in the family plot.

#### Currency Disappears, Copper Under Arrest

Following the receipt of an express package consisting of currency consigned to a Portland bank, which mysteriously disappeared after being delivered at the local office of

the American Railway Express company, Delbert Cooper was arrested Tuesday on the complaint of Elmer L. Ing, manager of the local branch. Cooper was employed by the express company.

The record books of the company attested to the fact that the currency consignment had been received at the office, but no record of its delivery to the railroad company could be found when the report of its non-arrival was received by the local branch of the express company. It was said last night that the consignment was valued at between \$600 and \$800.

Cooper furnished a cash bail of \$250 and was given his liberty pending action by the grand jury. Officials of the express company and police authorities are carefully guarding information of the circumstances in the case.

#### Read the Classified Ads.

PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES

A Preparation of COMPOUND COPALBA and CURBINE

AT YOUR DRUGGIST—Ask for IT NAME ONLY, avoid Substitutions

POPULAR FOR GENERATIONS

PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES

A Preparation of COMPOUND COPALBA and CURBINE

AT YOUR DRUGGIST—Ask for IT NAME ONLY, avoid Substitutions

POPULAR FOR GENERATIONS

PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES

A Preparation of COMPOUND COPALBA and CURBINE

AT YOUR DRUGGIST—Ask for IT NAME ONLY, avoid Substitutions

POPULAR FOR GENERATIONS

PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES

A Preparation of COMPOUND COPALBA and CURBINE

AT YOUR DRUGGIST—Ask for IT NAME ONLY, avoid Substitutions

POPULAR FOR GENERATIONS

PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES

A Preparation of COMPOUND COPALBA and CURBINE

AT YOUR DRUGGIST—Ask for IT NAME ONLY, avoid Substitutions

POPULAR FOR GENERATIONS

PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES

A Preparation of COMPOUND COPALBA and CURBINE

AT YOUR DRUGGIST—Ask for IT NAME ONLY, avoid Substitutions

POPULAR FOR GENERATIONS

PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES

A Preparation of COMPOUND COPALBA and CURBINE

AT YOUR DRUGGIST—Ask for IT NAME ONLY, avoid Substitutions

POPULAR FOR GENERATIONS

PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES

A Preparation of COMPOUND COPALBA and CURBINE

AT YOUR DRUGGIST—Ask for IT NAME ONLY, avoid Substitutions

POPULAR FOR GENERATIONS

PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES

A Preparation of COMPOUND COPALBA and CURBINE

AT YOUR DRUGGIST—Ask for IT NAME ONLY, avoid Substitutions

POPULAR FOR GENERATIONS

PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES

A Preparation of COMPOUND COPALBA and CURBINE

AT YOUR DRUGGIST—Ask for IT NAME ONLY, avoid Substitutions

POPULAR FOR GENERATIONS

PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES

A Preparation of COMPOUND COPALBA and CURBINE

AT YOUR DRUGGIST—Ask for IT NAME ONLY, avoid Substitutions

POPULAR FOR GENERATIONS

PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES

A Preparation of COMPOUND COPALBA and CURBINE

AT YOUR DRUGGIST—Ask for IT NAME ONLY, avoid Substitutions

POPULAR FOR GENERATIONS

PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES

A Preparation of COMPOUND COPALBA and CURBINE

AT YOUR DRUGGIST—Ask for IT NAME ONLY, avoid Substitutions

POPULAR FOR GENERATIONS

PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES

A Preparation of COMPOUND COPALBA and CURBINE

AT YOUR DRUGGIST—Ask for IT NAME ONLY, avoid Substitutions

POPULAR FOR GENERATIONS

PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES

A Preparation of COMPOUND COPALBA and CURBINE

AT YOUR DRUGGIST—Ask for IT NAME ONLY, avoid Substitutions

POPULAR FOR GENERATIONS

PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES

A Preparation of COMPOUND COPALBA and CURBINE

AT YOUR DRUGGIST—Ask for IT NAME ONLY, avoid Substitutions

POPULAR FOR GENERATIONS

PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES

A Preparation of COMPOUND COPALBA and CURBINE

AT YOUR DRUGGIST—Ask for IT NAME ONLY, avoid Substitutions

POPULAR FOR GENERATIONS

PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES

A Preparation of COMPOUND COPALBA and CURBINE

AT YOUR DRUGGIST—Ask for IT NAME ONLY, avoid Substitutions

POPULAR FOR GENERATIONS

PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES

A Preparation of COMPOUND COPALBA and CURBINE

AT YOUR DRUGGIST—Ask for IT NAME ONLY, avoid Substitutions

POPULAR FOR GENERATIONS

PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES

A Preparation of COMPOUND COPALBA and CURBINE

AT YOUR DRUGGIST—Ask for IT NAME ONLY, avoid Substitutions

POPULAR FOR GENERATIONS

PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES

A Preparation of COMPOUND COPALBA and CURBINE

AT YOUR DRUGGIST—Ask for IT NAME ONLY, avoid Substitutions

POPULAR FOR GENERATIONS

PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES

A Preparation of COMPOUND COPALBA and CURBINE

AT YOUR DRUGGIST—Ask for IT NAME ONLY, avoid Substitutions

POPULAR FOR GENERATIONS

PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES

A Preparation of COMPOUND COPALBA and CURBINE

AT YOUR DRUGGIST—Ask for IT NAME ONLY, avoid Substitutions

## Valley Motor Co.

FORD BULLETIN FORDSON

### Recent Ford Deliveries

Mary L. Fulkerson  
L. D. Gibson  
R. J. Hendricks  
A. Hudnall  
Pearl Humphreys  
H. E. Jory  
Bruce A. Jones  
L. L. Lee  
Wm. Lebold  
Byron McElhaney

Order Yours Today

FORDSON FARM TRACTORS  
Valley Motor Co.

# Ladies' Day At The Paris Shoe Shop

Until Wednesday, September the 1st

## A Few of the Bargains

Brogue Oxfords in brown; Plain Oxfords in brown, high or low heels; Brown Kid 2-Eye Ties, small sizes only; White Pumps, baby Louis heels; Kid or Welt-Sole Pumps; Grey Buck with medium heels; Brown Kid Shoes with cloth tops in Goodyear welts. Values to \$12.50 in this lot.

\$5.85

Brazil Kid Oxfords; White Buck Patent Pumps in black; Brown Pumps; Black Kid High Shoes with medium heels; Brown Kid Shoes with cloth tops in Goodyear welts. Values to \$12.50 in this lot.

Any White Buck Shoe in the house, high or low heels, all go at this one price. Brown Kid Oxfords with French military heels; Black Kid Shoes to \$12.50 in this lot.

\$6.85

heels; Brown Kid Oxfords with high Cuban Heels. Values to \$12.50 in this lot.

Beautiful New Black Kid Oxfords with long vamps, Beautiful New Black Calf Oxfords, military heels; New Black 1-Eye Ties with Military to \$13.50 in this lot.

\$8.35

Brown Brogue Oxfords, also New Heels go with this Lot. Values to \$13.50 in this lot.

White Washable Kid Shoes with high heels, all go; Black Kid Shoes with high heels; Brown Calf Shoes with lot. All Go.

\$9.85

New pumps and Oxfords, low or with military heels or French Goodyear welts included in this Sale Ends August 31st

Don't Wait Until Your Size Is Gone

REMEMBER!

When You See It In Our Ad, It's So

FOR EXPERT SHOE REPAIRING

Take Your Shoes Where the Best Stores Take Their Work, i. e. to Our Shop

# PARIS SHOE SHOP

State St.  
357