



Honeymoon Mountain

By Frances Shelley Wees

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CHAPTER VIII—Continued

He lifted her hand gently until it was against his lips; his eyes were still on hers, gentle, compelling. But she was afraid; she drew her hand away swiftly and sprang from her chair. "Isn't that isn't that the car?" she said breathlessly.

It was Madeline and Tubby had been to town, and when Madeline came up to the veranda Bryn inquired about mail.

"There was a letter for Tubby from Pilar," Madeline replied. Sally stopped dead. She looked up at Madeline in horror. "From Pilar?" she repeated.

"Who is Pilar?" Deborah inquired.

Sally and Madeline looked at each other. Then they both coughed together. "Just a girl," Madeline said nonchalantly, but Sally at the same moment said, "She's a horrible nasty scheming vampire, that's what she is, and I hate her."

"I wouldn't like her," Deborah said positively, and put her chin up. Simon raised himself on his arms and called down to them through the twilight. "Hi," he said, "what about the other mail?"

"There's more. Tubby's got it," Madeline explained. "In his pocket. He's coming across the bridge now. I can hear his delicate footsteps."

Tubby stopped before the steps, only a few feet in front of Deborah, so that as he took the letters from his inner coat pocket she could easily see them. Idly, as he called out a name, she glanced at each envelope . . .

"Simon," he announced, "Nothing for you, Bryn. Sally, two for you. Madeline had hers in town. Another



"She's a Horrible Nasty Scheming Vampire."

er for you, Simon. And here," he said gallantly, "is a letter for you, Mrs. Larned. It looks very interesting. Written in a bold, dashing, masculine hand, with a very thick enclosure, it carries with it a hint of mystery."

He had been holding out Simon's last letter, waiting for him to take it, as he spoke; so that Deborah had had a moment to take in the meaning of the handwriting on Grandmother's envelope. It was familiar . . . It was dreadfully familiar. A cold icy hand clutched at her heart, and she felt herself turning faint again, as she had on that dreadful afternoon on the wharf . . . Grandmother was smiling at Tubby's nonsense, waiting for her letter. She did not notice Deborah's face. But Bryn did. He stood up sharply. He saw Deborah's whiteness. He put out his hand and took the letter from Tubby's. He glanced at it. He looked over at Grandmother.

"He could be arrested for this," he told Grandmother grimly. "Interfering with government mails. Bribery and corruption. The crooked game of politics."

Tubby stared at him, his mouth open. "Shut up," Bryn told him, although he had not spoken. "Not a word out of you, you iniquitous scoundrel. Trying to defraud me of my rightful property. Indeed. This is my letter. I've been looking for it for weeks, longing for it, not being able to sleep nights. It's a detailed and careful account of the construction of the arch of the bridge over the . . . over the Volga river in Russia. New departure in engineering. I'm sure Grandmother would enjoy reading it, wouldn't she? I suppose this is your idea of a joke. Grandmother, I apologize for having such a stupid and crass insect for a friend."

"I was . . . I was just kidding him, Grandmother," Tubby muttered. "It isn't your letter after all. It's his."

"Oh, dear," Grandmother murmured, laughing. "You two keep me in a perfect state of bewilderment. I don't suppose I shall ever be able to tell whether you are talking sense or nonsense."

"Tubby's fault," Bryn answered, thrusting the letter into his pocket. "Tubby's an awful ass. Grandmother. 'You have no idea.'"

Deborah stood tensely before the window, hands locked together, waiting for Bryn to come downstairs after taking Grandmother up to bed. Tonight of all nights, Grandmother had stayed up half an hour later, and all the time Stuart Graham's letter, filled with all sorts of unimaginable possibilities, lay unopened in Bryn's pocket.

Bryn came in quickly and shut the door behind him. Deborah broke away from Madeline's arm. She took a step toward him. She put her hand out mutely.

Bryn drew the letter out. He looked at it. "I don't like opening other people's letters," he said slowly. "It might be only an extraordinary resemblance, Deborah. You've had it on your mind, you know."

She took it from his hand and looked at it. The very touch of the envelope made her shiver. "I'm sure," she said.

Bryn ripped the end of the envelope, and drew out the folded pages. He glanced at Deborah's face. "Shall I read it, Deborah?"

She nodded mutely. Bryn straightened the pages and began.

My dear Mrs. Larned: Naturally I cannot imagine just what Deborah had told you regarding the failure of our plans in San Francisco, but I am afraid she may not have shown me in a kindly light.

I suppose it is useless for me to expect that after hearing Deborah's story, whatever it was, and after this long silence on my part, you can have any sympathy for me and the position in which I now find myself. But I must ask you to accept the explanation which I have in regard to my silence in view of the fact that I am an enlisted man in the navy, completely under the arbitrary control of any whim of my superior officers and subject to the restrictions of anyone on board a ship out of touch with land and such conveniences as mails.

And now for Deborah's story. What she has told you, I do not know, as I mentioned before, but looking at the matter from her point of view, and trying to be just and generous, I am forced to the conclusion that whatever she told you must have been both exaggerated and biased. I was very much disturbed over the whole business, and spent all my shore leave when in San Francisco trying to find her and explain, but of course it was an impossibility to do so.

I don't know whether it has occurred to you, Mrs. Larned, to think how completely ignorant of the world and its ways Deborah is. I was prepared, of course, for a certain amount of unsophistication, knowing to some extent how she had been brought up, but I did not realize that any girl could possibly, in this day and age, have remained so entirely unaware of all trends of modern times. I grant you that it must have been difficult for her to come down alone to meet me, and perhaps if I had known just how difficult, if I had realized Deborah's state of mind and lack of understanding of modern life as it is lived, I should have been able to overcome her objections and explain away her difficulties. As it was, I could do nothing. Deborah was in a state of frantic terror before I had a chance to see her at all, and by the time I reached her, she was beyond ordinary reasoning.

Even as it was, I might have been able to overcome Deborah's childish terrors had it not been for the absolutely unwarranted interference of some unknown person in the lawyer's office. Deborah will probably have mentioned him to you, and made some satisfactory explanation as to her conduct. I was certainly pained and astonished to discover that she had so little good taste as to be willing to take up at once with a stranger. The fact of Mr. Holworthy's presence was all that reconciled me to leaving her, angry as I was.

The really serious question between us is that of your husband's will and Deborah's estate. With my copy of the will I have consulted a lawyer, and it is his opinion that under certain circumstances we might make a fight for the estate that would ultimately prove successful. The circumstances are, of course, a marriage between Deborah and myself which would take place with your approval. This, unless there are aspects of the case with which I, from your point of view, am absolutely necessary. I have examined the list of securities named in the will as the source of your present income, and, as you doubtless know only too well, most of them are completely worthless. How you have managed for the past few years is a mystery, and may possibly explain Deborah's appearance and obvious lack of advantages. In any case, no mitigation of your circumstances may arrive except through me, and although I am deeply hurt and mortified, not to mention my disappointment and the general disruption of my plans, I am willing, for the sake of the

friendship which has existed between our families for so long, to do what I can to make things easier for you. I have obtained from my commander an extended leave of absence, and I am leaving San Diego tomorrow morning to drive up the coast to your home. You may expect me at the latest by Wednesday noon, unless I meet with unexpected difficulties along the road. Yours sincerely,
STUART OGDEN GRAHAM.

Bryn folded the letter. Tubby thrust his hands into his pockets and began to saunter up and down the room, whistling beneath his breath. Simon put his hands behind his head and stared at the ceiling. Sally was trembling with excitement and clutching Simon's knee, and Madeline walked slowly across and dropped down beside Deborah.

"Well," Tubby said, buttoning his coat and squaring his shoulders, "if he's got to be kept away, he's got to be kept away, and that's all there is to it. After all, there are four men of us here, and Burch, Five against one. That ought to be easy."

"You talk as if we were going to fight about it," Sally said tearfully. "With guns. It isn't half as blundering or easy as that."

"Not half," Madeline echoed. "This is going to be strategy. And strategy, Tubby, never was your strong point, if you will remember."

She smiled up at him, a warm tender smile that made him blink and look as if he saw her for the first time. "But you're a darling, Tubby, and you're loyal and strong, and worth a lot more than one of those slippery strategists."

"Well, gee," Tubby said, bewildered, and sat down. "We might bar the road," Tubby said hopefully. "Put a gate across it, you know."

"Somebody would have to guard it, of course," Bryn said thoughtfully. "And he'd want to know why he couldn't pass. If I stayed there myself and had a talk with him, explaining the situation, it might help; but I wouldn't trust him not to pretend to go away and then to sneak back when we weren't watching just to see what harm he could do."

"What you're hinting at," Tubby said boldly, "is that we've got to capture him, then, and dispose of him finally, once and for all. Murder, I suppose. Of course, it doesn't matter. Any of us would gladly oblige, but it would be nice to know your plans first. We might draw lots to see who would stab him. That's the fairest way, really."

"What we've got to do," Bryn said, disregarding Tubby, "is to let him come here, all unsuspecting; but we've got to know ahead of time. We've got to let him come here to make sure of getting our hands on him. Inside our own gates we can be sure of being undisturbed."

"I know," Deborah said suddenly. "Joe?"

She turned to Bryn. "Yes, Joe is our nearest neighbor's boy. Before you came," she explained, "when Joe's father brought us any mail from town, or anything we didn't expect, he used to sound a call on a horn he has there. A kind of hunting hula he made himself out of a deer-horn. He's terribly proud of it, and he loves to do it. He's taught Joe, too, and you can hear it for miles. Why not . . . why not have Joe watch the road? Nothing could get past him, especially if you told him enough to make him see how serious it was. And the minute he sees the car he can sound the horn, and we'll have almost fifteen minutes to prepare."

"Well, there you are," Bryn said, smiling down at Deborah. "We're all right, aren't we?"
"We're . . . all right," Deborah said, and her lashes dropped to her cheek at the look in his eyes.

Bryn, very boldly, had proposed a staid walk to Deborah, and to his surprise she had made no excuse. She had been pale and weary after the excitement of the letter, and now that some solution had been reached, she put it behind her with relief. She walked along beside him in silence, holding to her face, from time to time, the sheaf of clove-pinks he had gathered for her beside the walk. Their perfume, heady and sweet, drifted up to him.

"It's a beautiful night," he said steadily.
"Yes."
"What's it like up here in the winter time, Deborah?"
"Oh," she replied, "it's beautiful. I love it. We get ever so much snow, just here in the valley, but it doesn't last long. When it comes, it makes me think of Lorna Doone. Do you remember? When the snow was so heavy and thick, and they were all winter-bound?"

"What do you do with yourself when you are snow-bound?"
"There was always plenty to do. Mending, you know, and sewing, and keeping the house in order."
"But in the evenings?"
She glanced up at him. "Sometimes it is a little dull," she said, "but Joe's father brought us a load of logs each fall, and we would put one on the fire, Gary and I, and sit beside it reading, or playing chess."
"It sounds very pleasant," Bryn said. "We'll get a radio this winter, shall we? And how about a kitten or two? A hearth isn't really complete without a kitten."
She murmured something under her breath. Bryn bent toward her. "I beg your pardon?"
"I said," she replied, lifting her

voice, "I said, you would probably be bored. The road will be impassable as soon as the rains set in. You will find it very dull, shut away from the world for so long."
"No," he said. "I'd be looking at you."

She caught her breath. "You'd . . . you'd get tired of that?"
"I'd never get tired of looking at you. Don't you know how beautiful you are, Deborah? You're the prettiest thing in the world."

"Oh, no. No, I'm not."
She bent her head and lifted the pinks to her lips. She held them there, silent.

"Deborah."
"Yes?"
"Do you . . . like me at all?"
She did not answer. Bryn could hear his own heart pounding. He waited.

She stirred. "You have been more than kind to me," she said, "and to Grandmother, too. I am very grateful." She put her hands beside her on the wall and jumped lightly down. "I think we ought to go in," she said quickly.

She did not speak on the way back to the house, except to murmur "Thank you" as he held the door. Once inside she went directly up the stairs, quickly, as if she wanted to get away from him.

For a long time Bryn stood at the foot of the stairs, thinking, wondering, remembering. Then, slowly, he went on up, and down to Tubby's room.

Bryn shut the door behind him and sat down uninvited. He looked at Tubby. "You do a lot of thinking these days," he said commiserately. "It must be quite hard on you."

"Huh," Tubby retorted, meeting his gaze, "you don't look any too peaceful yourself. And yet, here am I, doing at least half your thinking for you, and damn near all the worrying. Lord, you're slow, Bryn. I never saw anything like it. I suppose you haven't told her yet how you feel about her, have you? Using the correct technique?"

"What do you mean?"
"Well, one of the first rules is for a gentleman to confess his tender passion first. I suppose you had sense enough to do that?"

Bryn drew a deep breath. "I don't know. I can't remember. I don't think so. What I wanted was to find out how she felt. I know how I feel."

"There you go, old dunderhead. She doesn't know how you feel, does she? That is, you couldn't expect her to be any more sensible than you, under the circumstances, and you're as blind as an owl. So you just asked the girl where she stood and omitted to mention your own state of affections first? Bright boy. Women love that kind of thing. It gives them so much ground to stand on."

Bryn gazed at him dazedly. Tubby groaned. He reached over to the table beside him and lifted Pilar's letter, open, its words leaping out from the page. "Read that," he commanded. "If anything can sober you up, this will."

"I don't want to read it. It hasn't anything to do with me."
"That's just what you'd like to think. Let me tell you, my son. It may be addressed to me, but if I hadn't been here with you, I'd never have seen it. She knows darn well that I'll pass the word on to you."

"What word?"
"Take it. Read it."
Bryn took it, and sighed, but settled down to it.

My dear Tubby:
I do hope you are having a pleasant visit away up there in the mountains. I must say I was completely taken by surprise to hear that you had gone, and without telling any one your address! But Bryn naturally would not care to have the world know the location of his idyllic retreat. Isn't it romantic? I think it is too thrilling, and together with every one else, I can scarcely wait to meet his bride. I hear she is very beautiful and completely charming, and I am so glad for Bryn. Do give him my kindest regards, and give Deborah my love.
Affectionately,
PILAR.

Bryn looked up. "How does she know Deborah's name? How does she know you're here with us?"
"I'll bet a nickel she searched the records of the license bureau for the answer to your first question. And for the other, Sally and Simon left a forwarding address. Pilar would get what she wanted or die in the attempt."

"Well, why shouldn't she?" Bryn demanded. "She should have been told, as far as that goes. I thought you would tell her something to satisfy her. She's one of the gang, isn't she, and after all, we did go around together pretty steadily, Tubby. If she's upset, I don't blame her much. It would have been only common courtesy on my part to write and tell her the whole story, but it was too damned awkward. I tried."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Torpedoes Under Water
A submarine is armed with torpedoes which can be fired while submerged, aim being taken by means of a periscope, which alone is visible to the surface craft being attacked. When a torpedo is fired from a submarine, the outer door of the torpedo tube opens and water pours in up to the inside door of the tube. In order to reload the tube the outer door is closed, the inner door opened and the water in the tube rushes into the bilges of the submarine and is pumped out.

Floyd Gibbons Adventurers' Club

Hello Everybody!

"Six Men in a Boat"
By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter.

IT ISN'T often that heroes get the medals they deserve for their brave deeds, but here's one that did. He is John Garnish of Brooklyn, N. Y., and if the reward is any criterion of the deed, John must have done the most heroic act of the century.

He got, not just one medal, but two. And in addition, he was presented with a gold watch and two life saving certificates.

Now I've got you wondering what a man could do to deserve all that stuff for one act of heroism. Well, John just threw away his life, that's all. He just tossed it out on the waters—chucked it into the laps of the Fates. And it was nothing but dumb luck—or maybe an act of Providence—that it came floating back to him.

It was September 9, 1922. The Lampart and Holt line steamship Euclid picked up an S O S call from the Hamburg-American liner Harmonia. It was 6 a. m. and a storm was raging in the Bay of Biscay, through which the Euclid was plowing its way, but the S O S was urgent—the Harmonia was sinking rapidly—and the Euclid was only a few hours' run away. The skipper ordered the ship about and set the men who were off duty to lowering all available Jacob's ladders over the side and making them fast.

Stricken Ship Wallows in the Heavy Seas.
John Garnish was a fireman on the Euclid. He was one of the men off duty and working on the Jacob's ladders. He saw the whole rescue from start to finish, and wound up by getting right into the thick of it.

The Euclid reached the Harmonia at 9:30 a. m. after having fought its way through a sea that had seriously injured one of the sailors. "What a sight she was," says John. "I have been through the World war in the merchant marine—have seen ships torpedoed and sunk—have watched oil tankers burst into flame, drop out of the convoy and go to the bottom. But the Harmonia is one ship I'll never forget.

"As we approached her, she was lying on her starboard side, her rails almost in the water. The lifeboats on her port side were useless on account of the list. Of the starboard boats, only a few had been able to get away because of the heavy sea. We saw dozens of corpses floating in the water. But the storm made it impossible for us to lower our own boats. We could only stand by and wait.

Craven Crew Seeks Refuge in Life Boats.
"A lifeboat from the Harmonia came toward us, and our skipper saw that it was filled with members of the crew. He ordered them to go back



Six Men in a Little Boat Reached the Sinking Liner.

and rescue women and children. Instead, they scrambled and fought for the ladders until our skipper brought the ship around to the weather side and their boat was swamped by the heavy sea."

It was one of those disgraceful things that happen ever so often in sea disasters. The captain of the Euclid gave orders to fish the panic-stricken sailors out of the water, and turned to the chief officer. "I won't order my men to take a boat out in that sea," he said, "but if any of them want to volunteer, they can go ahead."

John Garnish heard him say that. So did another fireman. Both of them volunteered on the spot. John wasn't the only hero on that boat that day, nor the only man to earn—and deserve—watches, life-saving certificates and a flock of medals. Three more sailors and the chief officer joined with them, and they lowered a boat into the raging sea.

Heroic Volunteers Risk Lives in Desperate Rescue Venture.
The wind and waves buffeted the little boat about like a cork. The six men in her were tossed high in the air on the crest of every wave until it seemed little short of miraculous that their cockleshell boat wasn't capsized and swamped. They fought like fiends against the power of the Atlantic, and at length they reached the stricken liner.

"We came close under her stern," says John, "and soon discovered that this was a mistake, for the sea was washing up on her well deck. We pulled out again, and came back in amidships. I caught one of her port holes with a boat hook, and a sailor grabbed one of the blocks that was dangling over the side of her davits. Passengers now started jumping from the saloon deck. Many of them missed the boat and landed in the water, but we got them. We started back for our ship loaded down with 40 people, and I never thought we'd be able to make it.

"Half way between the two ships we saw an upturned boat with four women and a little girl clinging desperately to the bottom. It was a pitiable sight, but we could do nothing until we had unloaded our passengers. However, we reached the ship safely, got all our people aboard, and then set out to aid the upturned boat."

John Rated a Flock of Medals for This Feat.
That was the most terrible part of the whole adventure. The men at the oars were already exhausted by their grueling trip to the Harmonia, but they rowed on until they reached the upturned lifeboat.

After a bitter fight they got there—pulled the castaways into their boat and brought them safely back to the ship. Then, the brave crew of that little boat dragged themselves aboard the Euclid with the cheers of the people they had rescued ringing in their ears.

Other ships began appearing on the scene now, and helped with the rescue work. The Harmonia sank, and the captain, the last man aboard, was rescued by the crew of the Kingsford Castle. But a hundred lives had been lost in the excitement and panic that reigned aboard the stricken vessel before the Euclid had reached the scene.

Watch Child's Posture to Avoid Later Illness

When the child is old enough to sit, stand, or walk alone, we must continue to be on our guard against the formation of faulty habits in the use of his body. Poor posture and weak muscles will follow if he does not bear his weight evenly on his feet; if he does not hold his feet in a parallel position, rather than toeing out; if his ankles sag inward; or if he walks on the inside of his foot. A child will not have a straight spine if he sits crookedly, or sits habitually on one foot; if his clothing pulls heavily or unevenly on the shoulders; or if he is made to use adult furniture which does not fit his body.

A child may have one shoulder

higher than the other, one shoulder blade on a different level from the other, a hollow back, and a flat chest, and yet his mother may not be conscious that he is anything but the perfect specimen she would like him to be! Those of us who do health examinations can see this demonstrated daily. Mothers do not see it because they have not been taught to look for it. They see their children through a rosy glow of mother love which can be almost blind. Train yourself to look at your child when he is undressed for his bath—really look at him; cultivate a seeing eye. Note whether he uses both sides of his body equally well, and see whether he is symmetrically formed or not.—Dr. Josephine H. Kenyon in Good House-keeping.

Say Boundary Dispute Caused Trojan War; Helen a Myth

Debunkers now tell us that the Trojan war was probably the result of a boundary dispute, and was not caused by the abduction of Helen, the beautiful wife of King Menelaus, by Paris, and that Helen was a myth. Still, Helen's story must have happened somewhere; it's too good a story just to be made up, even by a war office propagandist.

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DOAN'S PILLS

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