

The PLACE OF HONEY-MOONS

By HAROLD MACGRATH
Pictures by C.D. RHODES

SYNOPSIS.

Eleanora de Toscana was singing in Paris, which, perhaps, accounted for Edvard Courtlandt's appearance there. Multimillionaire, he wandered about where fancy dictated. He might be in Paris one day and Kamchatka the next. Following the opera he goes to a cafe and is accosted by a pretty young woman. She gives him the address of Flora Desnoires, vocal rival of Toscana, and Flora gives him the address of Eleanora, whom he is determined to see.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

Oh, stubborn Dutchman that he had been! Blind fool! To have run away instead of fighting to the last ditch for his happiness! The Desimone woman was right; it had taken him a long time to come to the conclusion that she done him an ill turn. His jaw set, and the pressure of his lips broke the sweep of his mustache, converting it into bristling tufts, warlike and resolute.

What of the pretty woman in the Taverne Royale? What about her? At whose bidding had she followed him? One or the other of them had not told the truth, and he was inclined to believe that the prevarication had its source in the pomegranate lips of the Calabrian. To give the old barb one more twist, to learn if his venomous point still held and hurt; nothing would have afforded the diva more delight.

When the taxicab joined the long line of carriages and automobiles opposite the Austrian ambassador's, Courtlandt awoke to the dismal and disquieting fact that he had formulated no plan of action. He had done no more than to give the driver his directions; and now that he had arrived, he had the choice of two alternatives. He could wait to see her come out or return at once to his hotel, which, as subsequent events affirmed, would have been the more sensible course. He would have been confronted with small difficulty in gaining admission to the house. He knew enough of these general receptions; the announcing of his name would have conveyed nothing to the host, who knew perhaps a third of his guests, and many of these but slightly. But such an adventure was distasteful to Courtlandt. He could not overstep certain recognized boundaries of convention, and to enter a man's house unasked was colossal impudence. Beyond this, he realized that he could have accomplished nothing; the advantage would have been hers. Nor could he meet her as she came out, for again the odds would have been largely in her favor. No, the encounter must be when they two were alone. She must be surprised. She must have no time to use her ready wit. An idea presented itself. It appealed to him at that moment as quite clever and feasible.

"Wait!" he called to the driver. He dived among the carriages and caught—her limousine. He had taken the number into his mind too keenly to be mistaken. He saw the end of his difficulties; and so went about the affair with his usual directness. It was only at rare times that he ran his head into a cul-de-sac. If her chauffeur was regularly employed in her service, he would have to return to the hotel; but if he came from the garage, there was hope. Every man is said to have his price, and a French chauffeur might prove no notable exception to the rule.

"Are you driver for Madame de Toscana?" Courtlandt asked of the man lounging in the forward seat. The chauffeur looked hard at his questioner, and on finding that he satisfied the requirements of a gentleman, grumbled an affirmative. The limousine was well known in Paris, and he was growing weary of these endless inquiries.

"Are you in her employ directly, or do you come from the garage?" "I am from the garage, but I drive mademoiselle's car most of the time, especially at night. It is not madame but mademoiselle, monsieur."

"My mistake." A slight pause. It was rather a difficult moment for Courtlandt. The chauffeur waited wonderingly. "Would you like to make five hundred francs?" "How, monsieur?" Courtlandt should have been warned by the tone, which contained no unusual interest or eagerness.

"Permit me to remain in mademoiselle's car till she comes. I wish to ride with her to her apartment."

The chauffeur laughed. He stretched his legs. "Thanks, monsieur. It is very dull waiting. Monsieur knows a good joke."

And to Courtlandt's dismay he realized that his proposal had truly been accepted as a jest.

"I am not joking. I am in earnest.

Five hundred francs. On the word of a gentleman I mean mademoiselle no harm. I am known to her. All she has to do is to appeal to you, and you can stop the car and summon the police."

The chauffeur drew in his legs and leaned toward his tempter. "Monsieur, if you are not jesting, then you are a madman. Who are you? What do I know about you? I never saw you before, and for two seasons I have driven mademoiselle in Paris. She wears beautiful jewels tonight. How do I know that you are not a gentlemanly thief? Ride home with mademoiselle! You are crazy. Make yourself scarce, monsieur; in one minute I shall call the police."

"Blockhead!" English of this order the Frenchman perfectly understood. "La, la!" he cried, rising to execute his threat.

Courtlandt was furious, but his fury was directed at himself as much as at the trustworthy young man getting down from the limousine. His eagerness had led him to mistake stupidity for cleverness. He had gone about the affair with all the clumsiness of a boy who was making his first appearance at the stage entrance. It was mightily disconcerting, too, to have found an honest man when he was in desperate need of a dishonest one. He had faced with fine courage all sorts of dangerous wild animals; but at this moment he hadn't the courage to face a policeman and endeavor to explain, in a foreign tongue, a situation at once so delicate and so singularly open to misconstruction. So, for the second time in his life he took to his heels.

In the first time, more anon. He scrambled back to his own car, slammed the door, and told the driver to drop him at the Grand. However, he did not return to the hotel.

Mademoiselle de Toscana's chauffeur scratched his chin in perplexity. In frightening off his tempter he recognized that now he would never be able to find out who he was. He should have played with him until mademoiselle came out. She would have known instantly. That would have been the time for the police. To hide in the car! What the devil! Only a madman would have offered such a proposition. The man had been either an American or an Englishman, for all his accuracy in the tongue. Bah! Perhaps he had heard her sing that night, and had come away from the Opera, moonstruck. It was not an isolated case. The fools were always pestering him, but no one had ever offered so uncommon a bribe; five hundred francs. Mademoiselle might not believe that part of the tale. Mademoiselle was clever. There was a standing agreement between them that she would always give him half of whatever was offered him in the way of bribes. It paid. It was easier to sell his loyalty to her for two hundred and fifty francs than to betray her for five hundred. She had yet to find him untruthful, and tonight he would be as frank as he had always been.

But who was this fellow in the Bavarian hat, who patrolled the sidewalk? He had been watching him when the madman approached. For an hour or more he had walked up and down, never going twenty feet beyond the limousine. He couldn't see the face. The long dark coat had a military cut about the hips and shoulders. From time to time he saw him glance up at the lighted windows. Eh, well; there were other women in the world besides mademoiselle, several others.

He had to wait only half an hour for her appearance. He opened the door and saw to it that she was comfortably seated; then he paused by the window, touching his cap.

"What is it, Francois?" "A gentleman offered me five hundred francs, mademoiselle, if I would permit him to hide in the car."

"Five hundred francs? To hide in the car? Why didn't you call the police?" "I started to, mademoiselle, but he ran away."

"Oh! What was he like?" The prima donna dropped the bunch of roses on the seat beside her.

"Oh, he looked well enough. He was tall, with light hair and mustache. But as I had never seen him before, and as mademoiselle wore some fine jewels, I bade him be off."

"Would you know him again?" "Surely mademoiselle."

"The next time anyone bothers you, call the police. You have done well, and I shall remember it. Home."

The man in the Bavarian hat hurried back to the third car from the limousine, and followed at a reasonably safe distance.

She shut off the light and closed her eyes. She reclined against the cushion once more, striving not to think. Once, her hands shut tightly. Never, never! She pressed down the burning thoughts by recalling the bright scenes at the ambassador's, the real generous applause that had followed her two songs. Ah, how that man Paderewski played! They two had cost the ambassador eight thousand francs. Fame and fortune! Fortune she could understand; but fame! What was it? Upon a time she believed she had known what fame was; but that had been when she was striving for it. A glowing article in a newspaper, a portrait in a magazine, rows upon rows of curious eyes and a pitter of hands upon harps; that was all; and for this she had given the best of her life, and she was only twenty-five.

The limousine stopped at last. The man in the Bavarian hat saw her alight. His car turned and disappeared. It had taken him a week to discover where she lived. His lodgings were on the other side of the Seine. After reaching them he gave crisp orders to the driver, who set his machine off at top speed. The man in the Bavarian hat entered his room and lighted the

gas. The room was bare and cheaply furnished. He took off his coat but retained his hat, pulling it down still farther over his eyes. His face was always in shadow. A round chin, two full red lips, scantily covered by a blond mustache were all that could be seen. He began to walk the floor impatiently, stopping and listening whenever he heard a sound. He waited less than an hour for the return of the car. It brought two men. They were well-dressed, smoothly-shaven, with keen eyes and intelligent faces. Their host, who had never seen either of his guests before, carelessly waved his hand toward the table where there were two chairs. He himself took his stand by the window and looked out as he talked. In another hour the room was dark and the street deserted.

In the meantime the prima donna gave a sigh of relief. She was home. It was nearly two o'clock. She would sleep till noon, and Saturday and Sunday would be hers. She went up the stairs instead of taking the lift, and though the hall was dark, she knew her way. She unlocked the door of the apartment and entered, swinging the door behind her. As the act was mechanical, her thoughts being otherwise engaged, she did not notice that the lock failed to click. The ferrule of a cane had prevented that.

She flung her wraps on the divan and put the roses in an empty bowl. The door opened softly, without noise. Next, she stopped before the mirror over the mantel, touched her hair lightly, detached the tiara of emeralds and became as inanimate as marble. She saw another face. She never knew how long the interval of silence was. She turned slowly.

"Yes, it is I!" said the man. Instantly she turned again to the mantel and picked up a magazine revolver. She leveled it at him.

"Leave this room, or I will shoot."

Courtlandt advanced toward her slowly. "Do so," he said. "I should much prefer a bullet to that look."

"I am in earnest." She was very white, but her hand was steady.

He continued to advance. There followed a crash. The smell of burning powder filled the room. The Burmese gong clanged shrilly and whirled wildly. Courtlandt felt his hair stir in terror.

"You must hate me indeed," he said quietly, as the sense of terror died away. He folded his arms. "Try again; there ought to be half a dozen bullets left. No? Then, good-by!" He left the apartment without another word or look, and as the door closed behind him there was a kind of finality in the clicking of the latch.

The revolver clattered to the floor, and the woman who had fired it leaned heavily against the mantel, covering her eyes.

"Nora, Nora!" cried a startled voice from a bedroom adjoining. "What has happened? Mon Dieu, what is it?" A pretty, sleepy-eyed young woman, in a night-dress, rushed into the room. She flung her arms about the singer.

"Nora, my dear, my dear!" "He forced his way in. I thought to frighten him. It went off accidentally. Oh, Celeste, Celeste, I might have killed him!"

The other drew her head down on her shoulder, and listened. She could hear voices in the lower hall, a shout of warning, a patter of steps; then the hall door slammed. After that, silence, save for the faint mellowing vibrations of the Burmese gong.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LIVE ON FISH THEY CATCH

Remarkable Breed of "Banker Ponies" Natives of the Coast of North Carolina.

On the coast of North Carolina there are several miles of low, sandy shore where nothing grows except a coarse grass, a few salt water weeds and wild parsley. On these banks lives a strange breed of half-wild horses known as "banker ponies." These creatures are generally about twice the size of Shetland ponies. Every year the herd owners drive the "bankers" into pens, brand the foals with the proper mark, and catch some of the older animals to sell to the dealers.

North Carolinians say that the beasts must be starved into eating grain, hay or grass, for they have always lived on the rank salt marsh grass of the marshes and on fish. They catch the fish for themselves at low tide; with their hoofs they dig deep holes in the sand below high-water mark, and when the tide falls they greedily devour the fish that are stranded in these holes. Often they fight briskly over an especially tempting morsel.

In captivity these strange horses are intelligent, but seldom are even in temper. Once tamed, they make excellent draft animals, for they have a strength that is disproportionate to their size. Foals that are bred from "bankers" in captivity make valuable animals—strong and intelligent.

Did Literary Work at Night.

Mrs. Catherine Gore, who wrote 79 novels between 1824 and 1861, worked on a strange plan. When J. R. Planche visited Paris in 1837 he found Mrs. Gore living in the Place Vendome writing novel plays, articles for magazines—almost every description of literature flowing from her indefatigable pen. He says: "How do you manage it?" I asked her. "I receive, as you know, a few friends at dinner every evening. They leave me at 10 or 11, when I retire to my room and write till 7 or 8 in the morning. Then I go to bed till noon, when I breakfast, after which I drive out and pay visits, returning at 4 to dress for dinner. As soon as my friends have departed I go to work all night again."

Men are great pretenders; some even pretend to understand women.

MUSHROOM IN DEMAND

GOOD PRICE MAKES CULTIVATION WORTH CONSIDERING.

Exercise Great Care in Making First Bed, Using Horse Manure, With a Small Proportion of Long, Strawy Litter.

(By E. KNEELAND, Agriculturist. Copyright, 1914.)

The great demand for mushrooms is not only constant, but far below the supply, and as they sell for from 20 to 60 cents per pound their cultivation is worth considering.

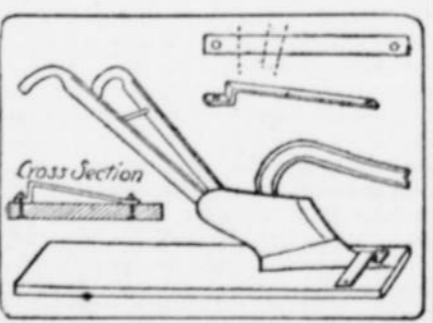
Any one who has a bit of space in the cellar where the temperature can be kept at 57 degrees Fahrenheit can easily raise mushrooms. Make a first bed on the ground in a semi-dark corner, using great care in the selection of material to be used for the bed. Use horse manure, composed largely of short manure, with a small proportion of long, strawy litter, adding loam or rich soil at the rate of one bushel of soil to four or five bushels of manure. This mixture should be prepared by stacking, turning, shaking and restacking every three or four days until it is in condition for preparing the bed. These operations permit of the escape of noxious gases and prevent burning. Keep moist, but not too wet, and in about two weeks the material will be ready for use. The bed should be 12 to 14 inches thick (two to three feet wide, and long as desired) after being thoroughly pounded down so as to become firm, level and compact, and then cover with long straw. If the material is in proper shape the mercury in the thermometer (which comes expressly for this work) will rise to 100 degrees or more, then slowly fall.

When 93 degrees is reached time for planting the spawn has come. If English mushroom spawn is used break it into pieces two inches square and plant nine inches apart each way and two inches deep. Be sure to firm the manure over the spawn, and after the spawn has been planted a week or ten days it should begin "running;" then spread a coat of rich, loamy soil an inch thick over the bed, the surface being made smooth and firm; cover it with litter and keep the temperature at 57 degrees Fahrenheit. The bed should be kept covered until exhausted. Many failures are caused by overwatering. While mushrooms thrive best in a soil which will not crack, but kept moist enough to press together nicely, still it should not be wet. On the other hand, if allowed to become too dry the bed becomes exhausted before the crop is harvested. Always use lukewarm water. The mushrooms should appear in six or eight weeks unless there is some defect in material, temperature or moisture, in which case they may remain barren for two or three months and then turn out excellent crops.

PLOW SHOE IS QUITE HANDY

Device Shown in Illustration Makes the Task of Moving Cumbersome Implement Easy.

When taking a plow to and from the fields, it is no easy matter. The plow shoe device illustrated makes this much easier, writes Creel Q. Chandler of Darrow, Ia., in the Missouri Valley Farmer. To make it you need a piece of scrap iron one-quarter inch thick, one inch wide and 12 inches long. Bend it as shown in the first diagram, after making a hole in each end. Next take a board 2x10 inches, six feet long.



Handy Plow Shoe.

and bore two holes one inch from each side, ten inches from one end, the same size as those in the strap. Bolt the strap firmly to the board, bevel the underside of the front end, and the sled is finished. The plowman stands on the board behind the plow to balance it.

FACTS ABOUT RUNNER DUCKS

Will Produce 200 Eggs Far More Easily Than Any Hen—Proposition for Any Poultryman.

(By L. M. BENNINGTON.) Among all the openings for making money on the farm, I doubt that there is another to which so many are looking with eager interest and with such real hope as hundreds are giving to the raising of Indian Runner ducks.

This is largely because nearly every farm produces eggs, every family in our land eats eggs, and the Runner is pre-eminently an egg producer.

Given a duck that will lay 200 eggs far more easily than any hen can do it, and the fact that the eggs of the mature bird are one-half larger than those of the average hen, and we have a proposition calculated to make any egg producer sit up and open his eyes, and one which every egg-producer ought to try out to see whether for him the Indian Runner is a better money producer than the hen.

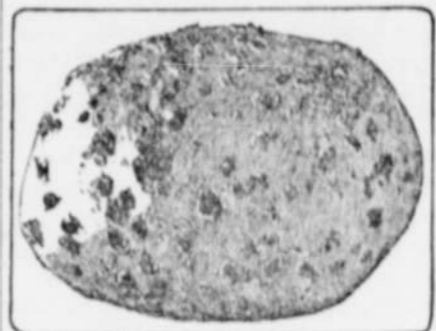
POWDERY SCAB OF POTATOES

Farmers of United States Lose Over \$30,000,000 Every Year From Disease of Tubers.

That the farmers of the United States lose over thirty million dollars every year from potato diseases is a statement that the United States department of agriculture considers as under the mark rather than otherwise.

The list of parasites responsible for this loss is a long one. Early blight, late blight, scab, blackleg, wilt, powdery dry-rot, and others are already wide-spread, and new troubles are discovered every year. Several of the worst plant diseases have come to us from foreign countries, and it was to exclude these unwelcome visitors that congress passed last year a quarantine law under which potatoes from the British Isles, Germany, Austria, Newfoundland, St. Pierre and Miquelon are now excluded on account of the wart disease, a dreaded pest which transforms the tubers into irregular, unrecognizable, black, warty masses.

Powdery scab of the potato resembles the untrained eye the common scab, but is in reality a markedly different disease, apparently of greater



Potato Attacked by Powdery Scab.

importance. As far as is known, it is not generally distributed in the United States, although it has been found in one or two localities. Every effort should be made to prevent the spread of this new disease by the destruction of all infected potatoes. It causes the formation of round pustules with raised edges, which may vary in size and number. (See illustration.) If they are numerous, the whole surface of the potato may become covered and the eyes destroyed. These pustules contain when mature or at harvesting time a brown dust. This powdery substance consists of countless small spore balls, which may remain alive in the soil for several years and infect the future crops.

The question now before the department of agriculture is whether this scab is of such a dangerous character that the exclusion of potatoes from all foreign countries will be justified. Such a quarantine would involve Canada and probably nearly all European countries not already under the wart-disease embargo.

ATTENTION TO SETTING HENS

Fowl Should Be Given Plenty of Water and Corn—Dust With Insect Powder to Kill Vermin.

A sitting hen should have plenty of water every day; she should also have plenty of corn to keep up her body heat—just about all she can eat. If confined closely don't forget her grit, and a bit of fat meat occasionally will help her to keep warm. Be sure to dust her with insect powder, at least twice, to get rid of all lice. Give her just what eggs she can cover nicely, remembering to take into consideration her size and the cold weather. Better give a hen 11 eggs, which she can cover nicely, than to give her 15, which she cannot keep warm.

If you have trouble in getting a hen to sit where you want her, move her after dark; then cover her closely so the nest will be dark all the next day, and so the hen cannot stand up. Put an egg or so under her and leave her alone over the second night. After that she will usually sit contented.

Gentleness and kind-treatment are necessary in the successful handling of sitting hens. Any roughness shown causes them to become restless and untrustworthy on the nest, rendering them liable to break their eggs, if nothing more. Keep them quiet, comfortable and well fed; give them as much chance to exercise as you can, and if the eggs are good you will get pretty fair hatches even in very cold weather.

If your sitters are wild and inclined to fly from the nest every time the attendant comes into their presence, try hanging a curtain in front of the nests until they get settled down to business. Sometimes, particularly so with Leghorns, it is necessary to leave the curtain hanging all through the period of incubation. Always go to the nests of the flighty hens after dark. If you have no special sitting-room and must have other hens laying in the vicinity of your sitting hens, collect the eggs after dark.

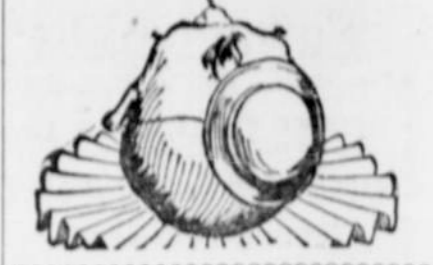
Freedom for Colts.

It is not best to keep the colts tied up day after day, nor is it best to allow them to run with the mothers while the latter are at work in the fields. Keep them in a lot that has good fences, where they can run and play and yet be in the sunshine.

The Colony Plan.

Where the hens are kept in colony houses they may be moved to different grain fields as soon as the crop has been harvested, and find plenty of feed for several weeks.

ON THE FUNNY SIDE



WHAT TROUBLED JIM MURPHY

Not Tobacco Heart, as Physician Had Diagnosed, But the Effects of Cabbage Plant.

They were talking about the doctor and his diagnosis in the lobby of a Washington hotel the other evening when Congressman Thomas G. Patten of New York told of an incident that happened in Gotham.

Some time ago, he said, an esteemed citizen who wasn't enjoying his usual appetite and cheerfulness, consulted a physician, and was told he had tobacco heart. The information he imparted to his sympathetic friends. A few days later one of his friends met the doctor on the street.

"Say, doc," remarked the friend, "did you tell Jim Murphy that he had tobacco heart?" "Jim Murphy," repeated the doctor, thoughtfully. "Yes, I believe I did. Why?"

"Nothing," was the smiling reply of the friend. "Only if you had ever smoked one of his cigars you would have made the diagnosis cabbage heart."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Distressing Symptom. "Doctor," said Dennis, the old equire's valet, "don't you think the masher is getting mighty thin?" "No harm in that, Dennis," said the doctor; "he was too fat. He'll be healthier when he's thinner."

"Lokely he will," said Dennis, disappointedly; "but Oi won't be able to wear his ould clothes then."—Grit.

Timely Warning. "What's this game you're tryin' to interduce into Crimsen Gulch?" asked Bronco Bob.

"It's called pinochle," replied the traveling salesman.

"Well, put it away. If some of the boys was to see all them aces comin' out in the same deal, they'd be almost sure to get rattled an' start shootin'."—Grit.

Efficiency Test. "The head of our concern decided to have everybody undergo an efficiency examination and apportion the jobs accordingly."

"How did it turn out?"

"The office boy won the manager's job and the manager couldn't pass at all."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Concession. Grumpy Straphanger (loudly)—I wish you'd move those confounded valises out of the aisle.

Indignant Sitter—Those ain't valises—those are my feet.

Grumpy Straphanger (more cheerfully)—Well, you might at least pile one on top of the other.

TOO LATE.



The Victim—I see that you've arrested the fellow that stole a piece of brass goods from me, and I've come to get my goods.

The Desk Sergeant—I'm sorry, but he's just been put under bonds to keep the peace.

Solace. "Aren't you worried about these public questions?" "Yes," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "But I'm thankful for this much. There's enough of 'em so that when you get tired of worryin' about one you can rest your mind thinkin' about another."—Courier-Journal.

Assistance. "Is your boy, Josh, any help on the farm?" "Yes," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "He has told me a whole lot about runnin' an automobile that'll be a great help when I get one."

Delay Insured. "The doctor told me I must quit eating rapidly." "The habit is hard to conquer." "Yes; but I have managed it. I make it an absolute rule never to tip a waiter."