

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by

ADELE GARRISON

CHAPTER 681

WHY MADGE FERVENTLY EXCLAIMED "THANK GOODNESS FOR MY MOTHER-IN-LAW!"

"But if you're going to be away several weeks, Dicky, won't you send a trunk?"

"I hardly knew what I was saying, Dicky's announcement of his coming trip, so closely following

Cousin Agatha's malicious heralding of the same news, had played havoc with my nerve centers. I seemed unable to co-ordinate my thoughts, and therefore asked the first questions that came into my head.

There was the same odd hesitation in Dicky's manner that I had noticed before.

"No, I don't think so," he said. "At any rate I'm not going to take one."

"I had better not to express my astonishment. Fastidious Dicky, on a trip of several weeks and living in a suit case? It didn't fit any preconceived idea I had ever had of my husband. But I was rapidly regaining my poise, and knew better than to express my surprise.

"Well your suit case is an immense thing," I commented carelessly. "And now I'll look up your things. You want them in your room, I suppose?"

"No-o-o." He seemed undecided for a moment, then spoke with sudden determination. "I'm going to be fearfully busy with some work in my room. I'll just put a couple of chairs outside my door, and you can pile the things on them. Then, whenever I want them I can get them."

"I couldn't keep back one question."

"I hope you can."

"Tomorrow night," Dicky rejoined. "But I shall have to spend a good part of tomorrow in the city, so I want to get everything packed tonight."

He stretched his arms above his head in a characteristic gesture, one I have often seen him use when very tired or puzzled.

"Gee, it's a peach of a night!" he said, sniffing appreciatively at the spring odors. "Going to sit out here again?"

There was, or I fancied there was, a certain wishfulness in his manner. My heart leaped, but I made my voice casual.

"Indeed I am. It's too lovely an evening to spend indoors. I'm coming back here just as soon as I see to your things. But that won't be very soon, I am afraid."

"And if I get the time, I may come down here myself again."

"I hope you can," I returned cordially. It was on the tip of my tongue to tell him I would wait for him, no matter how late the hour, but I was too fearful of spoiling things. It wouldn't be unlike Dicky to declare that he had changed his mind, and that it was absurd for me to think of waiting up for him.

"Wait for him!"

But I knew him well enough to realize that no matter how angry he might have been at me, or what suspicions might have been aroused against me, he was unwilling to go away for several weeks without at least an hour or two of our old time comradeship.

"Wait for him!" I exclaimed to myself, as he left the veranda. "Would I not indeed!"

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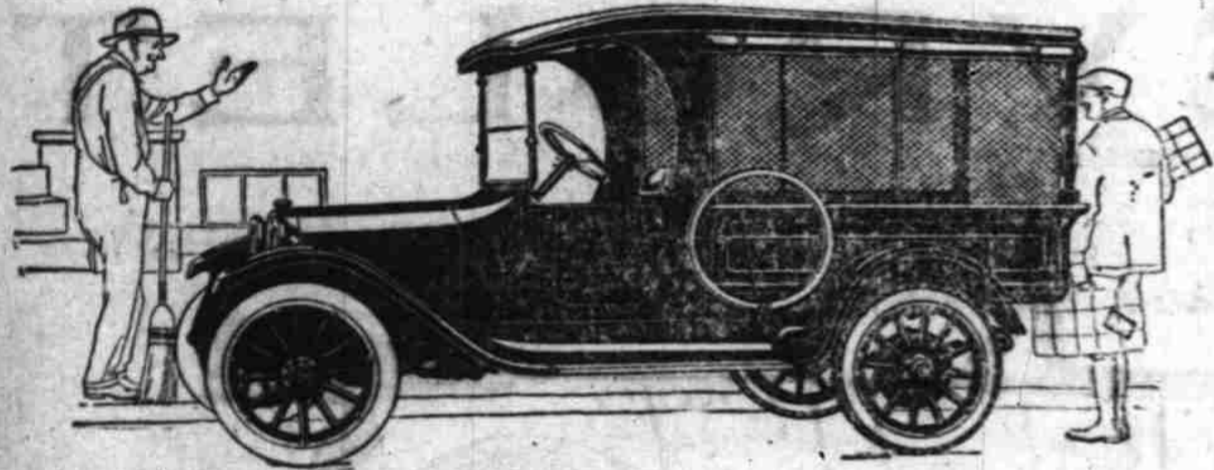
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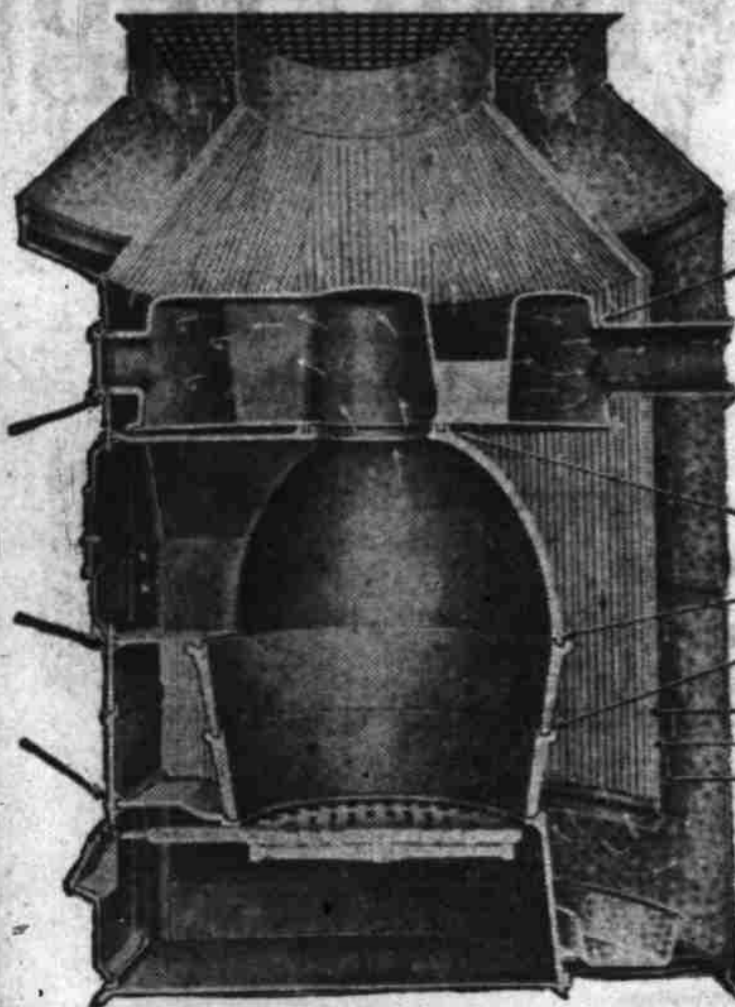
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First Methodist.
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South Salem Friends.
South Commercial and Washington streets. Church Bible school at 10 a. m. classes for all. Carl Miller, superintendent. Meeting for worship at 11 a. m. preaching. Monthly business meeting on Thursday at 8 p. m.

North Winger and Jefferson streets.
Rev. Thomas Johnson, pastor. Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Charles H. Hanson, superintendent; classes for all ages; strangers and visitors always welcome. Public worship at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Albert S. Mulligan will preach, morning subject, "The Secret Thread" evening subject, "A Religion of Principles." Children's meeting led