

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by
ADELE GARRISON

CHAPTER No. 763.

HOW MADGE FOOND A REAL ESCORT TO THE TRAIN.

I started so violently at the familiar voice that the wrist Bill was holding almost wrenched itself from his grasp. But he redoubled his grip with a muttered "Quit that," which, however, was delivered in a much less assured and brutal manner than the commands he had given us before.

For the captain of the railroad guards, a stocky, middle-aged individual had sprung to his feet, and, stung by the criticism of his visitor, evidently meant to "take it out" on Bill.

"What do you mean by coming in here this way?" he demanded, and then—as Bill, in mingled resentment and embarrassment, swung William out of his way and me around in front of him—both the captain and his visitor uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

But the visitor's exclamation held more than astonishment. He seemed to make but one movement from his chair to my side, and his voice had completely lost its drawl.

"Mrs. Graham!" The words rang through the tent, and without deigning a word to the astounded Bill he tore his grip from my hand and whirled him into a corner of the tent so rapidly that Bill sat down suddenly and heavily upon the ground.

"How do you do, Captain Grantland," I said demurely for I'd had time to regain my poise,

after the shock of first hearing his voice, and he had not seen me in front of William and himself.

He brought forward the chair in which he had been sitting, and put me into it with the courtly gallantry which I well remembered. The slight and unaccountable touch of awkwardness with which the attention was invested was familiar to me also, and I found myself again speculating upon the paradox which the young army officer's personality presented.

"Does He Know?"

"Now, if I may be permitted to inquire—" he began, and while the words were the soul of deferential courtesy, yet there was a subtle note of authority beneath them, which I recognized, and which I was glad to obey. I'd had quite enough of petty officialdom.

"I shall be very glad to explain my presence here, but is it necessary or wise?" I indicated the astounded and staring Bill with a gesture.

"You're right, Captain, may that man be sent away?"

The words were couched in the form of a request, but no command was ever more emphatic. The captain of the guards, who had been watching us with wide-eyed astonishment, roused himself to action.

"Get out of here," he growled to the unhappy Bill. "I don't know just what kind of a beef you've made, but you've put your hoof in it deep somewhere. You needn't go back on duty. Wait around till I see you."

Bill got up, scowling, and lurched out, muttering something as he went, of which only the words "German spies" floated back to us.

I turned to Captain Grantland with a smile. The reaction from the unpleasantness of my experience had made me feel almost gay.

"The worthy Bill seems determined to make me and my escort here Teutonic without regard to facts or reason," I said.

The Way Out.

Captain Grantland looked at poor William standing first on one foot, then on the other, let his gaze travel over the poor old chap's repulsive face and twisted figure. I saw distinct disapproval in his eyes.

"He is perfectly safe and trustworthy," I murmured in a low voice, keeping my face turned from William, whose hearing is not particularly acute.

"Let us hope so," he returned laconically, but in the same undertone.

"Does he know?" "Of this?" I whipped out the little badge of my service. "Not entirely. He thinks the mayor of New York gave it to me so that I could go anywhere I liked."

"Ingenious lady," he smiled, his tone and eyes relaxing. "And now, if you please, tell the captain the story of your capture—he will need it. I imagine, in dealing with Bill."

I related my experience in as few words as possible, to a wide-

eyed and very respectful official, Captain Grantland having preceded my story with a simple, low-toned remark:

"Mrs. Graham belongs to the service."

Neither man asked the question which I knew must be put by their minds—why I should have chosen the pipe line for a journey to the Stoneville Center railroad station. Nor did I volunteer any information on that score. The story of the mysterious men next door was one which belonged to me alone.

"You say you want to get that midnight train?" the captain of the railroad guards asked when I had finished my story. "You'll have to hustle. Here, I'll send Bill with you and your man. He will be all right this time, and you'll need some one. The men on duty tonight don't know your name. They're a lot of rogues, the only ones I can get," he added, apologetically.

"You won't need to trouble Bill," Captain Grantland said. "I will escort Mrs. Graham to the train myself."

CHAPTER 764

WHY CAPTAIN GRANTLAND EXPLAINED "HIS BUSINESS" TO MADGE.

Captain Grantland gave a few hurried sentences of instruction to the captain of the railroad guards, and then, with a little nod to me, we stepped out of the tent into the fragrant woodland at the side of the railroad track.

Poor old William, like a faithful watch dog, followed close at our heels. Captain Grantland stopped short as he realized that the old chap was walking close behind us.

"You don't need him now," he said with decision.

It was a tone, an assumption of authority which I would have resented from any one else. I did not analyze my contented acquiescence to his command—for it was virtually that—nor did I wish to do so. Time enough for self-analysis, savage criticism, in the horns of retrospection which I knew must soon come to me.

"Ought he not to have some protection on the way back?" I asked, thus avoiding a direct assent to his statement. "He might be stopped again."

William Is Puzzled.

"True." He turned to William with a curt command. "Stand here, close to Mrs. Graham, until I come back," and in another minute he was inside the tent again.

"Mis' Gramie, do you know that fellow?" William whispered hoarsely as soon as Captain Grantland's back was turned. "What's he goin' along with us fer? I don't like his looks no-how."

I realized that I must quickly make William understand the situation, for the old chap was as obstinate as the proverbial mule where my safety or comfort were concerned. I knew that even Captain Grantland's command would not be sufficient to make him leave me unless I also made him go.

"Captain Grantland is a big army officer, William," I explained slowly, trying to suit my language to his limited vocabulary, "and we must do whatever he says. He thinks it best for you to go back home right away to take care of things there, and he will take me to the station himself."

William's silence was eloquent for a long moment. I knew that I had hurt the poor old fellow's self-esteem, and felt vaguely guilty. After a moment he spoke doggedly:

"But do you know him, Mis' Gramie?" he persisted. "How do you know he's what he says he is?"

"I have known Captain Grantland for a long time, William," I returned, for I heard the officer's footsteps approaching, and wished no further controversy. But my cheeks burned in the darkness at the falsehood.

"Well," William muttered sullenly, "if he's such a big army officer, why ain't he fendin' to his business? He don't need to take you to no station when I'm right here to go."

The Light Breaks.

It was only the angry comment of an offended man of all-work, but I realized the truth of it instantly. Perhaps because of this very realization my tone sharpened.

"That will do, William," I said decidedly, and the next instant Captain Grantland's voice sounded behind us.

"This man will go back with you, William," he said, indicating a railroad guard who accompanied him. "Then you will have no further trouble."

"His words were commonplace, but there was an intonation in his voice as he pronounced William's name which made my cheeks burn. It was an amused inflection, and I knew that he must have heard part at least of the colloquy between William and me concerning himself."

William deigned no answer to either of us, but turned and followed the guard up the bank to the pipe line. Every line of his squat figure outlined in the faint moonlight spelled dogged sullenness.

Captain Grantland stood still until the old chap and his escort had reached the top of the bank. Then he placed his hand lightly under my elbow, and guided me up the bank. He didn't speak until we had turned our faces toward Stoneville, and I wondered vaguely if he had waited and refrained from speaking in order to be sure that we were out of earshot of William.

"So William wonders why I ain't tendin' to my business?" he quoted amusedly after a little.

"Oh, you heard?" I was afraid my voice betrayed my confusion. "Couldn't very well help it," he returned good naturedly. "And I don't much blame him for his comment. It has occurred to me

that you might be wondering the same thing."

"Please, Captain Grantland. You surely don't think I would presume—"

"You are going to have the explanation just the same," he went on. "You see, I happen to have had some little experience with railroads, so they asked me to look over a rather threatening situation on this line. It's outside my present business, which I'm going to tend to again pretty soon."

I hardly heard his last words of mockery, for the little phrase "some little experience with railroads" had been as a mental

flashlight illuminating a dark corner of my brain.

Now I knew where I had heard of Captain Grantland.

HOW HE ENDED KIDNEY TROUBLE

"I had a severe attack of kidney trouble and for three weeks could not get out of doors and scarcely out of bed," writes C. E. Brewer, Village Springs, Ala. "Could not bend over at all without the most excruciating pains. I purchased a bottle of Foley Kidney Pills. Was relieved after first few doses and continued their use until completely cured. I consider 'Foley Kidney Pills' the best kidney remedy in the world. No recurrence of my trouble." Sold everywhere.

Humors of War Share With Casualty Lists

SEBASTOPOL, Dec. 4.—The humors of war share places with the casualty lists and military movements in the news.

When General Bogaevsky was executing the retreat of Wrangel's troops in the Tarnak region he found his train surrounded by the in motion pictures, he jumped rapidly advancing bolsheviks. As from his car window into an automobile and there followed a flight pursued.

The bridge collapsed as the general's car rolled onto it and the automobile tumbled into the river.

General Bogaevsky leaped from the machine as it fell and landed in a swamp where he hid in the rank reeds until morning. Meantime the reeds in their turn had retreated.

Northeast of Alexandrovsk where there had been fighting, two newspapermen, Charles Rivet of the Paris Temps and Guy Beringer of Reuters Limited, the British press association, captured 600 reeds. They saw a broken regiment of tired, hungry men near a village; they walked up to the bolsheviks, proposed they surrender so as to get food as Wrangel's prisoners; and marched back into the south Russian lines at the head of the breadline.



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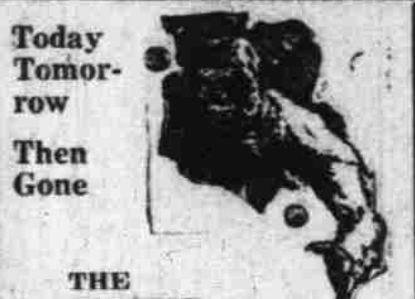
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Doesn't it make you feel good—cause you to straighten up and feel "chesty"—when someone guesses your age at ten years or so younger than you really are? You look into your mirror, smile with satisfaction and say to yourself: "Well, he didn't make such a bad guess, at that."

The point is: You're no older than your vitality.

If a man is strong, vigorous, mentally alert, fine and fit at 50 he has a better chance of living up to 80 than a man of 30 who is weak and run-down has of living up to 60. While none of us can stay the years nor stop time, we should all make an heroic effort to successfully resist the effects of time by ever keeping our vitality at par.

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