

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by

ADELE GARRISON

CHAPTER 733.

HOW LILLIAN LED MADGE TO READ GRACE DRAPER'S PURPOSE.

"I know I'm fearfully stupid," I

admitted shamefacedly, "but I haven't the slightest idea what you mean."

Lillian drew up a chair and sat down facing me.

"I'm not going to tell you what

I have discovered about this damnable letter just yet," she said, "for I want you to think it out for yourself. It will be more convincing to you if you analyze the thing step by step."

She paused for a moment while excitedly I pondered her cryptic words. Then she said slowly, impressively:

"Madge, what would Grace Draper rather achieve than anything else in the world?"

I did not need to wait long for my answer. I knew only too well what Grace Draper's dearest wish on earth was.

"Gain Dicky's love," I said sorrowfully.

"Undoubtedly," she answered, "but failing that, what next?"

Her words let a tiny glimmer of light into my puzzled brain.

"I suppose she would like to part Dicky and me forever," I said, my voice trembling a little with the excitement of the idea that was beginning to creep through my brain.

"Go to the head of the class," Lillian said smiling, and I knew that her levity was for the sole purpose of lightening the tension under which I was laboring.

"Now, granted that, what do you think would be the very best method for her to employ?"

I stared at her for a long, illuminating moment, then jumped to my feet excitedly.

"You mean—"

She rose, put a quieting hand on my shoulder, and the next moment I found myself in my chair again.

"I'm glad you see it at last," she said. "But I wasn't very far ahead of you. I'll confess she put something over on me that time. I didn't see through it myself for awhile."

"You really think—"

Blessed Relief.

"That Dicky never saw that devilishly clever letter, that Grace Draper knew that he was away from home, and had it addressed to Marvin in that childish scrawl in the hope that you would open it. I don't think—I know it, my dear. It's as sure as it is that the sun is shining."

Relief, blessed, healing, came to me with her bizarre words. But it was only for a moment. Then two dark, irritating thoughts came into my mind. The first I voiced falteringly:

"But there were so many references in her letter to incidents of her companionship with Dicky—"

"Madge, sometimes I'd like to shake you!" Lillian rejoined impatiently. "I tell you here isn't a word of truth in that letter from first to last. Lots of references? Of course there are lots of references, too darned many if anybody should happen to ask you. If she hadn't been quite so generous with her references she might have got away with the trick, for awhile at least. Not for long, however, for, of course, Dicky would have riddled it as soon as he caught sight of it."

"You mean you would have taken it to him?" I asked.

"Do you think for one moment I would have believed such a thing without giving him a chance to defend himself?" she retorted with a touch of vehemence.

I had no answer for I was guiltily conscious that she had voiced precisely the thing I had meant to do. I hastened to utter the other thought which had come to shadow my relief at Lillian's shrewd interpretation of Grace Draper's letter.

"She was right about one thing," I said with a touch of self-contempt.

Lillian glanced at me shrewdly. "You're off on another tack now, aren't you?" she asked ineluctantly. "I'll wager a cookie I can guess what's the matter now."

"It would be of no use for me to take the wager," I returned. "You always can read me."

"A Whole Mind."

"That's because you are so transparently truthful, my dear," she said tenderly, putting her hand impulsively over mine. "But seriously, you shouldn't give a single thought to opening that letter. Your mother-in-law guessed that it was something you and I ought to handle or she wouldn't have sent it on."

"But"—I said obstinately—"Grace Draper was justified in the low opinion she had of my honor. If your theory is true, she sent the letter to Marvin on the chance that I would be dishonorable enough to open a letter that was not mine—"

"Did I say I had half a mind to shake you a minute ago?" Lillian demanded, rising and towering wrathfully above me. "Well, it's a whole mind, and if I ever again hear you mention the necessity of any more honorable dealing with Grace Draper than you would use toward a mad dog running loose in the street, you'll wish you had—kept your lips closed."

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WAR MOTHERS HELP SOLDIERS

Delicacies to be Sent From Salem to Denver Tubercular Hospital

Another important undertaking backed by the Salem War Mothers is the effort just begun to secure jars of jellies and jams for the tubercular soldiers in the government hospital located in Denver, which was recently transferred from Fort Beard, N. M.

Eight hundred soldiers, it is said, are being cared for in Denver and as very little in the way of delicacies is provided for the men, the Salem women identified with the War Mothers' organization originated the idea of calling upon every woman in Salem, whether a mother of a soldier or not, to give at least one jar of jelly or jam to the cause.

It is a contribution that any housewife could make and never feel the loss, and they will not be restricted to one jar, but may give as many as they feel able.

Gifts may be sent any time of the day or week to the armory up until Friday of the coming week when packing will begin. The men of the American legion to aid in the latter task.

The regular monthly meeting of the Salem chapter of War Mothers, which was to have been held Tuesday, has been postponed until Thursday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock on account of the election. Important issues are to come up at that time concerning the forthcoming November bazaar, and it is urged that all members of the organization attend. And the War Mothers also wish it generally known that sewing and other contributions or the bazaar is not limited to members, but that anyone who wishes to aid in the worth while effort may do so.

Neil Hart is Visited by Father from Denver

When W. Z. Bancroft of Denver, father of Emmett Bancroft, alias Neil Hart, met the prisoner at the state penitentiary late Friday, the only message he could give him was that he would make a final effort to save the prisoner's life by interceding with the governor, but that he could see no chance of success.

The elder Bancroft, deeply re-

luctious and of thorough poise, controlled his emotions as he talked with the son, and no tears were shed. The convict, sentenced to die by the rope next Friday, received his father warmly and showed nothing of the appearance of the criminal.

"Jim, I want you to give me a

little friendly advice." "All right; but remember, I don't stand ready to back it with any money."—Boston Transcript.

A Study in Mathematics. If farmers lose money on their grain crop can't they make it up out of the straw that goes into a \$5 straw hat?—Franklin County (Iowa) Recorder.

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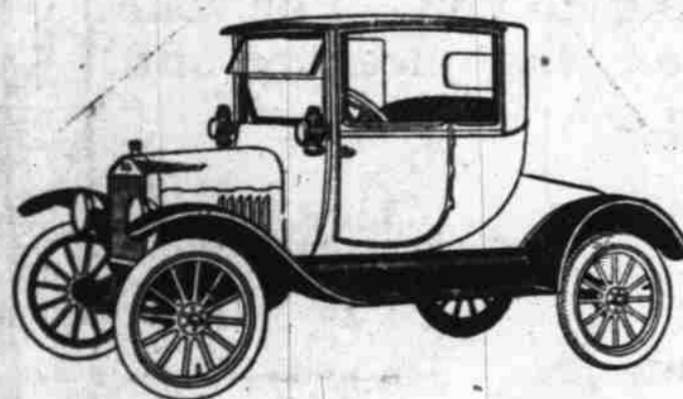
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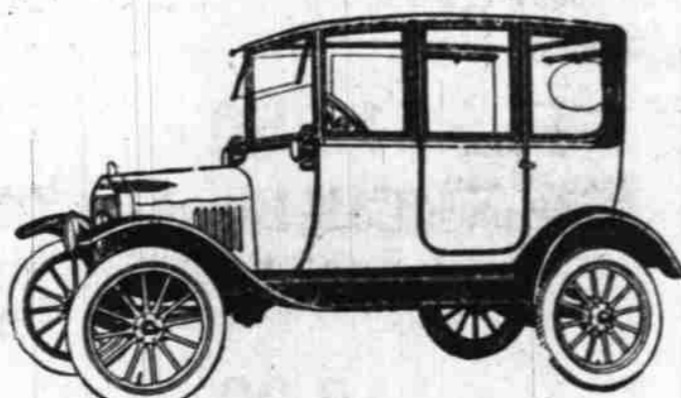


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