

Marian Gordon

by JEANNE ROWMAN

Chapter 47
SILVER'S OFFER

MARIAN'S chin came up in a characteristic gesture. "You needn't mention any conditions. I don't barter for men. If he loves you, you can have him, I don't want the divided love of any man."

Silver stood looking at her a moment as though some preconceived plan had been changed—"very high and mighty aren't you," she challenged, "I suppose you think you can win Hamlin."

Marian didn't answer and her silence seemed to infuriate Silver.

"Want them both, don't you. Well maybe you'll condescend to bargain for Lon's freedom. He is under arrest at the city jail."

"I know it," remarked Marian calmly.

"You know how?" flashed Silver.

Marian's mind, alert with fear, provided ready words. "I was talking to Bowen, the managing editor of The Dispatch, when you came in. He told me."

"Did he tell you where Lon was found and what he was doing?"

"No."

"He was in my father's office robbing his safe. One of the cleaning women saw him force his way in, and telephoned Dad."

"I thought your father was supposed to be in Northern California."

"Not after what I saw last night. Foxy, weren't you? Thought you were going to talk Hamlin into going to Cliff and discredit me so he'd come across with the information you lost in that letter."

Marian didn't answer.

"Well, can't you talk? What did you think of the way I snaked that letter from you?"

Marian smiled. "Clever," she conceded, "I'd like to have thought of something as smart, myself."

Silver relaxed. "If you'll look at things that way, we'll get along all right."

"Suppose you tell me what you want?" suggested Marian. She had realized suddenly that all she had to do was to keep Silver talking until the District Attorney appeared.

"That night you came to see me in Nevada, and telephoned that lie to Cliff, I thought you had played me a low trick. It turned out otherwise. It made me solid with him. He's making money now; money like his father made and left to him. That shanty Irish girl he married doesn't need much. She wouldn't know what to do with it if she had it, so he's giving me the allowance, call it alimony if you will, that he should have settled on me."

"If you go to him in an effort to break my father, he'll know the truth and my income will stop. I don't want to marry that stuffed food, Blaine Kelly, but I'll have to if that happens."

"You would be thinking of yourself instead of your father's disgrace," Marian interposed.

"You bet I would," agreed Silver. "I'd do what anyone else would do. Don't pretend you're doing anything now but thinking of yourself, or how this proposition of mine is going to affect you."

"Me or mine," Marian conceded softly.

"Mine," said Silver with a sneer, "still calling Lon yours. He isn't. Do you want to hear this proposition, or not?"

"It doesn't matter."

"Oh doesn't it? Well, you lend an ear anyway. Now here's what I want you to do."

"I CAN listen much better if I'm sitting down," suggested Marian amiably. "You'll find cigarettes in that copper box to the left of the divan."

Silver looked at her a moment, then laughed. "Jan," she said, "I didn't think you had it in you. All right," she went to the divan, slipped out of her wrap, chose a cigarette, lit it with deliberation, then leaned towards Marian.

"Queer 'n't it, the way our lives have run along together. Remember the first day you came to school? You were ugly, skinny, freckled, lanky—" she inhaled and in the stead of that moment Marian heard Hero sniffing along the lower crack of the door.

"And you were beautiful," conceded Marian generously. "I was just thinking when you came in that you had worn a black velvet dress that day." She noticed Silver had placed the revolver beside her on the divan and it was slowly sliding to the edge of the cushion.

"You're not hard to look at now,"

Silver continued, "but this isn't getting down to business."

"That night you came up to Nevada on a news story, you stepped in and made my affairs your own. I was ready to bank on your honor. I showed you the letter Cliff had written me in order to convince you that I had a right to feel bitter towards him. I was sure you would use it in your newspaper, but I didn't expect you to steal it."

"I didn't steal it," interposed Marian, and because she didn't wish to implicate Hamlin she gave another explanation. "It was put into my pocket by someone who evidently thought it the same wad of notes I had used in the Brown bribery case. Lon brought them up with him because I had left them in his car when I left the court house early that evening."

"That makes a good story," agreed Silver, "but if you were so honorable, how did it chance that you took the trouble to go over the letter a second time and discover that page?"

"I changed to reach into my pocket for change to tip a porter, found the notes, or what I thought were notes, decided to check them and the page of the paper. In the bright light of the desk lamp I caught the name Madder Construction Company at the top of the page. I had spent the previous eight days covering the Brown trial and the name was too fresh in my memory to let me pass it by without closer inspection. When I found the title, J. C. McSwain, general manager, just beneath I wanted to know more. And then I found the page you had overlooked. I had every intention of returning the letter to you but you ran out on me after you arrived in town, if you'll remember. I tried to find your address the next day and didn't succeed so I placed the letter in the safe deposit box."

"And then used it to threaten my father," offered Silver. "That's where you slipped up."

"I admit it," returned Marian ruefully, and wondered if the D.A. would ever arrive. What was going on at the city jail that would take him all of this time? She glanced at the clock. It was nearly midnight.

"As I said before, you forced yourself into my affairs. I've put up with it too long, now I intend to force you out."

"Dad can say he sent Lon down there after important papers, and forgot to give him the combination, or had given him the combination... that part doesn't matter. It's up to him to swear to the charge."

"Hasn't he already done so?" Marian asked with sudden interest.

"No, they are waiting for him down there and he's waiting for me to telephone him your decision."

"My decision on what?"

"This. The future of the Hondons and the McSwains depends upon you. Without the information Cliff holds you can't prosecute father. Cliff won't give that information unless you go to him and tell the truth of what happened that night in Nevada and at the hospital."

"I want you to sit down and write a letter to Cliff. I want you to tell him that you have been doing something you regret because you were jealous of me. I want you to tell him that your husband fell in love with me and in an effort to discredit me, you began spreading a story which a rejected suitor of mine, Max Hamlin, had put you up to, that it was you and not me, who had sent that message to the hospital."

"I want you to tell him to believe no one who approaches him with this story, that you are sorry you did it. That I sent your husband back to you and you're trying to repay me for my kindness by retracting the story... the lie you told."

"But supposing," Marian continued, "we have talked to the authorities and they intend starting an investigation of the East Brazos school."

"You haven't," said Silver with assurance, "we have had you both watched since the moment you let father know you had that letter. I can give you a detailed account of every move you've made."

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Tomorrow, here comes to the rescue.

TURKEY ROASTING POINTS ARE GIVEN NEW HOMEMAKER

CORVALLIS — (Sp.) — This is a story exclusively for the newer crop of homemakers—those who have yet to cook their first Thanksgiving turkey, successfully. Women who have been roasting turkeys "ever since" would not be interested in the detailed directions given here, and would probably scoff at the notion that there might be new "tricks" in such an old American custom.

For Mrs. New Homemaker, however, here are the complete directions, with all the wrinkles, prepared by Miss Lucy Case, home economics extension specialist at Oregon State college.

First, select a plump, well-fattened turkey. A young bird has a more flexible breast bone, softer, smoother legs and feet, pin feathers, few hairs, and short, sharp claws. About Thanksgiving time young toms weigh 12 to 16 pounds and old ones 16 to 20 pounds, while young hens weigh 7 to 12 pounds and old ones 10 to 15 pounds.

Scrub the outside of the bird with a wet cloth and a little soda, soap or cornmeal and rinse under running water. Wipe out the inside with a wet cloth. Soaking causes toughness. Rub the inside lightly with salt and fill the body cavity and loose skin at the base of the neck with a dressing, seasoned with a little onion, sage and chopped celery. Tuck the legs under the band of skin near the tail and fasten the

THOMAS REVOKES BUS LINE PERMIT

SALEM, Nov. 23. — (AP) — Public Utilities Commissioner Charles M. Thomas yesterday revoked the permit of the National Bus Lines, Inc., of Los Angeles, issued last August, to operate as a common carrier of passengers in interstate service between the Oregon-Washington and Oregon-California state lines.

The permit was set aside following the hearing of a petition protesting the National Bus Lines operations in this state, signed by the Pacific Greyhound lines, the North Coast Transportation company, the Independent State Stage company, the Oregon Motor Stages, the Oregon Bus association and the United Stages system.

The protest was based on the claim that the national bus lines was not registered with the president's motor bus code authority, and the permit was revoked on that count.

NEIGHBORHOOD FOOTBALL

EDDIE SELZER DIDN'T DARE GO INTO THE HOUSE TO GET HIS FOOTBALL FOR FEAR HIS MOTHER WOULD MAKE HIM STAY AND PASS THINGS AT HER TEA PARTY, SO THE TEAM CREATED A DIVERSION BY STAGING A RAUCOUS FIGHT ON THE FRONT LAWN, UNDER COVER OF WHICH EDDIE SNEAKED IN THE BACK WAY AND GOT THE FOOTBALL



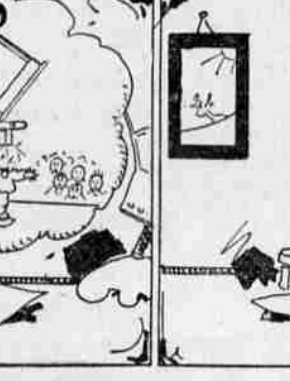
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S'MATTER POP



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Rathburn Tells His Story



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Cheerful Mr. Chirp!



THE NEBBS—A Pool There Was



BRINGING UP FATHER



THANKSGIVING SERVICE AT METHODIST CHURCH ON THURSDAY MORNING

1. Rev. Fred M. Weatherford.
 2. Proclamation, Rev. Joseph Knotta.
 3. Thanksgiving Prayer, Dr. Geo. P. Kable.
 4. Song by Chorus.
 5. Offering.
 6. Thanksgiving Song, Mrs. Hubler.
 7. Introduction of Speaker, by Rev. W. H. Eaton.
 8. Sermon by Captain Durham.
 9. Doxology.
 10. Benediction by Rev. Oldenburg.
- CCC Aids Louisiana
NEW ORLEANS, (UP)—During the past year and a half the Civilian Conservation Corps in Louisiana has built 224 miles of truck trails and minor roads had cut 1,141 miles of telephone lines, constructed eight observation towers, and loaned fire possibilities by removing fire hazards from 27,800 acres of reforested lands.
- For MODERN FUEL OIL delivery
Page 132, Reeking Trucking Co.

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"And you were beautiful," conceded Marian generously. "I was just thinking when you came in that you had worn a black velvet dress that day." She noticed Silver had placed the revolver beside her on the divan and it was slowly sliding to the edge of the cushion.

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