

Adele Garrison My Marriage Problems

What Happened in the Great Room to Father Spenser, Katherine and to Madge.

Grace Draper's hand gripped my arm and urged me forward. I could feel her fingers trembling with the impulse to disregard Harry Underwood's injunction and dig them talon-like into my flesh. Urged beyond my accustomed stride, we followed my father, conveyed in similar fashion by Mr. Underwood. And though we marched swiftly, Grace Draper—whose face was still covered by the yashmak veil—seemed eager to catch up with them, as I well knew from her tensing fingers digging into my arm, but they swept on too fast.

Through the upper hall, down two flights of broad stairs, guarded by quaintly carved old balusters, along the lower square entrance hall to wide old double-doors we went. Grace Draper and I were still behind Harry Underwood and my father when the double-doors swung open at our approach and admitted us to a room which even through my terror, made a rapturous appeal to my beauty-loving soul.

It was a large room which I judged was used for private theatricals, for musical functions, for dancing, as need might require. A pipe organ which many a church might envy, two grand pianos, a harp and two or three exquisite music cabinets were the chief furnishings, for there were but half a dozen chairs in the great room. The walls were almost completely hidden by tapestries of breathtaking beauty and the polished floors were covered with rugs so resplendent of the orient that one almost instinctively looked for figures of the Arabian nights to rise from them.

Across the front of the room was a low platform—a veritable dais brought from medieval days—raised but a sweeping step from the floor. Old gold and blue velvet curtains hung at each side, presumably masking the entrance to wings. A similar drape was thrown over the back of a tall throne-like chair, and in this was seated a figure I recognized with a renewed clutch of terror at my heart.

A Vindictive Figure.
For the man whom I had seen as Smith, the arrogant land owner in the Catskill mountains, as the supposedly

ignorant Anton, the farmhand in Mr. Briggs' employ, and as the murderous midnight visitor to my own farmhouse, sat facing me. And so fantastic, yet so impressive a figure was he that I felt my pulses thrill to the colorful picture of old world pageantry he presented, even though they chilled at the malevolence in the eyes which watched our entrance.

That he was a royal exile, Lillian had discovered, and above the tufted eyebrows which had given her the first clue to his identity was a new evidence of the rank to which he still fondly clung. This was a flat black velvet cap of the kind I had seen in pictures of royal personages. An elaborately embroidered robe of purple velvet covered his really superb figure, and many jeweled decorations blazed across his chest. One had to admit that he was indeed a kingly figure, though an evil one.

Fierce, cruelly and imperiousness were in every line of his face, every posture of his body. I could well believe Lillian's statement that in his own country he had been called "The Unspeakable One," and that the most awful punishment he could receive would be deportation to the land he had misruled, and the vengeance of the peasants there.

Beside him sat a man, evidently an intimate, though of lesser rank, whom I guessed to be the Otto who had assisted Smith's escape from the vicinity of Sag Harbor. He leaned deferentially toward his chief, and whispered something which evidently pleased the former royal personage. The steel of a revolver flashed in Joe's hand as with royal condescension Smith purred: "You, Joe, may have the pleasure of executing—"

"She was good to me!" Joe gasped. "I no keel—"

Smith's eyes blazed, his sensuous lips were distorted, he leaned forward like a flash and the daring fingers that wrenched the revolver from Joe's weak grasp must have pressed the trigger at the instant the barrel pointed at Joe's heart. Even Grace Draper recoiled from the sight—swinging close to the draperies which I thought now parted.

"Now, the Old Man."
For a long minute of which my shuddering terror prevented me from taking advantage, she released my arm. Then my arm was grasped again, but so different was the touch of those relenting fingers I thought it was another until with mute appeal I turned and saw those eyes glaring

at me with almost diabolical rage through the yashmak veil. "I have demonstrated—" the glittering figure in the throne-like chair was saying with horrible nonchalance. "Oh, well, enough of such caution!" His eyes swept over Katherine with leering insouciance. "Do you know, my dear, you're too good-looking to part with for a while at least. Besides, I must first find out how much you know before we let you sleep."

"She Was Good to Me."
When my eyes again focussed on the dais the stretcher was standing by the foot of the throne-like chair from which leaned the man I had known as Smith. His eyes were blazing with cruelty, from which Katherine shrank with face as white as parchment. But she could not flee, for each of the stalwart stretcher-bearers remorselessly held her by an arm, and it would have done her no good to run, she well knew, for even better than I she had seen the medieval guards who had seemed to step forth from every landing as we had come down the broad stairs. Out of mists there came to me the concluding words of what must have been virulent accusations which cascaded from the lips of Smith.

"Spy!" he shot at Katherine. "Do you know what we do with spies here? Sometimes we are merciful and we kill them at once." His outstretched hand touched that of Joe's extended pleadingly toward him from the stretcher. The steel of a revolver flashed in Joe's hand as with royal condescension Smith purred: "You, Joe, may have the pleasure of executing—"

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Like a flame his darting eyes fell upon me, and I shuddered back, but in an instant would have flung myself upon my knees at his feet as his gaze fixed on my father, and his guttural voice purred: "Now, the old man. Only one thing we need from you—the formula you are to give us this morning."

"I'll see you burning for 1,000,000 years first!" My father's voice was stronger than I had heard it in months, as he cried: "Do you think that the United States entrust vital secrets to cowards? I have destroyed the record in my charge. My memory alone holds it, and that you shall never read—"

Even before a shot rang out the great room was plunged into darkness. The spluttering roar of revolvers which instantly was heard swiftly died in the noise made by the feet of many running men.

I strove to wrench myself free from Grace Draper's clutch, a shot rang close beside my ear, my arm was released as I heard the woman at my side give a shuddering gasp and fall. And then I was seized in arms which drew me backward.

I felt the silken swish of the wall draperies against my cheek, then I heard a clang as my hand hit something metallic, and I slipped into unconsciousness.

On Thursday Will Begin:
"MY HUSBAND'S LOVE"
Adele Garrison's New Phase of "Revelations of a Wife"

Baked Eggs.
Butter a shallow baking dish; break the eggs into it; season with pepper and salt; put a bit of butter on each, bake until well set. Remove to a warm platter and serve.

Burgess Bedtime Stories

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Reddy Fox Hears About Johnny Chuck.

Only the foolish dare aver that this or that cannot occur. —Blacky the Crow.

Near a racket as there was over near a certain old stone wall that beautiful spring morning. Bowser the Hound was barking as if he were trying to bark his head off. Blacky the Crow, in the top of a tree a short distance away, was cawing as if he were trying to caw his head off. And in just the same way Sammy Jay was screaming at the top of his voice. It was a still morning and those voices carried a long distance.

"What's all the excitement about?" demanded Reddy.

"Johnny Chuck is up in a tree!" cried Blacky.

"Johnny Chuck is what?" barked Reddy.

"Up in a tree!" retorted Blacky. "Is there anything the matter with your understanding?"

"Not a thing," replied Reddy shortly. "You said that Johnny Chuck is up in a tree. I heard you perfectly. When I ask a question I like a truthful answer. You ought to know me well enough to know that. You can't stuff me with nonsense, and it is no use to try!"

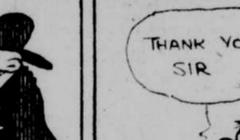
"Who is trying to stuff you with nonsense?" retorted Blacky hotly. "I said that Johnny Chuck is up in a tree. I repeat it, and what I say I mean. Johnny Chuck is up in a tree over by that old stone wall. If you don't believe it go look for yourself!"

"Chuck don't climb trees!" snapped Reddy.

"Don't they? Well, there is one that does," retorted Blacky. He looked over toward the old stone wall, and then excitement made his eyes brighter than ever. Coming down the Long Lane he saw Farmer Brown's Boy, and he knew that Farmer Brown's Boy was on his way to find out what Bowser was making such a fuss about.

So Reddy swiftly trotted down to the edge of the Green Meadows and peered out from the bushes toward the place from which all that racket seemed to be coming. "It's over by that old stone wall," muttered Reddy as he raised himself on his hind feet in order to see better. "It must be something very unusual to get Blacky the Crow so excited. Sammy Jay and gets excited over nothing, or pretends to, anyway, but Blacky doesn't get excited unless there is some-

thing to get excited about. I would like to get near enough to see what it is all about, but it would be foolish to show myself, and the grass is too short for me to hope to keep out of sight. Perhaps one of those fellows will come over this way and I can find out what it all means."



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Uncle Sam Says

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CLEAN KIDNEYS BY DRINKING LOTS OF WATER

Take Salts to Flush Kidneys if Bladder Bothers or Back Hurts.

Eating too much rich food may produce kidney trouble in some form, says a well-known authority, because the acids created excite the kidneys. Then they become overworked, get sluggish, close up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region. rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomachs, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, begin drinking lots of good water and also get about four grains of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to flush out clogged kidneys and stimulate them to activity; also to neutralize the acids in the system so that they no longer irritate, thus often relieving bladder disorders.

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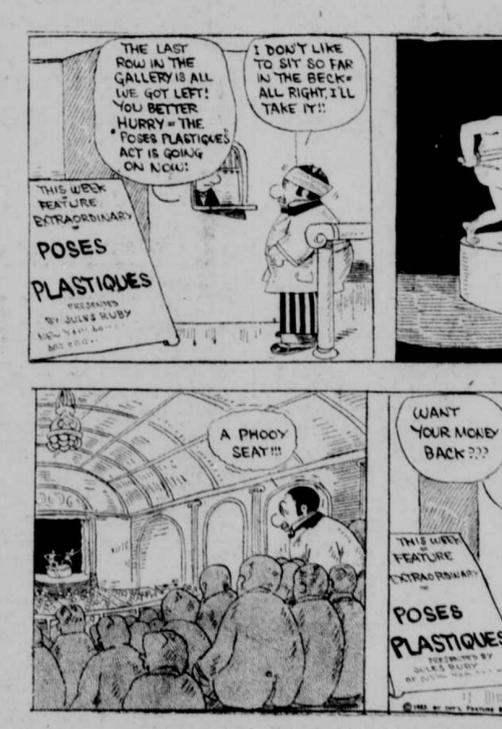
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