

# The PLACE of HONEY-MOONS

## HAROLD MAC GRATH

Pictures by C.D. RHODES

### SYNOPSIS.

Eleanora de Toscana was singing in Paris, which, perhaps, accounted for Edward Courtland's appearance there. Multimillionaire, he wandered about where fancy dictated. He might be in Paris one day and Kamchatka the next. Following the opera he goes to a cafe and is accosted by a pretty young woman. She gives him the address of Flora Desimone, vocal rival of Toscana, and Flora gives him the address of Eleanora, whom he is determined to see.

### CHAPTER III—Continued.

Oh, stubborn Dutchman that he had been! Blind fool! To have run away instead of fighting to the last ditch for his happiness! The Desimone woman was right; it had taken him a long time to come to the conclusion that she done him an ill turn. His jaw set, and the pressure of his lips broke the sweep of his mustache, converting it into bristling tufts, warlike and resolute.

What of the pretty woman in the Taverne Royale? What about her? At whose bidding had she followed him? One or the other of them had not told the truth, and he was inclined to believe that the prevarication had its source in the pomegranate lips of the Calabrian. To give the old bar one more twist, to learn if its venomous point still held and hurt, nothing would have afforded the diva more delight.

When the taxicab joined the long line of carriages and automobiles opposite the Austrian ambassador's, Courtlandt awoke to the dismal and disquieting fact that he had formulated no plan of action. He had done no more than to give the driver his directions; and now that he had arrived, he had the choice of two alternatives. He could wait to see her come out or return at once to his hotel, which, as subsequent events affirmed, would have been the more sensible course. He would have been confronted with small difficulty in gaining admission to the house. He knew enough of these general receptions; the announcing of his name would have conveyed nothing to the host, who knew perhaps a third of his guests, and many of these but slightly. But such an adventure was distasteful to Courtlandt. He could not overstep certain recognized boundaries of convention, and to enter a man's house unasked was colossal impudence. Beyond this, he realized that he could have accomplished nothing; the advantage would have been hers. Nor could he meet her as she came out, for again the odds would have been largely in her favor. No, the encounter must be when they two were alone. She must be surprised. She must have no time to use her ready wit. An idea presented itself. It appealed to him at that moment as quite clever and feasible.

"Wait!" he called to the driver. He dived among the carriages and cars, and presently he found what he sought—her limousine. He had taken the number into his mind too keenly to be mistaken. He saw the end of his difficulties; and he went about the affair with his usual directness. It was only at rare times that he ran his head into a cul-de-sac. If her chauffeur was regularly employed in her service, he would have to return to the hotel; but if he came from the garage, there was hope. Every man is said to have his price, and a French chauffeur might prove no notable exception to the rule.

"Are you driver for Madame de Toscana?" Courtlandt asked of the man lounging in the forward seat. The chauffeur looked hard at his questioner, and on finding that he satisfied the requirements of a gentleman, grumbled an affirmative. The limousine was well known in Paris, and he was growing weary of these endless inquiries.

"Are you in her employ directly, or do you come from the garage?" "I am from the garage, but I drive mademoiselle's car most of the time, especially at night. It is not madame but mademoiselle, monsieur."

"My mistake." A slight pause. It was rather a difficult moment for Courtlandt. The chauffeur waited wonderingly. "Would you like to make five hundred francs?" "How, monsieur?" Courtlandt should have been warned by the tone, which contained no unusual interest or eagerness.

"Permit me to remain in mademoiselle's car till she comes. I wish to ride with her to her apartment." The chauffeur laughed. He stretched his legs. "Thanks, monsieur. It is very dull waiting. Monsieur knows a good joke."

Aid to Courtlandt's dismay he realized that his proposal had truly been acceded to as a jest.

"I am not joking. I am in earnest."

Five hundred francs. On the word of a gentleman I mean mademoiselle no harm. I am known to her. All she has to do is to appeal to you, and you can stop the car and summon the police."

The chauffeur drew in his legs and leaned toward his tempter. "Monsieur, if you are not jesting, then you are a madman. Who are you? What do I know about you? I never saw you before, and for two seasons I have driven mademoiselle in Paris. She wears beautiful jewels tonight. How do I know that you are not a gentlemanly thief? Ride home with mademoiselle! You are crazy. Make yourself scarce, monsieur; in one minute I shall call the police."

"Blockhead!" English of this order the Frenchman perfectly understood. "La, la!" he cried, rising to execute his threat.

Courtlandt was furious, but his fury was directed at himself as much as at the trustworthy young man getting down from the limousine. His eagerness had led him to mistake stupidity for cleverness. He had gone about the affair with all the clumsiness of a boy who was making his first appearance at the stage entrance. It was mightily disconcerting, too, to have found an honest man when he was in desperate need of a dishonest one. He had faced with fine courage all sorts of dangerous wild animals; but at this moment he hadn't the courage to face a policeman and endeavor to explain, in a foreign tongue, a situation at once so delicate and so singularly open to misconstruction. So, for the second time in his life he took to his heels. Of the first time, more anon. He scrambled back to his own car, slammed the door, and told the driver to drop him at the Grand. However, he did not return to the hotel.

Mademoiselle de Toscana's chauffeur scratched his chin in perplexity. In frightening off his tempter he recognized that now he would never be able to find out who he was. He should have played with him until mademoiselle came out. She would have known instantly. That would have been the time for the police. To hide in the car! What the devil! Only a madman would have offered such a proposition. The man had been either an American or an Englishman, for all his accuracy in the tongue. Bah! Perhaps he had heard her sing that night, and had come away from the Opera, moonstruck. It was not an isolated case. The fools were always pestering him, but no one had ever offered so uncommon a bribe; five hundred francs. Mademoiselle might not believe that part of the tale. Mademoiselle was clever. There was a standing agreement between them that she would always give him half of whatever was offered him in the way of bribes. It paid. It was easier to sell his loyalty to her for two hundred and fifty francs than to betray her for five hundred. She had yet to find him untruthful, and tonight he would be as frank as he had always been.

But who was this fellow in the Bavarian hat, who patrolled the sidewalk? He had been watching him when the madman approached. For an hour or more he had walked up and down, never going twenty feet beyond the limousine. He couldn't see the face. The long dark coat had a military cut about the hips and shoulders. From time to time he saw him glance up at the lighted windows. Eh, well; there were other women in the world besides mademoiselle, several others.

He had to wait only half an hour for her appearance. He opened the door and saw to it that she was comfortably seated; then he paused by the window, touching his cap.

"What is it, Francois?" "A gentleman offered me five hundred francs, mademoiselle, if I would permit him to hide in the car." "Five hundred francs? To hide in the car? Why didn't you call the police?"

"I started to, mademoiselle, but he ran away." "Oh! What was he like?" The prima donna dropped the bunch of roses on the seat beside her.

"Oh, he looked well enough. He had the air of a gentleman. He was tall, with light hair and mustache. But as I had never seen him before, and as mademoiselle wore some fine jewels, I bade him be off."

"Would you know him again?" "Surely mademoiselle." "The next time anyone bothers you, call the police. You have done well, and I shall remember it. Home."

The man in the Bavarian hat hurried back to the third car from the limousine, and followed at a reasonably safe distance. She shut off the light and closed her eyes. She reclined against the cushion once more, striving not to think. Once, her hands shut tightly. Never, never, never! She pressed down the burning thoughts by recalling the bright scenes at the ambassador's, the real generous applause that had followed her two songs. Ah, how that man Paderewski played! They two had cost the ambassador eight thousand francs. Fame and fortune! Fortune she could understand; but fame! What was it? Upon a time she believed she had known what fame was; but that had been when she was striving for it. A glowing article in a newspaper, a portrait in a magazine, rows upon rows of curious eyes and a patter of hands upon hands; that was all; and for this she had given the best of her life, and she was only twenty-five.

The limousine stopped at last. The man in the Bavarian hat saw her alight. His car turned and disappeared. It had taken him a week to discover where she lived. His lodgings were on the other side of the Seine. After reaching them he gave crisp orders to the driver, who set his machine off at top speed. The man in the Bavarian hat entered his room and lighted the

gas. The room was bare and cheaply furnished. He took off his coat but retained his hat, pulling it down still farther over his eyes. His face was always in shadow. A round chin, two full red lips, scantily covered by a blond moustache were all that could be seen. He began to walk the floor impatiently, stopping and listening whenever he heard a sound. He waited less than an hour for the return of the car. It brought two men. They were well-dressed, smoothly-shaven, with keen eyes and intelligent faces. Their host, who had never seen either of his guests before, carelessly waved his hand toward the table where there were two chairs. He himself took his stand by the window and looked out as he talked. In another hour the room was dark and the street deserted.

In the meantime the prima donna gave a sigh of relief. She was home. It was nearly two o'clock. She would sleep till noon, and Saturday and Sunday would be hers. She went up the stairs instead of taking the lift, and though the hall was dark, she knew her way. She unlocked the door of the apartment and entered, swinging the door behind her. As the act was mechanical, her thoughts being otherwise engaged, she did not notice that the lock failed to click. The ferrule of a cane had prevented that.

She flung her wraps on the divan and put the roses in an empty bowl. The door opened softly, without noise. Next, she stopped before the mirror over the mantel, touched her hair lightly, detached the tiara of emeralds and became as inanimate as a marble. She saw another face. She never knew how long the interval of silence was. She turned slowly.

"Yes, it is I!" said the man. Instantly she turned again to the mantel and picked up a magazine revolver. She leveled it at him. "Leave this room, or I will shoot." Courtlandt advanced toward her slowly. "Do so," he said. "I should much prefer a bullet to that look."

"I am in earnest." She was very white, but her hand was steady. He continued to advance. There followed a crash. The smell of burning powder filled the room. The Burmese gong clanged shrilly and whirled wildly. Courtlandt felt his hair stir in terror.

"You must hate me indeed," he said quietly, as the sense of terror died away. He folded his arms. "Try again; there ought to be half a dozen bullets left. No? Then, good-by!" He left the apartment without another word or look, and as the door closed behind him there was a kind of finality in the clicking of the latch.

The revolver clattered to the floor, and the woman who had fired it leaned heavily against the mantel, covering her eyes.

"Nora, Nora!" cried a startled voice from a bedroom adjoining. "What has happened? Mon Dieu, what is it?" A pretty, sleepy-eyed young woman, in a night-dress, rushed into the room. She flung her arms about the singer. "Nora, my dear, my dear!" "He forced his way in. I thought to frighten him. It went off accidentally. Oh, Celeste, Celeste, I might have killed him!"

The other drew her head down on her shoulder, and listened. She could hear voices in the lower hall, a shout of warning, a patter of steps; then the hall door slammed. After that, silence, save for the faint mellowing vibrations of the Burmese gong.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### LIVE ON FISH THEY CATCH

Remarkable Breed of "Banker Ponies" Natives of the Coast of North Carolina.

On the coast of North Carolina there are several miles of low, sandy shore where nothing grows except a coarse grass, a few salt water weeds and wild parsley. On these banks lives a strange breed of half-wild horses known as "banker ponies." These creatures are generally about twice the size of Shetland ponies. Every year the herd owners drive the "bankers" into pens, brand the foals with the proper mark and catch some of the older animals to sell to the dealers.

North Carolinians say that the beasts must be starved into eating grain, hay or grass, for they have always lived on the rank salt marsh grass of the marshes and on fish. They catch the fish for themselves at low tide; with their hoofs they dig deep holes in the sand below high-water mark, and when the tide falls they greedily devour the fish that are stranded in these holes. Often they fight briskly over an especially tempting morsel.

In captivity these strange horses are intelligent, but seldom are even in temper. Once tamed, they make excellent draft animals, for they have a strength that is disproportionate to their size. Foals that are bred from "bankers" in captivity make valuable animals—strong and intelligent.

Did Literary Work at Night. Mrs. Catherine Gore, who wrote 70 novels between 1824 and 1861, worked on a strange plan. When J. R. Planche visited Paris in 1837 he found Mrs. Gore living in the Place Vendome writing novel plays, articles for magazines—almost every description of literature flowing from her indefatigable pen. He says: "How do you manage it?" I asked her. "I receive, as you know, a few friends at dinner every evening. They leave me at 10 or 11, when I retire to my room and write till 7 or 8 in the morning. Then I go to bed till noon, when I breakfast, after which I drive out and pay visits, returning at 4 to dress for dinner. As soon as my friends have departed I go to work all night again."

Men are great pretenders; some even pretend to understand women.



A MUCH sketched and much talked-of costume, worn at the Chantilly races, is pictured at the left of the snapshot photograph which appears here. It is in black satin with the longest of white lace tunics over it and a black satin coat. With the same color combination, used in reverse order, is a costume of white satin with overdrape of black lace, at the right of the picture.

A throng of people attend these meets for the sole purpose of staging costumes in the most effective of settings. These people demonstrate the modes and launch new styles. They form the centers of attraction for that greater throng that is in attendance for the purpose of looking at them.

The handsome costume which caused so many modistes to take notice and so many artists to level canes or fly pencils, is chiefly remarkable for the oddity of the lace of which the tunic is made. Patterned after an old idea, modern lace, showing figures on a net ground, was used for this tunic. But the figures are distinctly up to date, showing girls in sweeping draperies and graceful outlines encircling the tunic near the bottom. The figures and draperies are cleverly outlined with run-in threads and they, with the garlands of flowers and other figures, are brought out in a cameo-like relief by the underskirt of black satin.

The coat is not allowed to distract the attention from this clever posing of odd lace. It is entirely plain, but quite original in cut. The hat is of black satin with two extravagantly long Numidi feathers sweeping beyond the brim edge.

The attention of the seeker for new styles having been seized by this novel gown, he notes its details to find new features worth remembering. First, its simplicity; then the extra length of tunic and width of petticoat; and most noticeable, the wide hat brim, which is a radical new departure.

It is not often that anything as striking is at the same time so elegant. The combination of black and white makes this possible.

The second gown is hardly less noteworthy and only a shade less original. The tunic is of black net, having an insert of lace wrought in and a border of very wide velvet ribbon above the hem. It is set on to the bodice of black net by a band of black velvet. The long sleeves are of net and lace in black. There is that original touch which means everything in the really gorgeous embroidery in white figures which ornaments the new bodice.

The white feather turban worn with this costume is a prominent feature in styles of the hour.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

### Coming Changes in Hairdressing Styles

HAT brims are growing wider and modistes foretell a vogue for large hats, to begin with the fall season. Large hats and small, simple coiffures do not harmonize, and already the light puff for filling out the coiffure has made its appearance. We have also to consider small hair rolls or pads for supporting the hair, and coiffures are quite generally dressed in waves. These are the wavelets that are breaking upon a new shoreline in hairdressing, speaking figuratively; they are foretelling a rising tide of favor for more display in the management of the hair. The coiffure shown here pictures the hair parted at one side and waved in smooth, regular undulations. There is a short lock at the front arranged in a light curl. Some of the new styles show two very precise ringlets, one on each side of a middle part. For this style the hair is also waved, but more loosely, and the coil is arranged lower on the neck.

Long, light puffs help out in building up a coiffure and a few of them, arranged about a coil, make the new styles easy to accomplish.

The coiffure arranged on top of the head, with the hair combed back from the face is liked by the younger women. Only a few curls about the face relieve the plainness of this style, but a mass of hair piled on top of the head makes a piquant arrangement suited to youthful faces.

Puffs and short curls are becoming to everyone and look as well on grandmama as on her daughter and daughter's daughter. They are most successful when made separately and pinned on, for they can be easily dressed and placed wherever needed. There is no very good reason why one should not borrow the charm that belongs to them unless a prejudice against wearing separate pieces of hair can be construed as reasonable.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Washable Tango Girdles. Have you seen the new washable tango girdles? They are made of mercerized poplin, embroidered in white or colors, if preferred. They are passed twice around the waist and finished with two embroidered ends which hang at the side.

Peacock feathers are now being gilded before they are poised on hats of gold or blue hemp.

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