



Honeymoon Mountain

By Frances Shelley Wees

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CHAPTER I

Bryn finished his story. Tall, lean, bronzed, he stood before the big crystal mirror hanging over the stone fireplace and examined his chin critically. It was a very nice chin, but Bryn was not in the least concerned with its niceness; he was trying to determine whether Burch had or had not nicked it infinitesimally. It seemed not. Burch had done his usual perfect job.

Tubby, his eyes round and distracted, dropped into one of the deep morocco armchairs and stared out at the dusk. It was pouring like smoke across the bay, sitting through the Golden Gate to blot out the sunset. The daily fleet of fishing vessels, their sails a row of tiny dark triangles against the dimming face of the sun, slipped out once more to brave the perils of the vasty deep. Below the house the waves lapped idly at the white cliff, gentle and harmless.

Tubby was not a philosopher, and he had very little imagination. To Tubby a horse was a horse, usually with four legs and a tail. It was not something over which kingdoms might be lost or with which princesses might be rescued. Waves to Tubby were waves, always wet and often chilly. But now, as he stared down through the wide plate glass window, there was a look of positive inspiration on his face, as if he were telling himself that these waves, at least, might sometimes wash the shores of China, the far, far, dangerous shores of China; that these waves might easily, small and tender though they now appeared, might easily puff and swell and lift themselves to fall with thunder and fury on one of the innocent little vessels drifting now so serenely past the sun. Life was like that, Tubby was convinced.

Tubby put his head down into his hands and groaned. "Look here, Bryn," he said in a wheezy voice, "you can't go through with it, I won't let you. That's final."

"Tut, tut," Bryn responded amiably. He pressed a bell on the mantelpiece. Burch, bland and serene, opened the door noiselessly.

"Burch, I am being married this evening."

There was a moment of dead stillness as if even the waves had halted in their irresistible course. Then Burch swallowed, and said nobly, "Indeed, sir? Do you wish me to procure a maidservant, sir?"

Bryn looked up, startled. "A maidservant? Do we need a maidservant?"

"I was thinking of your wife, sir." "My wife?" Bryn repeated, his eyes coming sharply to Burch's face. Then, "Ah . . . no. She will not be coming here."

"Very good, sir. What shall I pack?"

Bryn looked down at the gray suit with which, Tubby had insisted, he was desecrating the evening. He considered. "Well, shirts and things. Nothing else, except those old golf trousers I got so much mud on at Tahoe."

"Yes, sir. Nothing else? No guns? No fishing tackle? No golf clubs?"

"Nothing. By the way—I am a young engineer out of work because of the depression. Anything a young engineer out of work because of the depression wouldn't have, I wouldn't have. I've pawned it."

Burch drew a noticeable deep breath. "Very good, sir. Shall you be here to breakfast?"

"Certainly."

"No, I said she wasn't coming."

"Ah . . . yes, sir. Lunch?"

"No lunch. I shall be leaving immediately after breakfast, and you needn't prepare dinner until approximately a year from tonight. I shall be away during that time."

"Yes, sir. And the orders for Morton?"

Bryn swung round from the glass. He regarded Burch thoughtfully. "That's so," he said meditatively. "I might have forgotten. Tell Morton to take a spanner, will you, and remove the paint—not all of it, but large, uneven portions—from the Bellaire. Tell him to take a chisel and give it some nice deep scratches. Tell him to make it look like a car I might have bought for about forty-two dollars and fifty cents from a bankrupt gangster. He might bash up the fenders, and if anything further occurs to him . . ."

"The Bellaire, sir? The new French motor? The black car?"

"All of those things," Bryn said calmly.

Tubby stood up. His eyes rested on Burch's agitated countenance. He drew a deep breath.

"That's all," Bryn said crisply.

"Yes, sir," Burch muttered dejectedly, and went out.

Tubby was staring at Bryn. "Anybody would think you were in love with the girl," he said.

"Would they? How nice. It sounds so much better. So much more romantic and idyllic. To be in love with one's bride instead of marrying her for her money."

"Money!" Tubby said bitterly. "Money!" He shook his head miserably. "You're making some kind of a damned fool out of yourself, Bryn. You're letting some gang pull a fast one on you that's what you're doing. Do you think for a minute that that girl doesn't know who you are?"

"She doesn't," Bryn said calmly. Tubby snorted. "That's a bright remark, isn't it? Very bright. Now, if I ask you, how in God's name could anybody on the Pacific coast help having seen your ugly mug in the papers, how could anybody who can read help knowing about James Weldon Shipley Brynildson Third and his speed boats and his elephant tusks and his seven cars and his polo ponies?"

"I'm sure she can read," Bryn replied, unruffled. "The first time I saw her she was reading over a lot of legal documents up in Holworthy's office."

Tubby eyed him for a long moment. Then he said gustily, "Look here, Bryn. Did it ever occur to

you that Ted Holworthy might be engineering this beautiful mix-up? Did it?"

"I can't say that it did."

"All this talking he's been doing about her. What did he tell you about her for in the first place? Oh, I know he said it was an interesting case, but that was just to get you listening."

"Didn't you think it was an interesting case, Tubby?"

"Well, if it was a case, yes. Certainly. Of course, I thought myself it was interesting. But you notice I didn't get all wrought up about it and start hanging around to get a look at the girl, and even if I had I wouldn't even dream of stepping into a game like this and marrying her myself."

"Neither did I," Bryn said. "I never dreamed of such a thing. But I was curious, I'll admit that. You haven't any curiosity because you haven't got any imagination. If you had, you'd have been hanging around, too. You'd have wanted to look at the man in the case, when he arrived for this wedding to a girl he'd never seen, and then when you saw the man you'd certainly have wanted to get a look at the girl . . ."

"Bryn paused. Tubby looked at him curiously, but Bryn coughed and went on immediately. "When you saw the girl you would most assuredly have wanted to know how it was all going to come out. She . . . well, she wasn't his type, Tub."

"You're saying just what I've been trying to say," Tubby cried. "Holworthy's been working on your imagination. He knows what you're like. Well, it's succeeded. Everything's gone according to plan. You're roped. Tonight you're going to marry this girl that you've only seen three times, a girl you don't really know a darn thing about, just because she has some kind of cock-and-bull story about having to get married before her twenty-first birthday and the man she's supposed to marry doesn't happen to take her fancy. Of course he wouldn't take her fancy with you around. Certainly he wouldn't. That's what it's all about, you darn

idiot. You, James Weldon Shipley Brynildson Third. Ye gods and little fishes, aren't there enough men on the coast who would marry her for this fifty thousand dollars she's supposed to be paying you, without you stepping into it? It's so damned absurd. What are you doing it for? Fifty thousand dollars doesn't mean anything to you! And they've got it all worked out so that there'll be plenty of publicity and trouble when you want a divorce . . . you going up into the Oregon backwoods to live with her for a year. So romantic! And she'll turn out to be a cheap little crook, but she'll be married to you all the same and entitled to a lot of your property when the break comes and your name as well. Doesn't it sound beautiful?"

"Don't be an ass," Bryn said comfortably. "I happen to know that this business is on the level, because I've known about the case for years. I met the old gentleman himself, Deborah's grandfather, when he was here eight years ago fixing the will up with Ted's father. It was just when I was taking over my property and spending a good deal of time in Holworthy's office. The old gentleman was a most interesting old chap, and we had several long conversations. He was intensely concerned about this will he was making, and very anxious to make sure that he was doing the right thing. The old man put the thing up to me as a hypothetical case and asked me what I thought of it. Being a young fool, I thought it sounded fine."

"So now," Tubby said, eyeing him, "when it doesn't look as if it might be so fine, you feel responsible? Is that it? Is that why you're throwing yourself away like a sack of soft potatoes?"

Bryn sighed. "I do wish you'd go and change your clothes," he said. "You can't be my best man in a white tie and tail, not when I'm wearing a lounge suit. We'd probably have another earthquake."

"And what about Pilar?"

"Well, what about her?"

"For two years you've carted her around. Everybody thinks you're going to marry her. She'll go gloomy when she hears this. Have you told her anything at all?"

"How could I tell her? I wasn't sure myself until two hours ago. And there's no reason why I should. I've never asked her to marry me, or even hinted about it."

"Well, I don't have to tell her, do I?"

"That's a bright idea," Bryn said happily. "Thanks, old man. I'll do the same for you one of these days. Now, on your way, Tubby. Go and get dressed. Burch will bring you your cocktail, and lend you one of his shirts and a collar. You can wear my pants if you're careful not to take a deep breath, but I don't think you'd better try buttoning the coat. All in keeping . . . she'll think you got them second hand."

Twenty-three years previously, Anne Whitaker Larned had eloped, on the morning of the day of her wedding to Courtney Graham, and had married a young man, who, had he been a woman, would never have been received in the society in which the Larneds moved. The consequences were disastrous. The young man had no money, but he had expected to have a great deal when the Larneds relented and forgave their only daughter. However, he encountered unexpected difficulties with the daughter herself; for when she discovered why he had married her, she crept away from him, her heart as nearly broken as a physical organ can be broken by human unhappiness, and when her daughter was only a few days old, she died. Fortunately, the young father—who never knew that he was a father—was kicked in a vital spot by a horse, and died before he could cause any more misfortune; thus strengthening the belief of a number of people in the vengeance and justice of God.

The aged and broken grandparen'ts took their daughter's child and also the blame for their daughter's unhappiness. If, they told themselves, miserably, they had guarded her well, she would never have met this handsome young scoundrel, and all would have been as they had planned. She would have married Courtney Graham, scion of an old and spotless family, and all her ways would have been ways of pleasantness and all her paths would have been paths of peace.

The Grahams were among the first people of Boston. Nowhere on their escutcheon could be found a blot, and even the ersure marks were so carefully done as to leave no trace. A perfect marriage, it would have been. But their daughter was dead, and their bitter regret was in vain. However, they still had the child, and over the mother's grave they vowed to themselves that nothing should mar this girl's life. They dedicated their remaining years to her. It seemed to them that they must creep out of the world with her, hide her, and find for her a sanctuary.

They had sold the historic mansion in Boston, and with their beautiful old household goods, had gone west as far as they could go, out to the Oregon wilderness. There, in the most glorious natural surroundings, they had built a huge stone house. They were miles from the nearest town, and cut off from all easy contact with civilization.

Here the child, Deborah, grew up, with only her grandparents and the servants for her companions. In the early years, when she was yet

a small child, she went infrequently with her grandparents over the rough mountain roads to the little country town, or was perhaps allowed to accompany old Gary, their servant, on a marketing expedition; but as she grew older, and her mother's beauty began to evidence itself in her, she was kept more and more closely at home. There were quite often guests at the great house when Deborah was a child, but they were grave elderly people like her grandparents, so that she grew up completely cut off from companions of her own age and generation. She had, however, a library full of books, and three people entirely devoted to her welfare.

It must be admitted that of the three, Grandfather, Grandmother and Gary, it was Gary who taught her the most interesting things. Grandfather taught her history, and science, and geography, and political economy. Grandmother taught her needlework, and a number of things that made them both blush and over which they skipped as hastily as possible. But Gary—Gary told her stories of people.

Yes, there was Gary. Grandfather and Grandmother kept the iron gates leading to the world locked and barred, but Gary lifted the shutters of a thousand little windows, magic casements, all of them, opening on the foam of perilous seas.

But no matter how staunchly Grandfather and Grandmother kept the iron gates locked against the world, they knew that some day they would have to be opened, even if only to allow themselves to pass through, on their last journeys. For many years the question of Deborah's future, when the iron gates should be opened, gave them anxious hours of discussion. She would have a fortune greater than her father's before her, since it had grown through the years. She had no relatives other than her grandparents. Deborah must be completely secure. So, when she was thirteen, eight years ago, Grandfather had gone away to San Francisco on a journey, and when he returned he had stopped frowning, and they told her that her future happiness was taken care of.

Courtney Graham, less than a year after the marriage of Deborah's mother, had taken unto himself a wife. For him to do so had been a blow, but after talking it all over for a number of years, Grandfather and Grandmother had consoled themselves by saying that of course Anne, as far as Courtney knew at the time of his marriage, was happy; that if she had been dead, Courtney would have devoted his life to mourning her loss, would have considered himself a widower. No; Courtney had been a perfect New England gentleman and he had done no wrong.

He had a son, born two months after Deborah herself. The boy's name was Stuart, and now at thirteen he was a tall handsome lad of great promise. His father and grandfather both thought that a second attempt at an alliance between the two families might prove a happy one. So it was understood that if the young people were willing, they should marry each other when they grew up.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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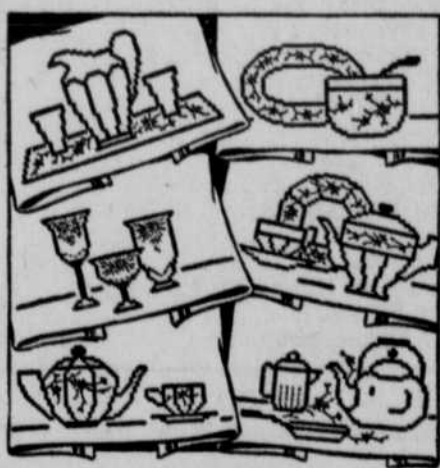
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Cross Stitch Kitchen Towels That Are Fun to Embroider—or Give Away



Pattern 787

Just a bit—but a telling bit—of decoration is all that's needed today to make our household linens smart. And so, simple cross stitch brings color and life to humble tea-towels which make dish doing a pleasure rather than a duty. These motifs of glassware and china—in cross stitch—are easy to embroider. This half dozen makes fine pick-up work, and also a grand prize for a bridge party—or most acceptable for a fair donation.

Pattern 787 comes to you with a transfer pattern of six motifs aver-

Before Long Supervision Will Be Our Only Task

Inventive science and new machinery have changed everything. Where the worker formerly began and finished one complete article, he now attends to one small operation, turning a few screws, putting on a wheel, driving a few nails, spraying with paint, tacking on heels or uppers.

With electricity everywhere, work has changed. The housewife turns a switch, a machine does the washing; a vacuum cleaner does the sweeping; turns another switch or burner and finds "heat" ready-made.

Everything is time-saving, trouble-saving. The people do their shopping, selecting at home in the advertising column, and through advertising they learn of things unknown to them before and find that they need them. Civilization approaches the stage when pressing a button and starting the machinery working will represent a physical day's labor, with only supervision afterward.—Arthur Brisbane in Cosmopolitan.

aging $\frac{1}{4}$ by $\frac{3}{8}$ inches; details of all stitches used; and material requirements.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Press a Button and Robot Gives Train Information

Visitors to Glasgow may see the first "robot" railway time-table introduced in Scotland. The new system was inaugurated at Glasgow Central station. The "Informer" shows at a glance the train service from the station to any desired destination.

Similar in size and appearance to the automatic ticket machines on the London underground system, it has a window at the level of the eyes of an average-sized person. At the back of the window is a card with the names of the various stations served from the central station. Attached to each name is a number, and just below the window is a series of numbered keys. By pressing the button corresponding to the number attached to his destination the inquirer causes a card to slide into view, which gives a complete list of the trains to and from the specified station.—Washington Post.

YEP, THEY'RE SCARCE

The hardest part of Miss Joyce Henry's feat of throwing a dollar across the Charles river was finding a dollar. Her sponsors visited six Cambridge, Mass., banks before they located a coin. The 118-pound Radcliffe college senior had little difficulty sending the dollar spinning across the 220-foot river.

ITCHING SCALP—DANDRUFF

For annoying itching and unrightly Dandruff, use Glover's Mange Medicine and follow with Glover's Medicated Soap for the shampoo. Sold by all Druggists.



Skin Sufferers find ready relief from itching of eczema, rashes and similar ills, in the gentle medication of Resinol

Improved Bison Tannate, most outstanding extra early self pruning tomato developed. Heavy cropper all summer when other varieties fall, few seeds, drought resistant, 15c package. Wm. Borman, Lee Summit, Mo.

This story will interest many Men and Women

NOT long ago I was like some friends I have . . . low in spirits, run-down . . . out of sorts . . . tired easily and looked terrible. I knew I had no serious organic trouble so I reasoned sensibly . . . as my experience has since proven . . . that work, worry, colds and whatnot had just worn me down.



"Yes, I have come back to where I feel like myself again."

SSS TONIC Makes you feel like yourself again

THE FLAMING FOREST

An adventure of **CAPTAIN FRANK HAWKS** ON HIS FLIGHT AROUND THE WORLD WITH JERRY AND JANET

LOOK! THAT'S ALL THAT SMOKE OVER THERE!

WHEW! WE'VE GOT TO GET THEM OUT—AND THE ONLY PLACE TO LAND IS ON THAT ROAD! IT'S A LONG SHOT! BUT HERE GOES!

LOOK! THOSE PEOPLE DOWN THERE!

BY ALMOST SUPER-HUMAN SKILL, CAPTAIN HAWKS LIFTS THE HEAVILY LOADED PLANE OVER THE TREES. BUT—THERE COMES A JAR AS THEY BARELY CLEAR THE LAST TREE.

LOOK! WHAT'S ALL THAT SMOKE OVER THERE?

BY JIMINY! IT'S A FOREST FIRE—AND A RIP-ROARER, TOO! LET'S GO SEE IT!

OUR CAR BROKE DOWN, WE'VE BEEN CAUGHT SURE!

THOSE TREES, CAPTAIN FRANK! . . . CAN WE EVER CLEAR THEM WITH THIS LOAD!

WE HIT SOMETHING A WHEEL, I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT, HERE, JERRY. TAKE THE CONTROLS— HOLD HER STEADY!

WE'VE MADE IT, SAY! WHAT WAS THAT?

O.K. JERRY. EVERYTHING OKAY—NOW!

THAT WAS THE NERVIEST THING I'VE EVER SEEN DONE, CAPTAIN!

WE'RE ALL SAFE, NOW, CAPTAIN FRANK!

ANY! THAT WAS EXCITING—AND I'M AS HUNGRY AS A BEAR. CAN I HAVE ANOTHER BOWLFUL, CAPTAIN FRANK?

YOU SURE CAN, JANET! I KNOW HOW GOOD POST'S BRAN FLAKES ARE FOR YOU. ALL YOU AIR HAWKS MUST EAT TONS OF THEM!

BELIEVE ME, IT'S THE BEST TASTING CEREAL I EVER ATE!

CAPT. HAWKS SETS THE PLANE TO THE ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE LANDING! ITS TOUCH AND GO WITH THE WHEELS JUST FLICKING THE TREES—BUT HAWKS EXPECTS FLYING LANDS THE PLANE SAFELY.

THAT'S BAD—WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO LAND ON ONE WHEEL WITH THIS LOAD—WELL, HERE GOES TO FIX IT!

KNOWING THAT IF HE FAILS, CERTAIN DEATH AWAITS HIMSELF AND HIS FRIENDS, CAPTAIN HAWKS WORKS FEVERISHLY 6,000 FEET ABOVE THE GROUND TO REPAIR THE DAMAGE.

COMING—THE MYSTERIOUS DERELICT! ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE OF CAPT. FRANK HAWKS, JERRY AND JANET, ON THEIR FLIGHT AROUND THE WORLD. WATCH FOR IT IN A COMING ISSUE OF THIS PAPER.

Deborah Enters a Great Adventure



HONEYMOON MOUNTAIN

by Frances Shelley Wees
OUR NEWEST SERIAL
Far up in the mountains of the Pacific Coast, in the old-world atmosphere of a secluded estate, the lovely, unsophisticated Deborah had been reared. Instead of marrying the fortune-hunting suitor named by her family, she offered another man \$50,000 to act as substitute for one year to satisfy the stipulation of a will. But he fell in love with her!

START READING THIS FINE STORY NOW

Boys and Girls!—JOIN CAPTAIN FRANK'S AIR HAWKS! 50 FREE BIKES! And Many Other Free Prizes!

To join, just send coupon with 1 Post's 40% Bran Flakes box-top to Captain Frank Hawks. He will then enroll you in his Air Hawks and send you your official Wing-Badge. (Shown at right.)

He'll tell you how to enter the FREE BIKE CONTEST. A grand chance for boys and girls to win a brand new \$35 Excelsior Bike! You'll learn, too, how to get many other valuable prizes. Mail coupon!



Post's Bran Flakes have a deliciously different, nut-like flavor you'll love. And eaten daily, they help keep you fit, too! For they contain bran to supply the necessary bulk food many diets lack. So start eating Post's 40% Bran Flakes—the original bran flakes—right away! A Post Cereal—made by General Foods.

Official Air Hawks Wing-Badge. I two-tone silver finish. Blue letters. Capt. Frank's head in center. Free with catalog for 1 Post's Bran Flakes package-top.

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CAPT. FRANK HAWKS
c/o Post's 40% Bran Flakes, Battle Creek, Michigan
Here's 1 top from a package of Post's 40% Bran Flakes. Send me the Wing-Badge and tell me about the Free Bike Contest . . . and other free prizes.

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City _____ State _____
(Offer good only in U.S.A. and expires Dec. 31, 1936)