

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adèle Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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CHAPTER 34

THE WAY BESS DEAN MADE A VERBAL MIS-STEP AND SWIFTLY CHANGED HER TUNE.

Fred's cynical little prediction concerning the certainty of our seeing the state trooper again before the night was over buzzed around my brain like a troublesome mosquito through the rest of the roundabout route by which Pa Cosgrove directed me to drive.

We turned off at the Capron road, traveled about a mile on it, and then drew into the shadows of the overhanging trees and waited, with the boys pretending to be busied with a supposed refractory tire.

And in another minute we were all over the fence, following Pa Cosgrove's lantern down the winding path.

CHAPTER 35

WHY PA COSGROVE BECAME GREATLY EXCITED

I shall not soon forget that procession following Pa Cosgrove's lantern down the winding wood road that led to the shore of the reservoir. In an instant we were transported from the civilization indicated by the broad road, smooth as a billiard table, to a world that looked as if the forest primeval had shut us in.

All around us tall trees covered their branches indistinct in the darkness. Our feet crunched the soft moss and leaves, the first of the autumn shedding, and for several minutes the only sound was that of dry sticks snapping as we walked.

"Shades of J. Fenimore Cooper!" exclaimed Dicky at last, and I knew that his volatile spirits refused to be repressed any longer.

"This is the real thing! Look over there. If that isn't Uncas and a file of Redskins!"

"Chingachgook just uncovered his beaver mask in that little pool." I rejoined, pointing to an opening in the trees through which a small pond was so indistinct we could hardly see it.

"Hush!" Fred's voice, shy but peremptory, sounded behind us. "No use talking loud in here. Voices carry farther than you think."

"All right, old top," Dicky rejoined in a low tone. "You're the doctor, and mum's the word. But I may whisper to my wife, mayn't I?"

"Sure thing!" Fred responded. "And you can talk when we get down by the reservoir. It's so far down where we're going that we'll be safe. But here we can still be heard from the road."

A Fascinating Approach.

"Do you suppose this is all atmosphere?" Dicky whispered in my ear. "Pa Cosgrove is a general, accommodating old cuss with a very lively sense of humor. If sort of strikes me as though he might have conjured up all this side-stopping and mystery stuff out of his own brain to make the trip more interesting. What do you think?"

I did not answer him for a long minute, because his idea was one that had occurred to me, and I

"Will we have to climb the fence, or have you the key to Paradise, Pa Cosgrove?" Miss Dean next demanded.

"You'll have to climb, but that ought not to bother you," Pa Cosgrove retorted. "You ought to be able to get over just as well as a boy."

"It doesn't bother me," Bess Dean returned, and by the glow of the ear lights I saw her adjust the belt of her natty knickerbockers with an air of complacency. "It's

poor Madge I'm thinking of. That's a mean climb with skirts on."

"Save your sympathy, little one!" Dicky's voice was tender, but with a gliding note that told me he meant to score a tally against the girl. "That's a trick skirt. Toss it to me, Madge. I'll carry it over for you."

The skirt is one with a single hook at the belt, a row of large buttons down the front. It was the work of but a second or two for me to unhook it, toss it to Dicky and stand ready for any climbing feat in a knicker suit as natty and comfortable as Bess Dean's own.

A less shrewd girl would have betrayed the chagrin she felt by a catty little speech. But not Bess Dean. She was all admiration.

"If that isn't the cleverest thing!" she cried. "I've seen you in that suit often, but never dreamed you could shuck the skirt as quickly as that. Where did you get it?"

"In the middle-ages," I laughed. "Picked it up the first year of my marriage in a shop which specialized in dress novelties. I don't think it ever will wear out."

"You were the lucky lady!" she affirmed. "There's no such cloth nowadays."

"Now, if you two will can the clothes chatter," Dicky drawled, "and get over the fence it will oblige all hands. Are you ready, Cosgrove? I'll 'hist' and you catch."

And then gradually the towering trees gave way to smaller trees, then to low bushes, and finally we came out upon a level grassy expanse, broken as we neared the water by the great slabs of stone, some of them smooth as a floor.

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wanted to weigh Dicky's corroboration of it.

"Candidly, I don't know," I murmured. "But whether it's true or not, doesn't matter much, does it?"

"No, we'll have to play his game, of course," Dicky assented. "Gee, I'd hate to have to find my way out of this place alone! The trail is wide and good enough, but do you see how many branch paths there are?"

I saw and was fascinated by the many little paths leading from the main trail, some of them as broad as the path we were following. And with Dicky's hand underneath my elbow, guiding me, that I did not stumble, I thoroughly enjoyed the journey to the reservoir, which must have been more than a mile in length. Pa Cosgrove and his lantern—carefully shielded so that its rays only shone downward on the path beneath our feet—jogged along in front of us. Bess Dean, carefully escorted by the impressionable Ted, was just behind us. Fred and the fishing poles brought up the rear.

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"Here, Ted," Fred's voice was peremptory. "You see to the fishing rods for the ladies. I'm going to start right in."

He put the rods down on one of the immense flat stones, disentangled his own carefully, and walked along the bank slowly, watchfully, until he had found the place he wished. Then he sat down on a sloping rock and baited his hook from a small can which he produced from his pocket. The next second we heard a skillful swish of his line as the long pole flew out over the water, and but half a minute later it flew out of the water again, and Fred's jubilant, though subdued, chattering told he had caught a fish.

"A bullhead?" his father inquired from another rock where he and Dicky and Ted were engaged in getting ready the fishing tackle for the rest of us.

"Yep."

"How big?"

"Oh, pretty heavy a pound!"

"Jiminy Christmas! Let me at 'em!" Pa Cosgrove snatched up his fishpole and took a seat on the bank. But I noticed, scrupulous old fisherman that he was, he kept far enough away from his son not to trespass on the other's good fortune.

"All right, old top," Dicky rejoined in a low tone. "You're the doctor, and mum's the word. But I may whisper to my wife, mayn't I?"

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"Will we have to climb the fence, or have you the key to Paradise, Pa Cosgrove?" Miss Dean next demanded.

"Number two!"

Fred's voice was mischievously jubilant now. As he took off the second fish and put it into the creel he called softly to his brother:

"Oh, Ted! What'll you bet I get a dozen before you get one? I tell you I'm the boy tonight." (To be continued)

NEW CORPORATIONS

The following articles of incorporation were filed yesterday: Theta Nu Phi fraternity, Corvallis; incorporators, Arthur V. Walker, Alexander M. Kellog, Eldred F. Walker; assets, \$12,000.

Portland Heights Playgrounds association, Portland; incorporators, G. N. Pease, A. M. Haradon, Homer V. Carpenter; fees.

National Savings & Loan Association, Portland; incorporators, E. A. Sommer, Fred Knecht, C. K. Trigg, C. T. Haas, Edward G. Weber; capitalization, \$1,000,000.

Electric-Orthopedic college, Portland; incorporators, Arthur Foss, Violet Romero, Cecil Reinhardt; assets, \$100.

Ward Bakeries corporation, of Portland; incorporators, J. V. Beach, N. D. Simon, Grace Sheffield; capitalization, \$5,000.

A permit to operate in Oregon was issued to the Crossett Western company, a Delaware lumber concern capitalized at \$10,000,000.

C. H. Watzek of Wauna, Clatsop county, is attorney-in-fact for Oregon.

Notice of an increase in capitalization from \$25,000 to \$50,000 was filed by the Tieton Valley Land & Leasing company of Astoria.

Notice of an increase in capitalization from \$50,000 to \$100,000 was filed by the Eugene branch Allen & Lewis.

Notice of dissolution was filed by the Peters & Roberts Furniture company of Portland.

A permit to operate in Oregon was issued to the Garlock Packing company, a New York corporation.

Send this ad and ten cents to Foley & Co., 2835 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive a ten cent bottle of FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR for Coughs, Colds, and Croup, also a free sample package of FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS for Backache, Rheumatic Pains, Kidney and Bladder trouble, and FOLEY CATHARTIC TABLETS for Constipation and Biliousness. These wonderful remedies have helped millions of people. Try them! Sold everywhere.—Adv.



Cruising Around America from Vancouver to New York

Vancouver, Jan. 4, Victoria, Jan. 4, San Francisco, Jan. 7, Los Angeles, Jan. 9

Pride of the Canadian Pacific's fleet of Pacific Ocean Empresses—the largest, finest and fastest ships on the ocean. A delightful winter cruise south to Panama, through the Canal, up through the Caribbean Sea and the West Indies, and on the warm Gulf Stream to New York City. An ideal vacation. An excellent way to combine a holiday with a business trip to the East. The cost is inexpensive, fares ranging from \$400, including steamer berth, meals.

Canadian Pacific, 55 Third Street, Multnomah Hotel Bldg., Portland, Oregon

CANADIAN PACIFIC—It Spans the World

Advertisement for United States National Bank, Salem, Oregon. Includes text: 'The United States National is your bank. Through our many years of service to the people of this section we have developed facilities to meet the needs of the people we serve. Thus, every department, every facility of the United States National has been worked out to take care of your problems.' and 'Come in and let's talk over the plans for next year. You will find us willing and glad to place at your disposal our combined experience and knowledge of financial affairs as they apply to your problems.'

Don J. Vranisan of Portland is attorney-in-fact for Oregon.

Under the blue sky act a permit to sell stock in the sum of \$750,000 was issued to the Portland Pulp & Paper company, and a permit to sell stock in the sum of \$15,000 was issued to the General Leather company of Portland.

HAZEL GREEN

The school is preparing an unusually good program for the basket social November 30. The proceeds will be used to buy play apparatus.

The Woman's Missionary association will have an all day meeting at Mrs. C. A. Van Cleave's Wednesday, Dec. 5, to make some quilts.

Miss Edna Davis who is attending business college in Salem, spent the week-end at home.

The Junior Christian Endeavor held business meeting Sunday. The following officers were elected: President, Wilma Davis; vice president, Guy A. Looney; secretary, Iola Luckey; treasurer, Le Roy Van Cleave. The Juniors are planning to send a Christmas box to the Children's Home of the WCTU.

Mrs. A. G. Van Cleave gave a birthday party for her grandchildren, Marion and Geneva Van Cleave.

Francis and Belgium are going to remain neutral in that Separatist row even if they have to send in extra troops.

GRAND THEATRE Tuesday, Dec. 4. Mozart's Opera Comique "The Impresario" With Percy Hemus, Baritone.

L. F. Evenson, Jeweler, Passes Away at Silverton. SILVERTON, Or., Nov. 27.—(Special to The Statesman).—L. F. Evenson, a prominent jeweler of Silverton, died at his home on West Main street Sunday morning

after several months of illness. Funeral services were held from the Methodist church Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock with Rev. S. Hall officiating. The body was taken to the mausoleum at Salem. Business houses were closed at Silverton during the funeral hour.

Mr. Evenson was born at Baldwin, Wis., in 1876 and came to Oregon in 1900. He lived for some time at Salem before coming to Silverton 13 years ago. He has since made Silverton his home. Besides a widow, he leaves two children, Franklin and Shirley. He also leaves six brothers and two sisters, all of whom, with the exception of one sister in Norway, expect to be present at the funeral. The brothers are E. C. Evenson of Cottage Grove, S. E. Evenson of Tacoma, B. M. Evenson of Silverton, O. J. Evenson of Clatskanie, W. E. Evenson and J. A. Evenson of Hobart, Wash. His sisters are Mrs. Dora Orle of Christiania, Norway, and Mrs. Esther Hoegh of Menominee, Wis.

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