

# GREEN FANCY

by  
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HOLLOW OF HER HAND," "THE  
PRINCE OF GRAUSTARK," ETC.

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CHAPTER XX—Continued.

Barnes listened at the door until he heard the water clattering down the stairway, and then went swiftly down the hall to No. 30. Mr. Prosser was sleeping just as soundly and as resoundingly as at midnight!

"By gad!" he muttered, half-aloud. Everything was as clear as day to him now. Belting into his own room, he closed the door and stood stockstill for many minutes, trying to picture the scene in the cottage.

He found a letter in his box when he went downstairs, after stuffing the tin box deep into his pocket. Before he slit the envelope he knew that Sprouse was the writer. The message was brief:

"After due consideration, I feel that it would be a mistake for you to abandon your present duties at this time. It might be misunderstood. Stick to the company until something better turns up. With this thought in view I withdraw the two days' limit mentioned recently to you, and extend the time to one week. Yours very truly,  
"J. H. WILSON."

"Gad, the fellow thinks of everything," said Barnes to himself. "He is positively uncanny."

He read between the lines, and saw there a distinct warning. It had not occurred to him that his plan to leave for New York that day with Miss Cameron might be attended by disastrous results.

But the jewels? What of them? He could not go gullivanting about the country with a half million dollars' worth of precious stones in his possession.

He spent the early part of the forenoon in wandering nervously about the hotel—upstairs and down. The jewels were locked in his pack upstairs. He went up to his room half a dozen times and almost instantly walked down again, after satisfying himself that the pack had not been rifled.

For the next three days and nights rehearsals were in full swing, with scarcely a moment's let-up. And so the time crept by, up to the night of the performance. Miss Cameron remained in ignorance of the close proximity of the jewels, and the police of Crowndale remained in even denser ignorance as to the whereabouts of the man who robbed Mr. Hasselwein of all his spare cash and an excellent gold watch.

No time was lost by the countess in getting word to her compatriots in New York. Barnes posted a dozen letters for her; each contained the tidings of her safety and the assurance that she would soon follow in person.

Those three days and nights were full of joy and enchantment for Barnes. He actually debased himself by wishing that the Rushcroft company might find it imperative to go on rehearsing for weeks in that dim, enchanted temple.

He sat for hours in one of the most uncomfortable seats he had ever known, devouring with hungry eyes the shadowy, interested face so close to his own—and never tired.

On the afternoon of the dress rehearsal he led her, after an hour of almost insupportable repression, to the rear of the auditorium. Dropping into the seat beside her he blurted out, almost in anguish:

"I can't stand it any longer. I cannot be near you without—why, I—I—well, it is more than I can struggle against, that's all. You've either got to send me away altogether or—let me love you without restraint. I tell you I can't go on as I am now. You know I love you, don't you? You know I worship you. Don't be frightened. I just had to tell you today. I should have gone mad if I had tried to keep it up any longer." He waited breathlessly for her to speak. She sat silent and rigid, looking straight before her. "Is it hopeless?" he went on at last, huskily. "Must I ask your forgiveness for my presumption and—go away from you?"

She turned to him and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Am I not like other women? Why should I forgive you for loving me? Doesn't every woman want to be loved? No, no, my friend! Wait! A moment ago I was so weak and tremble that I thought I—oh, I was afraid for myself. Now I am quite calm and sensible. See how well I have myself in hand? I do not tremble, I am strong. We may now discuss ourselves calmly, sensibly. Oh! What are you doing?"

"I too am strong," he whispered. "I am sure of my ground now, and I am not afraid."

He had clasped the hand that rested on his sleeve and, as he pressed it to his heart, his other arm stole over her shoulders and drew her close to his triumphant body. For an instant

she resisted, and then relaxed into complete submission. Her head sank upon his shoulder.

"Oh!" she sighed, and there was wonder, joy—even perplexity, in the tremulous sigh of capitulation. "Oh," came softly from her parted lips again at the end of the first long, passionate kiss.

CHAPTER XXI.

The End in Sight.

Barnes, soaring beyond all previous heights of exaltation, ranged dizzily between "front" and "back" at the Grand opera house that evening. He was in the "wings" with her, whispering in her delighted ear; in the dressing-room, listening to her soft words of encouragement to the excited leading lady; on the narrow stairs leading up to the stage, assisting her to mount them; and all the time he was dreading the moment when he would awake and find it all a dream.

There was an annoying fly in his ointment, however. "I love you," she had said simply. "I want more than anything else in all the world to be your wife. But I cannot promise now. I must have time to think, time to—"

"Why should you require more time than I?" he persisted. "What is time to us? Why make wanton waste of it?"

"I know that I cannot find happiness except with you," she replied. "No matter what happens to me, I shall always love you, I shall never forget the joy of this. But—I cannot promise now," she finished gently and kissed him.

Between the second and third acts Tommy Gray rushed back with the box-office statement. The gross was \$350. The instant that fact became known to Mr. Rushcroft he informed Barnes that they had a "knockout," a gold mine, and that never in all his career had he known a season to start off so auspiciously as this one.

Three days later Barnes and "Miss Jones" said farewell to the strollers and boarded a day train for New York city. They left the company if a condition of prosperity. The show was averaging two hundred dollars nightly and Mr. Rushcroft was already booking return engagements for the early fall. He was looking forward to a tour of Europe at the close of the war.

Barnes' sister, Mrs. Courtney, met them at the Grand Central terminal. "It's now a quarter to five," said Barnes after the greeting and presentation. "Drop me at the Fifth Avenue bank, Edith. I want to leave something in my safety box downstairs. She'll be here in five minutes."

He got down from the automobile at Forty-fourth street and shot across the sidewalk into the bank, casting quick, apprehensive glances through the five o'clock crowd on the avenue as he sprinted. In his hand he lugged the heavy, weatherbeaten pack. His sister and the countess stared after him in amazement.

Presently he emerged from the bank, still carrying the bag. He was beaming. A certain worried, haggard expression had vanished from his face, and for the first time in eight hours he treated his traveling wardrobe with scorn and indifference.

"Thank God, they're off my mind, at last," he cried. "That is the first good, long breath I've had in a week. No, not now. It's a long story and I can't tell it in Fifth Avenue. It would be extremely annoying to have both of you die of heart failure with all these people looking on."

He felt her hand on his arm, and knew that she was looking at him with wide, incredulous eyes, but he faced straight ahead. He was terribly afraid that the girl beside him was preparing to shed tears of joy and relief. He could feel her searching in her jacket pocket for a handkerchief.

Mrs. Courtney was not only curious but apprehensive. She hadn't the faintest idea who Miss Cameron was, nor where her brother had picked her up. But she saw at a glance that she was lovely, and her soul was filled with strange misgivings. She was like all sisters who have pet bachelor brothers. She hoped that poor Tom hadn't gone and made a fool of himself.

The few minutes' conversation she had with the stranger only served to increase her alarm. Miss Cameron's voice and smile—and her eyes!—were positively alluring.

could have told in volumes of correspondence. She knew, also, that Tom was lost forever!

"Now tell me," said the countess the instant they entered the Courtney apartment. She gripped both of his arms with her firm little hands and looked straight into his eyes, eagerly, hopefully. She had forgotten Mrs. Courtney's presence, she had not taken the time to remove her hat or jacket.

"Let's all sit down," said he. "My knees are unaccountably weak. Come along, Ede. Listen to the romance of my life."

And when the story was finished the countess took his hand in hers and held it to her cool cheek. The tears were still drowning her eyes.

"Oh, you poor dear! Was that why you grew so haggard and pale and hollow-eyed?"

"Partly," said he with great significance.

"And you had them in your pack all the time? You—"

"I had Sprouse's most solemn word not to touch them for a week. He is the only man I feared. He is the only one who could have—"

"May I use your telephone, Mrs. Courtney?" cried she suddenly. She sprang to her feet, quivering with excitement. "Pray forgive me for being so ill-mannered, but I—I must call up one or two people at once. They are my friends. You will understand, I am sure."

Barnes was pacing the floor nervously when his sister returned after conducting her new guest to the room prepared for her. The countess was at the telephone before the door closed behind her hostess.

"I wish you had been a little more explicit in your telegram, Tom," she said peevishly. "If I had known who she is I wouldn't have put her in that room. Now I shall have to move Aunt Kate back into it tomorrow and give Miss Cameron the big one at the end of the hall." Which goes to prove that Tom's sister was a bit of a snob in her way. "Stop walking like that and come here." She faced him accusingly. "Have you told all there is to tell, sir?"

"Can't you see for yourself, Ede, that I'm in love with her? Desperately, horribly, madly in love with her."



"Yes," She Breathed.

Don't giggle like that! I couldn't have told you while she was present, could I?"

"That isn't what I want to know. Is she in love with you? That's what I'm after."

"Yes," said he, but frowned anxiously. "She is perfectly adorable," said she, and was at once aware of a guilty, nagging impression that she would not have said it to him half an hour earlier for anything in the world.

She was strangely white and subdued when she rejoined them later on. She had removed her hat. The other woman saw nothing but the wealth of sun-kissed hair that rippled. Barnes went forward to meet her, filled with a sudden apprehension.

"What is it? You are pale and—what have you heard?" She stopped and looked searchingly into his eyes. A warm flush rose to her cheeks; her own eyes grew soft and tender and wistful.

"They all believe that the war will last two or three years longer," she said huskily. "I cannot go back to my own country till it is all over. They implore me to remain here with them until—until my fortunes are mended." She turned to Mrs. Courtney and went on without the slightest trace of indecision or embarrassment in her manner. "You see, Mrs. Courtney, I am very, very poor. They have taken everything. I—I fear I shall have to accept this kind, generous proffer of a—" her voice shook slightly—"of a home with my friends until the Huns are driven out."

Barnes' silence was more eloquent than words. Her eyes fell. Not until Mrs. Courtney expressed the hope that Miss Cameron would condescend to accept the hospitality of her home until plans for the future were definitely fixed was there a sign that the object of her concern had given a thought to what she was saying.

"You are so very kind," stammered the countess. "But I cannot think of imposing upon—"

Then he came swiftly back to the outstretched arms of the exile.

"A very brief New York engagement," he whispered in her ear, he knew not how long afterward. Her head was pressed against his shoulder, her eyes were closed, her lips parted in the ecstasy of passion.

"Yes," she breathed, so faintly that he barely heard the strongest word ever put into the language of man.

Half an hour later he was speeding down the avenue in a taxi. His blood was singing, his heart was bursting with joy—his head was light, for the feel of her was still in his arms, the voice of her in his enraptured ears.

He was hurrying homeward to the "diggings" he was soon to desert forever. He was to spend the night at his sister's apartment. When he issued forth from his "diggings" at half-past seven he was attired in evening clothes, and there was not a woman in all New York, young or old, who would have denied him a second glance.

Later on in the evening three of the countess' friends arrived at the Courtney home to pay their respects to their fair compatriot and to discuss the crown jewels. They came and brought with them the consoling information that arrangements were practically completed for the delivery of the jewels into the custody of the French embassy at Washington, through whose intervention they were to be allowed to leave the United States without the formalities usually observed in cases of suspected smuggling. Upon the arrival in America of trusted messengers from Paris, headed by no less a personage than the ambassador himself, the imperial treasure was to pass into hands that would carry it safely to France. Prince Sebastian, still in Halifax, had been apprised by telegraph of the recovery of the jewels, and was expected to sail for England by the earliest steamer.

And while the visitors at the Courtney house were lifting their glasses to toast the prince they loved, and, in turn, the beautiful cousin who had braved so much and fared so luckily, and the tall wayfarer who had come into her life, a small man was stooping over a rifled knapsack in a room far downtown, glumly regarding the result of an unusually hazardous undertaking, even for one who could perform such miracles as he. Scratching his chin, he grinned—for he was the kind who bears disappointment with a grin—and sat himself down at the big library table in the center of the room. Carefully selecting a pen-point he wrote:

"It will be quite obvious to you that I called unexpectedly tonight. The week was up, you see. I take the liberty of leaving under the paperweight at my elbow a two-dollar bill. It ought to be ample payment for the damage done to your faithful traveling companion. Have the necessary stitches taken in the gash and you will find the kit as good as new. I was more or less certain not to find what I was after, but as I have done no irreparable injury I am sure you will forgive my love of adventure and excitement. It was really quite difficult to get from the fire escape to your window, but it was a delightful experience. Try crawling along that ten-inch ledge yourself some day and see if it isn't productive of a pleasant thrill. I shall not forget your promise to return good for evil some day. God knows I hope I may never be in a position to test your sincerity. We may meet again, and I hope under agreeable circumstances. Kindly pay my deepest respects to the Countess Ted, and believe me to be,  
"Yours very respectfully,  
"SPROUSE."

"P. S.—I saw O'Dowd today. He left a message for you and the countess. Tell them, said he, that I ask God's blessing for them forever. He is off tomorrow for Brazil. He was very much relieved when he heard that I did not get the jewels the first time I went after them, and immensely entertained by my jolly description of how I went after them the second. By the way, you will be interested to learn that he has cut loose from the crowd he was trailing with. Mostly nuts, he says. Dynamiting munition plants in Canada was a grand project, says he, and it would have come to something if the d—d women had only left the d—d men alone. The epithets are O'Dowd's."

Ten hours before Barnes found this illuminating message on his library table he stood at the window of a lofty Park avenue apartment building, his arm about the slender, yielding figure of the only other occupant of the room. Pointing out over the black rooftops, he directed her attention to the myriad lights in the upper floors of a great hostelry to the south and west and said:

"That is where you are going to live, darling."

[THE END.]

Creed Wonderful Caneblasts.

"The Ojibway, the Cree and the Montagnais are the most wonderful canoeists in the world," says S. E. Bangster, writing of "The Woods Indian" in Boys' Life. "They possess a sixth sense in rapid-running and if they say 'run it' you can safely lay a bet at odds that they will run it and come through dry—even through water the mere glimpse of which makes your hair stand up and sends chills chasing up and down your spine."

Even Then.

When the man who thinks twice before he speaks is often sorry he said it.—Boston Transcript.



View on Derwentwater.

THE lake district of England, one of the most beautiful of regions, always has been a favorite resort of American tourists, not only because of its natural attractions, but also on account of its literary associations.

First among recorded tourists to Lakeland was Gray, the poet, author of the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," says Country Life. He visited the Westmoreland and Cumberland lakes in 1789, the year before Wordsworth, the most outstanding among the lake school of poets, was born. He discovered the lakes, alike in a touring and literary sense, and being essentially of the eighteenth century, he fled from them and the grandeur of their scenery in dismay. For not then had the picturesque been invented. The beauties of wild nature were not appreciated, and had they been the roads of that age and the lack of proper accommodation were powerful deterrents.

But for close upon a century Lakeland has been a greatly appreciated touring ground. Scenery and the literary associations with Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, De Quincey and their circle, have attracted every type of holiday maker. First came the vacation reading parties of university students, then the honeymoon couples, to whom the Low Wood hotel, Ambleside, was once, in a sense, sacred; and then the railways brought tourists from far and near. But not until the automobile came upon the roads was Lakeland comfortably or thoroughly to be explored.

The tourist by motor car here has choice of every kind of road, or no road, and may, if he will, take his sport in pass-storming with the most adventurous, or take his sight-seeing along roads as good as any in this country. It is all a matter of taste and inclination. The ideal way of seeing Lakeland is undoubtedly that of selecting some central spot at which to stay and taking from it daily, out and home, excursions. This is so for several reasons; chief among them that of the somewhat limited area of the lake district, which may be stated at about thirty miles square. The lakes figure so largely in popular imagination that this will seem scarcely credible; yet any reference to maps will prove the truth of it. But it does not follow from this sheer matter-of-fact measurement that this region is easily seen or soon exhausted.

Grasmere in the Center.

Exactly in the center of the lake district is Grasmere, central geographically, and in its interest, for it was Wordsworth's home, and in its churchyard he lies.

There are five recognized centers for tourists in these regions: Windermere, Ambleside and Grasmere, about equidistant, some four miles from one another; Keswick, thirteen miles further north, and Coniston, somewhat isolated, seven miles southwest of Ambleside. It would be a thankless task to declare any preference among these, but we will take Grasmere as the very focus of the lakes.

Grasmere village is a sweet and gracious place. Here Wordsworth resided for more than fifty years. His later homes here are not accessible, but Dove Cottage, where he wrote his earliest and best, has been preserved as it was in his day, and is the resort of literary pilgrims, while the unpretending church beside the River Rotha is much the same as he knew it. That is an interesting day trip, along excellent roads, which takes us north to Cockermouth, the old market town at the extreme northerly edge of Lakeland, where his birthplace, in Main street, is still shown.

The way runs by Dunmail Raise to Wythburn, whose little church, one of the smallest in England, is neighbored by the Nag's Head Inn, where the old dalesmen and their wives put up their horses while attending service in olden times. The road then runs alongside Thirlmere, with the imposing mountain, Helvellyn, 3,118 feet, on right. Keswick town comes next; a considerable place for this part of the country, and with an oddly foreign appearance, caused chiefly by the church-like building (really the town hall) in the middle of the street. The chief industry is the making of lead pencils.

Derwentwater Loveliest Lake.

But Derwentwater itself is the real reward of the journey. It is generally considered the loveliest of all the lakes, and it is also the most accessible, a good road encircling it. Beyond Keswick we pass Greta Hall, once the home of Southey, and come to Bassenthwaite Water. Preferably taking the left-hand road, Skiddaw, 3,064 feet, is seen across the water. Cockermouth is some six miles further.

Returning from that town, the other side of Bassenthwaite Water may be taken, and the rest of the way back to Grasmere is identical with the outward run. The distance, including the circuit of Derwentwater, is about seventy-six miles.

But Derwentwater is worth a more leisurely trip, for its own sake. The trip from Grasmere to Keswick and the circuit of Derwentwater and back is thirty-five miles. The advantages are with the tourist proceeding to Keswick and there turning left and past the church, following the eastern side of the lake to Lodore, where the "Falls of Lodore," sung by Southey, will be found. Beyond we come to Shepherd's Crag, overhanging the road, and past the Borrowdale hotel and the narrow pass called the "Jaws of Borrowdale," whose rocks so greatly alarmed Gray 150 years ago. At Grange where the River Derwent flows out of Derwentwater, the road abruptly turns, to follow the western lakeside. In the pleasant vale at Grange is that giant rock, the "Bowler Stone."

The peculiar advantages of staying at Grasmere are many. Not least among them is that within five miles you have not only Grasmere itself, rivaling Derwentwater for loveliness, but Rydal Water, and the town of Ambleside, with Windermere, the largest and most popular of the lakes beyond. All are within an easy walk for the tourist staying at Grasmere, who will scarce take out his car when he can indulge in pleasant footpath rambles for a change.

The car is far further afield. For example, the run to Penrith, along Ullswater. The out and home run is fifty-six miles. The best way from Grasmere is to take the Windermere road, as far as Waterhead; thence turning to the left and up to Troutbeck. The nearer route, up from Ambleside to Kirkstone Pass, is an exceedingly steep climb, but it can be taken on the return.

On the way to Ullswater the gloomy little mountain town of Brothers Water is passed, and then comes the descent to pleasant, sunny Patterdale. Here the seven miles long lake of Ullswater, the second longest of the lakes, begins, skirted all the way by a delightful road, with the waterfall of Afra Force midway, spouting from its woody glen. Ullswater ends at Pooley Bridge, whence it is seven and a half miles into the quaint old market town of Penrith, passing Yanwath Hall, now a farm house, but a good surviving specimen of the fifteenth century fortified border residence; and thence over the ancient Eamont Bridge, built in 1425.

FACTS AND FIGURES OF WAR

Immensity of Supplies Needed in Modern Conflict Revealed by Sir Douglas Haig.

These are some of the amazing facts in Sir Douglas Haig's final dispatch: General headquarters received 9,000 telegrams in one day, and 3,400 letters by dispatch-riders. One army headquarters had 10,000 telegrams in a day, and the daily telegrams on the lines of communication were 23,000. There were 1,500 miles of telegraphs and telephones, and 3,688 miles of railways, on which 1,800 trains ran weekly.

In six weeks 5,000,000 rations were supplied, by our armies in France, to 800,000 civilians in the relieved areas. Two hundred tons dead weight of supplies and stores were required daily for the maintenance of each division.

The total daily ration strength of our armies was 2,700,000. An addition of one ounce to each man's rations represented an extra 75 tons.

Over 400,000 horses and mules and 46,700 motor vehicles were used, and 4,500 miles of road made or maintained.

In 1914 there was one machine gun to 500 infantrymen in the British army; when peace came there was one machine gun to 20 infantrymen.

Over 700,000 tons of ammunition were fired by our artillery on the western front from August, 1919, to the armistice.—Montreal Herald.

Children's Spending Money.

The practice of doling out money to the children by dribbles, when they tease for it, and without holding them to any responsibility in the matter of spending it, is undoubtedly responsible for most of the prevalent unthrift among our young people. It is quite natural that this childish attitude toward money should continue even into the period when the young person becomes a money-earner on his own account, and orientates into his adult life as well.—Thrifty Magazine.