

### MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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CHAPTER 53

THE STARTLING NEWS BESS DEAN GAVE MADGE AT THE INN.

As the realization came to me that the hidden mysterious voice I had heard in the reservoir grounds was that of the man who calls himself Smith, who had later attempted to throw the blame for the attack on Trooper Crowley, I turned to Col. Travers in frantic haste to undo the error into which the failure to function of my usually unerring memory had led me.

In my antagonism toward Smith my fury at his insolence and arrogance, I had given him a warning which might give him a chance to escape justice.

"Smith was the man in the reservoir grounds!" I cried. "I know it now. It was his voice I heard, beyond a doubt. Please telephone to your man at the inn to have him held at once, for—I—am afraid—he thinks we know."

Col. Travers rushed toward the door, turning only to ask: "You are sure?"

"Absolutely! Hurry! I'll explain when you come back."

Back to the Inn. He was gone but a minute or two, and when he returned there was a constraint in his manner which had not been there before.

"Hastings will get in touch with the men at the inn," he said, and I knew the reason for his manner.

"Capt. Hastings has told you that it was my own folly which warned him," I said.

"That is too strong a word," he replied with perfunctory courtesy.

"No, it isn't." I returned with a bitterness of spirit which I knew would long be with me. To think that I had allowed the insolence of this Smith to goad me into so glaring an indiscretion!

"My memory never played me a trick like that before," I went on futilly enough. "But his voice was so cleverly disguised—"

"He is one of the best mimics

in the world," Col. Travers interrupted. "So don't blame yourself on that score. Your only slip was the little taut you gave him, but that was a thoroughly feminine—and, therefore, forgivable—proceeding."

He smiled indulgently, and I longed to slap him. I think he read my displeasure, for his face suddenly grew serious.

"Please don't let this trouble you, Mrs. Graham," he said. "He cannot have gone far if he did start, and—"

Capt. Hastings rushed through the door which the colonel had left open.

"Something has happened to the telephone out here," he said. "I can't get the inn."

"We must reach there as quickly as possible, then," Col. Travers replied. "If—" he looked at me, and I seized the look, interpreted it joyously.

"I can drive you back in no time," I said. "My car is a splendid hill climber, and it has plenty of gas, oil and water."

Where is Dicky?

"Good! Hastings, you stay here to see if Crowley recovers consciousness. Get a full statement from him if he does—stressing the identification of Smith. Come down here with it when you get it if I haven't given you different orders beforehand. Now, Mrs. Graham, we'll pick up the man who came with you, Mr.—"

"Cosgrove," I supplied.

"Ah, yes! I didn't catch it before. We'll start at once if you don't mind."

"Mind!" I ejaculated, and I think he understood the frantic wish which was mine for strenuous action to atone for my folly in giving the warning, inadvertent though it was, to Smith.

Thankful, indeed, was I on that return journey for the wonderful moonlight which made the road almost as safe to travel as daylight. Thankful, also, that the hour gave us the winding thoroughfare to ourselves. Neither Col. Travers nor Mr. Cosgrove spoke at all, evidently fearing to distract my attention for a second, and I sent the big car along the road at a pace at which I would have shivered at any other time.

Yet, concentrated as I was on the management of the car, two thoughts obsessed me every inch of the way. One was the keen humiliation I felt for my childish yielding to temper in the taunting of the man named Smith.

The other, no less vivid, was the remembrance of Dicky's assiduous attention to Bess Dean during the stirring events at the inn. It was she whom he was assiduously shielding from all discomfort, all chance of rudeness, while—

The zest I had felt in playing a role in the drama staged at the inn changed to the dust-and-ashes which a Thespian failure knows most poignantly.

And then we had reached the inn, to find an excited group of babbling people in front. Bess Dean, with Ted and Fred, stood a little apart, and when they saw the car they rushed forward. There was a malicious little gleam in the girl's eyes which belied her apparent solicitude.

"Oh, Madge," she said, "I don't know how to tell you! Dicky went after the man named Smith to thrash him for something he said to me, and neither has come back."

"Where's his wife?"

"Wringing her hands and muttering to herself! I can't get anything out of her. She's hysterical."

"Take me to her."

He walked perhaps three steps in the wake of young Jones, then turned abruptly to the car in which I still sat, bewildered, stunned by the news which Bess Dean had given me concerning Dicky.

Dicky had been so occupied with Bess Dean's smiles and chatter that he had not observed the insolent treatment which the man Smith had accorded me, but at some real or fancied insult to her he had made a scene, and had followed a furious, perhaps desperate man to—what?

My heart quaked with the possibilities that might lie out there in the forest where my husband had gone.

"Mr. Graham! Please!"

I came to myself with a start, and realized that Col. Travers must have called me more than once.

"Yes," I returned. "You must pardon me, I—"

"Will you come with me, please, at once?" he said, holding out his hand to help me from the car.

Madge Summons Courage.

I accepted his aid mechanically and wondered vaguely as I walked beside him where he was taking me, what he wanted me to do.

We were inside the inn, through the big deserted front room and into a smaller room beyond before he spoke.

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### Scandinavian Singer Entertains Silverton

SILVERTON, Or., Dec. 20.—(Special to The Statesman)—Malven Norby, New York lyric tenor, sang to a small but appreciative audience at Trinity church Tues-

day evening. Mr. Norby has a high, clear tenor voice, with good quality. The songs he sang were well chosen, showing a thought for the audience, which was made up largely of Scandinavians. The group of Scandinavian folksongs was especially appreciated. During the intermissions between the groups of songs three instrumental numbers were supplied by local talent. Miss Dora Henriksen, organist at Trinity church, played an organ solo, "The Palms." Miss Esther Towe, a young Silverton pianist of considerable ability,

concert. Those present included Rev. O. Skitbred and Tom Knarhus of Eugene, Mr. Norby, Miss Marie Corhouse, Mr. and Mrs. A. Corhouse, Mr. and Mrs. P. Jacobsen, Miss Florence Jacobsen, Mrs. M. J. Madsen, Miss Lillie Madsen and Miss Cora Satern.