

The PLACE of HONEY-MOONS

HAROLD MAC GRATH

Pictures by C. D. RHODES

SYNOPSIS.

Eleanora de Toscana was singing in Paris, which, perhaps, accounted for Edward Courtland's appearance there. Multitudinously, he wondered 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 Dealmore, vocal rival of Toscana, and Flora gives him the address of Eleanora, whom he is determined to see. Courtland enters Eleanora's apartments. She orders him out and shouts at him. The next day Paris is shocked by the mysterious disappearance of the prima donna. Realizing that he may be suspected of the abduction of Eleanora Courtland arranges for an alibi. Eleanora reappears and accuses Courtland of having abducted her. His alibi is satisfactory to the police and the charge is dismissed.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

"No, none at all, monsieur," quickly and decidedly.

"In my opinion, then, the whole affair is a hoax, perpetrated to vex and annoy you. The old man who employed the chauffeur may not have been old. I have looked upon all sides of the affair, and it begins to look like a practical joke, mademoiselle."

"Ah!" angrily. "And am I to have no redress? Think of the misery I have gone through, the suspense! My voice is gone. I shall not be able to sing again for months. Is it your suggestion that I drop the investigation?"

"Yes, mademoiselle, for it does not look as if we could get anywhere with it. If you insist, I will hold Monsieur Courtland; but I warn you the magistrate would not hesitate to dismiss the case instantly. Monsieur Courtland arrived in Marseilles Thursday morning; he reached Paris Friday morning. Since arriving in Paris he has fully accounted for his time. It is impossible that he could have arranged for the abduction. Still, if you say, I can hold him for entering your apartment."

"That would be but a farce." Nora rose. "Monsieur, permit me to wish you good day. For my part, I shall pursue this matter to the end. I believe this gentleman guilty, and I shall do my best to prove it. I am a woman, and all alone. When a man has powerful friends, it is not difficult to build an alibi."

"That is a reflection upon my word, mademoiselle," quietly interposed the minister.

"Monsieur has been imposed upon," Nora walked to the door.

"Wait a moment, mademoiselle," said the prefect. "Why do you insist upon prosecuting him for something of which he is guiltless, when you could have him held for something of which he is really guilty?"

"The one is trivial; the other is a serious outrage. Good morning." The attendant closed the door behind her.

"A very determined young woman," mused the chief of police.

"Exceedingly," agreed the minister. Courtland got up wearily. But the chief motioned him to be reseated.

"I do not say that I dare not pursue my investigations; but now that mademoiselle is safely returned, I prefer not to."

"May I ask you made this request?" asked Courtland.

"Request? Yes, monsieur, it was a request not to proceed further."

"From where?"

"As to that, you will have to consult the head of the state. I am not at liberty to make the disclosure."

The minister leaned forward eagerly. "Then there is a political side to it?"

"There would be if everything had not turned out so fortunately."

"I believe I understand now," said Courtland, his face hardening. Strange, he had not thought of it before. His skepticism had blinded him to all but one angle. "Your advice to drop the matter is excellent."

The chief of police elevated his brows interrogatively.

"For I presume," continued Courtland, rising, "that mademoiselle's abductor is by this time safely across the frontier."

CHAPTER VI.

Battling Jimmie.

There is a heavenly terrace, flanked by marvelous trees. To the left, far down below, is a curving, dark-shaded, turquoise body of water called Lecco; to the right there lies the queen of lakes, the crown of Italy, a corn-flower sapphire known as Como. It is the Place of Honey-moons. Rich lovers come and idle there; and lovers of modest means rush up to it and down from it to catch the next steamer to Menaggio. Eros was not born in Greece; of all barren mountains, unstringing, Hymettus, or Olympus, or whatever they called it in the days of the junketing gods, is completer.

No; Venus went touring and abode a while upon this same gracious spot, once deared to Pliney the younger.

Seated on one of the rustic benches, his white tennis shoes resting against the lower iron of the railing, a Bavarian dachsel snoozing comfortably across his knees, was a man of fifty. He was broad of shoulder, deep of chest, and clean-shaven. He had laid aside his Panama hat, and his hair was clipped closely, and was pleasantly and honorably sprinkled with gray. His face was broad and tanned; the nose was tilted, and the wide mouth was both kindly and humorous. One knew, from the tint of his blue eyes and the quirk of his lips, that when he spoke there would be a bit of brogue. He was James Harrigan, one time celebrated in the ring for his gameness, his squareness, his endurance; "Battling Jimmie" Harrigan, who, when he encountered his first knockout, retired from the ring. He had to his credit sixty-one battles, of which he had easily won forty. He had been outpointed in some and had broken even in others; but only once had he been "railroaded into dreamland," to use the parlance of the game. That was enough. He understood. Youth would be served, and he was no longer young. He had, unlike the many in his peculiar service, lived cleanly and with wisdom and foresight; he had saved both his money and his health. Today he was at peace with the world, with three good appetites the day and the wherewithal to gratify them.

Today "Battling Jimmie" was forgotten by the public, and he was happy in the seclusion of this forgetfulness. A new and strange career had opened up before him; he was the father of the most beautiful prima donna in the operatic world, and difficult as the task was, he did his best to live up to it. It was hard not to offer to shake hands when he was presented to a princess or a duchess; it was hard to remember when to change the studs in his shirt; and a white cravat was the terror of his nights, for his fingers, broad and stubby and powerful, had not been trained to the delicate task of tying a bowknot. By a judicious blow in that spot where the ribs divergate he could right well tell his adversary into a bowknot, but this string of white lawn was a most damnable thing. Still, the pattering of the two women, their daily concern over his deportment, was bringing him into conformity with social usages. One thing he rebelled against openly, and with such firmness that the women did not press him too strongly for fear of a general revolt. On no occasion, however impressive, would he wear a silk hat. Christmas and birthdays invariably called forth the gift of a silk hat, for the women trusted that they could overcome resistance by persistence. He never said anything, but it was noticed that the hotel porter, or the gardener, or whatever masculine head (save his own) was available, came forth resplendent on feast days and Sundays.

Leaning back in an iron chair, with his shoulders resting against the oak, was the Barone, altogether a different type. He was frowning over the pages of Bagot's Italian Lakes, and he wasn't making much headway. He was Italian to the core, for all that he aped the English style and manner. He could speak the tongue with fluency, but he stumbled and faltered miserably over the soundless type. His clothes had the Piccadilly cut, and his mustache, erstwhile waxed and militant, was cropped at the corners, thoroughly insular. He was thirty, and undeniably handsome.

Near the fountain, on the green, was a third man. He was in the act of folding up an easel and a camp-stool. From a window in the villa came a voice; only a lit of a melody, no words,—half a dozen bars from Martha; but every delightful note went deep into the three masculine hearts. Harrigan smiled and patted the dog. The Italian scowled at the vegetable garden directly below. The artist scowled at the Italian.

"Fritz, Fritz; here, Fritz!"

The dog struggled in Harrigan's hands and tore himself loose. He went clattering over the path toward the villa and disappeared into the doorway. Nothing could keep him when that voice called. He was as ardent a lover as any, and far more favored.

"Oh, you funny little dog! You merry little dachsel! Fritz, mustn't; let go!" Silence.

The artist knew that she was ending the puppy to her heart, and his own grew twisted. He stooped over his materials again and tied the box to the easel and the stool, and shifted them under his arm.

"I'll be up after dinner, Mr. Harrigan," he said.

"All right, Abbott." Harrigan waved his hand pleasantly. He was becoming so used to the unvarying statement that Abbott would be up after dinner, that his reply was by now purely mechanical. "She's getting her voice back all right; eh?"

"Beautifully! But I really don't think she ought to sing at the Haines' villa Sunday."

"One song won't hurt her. She's made up her mind to sing. There's nothing for us to do but to sit tight."

The artist took the path that led around the villa and thence down by many steps to the village by the waterside, to the cream-tinted cluster of shops and enormous hotels.

Below, in the village, a man entered the Grand hotel. He was tall, blond, rosy-cheeked. He carried himself like one used to military service; also, like one used to giving peremptory orders. The porter bowed, the director bowed, and the proprietor himself became a living carpenter's square, hinged. The porter and the director recognized a personage; the proprietor recognized

the man. It was of no consequence that the new arrival called himself Herr Rosen. He was assigned to a suite of rooms, and on returning to the bureau, the proprietor squinted his eyes abstractedly. He knew every woman of importance at that time residing on the Point. Certainly it could be none of these. Himmell! He struck his hands together. So that was it; the singer. He recalled the hints in certain newspaper paragraphs, the little tales with the names left to the imagination. So that was it?

What a woman! Men looked at her and went mad. And not so long ago one had abducted her in Paris. The proprietor threw up his hands in despair. What was going to happen to the peace of this bucolic spot? The youth permitted nothing to stand in his way, and the singer's father was a retired fighter with boxing gloves!

In the ballroom that evening that little son of Satan called malice-aforethought took possession of Nora; and there was havoc. If a certain American countess had not patronized her; if certain loggnettes (implements of torture used by said son of Satan) had not been leveled in her direction; if certain fans had not been suggestively spread between pairs of feminine heads,—Nora would have been as harmless as a playful kitten.

From door to door of the ballroom her mother flattered like a hen with a duckling. Even Celeste was disturbed, for she saw that Nora's conduct was not due to any light-heartedness. There was something bitter and ironic cloaked by those smiles, that tinkle of laughter. In fact, Nora from Tuscany flirted outrageously. The Barone sulked and tore at his mustache. He committed any number of murders, by eye and by wish. When his time came to dance with the mischief-maker, he whirled her around savagely, and never said a word; and once done with, he sternly returned her to her mother, which he deemed the wisest course to pursue.

"Nora, you are behaving abominably!" whispered her mother, pale with indignation.

"Well, I am having a good time . . . Your dance? Thank you."

And a tender young American led her through the mazes of the waltz, as some poet who knew what he was about phrased it.

By way of parenthesis: Herr Rosen marched up the hill and down again, something after the manner of a certain warrior king celebrated in verse. The object of his visit had gone to the ball at Cadenabbia. At the hotel he demanded a motor-boat. There was none to be had. In a furious state of mind he engaged two oarsmen to row him across the lake.

And so it came to pass that when Nora, suddenly grown weary of the play, full of bitterness and distaste, hating herself and every one else in the world, stole out to the quay to commune with the moon, she saw him jumping from the boat to the landing, scolding the steps. Instantly she drew her lace mantle closely about her face. It was useless. In the man the hunter's instinct was much too keen.

"So I have found you!"

"One would say that I had been in hiding!" coldly.

"From me, always. I have left everything—duties, obligations—to seek you."

"From any other man that might be a compliment."

"I am a prince," he said proudly. She faced him with that quick resolution, that swift forming of purpose, which has made the Irish so difficult in argument and persuasion. "Will you marry me? Will you make me your wife legally? Before all the world? Will you surrender, for the sake of this love you profess, your right to a great inheritance? Will you risk the anger and the iron hand of your father for my sake?"

"Herr Gott! I am mad!" He covered his eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Stories Old and New.

Some men are born story tellers, some achieve the story telling faculty, while others—who constitute the great majority—can only sit in amazement and listen to the man who can glibly reel them off, one after another, as if they were all new, fresh and original. You can recognize a good story by the number of times you meet it, for the good story is picked up and repeated, interchanged, enlarged, improvised and spread, until it is liable to reappear, as natural, or in disguise, at the four corners of the earth, and at widely separated periods of time. That's what makes the modern story teller such a delight, because until he finishes you cannot know whether you are about to meet an old friend or be initiated into novel mysteries. The redeeming feature of it is that every year another crop of listeners grows to maturity for whom the old ones are always new, and who, in consequence, must be the perpetual inspiration and the living encouragement to the story teller.

Kept Alive by Electricity.

The attention of surgeons at the General hospital, Birmingham, England, has been occupied by the most remarkable case of a lad eleven years of age. He was admitted to the institution suffering from a tumor on the brain, the removal of which necessitated a most serious operation.

While the surgeons were at work the patient stopped breathing and artificial respiration was resorted to. During the course of the operation a large portion of the skull was removed, and when the pressure from the brain was lightened the lad began to breathe again. An electric battery was applied to the chest, and the muscles being thus affected the breathing motion produced proved sufficient to keep the lad alive.

FARM AND ORCHARD

Notes and Instructions from Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations of Oregon and Washington, Specially Suitable to Pacific Coast Conditions

Lime Is Shown to Benefit Nearly All Oregon Soils

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis—Lime increases the number of soil bacteria in certain types of soil, while it either does not affect or else reduces the number in other types. These important facts, which have an intimate relation to the question of soil fertility, were secured in a series of experiments conducted by the department of bacteriology and chemistry at the Oregon Agricultural College. A report of the experiment has been published in Station Bulletin No. 118 by the experiment station, and copies may be had free of cost by all residents of the state who send in a request for them.

The bulletin was written by T. D. Beckwith, bacteriologist, and A. F. Vass and R. H. Robinson, research assistants, who conducted the experiments upon which it is based. The purpose of the experiments was to learn something of the kinds and number of bacteria in a few widely different types of Oregon soils, and the effect of lime and of water upon these numbers. Also to determine the ammonifying power of these soils with varying moisture content in order to learn the best possible condition.

Other purposes sought in the studies

ter, from near Redmond, being a sample of the uncultivated soils of that region.

Type 3. Silt loam from Moro, well supplied with lime and potash, taken from the sub-experiment station.

Type 4. A silt loam from the college farm at Corvallis deficient in lime and nitrogen.

Type 5. Beaverdam soil from near Sherwood, classed as muck soil, low in lime and high in organic matter.

Type 6. Peat soil, high in organic matter and low in lime, taken from the fresh water tide lands of the lower Columbia.

The number of bacteria in each of the six types was first ascertained as reckoned in the number of millions per gram of soil. Lime was then added at the rate of two tons per acre-foot of soil, and at the end of four weeks the bacteria were again counted. Natural conditions were simulated as nearly as possible in laboratory work, and counts were made by the plate method.

The number of bacteria present in the Hermiston sample was about two million per gram. (A gram is about the weight of a nickle five-cent piece).

At the end of the test the number had been reduced by about one quarter of a million.

In the Redmond soil the number before and after lime treatment coincided

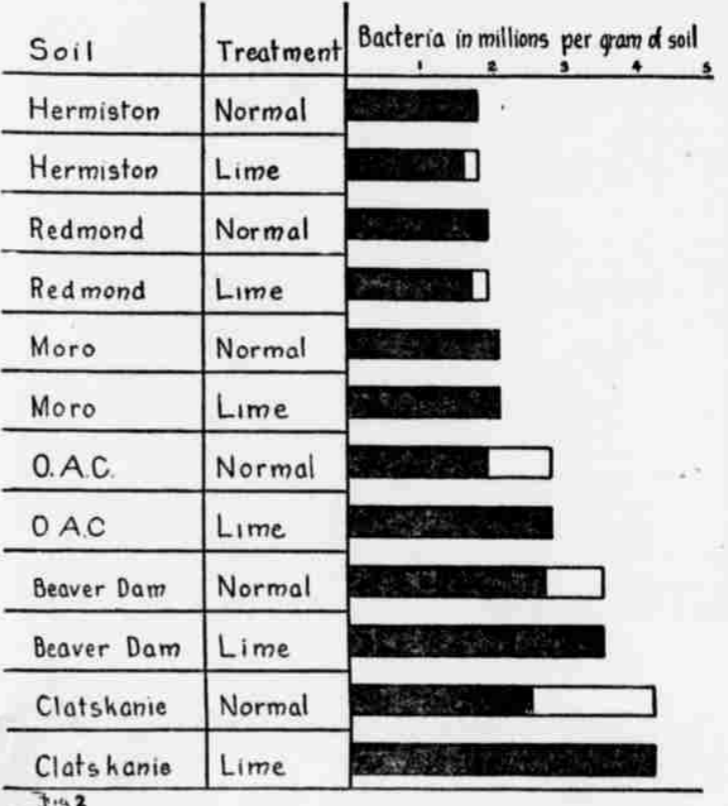


Diagram showing the number of bacteria in Oregon soils under normal conditions, and when lime was added. The unshaded portion shows the increase or decrease as influenced by lime.

and experiments were to make a comparison of the ammonifying and nitrifying powers of the six types of soils selected for the tests, and to correlate the number of bacteria present and the amounts of ammonia and nitrate nitrogen produced. Effects of soil acidity and of lime upon ammonification and nitrification were likewise observed.

Much has recently been said in regard to the physical and the chemical effects of lime upon soils. The first two effects are disposed of in order to clear the field for the experiments as follows:

"Lime flocculates the finest particles of soil and promotes a granular structure. It improves the tilth, increases aeration, and improves the water circulation. Lime is supposed to increase porosity in light, sandy soils and so increase the water holding power."

"Chemical effects of lime in soils are as liberating agents of unavailable plant food, changing it to soluble, available plant food. It neutralizes acids and keeps the soil in an alkaline condition. Leaching may also be prevented, since the acids of humus substances is somewhat soluble, while their lime compounds are comparatively insoluble."

"The biological effects are due to the fact that lime is an essential element of all the higher plants and probably of all the lower forms. It corrects the acid condition of the soil, which causes a diminished food supply, and has a direct physiological effect on the plants themselves, promoting that neutral or slightly alkaline condition which is most favorable to most cultivated plants. Lime aids the growth of many kinds of bacteria, especially those which convert organic nitrogen to nitrates and those that assimilate atmospheric nitrogen."

Six types of soil were selected as follows:

Type 1, a fine, sandy soil from Hermiston, high in lime content, and low in organic matter.

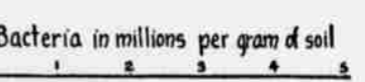
Type 2, another sandy soil that was high in lime and low in organic matter.

Henry Ford, the auto man, will lunch with the president. As a partial return for a square meal he might give the president one of his cars.

It will be quite a job to convince the consumer that cheaper meat is a national calamity.

When you see a man all doubled up rowing a boat can you say he is on pleasure bent?

Sometimes what seems good timber for political leaders is merely veneered and stuffed with sawdust.



Good for Mutton or Wool.

ly five or six, the ewe will own the lamb. Sprinkling a little of the ewe's milk over the lamb will be a great help in this method.

GREEN PEPPERS ARE POPULAR

There Are Numerous Varieties and They Have Been Greatly Improved in Recent Years.

Green peppers are fine. They can be grown on any good garden soil, but should not be put out till the ground is warm. The varieties of peppers unlike the egg-plant are numerous, and therefore have been greatly improved of late years.

The Upright Sweet Salad is a fine pepper. It is bright scarlet in color, mild and sweet.

Magnum Dulce is by far the largest pepper in cultivation, and the most prolific; no other variety gives such large specimens. It is very sweet and perfectly reliable.

Ruby King is one of the standards and has for many years been deserving of first place among the varieties of peppers, but in many respects it is not equal to the above described kinds.

Chinese giant is very large, but not as prolific as some of the other large varieties.

WATCH THE HORSE'S TEETH

Very Often Elongated Molars Prevent Animal From Masticating Its Food in Proper Manner.

If your horse shows difficulty in eating or loses flesh without apparent cause, it is time to examine the teeth. Very often elongated teeth prevent a horse from properly masticating its food, thereby rendering it impossible to obtain much benefit from it.

Ulcinated teeth also are a source of great trouble and prevent a horse from eating well. Sometimes broken teeth cut the sides of a horse's mouth and form painful sores, which, of course, interfere with mastication.

It is a good plan to examine the teeth of all horses two or three times a year and in the case of broken or elongated teeth, treat them with a file. If the teeth of a valuable animal are badly affected it should be treated by a veterinary surgeon.

Reduce Hog Disease.

There is no doubt that if the locations of all hog houses and hog lots on our farms were more carefully chosen, all feeding floors constructed of concrete, sanitary hog wallows provided in the yards, disinfectants used more frequently and freely, and the pasture system of maintaining the swine herds during the spring, summer and fall seasons followed, that hog cholera would be greatly reduced.

Keep Your Temper.

Keep your temper about the farm work and especially when doing chores. The farmer that gets mad and thrashes everything that does not happen to move thus and so just as he would like to have it, is a weak man in every way. His wife knows it, the boys and girls know it, and lose their respect for their father, and he knows it himself. What's the use? Keep cool.

Good Advice.

It doesn't cost any more to feed a four-gallon cow than a two-gallon one. And a two-gallon cow is worth just as much to the butcher as the four-gallon one. Queer thing, isn't it? The moral is, send the two-gallon cow to the butcher.

Is Considered Best.

As regards the different kinds of farmyard manure, cattle manure is considered the best, as it decomposes gradually, and is not liable to induce scab on the potatoes, as frequently happens with the stronger horsedung.

TEACHING EWE TO OWN LAMB

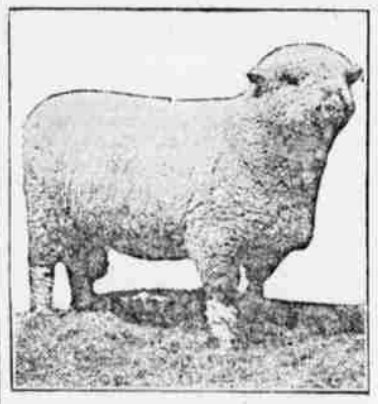
One Method is to Take Skin From Dead Animal and Place Over One to Be Adopted.

(By E. M. NELSON, Oregon Experiment Station.)

Nearly every year one lamb or more dies, even out of the small flocks that run on the general farm. In such cases the ewes may be made step-mothers. But of course it will be necessary to get the ewe to own the strange lamb. This may be accomplished in either of the following ways:

The skin may be taken from the dead lamb and placed over the lamb to be adopted. Ewes recognize their lambs by the scent, and the odor of the lamb skin will make the ewe believe that the lamb is her own. The skin should be removed in about forty-eight hours, or sooner if necessary.

The ewe may be caught and held every two or three hours for the new lamb to suck. In a few days, general



Good for Mutton or Wool.

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