

The PLACE OF HONEY-MOONS

HAROLD MACGRATH

Pictures by C.D. RHODES

SYNOPSIS.

Eleanora de Toscana was singing in Paris, which, perhaps, accounted for Edward Courlandt's appearance there. Multi-millionaire, 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 gave him the address of Flora Desimone, vocal rival of Toscana, and Flora gives him the address of Eleanora, whom he is determined to see. Courlandt enters Eleanora's apartments. She orders him out and shoots 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 Courlandt arranges for an alibi. Eleanora reappears and accuses Courlandt of having abducted her. His alibi is satisfactory to the police and the charge is dismissed. Eleanora flees to Lake Como to rest after the shock. She is followed by a number of her admirers, among them the prince who really procured her abduction. Courlandt also goes to Como and there meets Jimmie Harrigan, retired prizefighter and father of Eleanora, whose real name is Nora Harrigan. Harrigan takes Courlandt into his favor at once. He introduces Courlandt to his daughter, but the latter gives no sign of ever having met him before. She studiously avoids him. Nora's confessor sends a mystery invitation to Nora and Courlandt. He takes a strong fancy to the young man.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

"I was asleep when the pistol went off. Oh, you must believe that it was purely accidental! She was in a terrible state until morning. What if she had killed you, what if she had killed you! She seemed to harp upon that phrase."

Courlandt turned a sober face toward her. She might be sincere, and then again she might be playing the first game over again, in a different guise. "It would have been embarrassing if the bullet had found its mark." He met her eyes squarely, and she saw that his were totally free from surprise or agitation or interest. "Will you be here long?"

"It depends."

"Upon Nora?" persistently.

"The weather."

"You are hopeless."

"No; on the contrary, I am the most optimistic man in the world."

She looked into this reply very carefully. If he had hopes of winning Nora Harrigan, optimistic he certainly must be. Perhaps it was not optimism. Rather might it not be a purpose made of steel, bendable but not breakable, reinforced by a knowledge of conditions which she would have given worlds to learn?

"Is she not beautiful?"

"I am not a poet."

"Wait a moment," her eyes widening. "I believe you know who did commit that outrage."

For the first time he frowned.

"Very well; I promise not to ask any more questions."

"That would be very agreeable to me." Then, as if he realized the rudeness of his reply, he added: "Before I leave I will tell you all you wish to know, upon one condition."

"Tell it!"

"You will say nothing to any one, you will question neither Miss Harrigan nor myself, nor permit yourself to be questioned."

"I agree."

"And now, will you not take me over to your friends?"

"Over there?" agitated.

"Why, yes. We can sit upon the grass. They seem to be having a good time."

What a man! Take him over, into the enemy's camp? Nothing would be more agreeable to her. Who would be the stronger, Nora or this provoking man?

So they crossed over and joined the group. The padre smiled. It was a situation such as he loved to study: a strong man and a strong woman, at war. But nothing happened; not a ripple anywhere to disclose the agitation beneath.

The sun was dropping toward the western tops. The guests were leaving by twos and threes. The colonel had prevailed upon his dinner guests not to bother about going back to the village to dress, but to dine in the clothes they wore. Finally, none remained but Harrigan, Abbott, the Barone, the padre and Courlandt. And they talked noisily and agreeably concerning man affairs until Rao gravely announced that dinner was served.

It was only then, during the lull which followed, that light was shed upon the puzzle which had been subconsciously stirring Harrigan's mind: Nora had not once spoken to the son of his old friend.

CHAPTER X.

Everything But the Truth.

"I don't see why the colonel didn't invite some of the ladies," Mrs. Harrigan complained.

"It's a man party. He's giving it to

please himself. And I do not blame him. The women about here treat him abominably. They come at all times of the day and night, use his card room, order his servants about, drink his whisky and smoke his cigarettes, and generally invite themselves to luncheon and tea and dinner. And then, when they are ready to go back to their villas or hotel, take his motor-boat without a thank you. The colonel has about three thousand pounds outside his half-pay, and they are all crazy to marry him because his sister is a countess. As a bachelor he can live like a prince, but as a married man he would have to dig. He told me that if he had been born Adam, he'd have climbed over Eden's walls long before the Angel of the Flaming Sword paddled him out. Says he's always going to be a bachelor, unless I take pity on him," mischievously.

"Has he . . ." in horrified tones.

"About three times a visit," Nora admitted; "but I told him that I'd be a daughter, a cousin, or a niece to him, or even a grandchild. The latter presented too many complications, so we compromised on niece."

"I wish I knew when you were serious and when you were fooling."

"I am often as serious when I am fooling as I am foolish when I am serious . . ."

"Nora, you will have me shrieking in a minute!" despaired the mother.

"Did the colonel really propose to you?"

"Only in fun."

Celeste laughed and threw her arm around the mother's waist, less ample than substantial. "Don't you care! Nora is being pursued by little devils and is venting her spite on us."

"There'll be too much Burgundy and tobacco, to say nothing of the awful stories."

"With the good old padre there? Hardly," said Nora.

Celeste was a French woman. "I confess that I like a good story that isn't vulgar. And none of them look like men who would stoop to vulgarity."

"That's about all you know of men," declared Mrs. Harrigan.

"I am willing to give them the benefit of a doubt."

"Celeste," cried Nora, gaily, "I've an idea. Supposing you and I run back after dinner and hide in the card room, which is right across from the dining room? Then we can judge for ourselves."

"Nora Harrigan!"

"Molly Harrigan!" mimicked the incorrigible. "Mother mine, you must learn to recognize a jest."

"Ah, but yours!"

"Fine!" cried Celeste.

As if to put a final period to the discussion, Nora began to hum audibly an aria from Aida.

They engaged a carriage in the village and were driven up to the villa. On the way Mrs. Harrigan discussed the stranger, Edward Courlandt. What a fine looking young man he was, and how adventurous, how well-connected, how enormously rich, and what an excellent catch! She and Celeste—the one innocently and the other provocatively—continued the subject to the very doors of the villa. All the while Nora hummed softly.

"What do you think of him, Nora?" the mother inquired.

"Think of whom?"

"This Mr. Courlandt."

"Oh, I didn't pay much attention to him," carelessly. But once alone with Celeste, she seized her by the arm, a little roughly. "Celeste, I love you better than any outsider I know. But if you ever discuss that man in my presence again, I shall cease to regard you even as an acquaintance. He has come here for the purpose of annoying me, though he promised the prefect in Paris never to annoy me again."

"The prefect?"

"Yes. The morning I left Versailles I met him in the private office of the prefect. He had powerful friends who aided him in establishing an alibi. I was only a woman, so I didn't count."

"Nora, if I have meddled in any way," proudly, "it has been because I love you, and I see you unhappy. You have nearly killed me with your sphinx-like actions. You have never asked me the result of my spying for you that night. Spying is not one of my usual vocations, but I did it gladly for you."

"You gave him my address?" coldly.

"I did not. I convinced him that I had come at the behest of Flora Desimone. He demanded her address, which I gave him. If ever there was a man in a fine rage, it was he as he left me to go there. If he found out where we lived, the Calabrian assisted him. I spoke to him rather plainly at tea. He said that he had had nothing whatever to do with the abduction, and I believe him. I am positive that he is not the kind of man to go that far and not proceed to the end. And now, will you please tell Carlos to bring my dinner to my room?"

The impulsive Irish heart was not to be resisted. Nora wanted to remain firm, but instead she swept Celeste into her arms. "Celeste, don't be angry! I am very, very unhappy."

If the Irish heart was impulsive, the French one was no less so. Celeste wanted to cry out that she was unhappy, too.

"Don't bother to dress! Just give your hair a pat or two. We'll all three dine on the balcony."

Celeste flew to her room. Nora went over to the casement window and stared at the darkening mountains. When she turned toward the dresser she was astonished to find two bouquets. One was an enormous bunch of violets. The other was of simple marguerites. She picked up the violets. There was a card without a name; but the phrase scribbled across the face of it was sufficient. She flung the violets far down into the grape-

vines below. The action was without anger, excited rather by a contemptuous indifference. As for the simple marguerites, she took them up gingerly. The air was even greater than that performed by the violets.

"I'm a silly fool, I suppose," she murmured, turning back into the room again.

It was ten o'clock when the colonel bade his guests good night as they tumbled out of his motor boat. They were in more or less exuberant spirits, for the colonel knew how to do two things particularly well: order a dinner, and avoid the many traps set for him by scheming manmas and eligible widows. Abbott, the Barone and Harrigan, arm in arm, marched on ahead, whistling one tune in three different keys, while Courlandt set the pace for the padre.

All through the dinner the padre had watched and listened. Faces were generally books to him, and he read in this young man's face many things that pleased him. This was no night rover, a fool over wine and women, a spendthrift.

"There has been a grave mistake somewhere," he mused aloud, thoughtfully.

"I beg your pardon," said Courlandt.

"I beg yours. I was thinking aloud. How long have you known the Harrigans?"

"The father and mother I never saw before today."

"Then you have met Miss Harrigan?"

"I have seen her on the stage."

"I have the happiness of being her confessor."

They proceeded quite as far as a hundred yards before Courlandt volunteered: "That must be interesting."

"She is a good Catholic."

"Ah, yes; I recollect now."

"And you?"

"Oh, I haven't any religion such as requires my presence in churches. Don't misunderstand me! As a boy I was bred in the Episcopal church; but I have traveled so much that I have drifted out of the circle. I find that when I am-out in the open, in the heart of some great waste, such as a desert, a sea, the top of a mountain, I can see the greatness of the Omnipotent far more clearly and humbly than within the walls of a cathedral."

"You believe in the tenets of Christianity?"

"Surely! A man must pin his faith and hope to something more stable than humanity."

"I should like to convert you to my way of thinking," simply.

"Nothing is impossible. Who knows?"

The padre, as they continued onward, offered many openings, but the young man at his side refused to be drawn into any confidence. So the padre gave up, for the futility of his efforts became irksome. His own lips were sealed, so he could not ask point blank the question that clamored at the tip of his tongue.

"So you are Miss Harrigan's confessor?"

"Does it strike you strangely?"

"Merely the coincidence."

"If I were not her confessor I should take the liberty of asking you some questions."

"It is quite possible that I should decline to answer them."

The padre shrugged. "It is patent to me that you will go about this affair in your own way. I wish you well."

"Thank you. As Miss Harrigan's confessor you doubtless know everything but the truth."

The padre laughed this time. The shops were closed. The open restaurants by the water front held but few idlers. The padre admired the young man's independence. Most men would have hesitated not a second to pour the tale into his ears in hope of material assistance. The padre's admiration was equally proportioned with respect.

"I leave you here," he said. "You will see me frequently at the villa."

"I certainly shall be there frequently. Good night."

Courlandt quickened his pace which soon brought him alongside the others. They stopped in front of Abbott's pension, and he tried to persuade them to come up for a nightcap.

"Nothing to it, my boy," said Harrigan. "I need no nightcap on top of cognac 48 years old. For me that's a whole suit of pajamas."

"You come, Ted."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Distance in Bavaria.

In the Bavarian highlands signposts along the roads, instead of stating the number of miles or kilometers to the various villages, give the amount of time which the average pedestrian will supposedly take to traverse the distance, an exchange states. This is merely an official expression of the very general custom of the peasants in the region, who invariably tell inquirers on the roads not how far it is to a place, but how long it takes to get there.

For instance, one asks: "How far is it to Oberammergau?"

"A small half hour," will be the answer, or perhaps "A good half hour" or "A big half hour."

Which is puzzling until the stranger learns that a "small half hour" means 25 minutes, "a good half hour" 30 minutes and "a big half hour" 35 minutes.

Kaiser as a Censor.

The kaiser has forbidden the production at Herr Reinhardt's Deutsches theater of a play called "Ferdinand, Prince of Prussia," on the ground that one of the characters is a member of the Prussian royal family. There is no appeal from the kaiser's censorship.

THEN THEY TOOK HIM AWAY

Poor Man Had Just Returned From a Two Weeks' "Rest" in Summer Hotel—Strain Was Too Much.

He stood at the door of a telephone booth, a strange light in his eyes and on his tongue a strange babble.

"Step in and see my room," he said to the people near at hand. "It is the best room in the house, so the proprietor told me. See how large and airy it is. I can get my trunk in easily and still have room to dress."

He smiled amiably and continued: "It hasn't any window, but you cannot expect everything when you go away for the summer. You have to put up with some inconveniences in a summer hotel, you know. I leave the door open at night, and really it is very comfortable."

Some of his hearers shook their heads sadly and whispered to those near by.

"If you think my room is small," went on the man by the telephone booth, "you ought to see some of the others in this house. They are nothing but boxes, really. I don't see how people exist in them. As for board, all I pay is \$25 a week."

They took him away finally, smiling and unresisting. Poor man! He had just returned from a two weeks' "rest" in a summer hotel, and the strain had been too much for him.—Puck.

Exaggerated Ego.

"Dobb seems to have a very good opinion of himself."

"Yes. Because he has one or two Wagnerian selections among his photographic records he considers himself a patron of art."

A PROPOSITION.



"Remember, my child, that this whipping will hurt me more than it will you."

"All right, pa; if you'll change places with me I'll try to bear the pain."

Seeing New York.

Hostess (to western relation, who supposed New York consisted of the Great White Way)—Cousin Jim, here is some lobster salad I had John get especially for you at the delicatessen store. After dinner we can let you have some of the very latest things on the phonograph, or else go to a moving picture show, and then tonight I will make up a bed for you on the couch. We do hope you will enjoy your visit to New York.—Judge.

An Anti-Dancer.

"Going to turn on the music machine?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Flippins.

"Well, I wish you'd make it play Beethoven's 'Moonlight Sonata.'"

"Why, you don't know one tune from another."

"That's pretty near true. But I have learned by observation that the 'Moonlight Sonata' is one tune that doesn't tempt everybody in the room to get up and tango or hesitate."

Misunderstood.

"What made the chambermaid quit?"

"A facetious lodger called her 'fair Hebe.'"

"Well?"

"She burst into tears and vowed she was a good girl."

A Mere Surmise.

"Do you see that small man who wears thick spectacles?"

"Yes."

"He knows more about volcanoes than anybody else in the world."

"Ahem! Is that why he shows such marked deference to his wife?"

Danger.

Harper—Foolish has a great scheme and he invited me "to get in on the ground floor."

Carper—Don't forget that there is where the trap doors are.—Town Topics.

Contrary Demonstration.

"Did his father welcome the prodigal warmly?"

"In the warmest kind of way—with cold cash."

More Considerate.

"A woman wants the last word."

"Yes. But when she has that advantage she isn't as merciless in using it as some of our baseball autocrats."

Not the Kind.

"That sailor friend of yours is always telling the same old story."

"Well, you wouldn't expect fresh stories from an old salt, would you?"

The Conclusion.

"I guess we ought to have a float in the parade."

"You certainly ought to have a float if you want to be in the swim."

PROPER HANDLING OF A HOE

Light in Weight, Easy to Use and More Effective Than Any Other Implement on Farm.

(By L. M. BENNINGTON.)

So many people have a horror of using a hoe. It is the most comfortable implement to use in the equipment of a gardener or farmer, and it is handy to use for so many purposes that one cannot get along without it.

Probably one reason that people do not like the hoe is that most hoes explain at once how "dull as a hoe" came into proverbial use.

A dull hoe is certainly not a pleasant implement with which to work. The good gardener will keep his favorite hoe filed to a sharp edge all the time. It is impossible to grind a hoe on a grindstone because the bevel must be on the upper side of the blade when it is in use, in order to make the hoe "bite" into the soil.

File your hoe, making the bevel about twice as wide as the thickness of the blade. Then keep it bright and when you go out after weeds the hoe slips through the soil so easily that hoeing is not much like hard work.

In hoeing, a long, slow movement should be made, if the soil is in good condition. Simply "scuffing" half an inch of the top soil is enough to kill weeds and one can go over a lot of ground in one day if the hoe is sharp and bright and the strokes long and smooth.

With a sharp hoe one can cut thistles, dock, dandelions and other noxious weeds, with quickness, dispatch and ease. It is light to handle, easy to use, and more effective than any other implement for many purposes.

In choosing a hoe, select one the blade of which lies, not quite flat on the floor when you are standing erect, with the hoe handle extending from your hands when in working position to the floor. The heel of the hoe should not quite touch the floor from this position.

Such a hoe will bite into the soil easily, when it is bright and sharp and will work smoothly and effectively. Sharpen the hoe as soon as it gets noticeably dull. This will be hard on the hoe, but it saves muscle and hoes are cheap. Carry a small flat file in your pocket and do not allow a nick to stay in the hoe a minute after it is made.

KEEP SOME SHEEP ON FARM

Get as Good Ewes as is Possible to Procure and Never Use Any But Pure-Bred Bucks.

Ten to 20 ewes will be enough on a 120 to 200-acre farm, unless it is decided to make sheep the leading farm stock; as the natural increase from these will soon build up a flock.

Get as good ewes as you can procure, and they will probably be grades, which is all right, but remembering that the male is more than half the flock, never, never use any but a pure-bred buck.

The novice can easily get some reputable dealer who knows the kind of ewes wanted to procure him the needed number, and I advise against starting in to learn the sheep business with too large a flock, but to begin with a few animals.

Ten good ewes can be had for about \$50, the buck will cost \$20 up to as much as you are willing to pay, and 10 lambs next July, will bring you the cost of the whole, but this is not good business.

USEFUL TOOL FOR THE FARM

Many Hours May Be Saved by Sharpening Implements at Home Instead of Going to Town.

A good grindstone is almost a necessity on the farm. By its use many hours may be saved which would otherwise be wasted in going to town to have sharpening done. The price is not high and a good stone will last for many years.



A Handy Farm Tool.

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ENTITLED TO A GOOD ROAD

Farm Is Not Ranked as First Class Unless Improved Highways Are Provided by Owner.

Despite not the road drag, but criticize yourself either for not knowing how to use it, or for not using it when you do know how, simply because you will not be paid for it. The farm is entitled to a good road alongside of it, and is not a first-class farm unless it has such a road. The farmer himself is the best man to make that road good, provided permanent bridges and culverts have been put in, and the necessary drainage has been done at public expense. Then if the farmer, for the compensation in some way provided, will not keep his road decent, let him bear the reproach of the community. A little healthy public sentiment along this line will do more to bring the road drag into use than any legislation that can be placed on the statute books.

POINTS OF A PROFITABLE HEN

Good Sign of Healthy Fowl When Comb is Plum and Red and Wattles of a Bright Color.

If the comb of the hen is plum and red, and the face and wattles of a bright color, it is a good sign that she is in health and laying condition.

If confined at such a time she will show great restlessness, wonderful activity and be full of business when at liberty. She will be on the alert at every sound or motion.

On the other hand, if the comb appears shriveled, or the edges of the comb and wattles are of a purplish red, she will be listless, sleepy and sluggish in her movements.

In such a case she is out of condition and is either sick or likely to be before very long.

Feed Chickens at Night.

Never allow your chickens to go to roost with empty crops. They should have all the grain they will take in ten to fifteen minutes, just before they turn in.

SHEEP RAISING PAYS

LACK OF ATTENTION IS CAUSE OF MANY FAILURES.

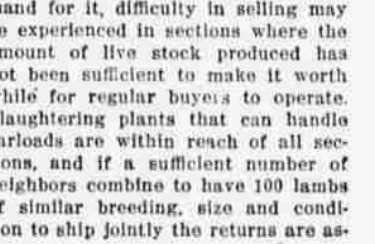
Good Reasons for Expecting Continuation of High Prices for Mutton and Lamb—Demand for Wool Is on the Increase.

The consumption of mutton per capita in the United States is increasing every year, though the amount used is much less in proportion to other meat than in Europe. There are good reasons for expecting a continuation of good prices for mutton and lamb, and the demand for wool also may be expected to increase more rapidly than the production. These facts are brought out in a recent letter from a specialist of the department of agriculture to a southern farmer who inquired regarding the possibilities of the sheep business.

The department's specialist called attention to the fact that while farm-raised sheep have often not been profitable, this has usually been because of lack of proper attention and management. Variations in price of wool and mutton have stood in the way of such general interest in sheep as would cause them to be regarded as highly as they should be in the future. Ranges all over the world are now carrying about as many sheep as they can support under a strict range system, and an increase in the production of sheep products must come mainly from farms. Here, then, is the farmer's opportunity to take advantage of the increased consumption of these products.

While mutton can be produced at low cost and there is a growing demand for it, difficulty in selling may be experienced in sections where the amount of live stock produced has not been sufficient to make it worth while for regular buyers to operate. Slaughtering plants that can handle carloads are within reach of all sections, and if a sufficient number of neighbors combine to have 100 lambs of similar breeding, size and condition to ship jointly the returns are as-

Alfalfa-Fed Sheep.



secured. It will also be possible to secure visits and bids from buyers when such a number is promised. The lamb clubs of Tennessee, notably the one at Goodlettsville, have proved very successful in this work.

The same organization can also be used in disposing of the wool.

In countries where economy in farm management has been studied a long time, the sheep is considered to be necessary in utilizing vegetation on such waste lands as are not wet or marshy. But the sheep can hold its place on high-priced land as a meat producer alone. Compared with larger animals it has some important advantages. First, the lambs mature very rapidly, being marketable at four months of age or later, according to breeding and feeding. This is an economy because a larger proportion of the total feed goes into increase of weight than in slower growing animals. Second, the sheep consumes a greater variety of plants than do other animals. Many of such plants are detrimental to pastures and would otherwise require hand labor to hold them in check. Third, grain waste in harvesting can be entirely recovered by sheep. These facts prompt some farmers to claim that the summer food of sheep costs nothing, because what they consume would otherwise bring no returns.

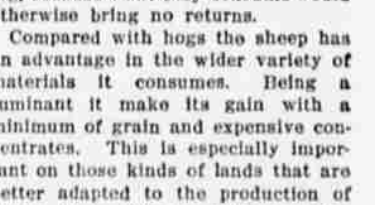
Compared with hogs the sheep has an advantage in the wider variety of materials it consumes. Being a ruminant it makes its gain with a minimum of grain and expensive concentrates. This is especially important on those kinds of lands that are better adapted to the production of forage crops than to grain growing.

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