

### 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 goat to me!" Joe gasped. "I'm not keen..."

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 banal 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 lowering insolence. "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."

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, and 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.

Ruddy 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 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 these voices carried a long distance.



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

"Don't they? Well, there's 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.

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The next story, "The Surprise of Farmer Brown's Boy."

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."

Sure enough, he hadn't waited very long before he saw Blacky the Crow heading his way. Ruddy stepped out where he knew Blacky would be sure to see him. Blacky did see him, for there is little those sharp eyes of his miss. Instantly Blacky turned so as to fly directly to where Ruddy was. He alighted in a small tree on the edge of the Old Pasture.

"What is all the excitement about?" demanded Ruddy.

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

"Johnny Chuck is what?" barked Ruddy.

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

"Not a thing," replied Ruddy 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!"

"Chucks don't climb trees!" snapped Ruddy.

"Don't they? Well, there's 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.

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the breeders, mating, pigeon houses and equipment, hatching and rearing squabs, marketing, and diseases and parasites of pigeons.

If you keep any pigeons or are considering keeping any, this booklet will prove decidedly useful.

Readers of The Omaha Bee may obtain a copy of this booklet free as long as the free edition lasts by writing to the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., asking for "F. B. 584."

**Liver and Bowels Right—Always Feel Fine**

There's one right way to speedily tone up the liver and keep the bowels regular.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS**

Carter's Little Liver Pills never fail. Millions will testify that there is nothing so good for biliousness, indigestion, headache or sallow, pimply skin. Purely vegetable. Small Pill—Small Dose—Small Price.

**Rice Omelet.**  
Mix one cup of cold boiled rice with one of warm milk, one tablespoon melted butter, three well-beaten eggs and salt and pepper to taste. Cook in a hot greased skillet like an omelet.

**COLDS LA-GRIPPE INFLUENZA**  
QUICKLY CHECKED WITH ZERBOS GRIP CAPSULES 25¢ ALL DRUGGISTS

**Sloans**

Eases Backaches  
Sloans penetrates. Pain disappears. Leaves feeling of ease—relaxation.  
Sloans of Limestone-kills pain!  
For rheumatism, bruises, strains, chest colds

**WOMAN SO ILL COULD NOT STAND**

Says Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Made Her Well and Strong

Glens Falls, N. Y.—"For over two months I was so sick I was not able to stand on my feet, and my husband did my housework. The doctor said an operation might be necessary. I read testimonials about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and began to take it. Before I had finished taking the first bottle I saw what good it was doing me. I am now well and strong, doing all my work for a family of four, all my washing and my sewing, which I think is remarkable, as I had not dared to run my sewing machine, but had done all my sewing by hand. I truly feel that were it not for your medicine I would not be here today. My case seemed very serious."—Mrs. GEORGE W. BURCHILL, Glens Falls, N. Y.

**Free upon Request**

Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Ailments Peculiar to Women" will be sent you free, upon request. Write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Massachusetts. This book contains valuable information that every woman should have.

**GRANDMOTHER KNEW**

There Was Nothing So Good for Congestion and Colds as Mustard

Put the old-fashioned mustard plaster burned and blistered where it acted. Get the relief and help that mustard plasters gave, without the plaster and without the blister.

Musterole does it. It is a clean, white ointment, made with oil of mustard. It is scientifically prepared, so that it works wonders.

Gently massage Musterole in with the finger tips, see that it quickly it brings relief—how speedily the pain disappears.

Try Musterole for sore throat, bronchitis, tonsillitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frost-bite, colds of the chest (it may prevent pneumonia), etc. and see, jars and tubes; hospital size, \$2.00.

Better than a mustard plaster.

**MUSTEROLE**  
WILL NOT BLISTER

**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, stop up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region, rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, 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 quarts of hot 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.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which million of men and women take now and then to help keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus often avoiding serious kidney disorders. By all means have your physician examine your kidneys at least twice a year.

### BARNEY GOOGLE--- A LITTLE INFORMATION GOES A LONG WAY

MY FRIEND, YOU'RE LOOKING AT A GUY AND A HORSE WHO ARE DYING BY INCHES. WE AIN'T SMELT FOOD SINCE SATURDAY A WEEK.

WELL?

WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO TIA JUANA. MY HORSE HERE IS A RACER -- WE'RE STARVING.

WELL?

ER-ER (GULP) SO I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT TELL ME HOW FAR IT IS TO TIA JUANA.

3000 MILES MORE OR LESS.

UP?

THANK YOU, SIR.

GIDDY AP SPARKY!!

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### Uncle Sam Says

**Squab Raising.**

This booklet, which is issued by the Federal Bureau of Animal Industry, tells about the possibilities in squab raising, suitable varieties, selecting

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy De Beck  
(Copyright 1923)

### BRINGING UP FATHER--- Registered U. S. Patent Office

WELL I CERTAINLY SNEAKED OUT OF THE HOUSE IN GRAND STYLE NOW FOR THE CIGAR-MAKER'S BALL.

SAY YOU CAN'T GO IN THE BALL ROOM IN YOUR UNDERWEAR.

SHUT UP, YOU MAKE MORE NOISE THAN MY WIFE.

NOW SONNY, JUST PULL OFF THE UNDER SHIRT.

THIS IS RICH.

AN' CHECK THE UNDERWEAR WITH MY HAT AN' COAT.

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### ABIE THE AGENT-- He Wants His Money's Worth.

THE LAST ROW IN THE GALLERY IS ALL WE GOT LEFT! YOU BETTER HURRY-- THE POSES PLASTIQUES ACT IS GOING ON NOW!

I DON'T LIKE TO SIT SO FAR IN THE BACK-- ALL RIGHT, I'LL TAKE IT!

THIS WEEK FEATURE EXTRAORDINARY POSES PLASTIQUES PRESENTED BY JULIUS JULY

WANT YOUR MONEY BACK???

YES-- I CAN SEE ALL RIGHT, BUT I CAN'T HEAR A WORD THEY'RE SAYING!!

A PHOXY SEAT!!

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### Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feeling

WHEN THE LAUNDRY IS BROUGHT UP TO YOU

AND YOU HAVE A MENTAL PICTURE OF ALL THE BUTTONS THAT NEED SEWING ON

--AND ALL THE SOCKS THAT NEED DARNING

IF YOU FIND EVERY UNION SUIT WITH ITS FULL QUOTA OF BUTTONS

AND NOT A SOCK WITH A HOLE IN IT

OH-H-H-H GIRL!! AIN'T IT A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELING!

GR-R-R AND GLOR-YUS FEELING!

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