

"What did she mean by placing an officious hiring before the door?"



"I see," said Miss Guile, after a moment. "He wouldn't sleep with one eye open. I see."

"The lap of luxury is an enviable resting-place. I know of no prince who would despise it."

"But a wife is sometimes a thing to be despised," said she.

"Quite true," said Mr. Totten. "I've no doubt that the Prince of Graustark will despise his wife, and for that reason will be quite content to close both eyes and let her go on searching for her heart's desire."

"She would be his Princess. Could he afford to allow his love of luxury to go as far as that?"

"Quite as justifiably, I should say, as Mr. Blithers when he delivers his only child into—into bondage."

"You were about to use another term."

"I was, but I thought in time, Miss Guile."

R. Schmidt sauntered briskly past at this juncture, looking neither to the right nor left. They watched him until he disappeared down the deck.

"I think Mr. Schmidt is a perfectly delightful young man," said Mrs. Gaston, simply because she couldn't help it.

"You really think he will marry Miss Blithers, Mr. Totten?" ventured Miss Guile.

"He? Oh, I see—the Prince?" Mr. Totten came near to being no diplomat. "How should I know, Miss Guile?"

"Of course! How *should* you know?" she cried.

Mr. Totten found something to interest him in the printed sheet and proceeded to read it with considerable avidity. Miss Guile smiled to herself and purposely avoided the shocked look in Mrs. Gaston's eyes.

"Bouillon at last," cried the agitated duenna, and peremptorily summoned one of the tray-bearing stewards. "I am famished."

Evidently Mr. Totten did not care for his mid-morning refreshment, for, with the most courtly of smiles, he arose and left them to their bouillon.

"Here comes Mr. Schmidt," whispered Mrs. Gaston excitedly, a few moments later, and at once made a movement indicative of hasty departure.

"Sit still," said Miss Guile peremptorily.

R. Schmidt again passed them by without so much as a glance in their direction. There was a very sweet smile on Miss Guile's lips as she closed her eyes and lay back in her chair. Once, twice, thrice, even as many as six times R. Schmidt strode rapidly by their corner, his head high and his face aglow.

AT last a queer little pucker appeared on the serene brow of the far from drowsy young lady whose eyes peeped through half closed lids. Suddenly she threw off her rug and with a brief remark to her companion arose and went to her cabin. Mrs. Gaston followed, not from choice but because the brief remark was in the nature of a command.

Soon afterward, R. Schmidt who had been joined by Dank, threw himself into his chair with a great sigh of fatigue and said:

"Gad, I've walked a hundred miles since breakfast. Have you a match?"

"Hobbs has made a very curious discovery," said the young lieutenant, producing his match-box. There was a perturbed look in his eyes.

"If Hobbs isn't careful he'll discover a new continent one of these days. He is always discovering something," said Robin, puffing away at his pipe.

"But this is really interesting. It seems that he was in the hold when Miss Guile's maid came down

to get into one of her mistress's trunks. Now, the first letter in Guile is G, isn't it? Well, Hobbs says there are at least half a dozen trunks there belonging to the young lady and that all of them are marked with a large red B. What do you make of it?"

The Prince had stopped puffing at his pipe. "Hobbs may be mistaken in the maid, Dank. It is likely that they are not Miss Guile's trunks at all."

"He appears to be absolutely sure of his ground. He heard the maid mention Miss Guile's name when she directed the men to get one of the trunks out of the pile. That's what attracted his attention. He confided to me that you are interested in the young lady, and therefore it was quite natural for him to be similarly affected. 'Like master, like man,' d'ye see?"

"Really, you know, Dank, I ought to dismiss Hobbs," said Robin irritably. "He is getting to be a dreadful nuisance. Always nosing around, trying to—"

"But after all, sir, you'll have to admit that he has made a puzzling discovery. Why should her luggage be marked with a B?"

"I should say because her name begins with a B," said Robin shortly.

"In that case, it isn't Guile."

"Obviously." The young man was thinking very hard.

"And if it isn't Guile, there must be an excellent reason for her sailing under a false name. She doesn't look like an adventurer."

R. Schmidt rewarded this remark with a cold stare. "Would you mind telling me what she does look like, Dank?" he enquired severely.

THE lieutenant flushed. "I have not had the same opportunity for observation that you've enjoyed, sir, but I should say, off-hand, that she looks like a very dangerous young person."

"Do you mean to imply that she is—er—not altogether what one would call right?"

Dank grinned. "Don't you regard her as rather perilously beautiful?"

"Oh, I see. That's what you mean. I suppose you got *that* from Hobbs, too."

"Not at all. I have an excellent pair of eyes."

"What are you trying to get at, Dank?" demanded Robin abruptly.

"I'm trying to get to the bottom of Miss Guile's guile, if it please your royal highness," said the lieutenant coolly. "It is hard to connect the G and the B, you know."

"But why should we deny her a privilege that we are enjoying, all three of us? Are we not in the same boat?"

"Literally and figuratively. That explains nothing, however."

"Have you a theory?"

"There are many that we could advance, but, of course, only one of them could be the right one, even if we were acute enough to include it in our list of guesses. She may have an imperative reason for not disclosing her identity. For instance, she may be running away to get married."

"That's possible," agreed Robin.

"But not probable. She may be a popular music-hall favorite, or one of those peculiarly clever creatures known as the American newspaper woman, against whom we have been warned. Don't you regard it as rather significant that of all the people on this ship she should be the one to attach herself to the unrecognized Prince of Graustark? Put two and two together, sir, and—"

"I find it singularly difficult to put one and one together, Dank," said the Prince ruefully. "No; you are wrong in both of your guesses. I've encountered music-hall favorites and I can assure you she isn't one of them. And as for your statement that she attached herself to me, you were never so mistaken in your life. I give you my word, she doesn't

care a hang whether I'm on the ship or clinging to a life preserver out there in the middle of the Atlantic. I have reason to know, Dank."

"So be it," said Dank, but with doubt in his eyes. "You ought to know. I've never spoken to her, so—"

"She thinks you are a dreadfully attractive chap, Dank," said Robin mischievously. "She said so only yesterday."

Dank gave his Prince a disgusted look, and smoked on in silence. His dignity was ruffled.

"Her Christian name is Bedelia," ventured Robin, after a pause.

"That doesn't get us anywhere," said Dank sourly.

"And her mother is Irish."

"Which accounts for those wonderful Irish blue eyes that—"

"So you've noticed them, eh?"

"Naturally."

"I consider them a very dark gray."

"I think we'd better get back to the luggage," said Dank hastily. "Hobbs thinks she—"

"OH, Lord, Dank, don't tell me what Hobbs thinks," growled Robin. "Let her make use of all the letters in the alphabet if it pleases her. What is it to us? Moreover, she may be utilizing a lot of borrowed trunks, who knows? Or B may have been her initial before she was divorced and—"

"Divorced?"

"—her maiden name restored," concluded Robin airily. "Simple deduction, Dank. Don't bother your head about her any longer. What we know isn't going to hurt us, and what we don't know isn't—"

"Has it occurred to you that Russia may have set spies upon you—"

"Nonsense!"

"It isn't as preposterous as you—"

"Come, old fellow, let's forget Miss Guile," cried Robin, slapping the lieutenant on the shoulder.

"Let's think of the real peril,—Maude Applegate Blithers." He held up the ship's paper for Dank to see and then leaned (Continued on Page 10)



A NEW ENGLAND JUNE

By BLISS CARMAN

These things I remember
Of New England June,
Like a vivid day dream
In the azure noon,
While one haunting figure
Strays through every scene,
Like the soul of beauty
Through her lost demesne.

Gardens full of roses
And peonies a-blow
In the dewy morning,
Row on stately row,
Spreading their gay patterns,
Crimson, pied and cream,
Like some gorgeous fresco
Or an Eastern dream.

Nets of waving sunlight
Falling through the trees;
Fields of gold-white daisies
Rippling in the breeze;
Lazy lifting groundswells,
Breaking green as jade
On the lilac beaches,
Where the shore-birds wade.

Out of every picture
Still she comes to me
With the morning freshness
Of the summer sea,—
A glory in her bearing,
A sea-light in her eyes,
As if she could not forget
The Spell of Paradise.

Thrushes in the deep woods,
With their golden themes,
Fluting like the choirs
At the birth of dreams.
Fireflies in the meadows
At the gate of Night,
With their fairy lanterns
Twinkling soft and bright.

Ah, not in the roses,
Nor the azure noon,
Nor the thrushes' music,
Lies the soul of June.
It is something finer,
More unfading far,
Than the primrose evening
And the Silver Star.

When the ghostly moonlight
Walks my garden ground,
Like a leisurely patrol
On his nightly round,
These things I remember
Of the long ago,
While the slumberous roses
Neither care nor know.

