ing without a country

by Robert Bruce

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CHAPTER VIII

was not long in discovering atever yachting he did on the f Bay St. Francis he would

received the news of his of the sloop with a mur- "Oh, darling, how nice!" and fully made a tour of inspec- him, exclaiming prettily over boat's compact and robust but she very quickly made it at she was content to admire from a safe and stable van- nt on the shore.

d persuade her to go for one into the bay. A stiff south- ese was blowing, and when heeled over and dipped its under the foam Ardath with panic and gripped Paul's perately. Furthermore, when t out into the open and met swell from beyond Cape she became extremely seasick erable. Thereafter, Paul went oat alone.

himself was as delighted with t as he had expected to be. Jonas Coffin had not over- its qualities; it was sturdy and it showed a neat turn of nd rode the waves with a light that spoke well of its quali- a deep sea cruiser. True to mise, Paul renamed it "Irene," smile for the quaint New Eng- from whom he had bought it.

he found, as the weeks passed, boat was not only a diversion lace of refuge.

it was becoming increasingly pretend that life at the villa oing along smoothly. There to be a thousand little sources ation that had not existed be- ritations that grew out of his adily mounting dissatisfaction e life he was leading.

Countess di Marco and Reggie wyne seemed to be underfoot tly. He and Ardath would be r breakfast on the balcony; would hum in the drive, they hear footsteps on the gravel, re woud be the countess' voice, ssibly gay and cheerful—"Hel- llings, are you up?" And pres- he would be on the balcony with exquisitely groomed and, al- looking a little artificial, perch- the table and inundating them he details of so-and-so's party t's-her-name's recent divorce; e first thing Paul knew the s and Ardath would be planning excursion or fete together and uld find himself drawn along them like a helpless skiff eddy- the wake of an ocean-going tug.

If the countess failed to show ggie was sure to appear. He saunter up the lawn from the grinning and impudently sure of elcome, with his weary, old- face looking like the face of a ed cherub; he would say, airily, soaks," and sprawl on the grass them; and then, before he quite how it had happened, Paul would hat he and Ardath had hurried e to change their clothes for r trip to Juan les Pins or some

re were dozens of villas along east, and Paul and Ardath had tened, danced, lunched and gone stume balls, it seemed, in each f them—and bad, in turn, pre- at similar functions in the Villa Margarete in return. There were score of casinos, night clubs similar attractions within two ride of the villa; Paul was r with all of them by now, them to the distraction of bore- could remember in his sleep just he head waiter in each one flour- his menu card, just how each from-Broadway blues singer roll- r eyes, just how each trap er tossed his sticks in the air ught them again.

n't we," he asked Ardath one oon, as they emerged from their the sea and made their way villa, "aren't we seeing just a more than we really need to of people?"

did not answer until they had d the door of her dressing room. t him follow her in, and tossed each robe over a chair.

arest, need we go all over that " she asked wearily. "We can't ate here in solitude, you know. hese people are nice. You used them . . . back in Northumbra." had, indeed, Paul reflected. The ast which they gave to the un- stuffiness of palace life had d infinitely refreshing. But . . .

know," he said. "And yet—must e them all the time?"

removed her bathing cap and ted her coiffure carefully.

ould you prefer to go to Paris ingle with the guests of the Duc ontmiral?" she said. Paul flush- membering the mortifying out- of his last effort to transfer his ance to a more serious class of y.

ter all," she said, "there's no in these people. Is it such a to get a little pleasure in life? wrong to be light-hearted?"

frowned thoughtfully.

ere is harm in some of them," id. "Reggie Van Twyne's little sion to that waterfront dive in illes last week wasn't exactly esence of childish innocence. And two ballet dancers the countess

," she cried angrily, "can't we little broadminded?"

d so it went; an argument that on, like a sullen thunder cloud will not break, to darken all the of the day for them. For they ot seem to be able to let an ar- t drop, these days. Now and they had an outright quarrel. were reconciliations afterward, ome—feverish reconciliations, in they strained to each other, ex- ed their vocabulary of endear- , and tried pathetically in a of love-making to reassure lves that everything was as it en. But everything was not as been, and it grew harder each to disguise the fact.

was about this time that Paul into the habit of spending a night ashore now and then. The first time he did it followed a more than ordinarily heated spat with Ardath; sullkily, he collected sleeping garments and toilet articles and went down to the snug little cabin of the Irene. He awoke the next morning, feeling unaccountably free and light-hearted.

He tried that remedy rather often in succeeding weeks. Ardath seemed puzzed, at first, but she never uttered a word of protest. Paul began to suspect that as long as she was left free to guide them through the tortuous maze followed by the Countess di Marco and Reggie Van Twyne, she did not care greatly what he did. And his boat came more and more to seem like a haven to which he could escape at intervals and renew his strength.

It was after one of these nights on the Irene that Paul unintentionally brought about one of their sharpest quarrels.

The morning was bright and fresh. His body was tingling from his plunge in the bay; and he strode up to the villa whistling cheerfully, feeling that life was simple, after all. He went to Ardath's bedroom. She was propped up among the pillows, glancing at the morning mail and sipping a cup of tea from a bed tray.

Paul sat down beside her and slipped his arm about her shoulders.

"eDarest," he said. She smiled and nuzzled his chest playfully.

"I had a caller this morning, on the boat," he said. "A little ragamuffin named Pierre. He's about 10 years old. Hi sfather runs that little tobacco shop at the end of the quay. Pierre swam all the way out to the boat to see me—it must have been half a mile. He came aboard as naked as a cherub. I put my bathrobe on him and we sat there and discussed the fishing business. He suggested that I take the Irene and go into the trade in earnest; he offered to be my manager and said he'd look out for my interest ashore and see that I got the best prices."

He grinned. "He's a great kid." Then he tightened his arm about her. "Ardath—couldn't we have a boy of our own?"

She said nothing. If she stiffened slightly beneath his arm he did not notice it, so intent was he on developing the idea that had come to him.

"What a place to bring up a youngster!" he said. "He'd grow up brown as an Arab and strong as an ox. We could get a tutor down here, and when he was older he could go back to Northumbra to school. And we—we'd have some point to our lives then, something real and great to bind us together and—"

"Paul!" she said, drawing away and turning to face him. "Are you insane?"

He stopped, taken completely aback, and stared at her.

"A baby!" she repeated. "Paul, what are you thinking of!"

He looked at her in mounting dismay.

"All because some street urchin swam out to your old boat! Paul, what could we do with a child if we had one? How could we bring one up here? And besides—" she put a hand on his wrist—"I'm getting on for 40, Paul. I'm not one of these healthy farm women. I'm—" she looked down at her slim, delicate body—"I couldn't. It might kill me."

Little red spots were glowing in her cheeks. Paul sat for a long minute, looking into her eyes, reading there nothing but defiance and angry surprise. At last he stood up.

"I'm sorry," he said, coldly. "I won't mention it again."

As he went to the balcony to wait for breakfast he let himself feel, for the first time since he had left Northumbra, that giving up his throne had been a terrible and irreparable mistake.

(To Be Continued)

Vida Notes

VIDA, Jan. 20.—(Special)—Mr. and Mrs. Alex Lilza of McKenzie Bridge were recent dinner guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Coffey here.

Howard Iverson and Iver Myregard have been doing carpenter work at the home of John Magin in Eugene.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hilstrom returned home from Marshfield Friday night. Ardith Haines, their daughter, who has been boarding at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Clover during their absence, returned home also.

O. K. Iverson and Paul Tromler are planning to cut wood for Thomson's lodge this winter.

Garden Club Meets

The McKenzie Garden club met at Mrs. Roy Payne's home Thursday.

Ancil Davis was a week-end guest at the Harvey Daughenbaugh home. Mr. Daughenbaugh returned home from the Oakridge CCC camp where he is employed. Mr. Davis is also employed there. They both returned to the camp Sunday evening.

The snowplow has been kept busy during the past few days, clearing the snow from the highway in this district and farther up the river.

Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Clover and daughter Wilberta are living in the cabins on the Harley Hall place. They have as their guest, Damon Clover, who is spending several weeks visiting his brother.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Minney of Oakridge, formerly of this district, have named their baby daughter Gloria Joan.

AT BELLFOUNTAIN

BELLFOUNTAIN, Jan. 20.—(Special)—Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Bradley of Albany and Mr. Bradley's father, T. M. Bradley, who is staying with them during the illness of J. M. Bradley, were Bellfountain callers Sunday and Sunday evening dinner guests of Mrs. Bradley's brother, Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Bain. J. M. Bradley is reported to be recovering nicely from a recent operation at the Corvallis hospital.

Mrs. Etta Langlois is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Radley and daughter, Miss Blanche Radley, who live near the Children's Farm Home, where Miss Radley is employed.

Flickers can peck holes in metal drain pipes.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE — Trouble Ahead — By HAROLD GRAY

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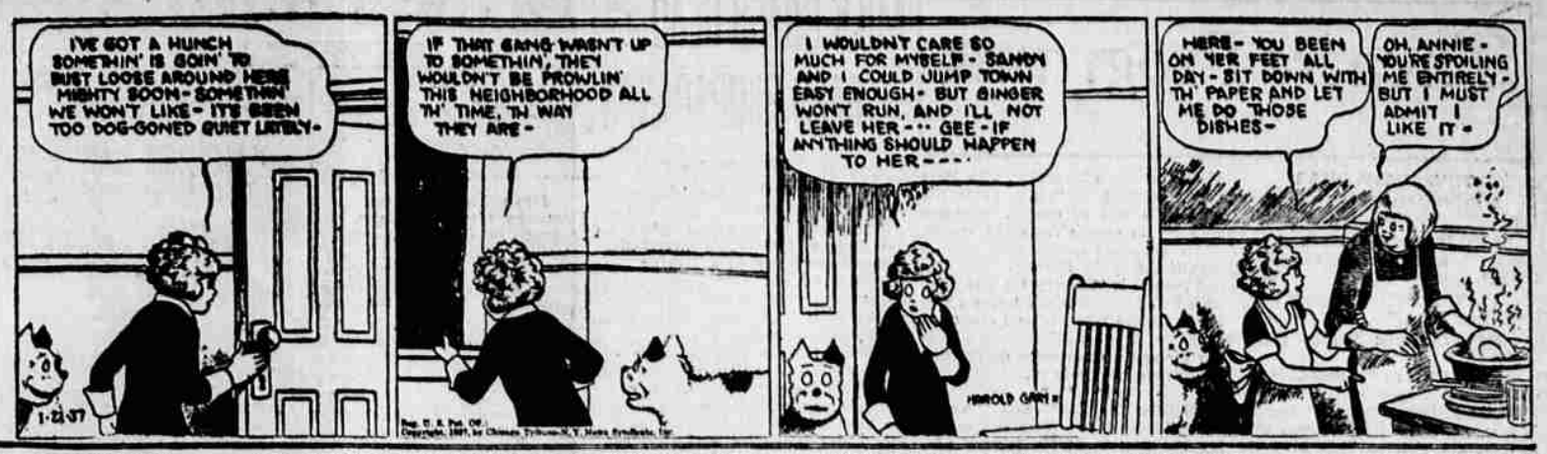

THIMBLE THEATRE — Starring POPEYE — NOW SHOWING 'The Hamburger Jumped over the Moon' — TOMORROW! "OR MEATBALLS WILL DO!" — By E. C. SEGAR

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