

# REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

## Why William Worried About Madge's Safety.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

"Me an' Pete would a been enuff fer that pedler feller when he cotched holt of me," observed William, regretfully. "If he hadn't pulled a gun on me, I kaint do much agin a gun. 'Then he up smashed me over th' head wit th' butt end of it, but he does it kind of careful like. Sure enough, I didn't know nuthin' more fer quite a spell, an' when I did wake up th' rag was gone an' so was th' man. Then I untied Pete an' come home."

For a moment or two I was too horrified at William's recital of the cold-blooded horrible cruelties he had undergone to speak. The blood must have left my face, for I lazily heard William exclaim concernedly:

"Sit down, Mis' Gramie, quick. Ye're white as a sheet."

"Trust Me," "I'm all right, William," I said. "and I never can thank you enough for your bravery today. Now one thing about this is most important. Are you sure neither Miss Draper nor the man with her know you overheard the address?"

"Sure as ye're born, they don't know nuthin', 'bout it, Mis' Gramie," William said earnestly.

"I am so glad, William," I said, "for getting that address is a most important thing. Now I want you to rest until you feel strong enough to come into the house for your supper. And remember to stick to your story that a falling tree grazed your head. I shall probably go to the city in an hour or two, and Miss Agatha will no doubt question you. Don't let her see your head."

"You kin count on me, Mis' Gramie," William said. "But don't y' run into no danger, Mis' Gramie," he went on anxiously. "Don't y' think ye'd better take me along?"

"Thank you, William, but I shall be very careful, and there's no danger for me in the city. Besides, I'm depending on you to guard the house here."

"Jest trust everythin' t' me an' Pete," he returned, proudly, and I went slowly into the house, revolving the problem of how I could plausibly get into the city within the next hour or two.

For I knew it was imperative that Lillian should have immediately the address of the spy who had posed as an Italian pedler and whose attempt to enter her library through the secret entrance had only been foiled by my pouring acid over his hand.

I noiselessly shut the door which led from the room where the telephone was situated into the hall and took the receiver down cautiously and called Lillian's number in the city.

Lillian herself answered the phone.

"This is Madge," I said, speaking quickly and softly. "Call me as quickly as you can, making some imperative excuse for my coming to you at once. Important. Good-by."

"All right, returned Lillian promptly.

I hung up the receiver and turned just in time to see the door open cautiously. Cousin Agatha stood on the threshold, the sly, suspicious look, which I had learned to hate and dread, overspreading her face.

Did She Hear?

Had she heard what I had said? I

was almost sure she hadn't, for I had made my voice almost a whisper, and the door had been closed between us. But the possibility troubled me greatly. She could do me incalculable harm if she had heard and should mention her knowledge to Dicky.

However, there was nothing for me to do but to feign a casualness which I was far from feeling.

"How is Mother Graham resting?" I asked.

"Rather badly," she answered cautiously. "Katie's absence from the house when she wanted her rather upset her. She wished to see you, but I must caution you not to tell her anything about that ridiculous old William's accident. Things like that annoy her and retard her recovery."

I found my mother-in-law propped up on a couch looking out at the setting sun.

"Well, Margaret!" She held out her uninjured hand to me. "I haven't seen you since early this morning."

Her voice held just a hint of reproach, but her eyes were kind.

"I know," I stammered remorsefully. "I have been busy looking over my wardrobe, and then I took a walk with Dicky—"

"You don't need to make excuses, child," my mother-in-law said, and there was an unwonted note of kindness in her voice. "I didn't send for you to catechize you as to your reasons for not coming up here, but for something else."

"I am an old, old woman, Margaret," she said at last. "I have never

realized it before until this accident. And oh, how I miss Harriet!"

With a little guilty feeling at my heart that I hadn't done all that I could to solace her loneliness, I ventured to lay my hand tenderly on hers.

"Of course you miss Mrs. Braithwaite," I said. "She is a wonderful daughter, and I do hope she will be able to come back from France soon to see you. But isn't there something I can do, not to take her place, of course, but to make up just a little for your loneliness without her? You know—I—I—love you, don't you, mother, dear, and I'd like to do things for you if you'd let me."

She put up her uninjured hand, drew my face down to hers and kissed me warmly.

"You make it easier for me to ask the favor I wish of you, Margaret," she said. "I want to send Agatha away and have you take care of me until I am well."

(To be Continued Tomorrow.)

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Litman, 325 Third avenue West, entertained at dinner and a dance last night for Morris Litman of the University of Minnesota.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Herbert Smith, 1407 East Second street, are the parents of a son born Wednesday.

Mrs. Thomas Mapp and daughter Elsie, 522 Lake avenue North, left yesterday for Florida to visit Mr. and Mrs. Mapp's sons, Edward and Raymond, and then will stop at Palm Beach before returning home.