



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 Varena. Somewhere between nine and ten the first train leaves for Milan."

"Varena! 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?"

"Verdamp! 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 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 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 pretty, 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



"Your Highness!"

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

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, 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 anymore." 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 affections. 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 Kneipp-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 tattle with his mahlistick.

"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 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.)

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.

MALICE IN HOST'S REMARK

Even Thick-Skinned Man of Wealth Could Hardly Fail to Understand the Insinuation.

It was probably only Robinson's wealth that had allowed his intrusion in the very select shooting party. He was certainly quite the worst shot that had ever happened in the neighborhood, and everyone was determined after the first day that either he should retire or that on the morrow he should have the moors to himself. Bitterly unconscious of the impression he had produced, he was talking very big after dinner.

"By Jove, yes!" he remarked, in reminiscent mood. "In my young days I brought down a grizzly in the Rockies. They told me it was the biggest they had ever seen."

His host leant forward very quietly. "You don't say so," he observed, with glassy eye. "And what were you aiming at?"

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.'"

Mining Under Difficulties.

Nearly fifty tons of water had to be raised out of the mines of South Staffordshire, England, last year to every ton of mineral.

WOMEN WHO ARE ALWAYS TIRED

May Find Help in This Letter.

Swan Creek, Mich.—"I cannot speak too highly of your medicine. When



through neglect or overwork I got run down and my appetite is poor and I have that weak, languid, always tired feeling, I get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it builds me up, gives me strength, and restores me to perfect health again. It is truly a great blessing to women, and I cannot speak too highly of it. I take pleasure in recommending it to others."—Mrs. ANNIE CAMERON, R.F.D., No. 1, Swan Creek, Michigan.

Another Sufferer Relieved.

Hebron, Me.—"Before taking your remedies I was all run down, discouraged and had female weakness. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used the Sanative Wash, and find today that I am an entirely new woman, ready and willing to do my housework now, where before taking your medicine it was a dread. I try to impress upon the minds of all ailing women I meet the benefits they can derive from your medicines."—Mrs. CHARLES ROWE, R.F.D., No. 1, Hebron, Maine.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

His Needs.

A bachelor wanted a man servant, so he inserted an advertisement in a local weekly. One of the applicants who answered was an Irishman.

"What I want," explained the bachelor, "is a useful man—one who can cook, drive a motorcar, look after a pair of horses, clean shoes and windows, feed poultry, milk the cow and do a little painting and paper hanging."

"Excuse me, sor," said Murphy, "but what kind of soil have ye here?" "Soll?" snapped the bachelor.

"What's that got to do with it?" "Well, I thought if it was clay I might make bricks in me spare time."—Philadelphia Record.

For 75 years Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills have been their own recommendation in conditions of upset stomach, liver and bowels. If you have not tried them, a test now will prove their benefit to you. Send for free sample to 372 Pearl St., New York. Adv.

The Saturation Point.

"How are you fixed financially, old man?" "I'm at the saturation point." "What do you mean?" "At the point where I've got to soak something."—Boston Transcript.

Helping Kidneys By Clearing Blood

A Function Greatly Assisted By a Well-Known Remedy.



Most readers will be interested to more clearly understand why analysis of urine is so important. In the use of S. S. S. to purify the blood, its action is a stimulant to the myriad of fine blood vessels that make up the constructive tissues of the kidneys. All the blood from all over the body must pass through the kidneys. They act as testers and assayers. And according to what they allow to pass out in the urine, both as to quantity and materials, the health of the kidneys and the quality of the blood is determined. The catalytic energy forced by S. S. S. is shown in the urine. It is also demonstrated in the skin. And as the blood continues to sweep through the kidneys the dominating nature of S. S. S. acting as it does through all the avenues of elimination, shows a marked decrease of disease manifestations as demonstrated by urine analysis. This assistance is a great relief to the kidneys. The body wastes are more evenly distributed to the emunctories; their elimination is stimulated by the tonic action afforded the liver, lungs, skin and kidneys. Thus, in cases of rheumatism, cystitis, chronic sore throat, huskiness of voice, bronchitis, asthma and the myriad of other redud indications of weak kidney action, first purify your blood with S. S. S., so it will enable the tissues to rebuild the cellular strength and regain the normal health. S. S. S. is prepared by The Swift Specific Co., 527 Swift Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., and if you have any deep-seated or obstinate blood trouble, write to their Medical Dept. for free advice.