

The PLACE of HONEY-MOONS

HAROLD MAC GRATH

Pictures by C.D. RHODES

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

Nora, without relaxing the false smile, suddenly found emptiness in everything.

"Sing!" said Herr Rosen.

"I am too tired. Some other time." He did not press her. Instead, he whispered in his own tongue: "You are the most adorable woman in the world!"

And Nora turned upon him a pair of eyes blank with astonishment. It was as though she had been asleep and he had rudely awakened her. His infatuation blinded him to the truth; he saw in the look a feminine desire to throw the others off the track as to the sentiment expressed in his whispered words.

The hour passed tolerably well. Herr Rosen then observed the time, rose and excused himself. He took the steps leading abruptly down the terrace to the carriage road. He had come by the other way, the rambling stone stairs which began at the porter's lodge, back of the villa.

"Padre," whispered Courtlandt, "I am going. Do not follow. I shall explain to you when we meet again."

The padre signified that he understood. Harrigan protested vigorously, but smiling and shaking his head, Courtlandt went away.

Nora ran to the window. She could see Herr Rosen striding along, down the winding road, his head in the air. Presently, from behind a cluster of mulberries, the figure of another man came into view. He was going at a dog-trot, his hat settled at an angle that permitted the rain to beat squarely into his face. The next turn in the road shut them both from sight. But Nora did not stir.

Herr Rosen stopped and turned.

"You called?"

"Yes," Courtlandt had caught up with him just as Herr Rosen was about to open the gates. "Just a moment, Herr Rosen," with a hand upon the bars. "I shall not detain you long."

There was studied insolence in the tones and the gestures which accompanied them.

"Be brief, if you please."

"My name is Edward Courtlandt, as doubtless you have heard."

"In a large room it is difficult to remember all the introductions."

"Precisely. That is why I take the liberty of recalling it to you, so that you will not forget it," urbanely.

A pause. Dark patches of water were spreading across their shoulders. Little rivulets ran down Courtlandt's arm, raised as it was against the bars. "I do not see how it may concern me," replied Herr Rosen finally with an insolence more marked than Courtlandt's.

"In Paris we met one night, at the stage entrance of the Opera. I pushed you aside, not knowing who you were. You had offered your services; the door of Miss Harrigan's limousine."

"It was you?" scowling.

"I apologize for that. Tomorrow morning you will leave Bellaggio for Varenna. Somewhere between nine and ten the first train leaves for Milan."

"Varenna! Milan!"

"Exactly. You speak English as naturally and fluently as if you were born to the tongue. Thus, you will leave for Milan. What becomes of you after that is of no consequence to me. Am I making myself clear?"

"Verdampft! Do I believe my ears?"

"Are you telling me to leave Bellaggio tomorrow morning?"

"As directly as I can."

Herr Rosen's face became as red as his name. He was a brave young man, but there was danger of an active kind in the blue eyes boring into his own. If it came to a physical contest, he realized that he would get the worst of it. He put his hand to his throat; his very impotence was choking him.

"Your Highness . . ."

"Highness!" Herr Rosen stepped back.

"Yes. Your Highness will readily see the wisdom of my concern for your hasty departure when I add that I know all about the little house in Versailles, that my knowledge is shared by the chief of the Parisian police and the minister of war. If you annoy Miss Harrigan with your equivocal attentions . . ."

"Gott! This is too much!"

"Wait! I am stronger than you are. Do not make me force you to hear me to the end. You have gone about this intrigue like a blackguard, and that I know Your Highness not to be. The matter is, you are young, you have always had your way, you have not learnt restraint. Your presence here is an insult to Miss Harrigan, and if she was pleasant to you this

afternoon it was for my benefit. If you do not go, I shall expose you." Courtlandt opened the gate.

"And if I refuse?"

"Why, in that case, being the American that I am, without any particular reverence for royalty or nobility, as it is known, I promise to thrash you soundly tomorrow morning at ten o'clock, in the dining room, in the bureau, the drawing room, wherever I may happen to find you."

Courtlandt turned on his heel and hurried back to the villa. He did not look over his shoulder. If he had, he might have felt pity for the young man who leaned heavily against the gate, his burning face pressed upon his rain-soaked sleeve.

When Courtlandt knocked at the door and was admitted, he apologized. "I came back for my umbrella."

"Umbrella!" exclaimed the padre. "Why, we had no umbrellas. We came up in a carriage which is probably waiting for us this very minute by the porter's lodge."

"Well, I am certainly absent-minded!"

"Absent-minded!" scoffed Abbott. "You never forget anything in all your life, unless it was to go to bed. You wanted an excuse to come back."

"Any excuse would be a good one in that case. I think we'd better be going, Padre. And by the way, Herr Rosen begged me to present his regrets. He is leaving Bellaggio in the morning."

Nora turned her face once more to the window.

CHAPTER XII.

The Ball at the Villa.

"It is all very petty, my child," said the padre. "Life is made up of bigger things; the little ones should be ignored."

To which Nora replied: "To a woman the little things are everything; they are the daily routine, the expected, the necessary things. What you call the big things in life are accidents. And, oh! I have pride." She folded her arms across her heaving bosom; for the padre's directness this morning had stirred her deeply.

"Willfulness is called pride by some; and stubbornness. But you know, as well as I do, that yours is resentment, anger, indignation. Yes, you have pride, but it has not been brought into this affair. Pride is that within which prevents us from doing mean or sordid acts; and you could not do one or the other if you tried. The sentiment in you which should be developed

"Is mercy?"

"No; justice, the patience to weigh the right or wrong of a thing."

"Padre, I have eyes, eyes; I saw." He twirled the middle button of his cassock. The eyes see and the ears hear, but these are only witnesses, laying the matter before the court of the last resort, which is the mind. It is there we sift the evidence."

"He had the insufferable insolence to order Herr Rosen to leave," going around the barrier of his well-ordered logic.

"Ah! Now, how could he send away Herr Rosen if that gentleman had really preferred to stay?"

Nora looked confused.

"Shall I tell you? I suspected; so I questioned him last night. Had I been in his place, I should have chastised Herr Rosen instead of bidding him to go. It was he."

"Positively. The men who guarded you were two actors from one of the theaters. He did not come to Versailles because he was being watched. He was found and sent home the night before your release."

"I'm sorry. But it was so like him." The padre spread his hands. "What a way women have of modifying either good or bad impulses! It would have been fine of you to have stopped when you said you were sorry."

"Padre, one would believe that you had taken up his defense!"

"If I had I should have to leave it after today. I return to Rome tomorrow and shall not see you again before you go to America. I have bidden good-by to all save you. My child, my last admonition is, be patient; observe; guard against that impulse born in your blood to move hastily, to form opinions without solid foundations. Be happy while you are young, for old age is happy only in that reflected happiness of recollection. Write to me, here. I return in November. Benedicite!" smiling.

Nora bowed her head and he put a hand upon it.

Celeste stood behind Abbott and studied his picture through half-closed, critical eyes. "You have painted it over too many times." Then she looked down at the shapely head. Ah, the longing to put her hands upon it, to run her fingers through the tousled hair, to touch it with her lips! But no! "Perhaps you are tired; perhaps you have worked too hard. Why not put aside your brushes for a week?"

"I've a good mind to chuck it into the lake. I simply can't paint any more." He fung down the brushes. "I'm a fool, Celeste, a fool. I'm crying for the moon, that's what the matter is. What's the use of beating about the bush? You know as well as I do that it's Nora."

Her heart contracted, and for a little while she could not see him clearly.

"But what earthly chance have I?" he went on, innocently but ruthlessly. "No one can help loving Nora."

"No," in a small voice.

"It's all rot, this talk about affinities. There's always some poor devil left outside. But who can help loving Nora?" he repeated.

"Who indeed?"

"And there's not the least chance in the world for me."

"You never can tell until you put it to the test."

"Do you think I have a chance? Is

It possible that Nora may care a little for me?" He turned his head toward her eagerly.

"Who knows?" She wanted him to have it over with, to learn the truth that to Nora Harrigan he would never be more than an amiable comrade. He would then have none to turn to but her. What mattered it if her own heart ached so she might soothe the hurt in his? She laid a hand upon his shoulder, so lightly that he was only dimly conscious of the contact.

"It's a rummy old world. Here I've gone alone all these years . . ."

"Twenty-six!" smiling.

"Well, that's a long time. Never bothered my head about a woman. Selfish, perhaps. Had a good time, came and went as I pleased. And then I met Nora."

"Yes."

"If only she'd been stand-offish, like these other singers, why, I'd have been all right today. But she's such a brick! She's such a good fellow! She treats us all alike; sings when we ask her to; always ready for a romp. Think of her making us all take the Kneip cure the other night! And we marched around the fountain singing 'Mary had a little lamb.' Barefooted in the grass! When a man marries he doesn't want a wife half so much as a good comrade; somebody to slap him on the back in the morning to hearten him up for the day's work; and to cuddle him up when he comes home tired, or disappointed, or unsuccessful. No matter what mood he's in. Is my English getting away from you?"

"No; I understand all you say." Her hand rested a trifle heavier upon his shoulder.

"Nora would be that kind of a wife. 'Honor, anger, valor, fire,' as Stevenson says. Hang the picture; what am I going to do with it?"

"Honor, anger, valor, fire," Celeste repeated slowly. "Yes, that is Nora." A bitter little smile moved her lips as she recalled the happenings of the last two days. But no; he must find out for himself; he must meet the hurt from Nora, not from her. "How long, Abbott, have you known your friend Mr. Courtlandt?"

"Boys together," playing a light tattoo with his mahlstick.

"How old is he?"

"About thirty-two or three."

"He is very rich?"

"Oceans of money; throws it away, but not fast enough to get rid of it."

"He is what you say in English . . . wild?"

"Well," with mock gravity, "I shouldn't like to be the tiger that crossed his path. Wild; that's the word for it."

"You are laughing. Ah, I know! I should say dissipated."

"Courtlandt? Come, now, Celeste; does he look dissipated?"

"No."

"He drinks when he chooses, he flirts with a pretty woman when he chooses, he smokes the finest tobacco there is when he chooses; and he gives them all up when he chooses. He is like the seasons; he comes and he goes, and nobody can change his habits."

"He has had no affair?"

"Why, Courtlandt hasn't any heart. It's a mechanical device to keep his blood in circulation; that's all. I am the most intimate friend he has, and yet I know no more than you how he lives and where he goes."

She let her hand fall from his shoulder. She was glad that he did not know.

"But look!" she cried in warning. Abbott looked.

A woman was coming serenely down the path from the wooded promontory, a woman undeniably handsome in a cedar-tinted linen dress, exquisitely fashioned, with a touch of vivid scarlet on her hat and a most tantalizing flash of scarlet ankle. It was Flora Desimone, fresh from her morning bath and a substantial breakfast. The errand that had brought her from Aix-les-Bains was confessedly a merciful one. But she possessed the dramatist's instinct to prolong a situation. Thus, to make her act of mercy seem infinitely larger than it was, she was determined first to cast the Apple of Discord into this charming corner of Eden. The Apple of Discord, as every man knows, is the only thing a woman can throw with any accuracy.

The artist snatched up his brushes, and ruined the painting forthwith, for all time. The foreground was, in his opinion, beyond redemption; so, with a savage humor, he rapidly limned in a score of impossible trees, turned midday into sunset, with a riot of colors which would have made the Chinese New Year in Canton a drab and sober event in comparison. He hated Flora Desimone, as all Nora's adherents properly did, but with a hatred wholly reflective and adapted to Nora's moods.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Anti.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, the eloquent and sincere anti-suffragist, said at a dinner in New York: "I am convinced that, despite all this sex equality talk, woman in her heart still longs to look up to man in reverence. A diplomat at a dinner in Washington took down the season's belle. 'You ravish all hearts,' the diplomat said to her. 'You make a fresh conquest every week.' True," said the belle, and sighed. "True—and I'd give all my slaves for the master."

They Looked Dangerous.

A little three-year-old boy, who from time of infancy had been under the care of doctors and trained nurses, was visiting his grandmother after convalescence from tonsillitis. An open fire attracted him. After watching the sparks, which fell incessantly on the hearth, he asked, "Grandma, are those red spots germs?"—Christian Register.

GAME WORTH HUNTING

STEWART EDWARD WHITE TELLS OF KILLING OF IMMENSE LION.

Five Well-Placed Shots Needed to Finish the Jungle Monarch—Its Measurements Only a Few Inches Under the Record.

Those who have been "on safari" hunting big game in East Africa—and their number must now amount to thousands—will read with great interest Stewart Edward White's modestly told story of a hunting journey from Mombasa through the Shimba hills, Nairobi, Kapiti, the Taavo river and Masailand. Mr. White had the good fortune to shoot almost a "record" big lion. He thus describes the incident:

We had proceeded in this fashion for about a mile, when suddenly, and most unexpectedly, the biggest lion I ever saw leaped straight up from a bush 25 yards in front of me, and with a tremendous roar vanished behind another bush.

I had just time to throw up the .405 shotgun and let drive a snapshot. Clifford Hill, who was ten yards to my right, saw the fur fly, and we all heard the snarl as the bullet hit.

Naturally we expected an instant charge, but, as things turned out, it was evident the lion had not seen us at all. He had leaped at the sight of our men and horses on the skyline, and when the bullet hit him he must have ascribed it to them. At any rate, he began to circle through the tangled vines in their direction.

From their elevation they could follow his movements. At once they set up howls of terror and appeals for help. Some began frantically to run back and forth. None of them tried to run away; there was nowhere to go! The only thing that saved them was the thick and spiky character of the cover. The lion, instead of charging straight and fast, was picking an easy way.

We tore directly up hill as fast as we were able, leaping from rock to rock and thrusting recklessly through the tangle. About halfway up I jumped to the top of a high, conical rock, and thence by good luck caught sight of the lion's great yellow head advancing steadily about 50 yards away.

I took as good a sight as I could and pulled trigger. The recoil knocked me clear off the bowlder, but as I fell I saw his tail go up and knew that I had hit. At once Clifford Hill and I jumped up on the rock again, but the lion had moved out of sight. We all maneuvered rapidly for position.

Again luck was with me, for again I saw his great head, the mane standing out all around it; and for the second time I planted a heavy bullet square in his chest.

This stopped his advance; he lay down. His head was up and his eyes glared, as he uttered the most reverberating and magnificent roars and growls. The dogs leaped and barked around him.

We came quite close and I planted my fourth bullet in his shoulder. Even this was not enough. It took a fifth in the same place to finish him.

The howls from the hilltop ceased. All gathered to marvel at the lion's immense size. He measured three feet nine inches at the shoulder and nine feet eleven inches between stakes or ten feet eleven inches along contour. This is only five inches under record.

We weighed him piecemeal, after a fashion, and put him between 550 pounds and 600 pounds.

Infection From Notes.

Owing to the discovery of a new process of destroying bacteria without injury to bank notes, this medium of infection is to be eliminated in Canada. When the Canadian bank act was under consideration last year a clause was added to the effect that banks must sterilize paper currency before releasing it. Experiments have revealed that there is an average of 20,000 living bacteria on each note. Sterilization by a chemical was tried, but while this was successful, injurious and unpleasant effects from the gas remained. A heat test was then tried, and was completely successful, notes being subjected to a temperature of 176 degrees Fahrenheit. It was found that many dangerous bacteria were destroyed by the heat test, the paper remaining uninjured. The finance department has arranged that banks, where there is no assistant receiver general's office, may transmit at the bank's risk and expense, mutilated or unclean Dominion notes of denomination up to \$5 to the nearest receiver general, and obtain in return an equal amount of new Dominion notes.

Ultra-Violet Rays.

Niagara Falls will have the first municipal ultra-violet rays sterilization plant in this country. Contract negotiations have been consummated for a 25-lamp installation. Mercury vapor lamps protruding into channels through which water will flow, will be used. The ultra-violet rays from these lamps have the power to kill the bacteria in the water. There will be seven lamps in each of the five concrete canals, although it is estimated that 25 lamps only will be required to handle the capacity of the plant, 16,000,000 gallons daily. The cost of the canals and lamp installations will be \$19,800, while the city will erect a building and transformers to change the current from alternating to direct, at a cost of \$2,200.—Engineering Record.

In the City of Bremen

JUST at sunset it was that our boat sailed into Bremer-Haven. The sky was tinted all the shades of pink and violet with a tiny bit of yellow at the horizon. The water was white and smooth, only here and there reflecting the colors of the sky. Everywhere overhead, in front and back of the boat sea-gulls were flying. They cut great, graceful circles in the sky with their wings tilted sidewise. Some were resting on the water, moving languidly up and down with the slight motion of the wavelets, and still others were crying and fighting for the waste food that was being thrown from the back of the ship. Their snow-white wings reflected the pale sun-set colors, writes a correspondent of the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Slowly the boat was steered in between long, narrow points of dark green land. Silhouetted against the sky were wind-mills and tall straight trees. Nothing seemed real for we glided so slowly that we seemed to be on a phantom ship in a dream. The bustling stewards and cabin-boys broke our reverie with the exciting news that the customhouse officials were waiting to inspect our baggage that night and if anything can bring a dreamer back to earth it is a practical German customhouse officer with his formal uniform, his great mustache and his guttural withering query, "Cigarren oder Liqueur?"

Bremer-Haven is the home of the North German Lloyd steamer officers. These men love the sea and they live as near to it as possible, even after they have retired from active service. They spend their vacations in the Hartz mountains taking walking trips.

Sea Captain's History.

Last June there was an ex-captain on board and he had a curious history. At first he impressed one as being very old, but when he took his cap off we saw his hair was not the least bit gray. He was dressed as much like a real captain as was possible for a man to be. He always wore dark blue with a cap on his head. He was silent and melancholy except when the Titanic disaster was mentioned, and then he defended Captain Smith

the city and if anything should happen to him the people would be very much alarmed about their safety.

Nearly all the important buildings in Bremen are gathered around the Roland and the Rathaus square. The old Rathaus is one of the most interesting in all Germany.

The upper floor of the Rathaus is occupied by the Great Hall, which is always left open to the public. The ceiling of this old hall is very unique, for it is set with the portraits of all the emperors from Charlemagne to Sigismund. In between the portraits are huge models of famous old ships.

The lower floor or cellar of the Rathaus is occupied by a famous rathskeller, where only two kinds of drinks are served—Rhine and Moselle wine. No food can be had unless the wine is first ordered. The rathskeller is a great favorite with the men of Bremen and many have their favorite table, and here they sit and smoke

and talk and let the outside world wag as it will.

Bismarck Most Popular Hero.

The end of the Rathaus square is occupied by the cathedral, a tall, uninteresting looking building, with two big towers. Standing at the front door is Bismarck on a horse. It is one of the nicest statues of Bismarck yet erected. In time every city in Germany will have its Bismarck statue, for he is today the most popular German hero.

Next to the cathedral is the exchange. This exchange is neither as large nor as important as the one in Hamburg, but nevertheless a vast

amount of business is done here without much apparent effort except noise. The men congregate between one and two o'clock, and seem merely to stand around in grou . . .

Back of the exchange is a large square where stands the statue of Gustavus Adolphus, the Swedish emperor. He is dressed in the costume of the days of Charles I, but in spite of his courtly robes he has the fire of a great fighter in his eye. The statue was originally intended for the city of Gottenburg, in Sweden, but as it was being transported from Germany a great storm arose and the vessel was wrecked. The statue was rescued and brought back to Bremen. The German seamen raised a fund, purchased the statue and stood it in their city.

Not far from the Rathaus is another square, which is occupied by a unique fountain. It is a boat containing a beautiful fisher boy, which three mermaids have captured, and they are dragging him into the water. It is very original in composition and design and reminds one of the pictures of Arnold Boehlin.

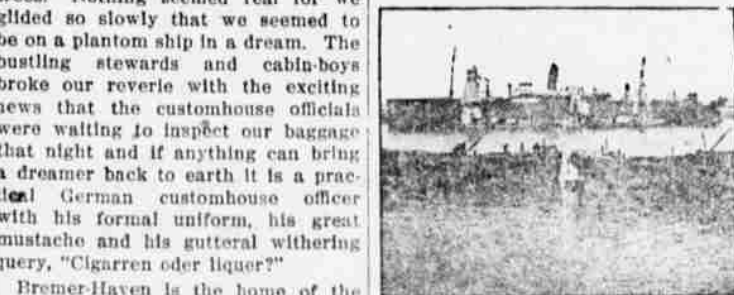
The stores in Bremen are very attractive, especially if you are an admirer of hand embroidery and beautiful hand sewing. The store windows are full of dainty waists and exquisite things for babies, but a snare, however, for while they are beautifully sewn, the fit is German to the extreme, with no style whatever.

Numerous Ties.

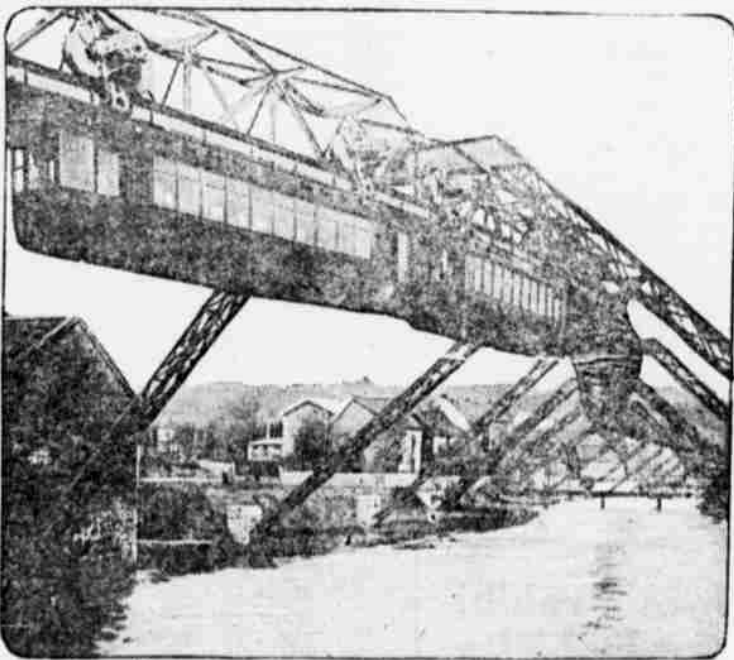
"I don't care much for Lonelyville."

"Why don't you move then?"

"Too many ties. Our neighbor has my card table, another my wheelbarrow and a third my lawn mower."



Unloading Train at Bremer-Haven.



BREMEN TO BARMFELD ELEVATED RAILWAY