NEWS OF THE WEEK

General Resume of Important Events Throughout the World.

Premier Asquith praises the Belgian heroism in the house of commons.

The Germans have imposed a fine of $300,000 on the Belgian town of Charleroi.

Namur, a principal city in Belgium, has fallen into the hands of the Germans.

The German ambassador, Count von Rex, at Tokio, will sail for Seattle, Wash.

Wheat in Chicago pits is reported may rise in a day or two to $1.23 per bushel.

A small German cruiser which ran ashore in a fog, was blown up by the Russians.

The burgomaster of the city of Brussels, has surrendered the city to the Germans.

The Russian army is reported crushing the Prussians and making headway toward Berlin.

The French war office admits German victory and the recovery of Lorraine and Alsace.

The French fear an attack on the Louvre and have placed all valuable pictures in vaults.

A persistent report is to the effcet that the Crown Prince of Germany was killed in battle.

The French government is permitting 3000 Americans to leave France via Paris, to the United States.

Boston will have no grand opera this winter, owing to the enlistment of many members in the European war.

The Japanese liner Shinyo Maru sailed from San Fancisco to Japan escorted by a Japanese armored cruiser.

Armies of the allies are battling to save Paris from the Germans. A conflict between millions is believed to be in progress.

It is officially announced that the Russians have occupied Tilsit, a town 60 miles northeast of Koenigsberg, East Prussia.

One of the largest liners in the world, the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, was sunk by a British cruiser off the coast of Africa.

It is said that British marines have occupied Ostend to prevent the Germans from getting a foothold on the English Channel.

"Bob" Burdette, the famous humorist, is reported dangerously ill at his summer home in Pasadena, Cal. He is 70 years of age.

Xavier de Castelnau, the 12-year-old son of General Castelnau, chief of staff of the French army, was among the killed in a recent action.

The Montenegrin troops, with a bayonet charge, repulsed a fresh Austrain attack at Rahovo, taking 150 prisoners and killing 300 Austrians.

Red Cross society of the United States is urging mayors of large cities to aid the campaign to secure funds to care for the wounded in the European war.

Washington administration officials are preparing a new proclamation setting forth the neutrality of the United States during hostilities between Japan and Germany.

Speaker Clark issued warrants for the arrest of absentee members of the house of representatives. Many members were found at the baseball park, cool cafes and other resorts.

An official statement from the British consulate in Galveston, Tex., says three British warships have been sent at full speed to protect cotton and oil traffic in the Gulf of Mexico.

The correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph at Amsterdam says it is estimated that the total loss of the Belgians, up to date, has been 10,000 in killed, wounded and prisoners.

Home Secretary McKenna, of London, said that no spies had been shot in England. There have been rumors that many persons in the secret employ of Germany had been executed.

The federal inquiry into the higher cost of food since the war began in Europe has not developed that the increases were unawarranted, according to Roger B. Wood, United States assistant district attorney in charge of the investigations at New York.

The Servian government in a protest to France declares that the Austrian army during its retreat along the Drina river committed cruelties upon old men, women and children in violation of the rules of warfare. The Drina forms the greater part of the boundary between Bosnia and Servia.

An American warship has been dispatched to Turkey, presumably to carry gold to American missionaries.

Secretary Bryan cabled all American embassies and legations in Europe to urge Americans to leave Europe without delay.

A Boulogne dispatch to the Standard at London says the town of Tournai, capital of the Department of Hainaut, Belgium, occupied by the Germans, was compelled to pay an indemnity of $400,000 within an hour, the burgol master being held as a hostage until the money was paid.

Prince Albert, King George's second son, who has been with the North Sea fleet, was recently taken ill with appendicitis. As rest and quiet were necessary, the prince was landed at a port in Scotland. His condition causes no anxiety.

The London Chronicle in a long article warns the English government of the danger of England's becoming embroiled with the United States over questions of contraband of war, and argues that any estrangement between the two countries would be the extreme of bad management.

Congress Is Busy With Issues Arising From War

Washington, D. C.—To prepare for an emergency arising from the European war, the president and administration leaders are endeavoring to assure the presence of a quorum of both houses of congress in Washington.

House leaders have made imperative demand for return of absentees and they are flocking in on every train. Already there is a substantial quorum.

While the conference primarily is to determine the nature of a war revenue measure to offset losses in revenue, some aspects of the foreign relations of the nation with particular reference may be considered.

Philippine exports' are giving the administration concern just at this time, because of the conflict between Japan and Germany. A plan to place a ban on all exports from the islands, except to the United States, while the war in Europe continues is under consideration. It is argued that should the shipments from the islands to Germany or Austria be captured by the Japanese, an embarrassing situation might arise. The same might be true should exports to Japan be seized by Germany.

Administration senators who have been studying the situation believe an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and they are urging action by congress to avert trouble which might be precipitated through Philippine Island commerce. They recognize, however, that if commerce is stopped some provision must be made to compensate for losses that will follow.

French Capital Storing Supplies for Emergency

Paris — The French' capital has rushed its plans to resist a siege by the German army. The city is being truned into an entrenched camp.

Following the decree issued by the military governor, ordering residents of the district within the city's line of defense forts to desert and destroy their homes within four days, enormous stacks of food were placed within the state warehouses. The Bois de Boulogne presents a picturesque aspect. It has been transformed into a vast pasture filled with cows and sheep. The animals have been divided into groups and are guarded by reserves wearing the large shirts of drovers. The number of sheep pastured in the parks exceeds 10,000.

The decree calling for the evacuation of the military zone around the forts was a formal notice, although army engineers recently made a tour of the environs of the forts and explained that the residents might be called on to destroy their property, which was deemed an obstruction.

Many of the houses in the line of fire are those of poor people whose owners are now at the front. Many of these families lack resources and will be without refuge. Nevertheless, they took the situation without complaint, although they addressed a petition to the military governor, requesting that he use the power vested in him only as a last extremity.

Japanese Are Cautioned to Avoid War Discussions

San Francisco — Japanese associations in this city are circulating a note of advice to Japanese residents in America, which was issued by the Japanese Association of America. It reads:

"Japanese should endeavor to avoid heated talks and discussions with Europeans and Americans on the war situation.

"In California there is a large population of German subjects and special care should be taken in your attitude toward them.

"Japanese should refrain from conversations and actions which might tend to excite the sentiment of Europeans and Americans.

"As the United States declared neutrality, Japanese in America should recognize and bind themselves to the neutrality obligations. Outside of the necessary and proper support of their mother country, they should not give any support or assistance to any of the belligerents."

German Honors His Foe.

Rome — (Via Paris) — A dipsatch from Berlin says the defense of Longwy, department of Meurthe-et-Moselle, France, was the most heroic since the beginning of the war. The town surrendered only after an extraordinary display of valor. Of 36 siege guns, all except one had been dismantled.

The Germans so admired the brilliant resistance that Crown Prince Frederick William begged the French commander at the moment of surrender to keep his sword.

Villa and Obregon Agree.

Nogales, Ariz. — A statement was issued by Generals Villa and Obregon announcing the terms of an engagement they signed. Colonel Elias Calles, a Carranza adherent, is removed from office and replaced by General Benjamin Maytorena is recognized as civil governor of Sonora, and will retain command of his guard of Yaqui Indians. If the contending factions again cause throuble, Villa and Obregon pledge themselves to move their armies into the state and attack the disturbers.

10,000 to Flee Albania.

London — The Exchange Telegraph compnay's correspondent at Barri, Italy, says that the Italian government has arranged for the transportation of 10,000 fugitives who wish to leave Albania as soon as Prince William, of Wied, departs, as they fear anarchy. Prince William has asked Italy to leave the armored yacht Mysuratta at his disposal, as he may be forced to abandon the throne at any time.

Opera Singers Off to War.

Chicago — So many singers are endangering their lives and voices in the European conflict that the directors of the Chicago Grand Opera company, after a despairing two days' meeting, announced that there would be no performances the coming season. Bernard Ulrich, manager of the company, cabled the singers notifying them their contracts had been canceled.

Suit to Recover 50,000 Acres State Land Urged

Salem — C. B. McConnell, a lawyer of Burns, has conferred with Attorney General Crawford in regard to instituting suits for the recovery by the state of large tracts of grazing land in Harney and Malheur counties, control of which Mr. McConnell charges was obtained by fraud. Suit is pending against the Pacific Livestock company for the recovery of 27,000 acres of school land. The company has entered suit to prevent the adjudication of water rights on the Silves river, and it was while making investigation of its allegations that Mr. McConnell says he found that about 50,000 other acres had been obtained through fraud.

This land, he said, is largely held by cattle companies. According to the lawyer, the land was obtained several years ago through the use of dummies and other alleged settlers, who worked in conjunction with the company.

The Pacific Livestock company is fighting the suit of the state on the grounds that it obtained the land in a legal way and that action by the state should have been started earlier.

Circuit Judge Harris recently, in the Hyde-Benson school land case, which is similar to the one against the livestock company, decided that the state would have to show a good excuse for its delay in bringing suit. The attorney general has appealed on the ground that laches do not apply to the state.

Eugene Light and Power Companies in Rate War

Eugene — A long-anticipated rate war between the municipal power plant and the Oregon Power company was opened here this week with the announcement by the power company that it will not only meet but will undercut the reduction announced by the city plant.

The private company has filed its new schedule of rates with the State railroad commission, declining to announce the extent of the cut.

The city's reduction amounted to 11 per cent and before the cut was made the maximum rate of 9 cents for lighting and 5 cents for power was lower than offered in any city in the Willamette valley outside of the vicinity of Portland. The new schedule of 8 cents maximum for lighting and 4½ cents maximum for power, with a minimum of 1.2 cents for 10,000-kilowatt quantities, is almost half the rates in Eugene two years and a half ago, before the entrance of the city plant, which claims the credit for the reduction.

The present rate war was forecast recently when the water board asked the State railroad commission to curb the activities of the private company and the latter responded with a request for unrestricted competition. Neither was wholly granted.

Highway Condemnation Suits Are Being Tried

St. Helens—About 100 farmers, several attorneys and State Highway Engineer Bowlby and his assistants, appeared before the County court in the condemnation proceedings for right of way for the Columbia Highway.

Claims for back-hill places on logged-off lands have been put in at $500 an acre and for agricultural land that is taken nothing less than $1000 an acre is being asked.

As there are more than 100 claims, the County court will take several days for the hearings, after which its decision will be given on all claims at the same time.

Flour Holds at $5.20.

The lowest wholesale price of flour in the Portland market now is $5 a barrel, the only mill that quoted less than that figure having advanced its price 20 cents only a day or two ago. Other mills are asking $5.20 a barrel. The flour market is keeping pace with the advance in milling wheat. Bluestem sold at $1.03 a bushel, a gain of a cent over a preceding day's price. Farmers are holding very firm and are taking advantage of the situation to get all they can for their wheat.

The present price of $5 a barrel for flour compares with the quotation of $4.70 on this date last year, $5.10 on the same date in 1912, $4.95 three years ago, $5.35 four years ago, $6.25 five years ago, and $4.85 in 1908.

Water System for Fair.

Salem—An independent water system for the State Fair grounds has been decided upon by the board of directors, and the drilling of the first well has been started.

According to Mr. George E. Scott, the contractor, a large river flows under the grounds and Salem, and he advises that the city eventually obtain its water supply from the stream. Secretary Meredith announced that the cottage city district at the fair grounds would be moved to a tract west of the new pavilion before the opening of the fair September 28.

Big Estate Is Inherited.

Pendleton — John Guriado and his sister, Mrs. Tulita Adams, wife of a laborer, are on their way to Los Angeles with Colonel James A. Raley, a prominent attorney of Pendleton, to claim their shares in the estate of their father, John Guriado, who died recently, leaving $150,000 and no will. Their identity has been established, attorneys say. The elder Guriado and his wife quarreled when the children were young, and the family became split up, the children going with their mother. The mother died a few years ago.

Scouring Mills Close.

Pendleton — After a successful season covering deals aggregating over $500,000 since March, the Pendleton Scouring Mills have closed down until next spring. Edmund J. Burke, head of the concern, paid off all the men and left for Portland, from where he later will return to Philadelphia. The mills employed about 40 men. The output of the season was 4,000,000 pounds of wool baled and 1,500,000 pounds scoured. Mr. Burke predicted a better season next year and says this year was better than he expected.

Canadian Company Sued.

Salem—A temporary restraining order against the National Mercantile company doing business in Oregon was issued by Circuit Judge Galloway. The action was started by Attorney General Crawford at the instance of Corporation Commissioner Watson, who alleged that the company had not complied with the corporation laws of the state. The company is a foreign corporation, having headquarters in Vancouver, B. C., and, according to the corporation commissioner, is conducting in Portland a loan business.

Burns, Or., Fire Destroys $60,000 Worth of Property

Burns—The worst fire in the history of Burns began Monday at midnight and in three hours a large number of business houses were in ruin. The blaze was started in the hay loft of McKinnon's livery barn, supposedly by someone sleeping there, and it quickly spread to every building in that block, including the Hotel French and a large two-story building containing a pool hall and living rooms. Three small dwellings in the block to the east were burned and the flames spread to the block to the south. They jumped the Harney County National bank, which is of stone, and caught in two frame buildings, which were quickly destroyed. Then they communicated to the roof of the stone building occupied by the Bedell saloon and barber shop and also to another stone building, occupied by the Donnegan & Logan abstract office and Frank Davies' and Charles Ellis' law offices. The postoffice and Harney County News office, adjoining these, were saved. In the livery stable 27 horses were burned to death.

The losses will reach $60,000, with about $30,000 insurance.

Several buildings on the west side of the street caught fire, but the flames were extinguished.

The owners of the destroyed property will rebuild.

A heroic fight was made against the blaze by firemen and citizens. It was due to this and favorable wind that the entire city was not wiped out.

Five Fires Burn Over Tract of 2000 Acres

Cottage Grove—Nearly 2000 acres of the forest reserve was burned over in the recent fires in the London country. Probably 200,000 or 300,000 feet of timber was destroyed.

There were five fires in progress at one time, that on Little river, near Black Butte, being the most serious. Fire Warden Frank Brumbaugh and a crew of eight men have this and smaller fires under control.

Fire Warden S. P. Shortridge has gained control of three fires in the same territory. The blaze on Wilson creek is still burning, required a month's fighting with crews ranging from three to six men. Five hundred acres were burned over in the three fires handled by Mr. Shortridge and about 100,000 feet of timber destroyed. He thinks that the fires handled by Mr. Brumbaugh covered 1500 acres. It is probable that at least 200,000 feet of timber was lost.

Several fires occurred in the Row river country during the past week.

Two Months' Work Needed.

Astoria — Captain Groves, superintendent of dredges for the Port of Portland commission, says he expects about two months' work with the dredge Multnomah will be required to open up the Tongue Point channel. The intention is to dig a channel 300 feet wide and 25 feet deep from No. 2 buoy down, a distance of approximately 4000 feet.

The operation of the dredge entails an expense of between $8000 and $9000 a month, which is being paid by the Commission.

Dahlia Lovers Exhibit.

Wheeler — The Nehalem Valley Industrial and Floral Fair at Nehalem was well attended. The exhibits included dahlias, vegetables, woodwork, needlework, cheese and creamery products and were such as to reflect the growth of industries in Nehalem valley. The dahlias were especially effective, nearly 2500 plants being arranged in the big centerpiece. The prizes were evenly divided between the exhibitors. The Nehalem contingent of the Tillamook county boosters band furnished the music.

Hood River Relic Goes.

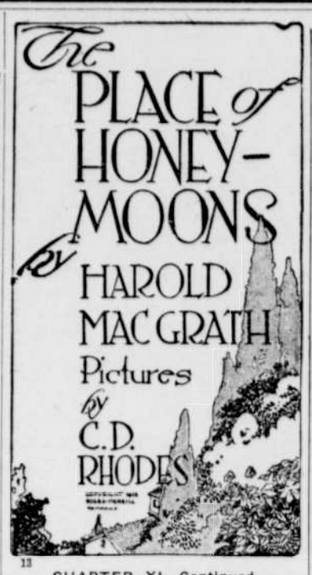
Hood River — The oldest structure now standing in Hood River, built 28 years ago by Robert Rand, and occupied by the city's first barber, was destroyed by fire Wednesday. The structure was occupied by a plumbing company and the fire started in a pile of tar-covered ropes. Its frame walls were dry as tinder, and the flames were pouring from doors and windows in an instant. Adjoining business blocks were saved by quick work of the volunteer fire department.

Car Line Pays $74,000.

Oregon City—More than $100,000 was collected Tuesday in the tax collecting department. Tuesday was the last opportunity for the taxpayers to settle their account with the county without paying the 10 per cent added penalty. The Portland Railway, Light & Power company paid more than $74,000, the largest amount. Less than $50,000 will be turned over to the sheriff's office on the delinquent tax list.

Buena Vista Clover Poor.

Buena Vista—Clover hulling, which is in progress in this district, is exposing a poor yield. The midge, grasshoppers, and the long dry spell are blamed for the noted decrease. From one bushel to two and one-half bushels are being obtained. Some growers report even less than a bushel an acre. The Polk county acreage this year is said to be the largest yet planted and estimates for its value has been at a high mark.



13

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," whospered 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?"

"Verdampt! Do I believe my ears?" furiously. "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 bear 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 forgot 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.

"Wilfulness 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

"Your Highness!"

been in his place, I should have chastised Herr Rosen instead of bidding him be gone. 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 there. I return in November. Benedicite?" smiling.

Nora bowed her heard 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 flung 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 Kneipcure 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-o."

"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 Aixles-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.)

CRADLE OF AMERICAN NATION

That Brought Over on the Mayflower May Properly Be Given That Title.

A tenement might have sheltered it—no palace. Still it's America's birthplace. It's the cradle of a new nation, says the Mother's Magazine in an interesting article on cradles. Brought over on the Mayflower, it sheltered the first child, Peregrine White, who was born to the Pilgrims in Plymouth bay in 1620. Not a bit imposing, is it? But it's a rare nest, and the most valuable in America, if we measure by history.

Not another country in the world can show us their cradle. We ought to feel mighty proud of it. There's something a bit immortal about these strips of wicker. For the matter of that, there is about all old cradles, historic or unknown.

They come down from past generations. They've seen life. They've been rocked for hundreds of years in old homes. They've been associated with great business—the making of men and women who have made history.