



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?"

"Verdamp! 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 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.

"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 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 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 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..."

"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.)

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.

TRAPS THE TEUTONS

Englishman Delivers Germans Up to Their Enemies.

Signals British Warship That Vessel on Which He Is Crossing Water Is Carrying Reservists—Is Severely Attacked, But Wins Out.

Halifax, N. S.—More thrilling than fiction was the story of the British battleship *Glory's* stopping of the Spanish mail boat *Montserrat*, as told here by members of the crew. The *Montserrat*, sailed from Vera Cruz several weeks ago and stopped at New York en route here. The British consul general at New York was suspicious of a number of those reported on the *Montserrat's* sailing list, thinking they were German reservists.

When the *Montserrat* sailed from New York one of her passengers was a quiet little Englishman who made plenty of acquaintances and seemed to know a great deal about the ship. Nobody paid much attention to him, however, until the *Glory* hove in sight. Then some of the German-speaking men aboard became very much aware of his presence. They discovered the quiet Mr. Beatty on the poop deck in the shelter of one of the boats carrying on a vigorous wig-wag with the *Glory*.

The Germans—many of whom had been telling the sympathetic Mr. Beatty all about how they had their uniforms under their civilian clothes and how they planned to rejoin the German army—made a rush for the Britisher and a lively scrap ensued. The *Glory* meanwhile signaled for the *Montserrat* to stop and demanded that Beatty be protected. Captain Ferrer obeyed. The big 12-inch guns of the British battleship were trained on him and he had no alternative.

When a heavily armed boarding party of British blue jackets came aboard Beatty saluted their officer and made a formal detailed report of his investigations.

The Germans were arrested on arrival here and held. Their baggage is being searched.

CALL THE BRITISH WILD MEN

Wounded and Captured Germans Brought Into Paris Declare Bayonet Charge Irresistible.

Paris.—The majority of the wounded Germans who are being brought into the city are suffering from bayonet wounds. They declare the British have resorted almost exclusively to the steel in the recent fighting. Their methods are to shell the German trenches at length, utilizing all of their artillery. Then the entire British line charges. The majority of the Germans admit they have been unable to withstand the ferocity of this character of attack. They describe the British as wild men who refuse to be checked even with shrapnel. Especially terrifying are reported to be the Irish and Scotch regiments. The rivalry between them is acute and every time a Scotch column distinguishes itself the Irish can be depended on to attempt to eclipse it at the next opportunity.

Red Cross Head Is Active

Miss Mabel Boardman Is Not Only Chief of Organization, But Its Directing Spirit.

Washington.—Miss Mabel Boardman, the head of the American Red Cross, is not the chief of that organization in name only. She is its active director and every move the Red Cross has made to help the sick and wounded in the present European war has had her personal attention. When the war broke out she had just arrived at Murray Bay, Quebec, to spend her



Miss Mabel Boardman.

vacation with ex-President and Mrs. Taft. She immediately returned to Washington and since that time has been working day and night. As a result the Red Cross ship is about to sail from New York with 125 nurses and 30 surgeons, and about thirty carloads of hospital supplies. Another

FIELD TELEGRAPH OF THE FRENCH ARMY



NORTH POLE VICTIMS

Lieutenant Sedoff Dies in the Arctic Region.

Stefansson, With Only Two Companions, Starts on Two Years' Journey Into Depths of Ice-Bound Country of the North.

London, England.—It is reported by surviving members of the arctic expedition headed by Lieutenant Sedoff, which left for the north in 1912, at Archangel, that Lieutenant Sedoff died in a vain attempt to reach the north pole. The expedition wintered in 1912 and 1913 in newly discovered territory and later Sedoff proceeded to Franz Josef land, whence he started for the pole, accompanied by two sailors. The leader fell ill on the way and died.

Nome, Alaska.—The gasoline schooner *King and Winge*, which arrived here from Point Barrow, Alaska, brought news that Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the Canadian explorer, with two companions set out from Martin Point, east of the mouth of the Barter river, March 22 with six dogs, a sled, two rifles and plenty of ammunition, heading straight north over the ice in search of new land. A supporting party of three others accompanied Stefansson 60 days due north on the sea ice and then returned, reaching shore April 16.

Before starting Stefansson left orders with Dr. Rudolph M. Anderson, his lieutenant in the Canadian government expedition, to establish a camp for him on Banks' Land.

Stefansson may not be heard from for two years, his associates say. The three men in his party are remarkable ice travelers and expected to be able

to subsist on seal meat, as did the dogs. Their sled is built so as to be convertible into a boat for crossing streams of open water in the ice.

The gasoline schooner *Polar Bear* subsequently went as far east as Banks' Land, skirting the ice and blowing her whistle continuously, but failed to find any trace of the three men.

Andrew Norman of the Stefansson expedition was lost for two days last May and was found by searching parties. He became demented as a result of his sufferings while lost and committed suicide by shooting. This is the first fatality in the expedition as far as known.

The story of how Ernest De Koven Lemfingwell, the arctic explorer, and Capt. Otto Nahems, a former member of the Stefansson party, had traveled from Flaxman island to Point Barrow in a dory was brought here from the arctic. The perilous journey of the pair took 39 days. Both are on the steam schooner *Jeanette*, which left Point Barrow for San Francisco August 21.

Sprague Brooks, an ornithologist from Harvard university, was reported aboard the revenue cutter *Bear*. He was a member of the Stefansson party and was picked up at Point Barrow, where he had been taken from Demarcation point on the schooner *Anna Olga*.

The four-masted schooner *Holmes* went ashore on Sea Horse island, near Point Barrow, but was pulled off by the *Bear* and taken to Point Barrow August 25. The gasoline schooner *North Star* has been purchased and added to the Canadian exploring fleet. Doctor Anderson sailed from Herschel island August 15, with the vessels *Mary Sachs*, *North Star* and *Alaska*. The *Mary Sachs* will go to Banks' Land direct, and the *North Star* and *Alaska*, with Doctor Anderson, will go to the Coppermine river in Union straits, 500 miles east of Herschel island.

REMAINS AT VIENNA HOME

Mme. Dumba, Wife of Austrian Ambassador to U. S., Is Visiting in War-Swept Country.

Washington.—Mme. Dumba, wife of the Austrian ambassador at Washington, is still at her home near Vienna,



Mme. Dumba, Wife of Austrian Ambassador to U. S.

where she went early in the summer for a short visit. The old castle, which is her home, is called Schloss Vesteinshof and is about an hour and a half by motor from Vienna. It was built in the eleventh century and is surrounded by beautiful grounds which are Mme. Dumba's especial delight.