



# Honeymoon Mountain

By Frances Shelley Wees

## CHAPTER VI—Continued

"Why not get Sally and Madeline up here? Oh, Simon too, of course. Sally wouldn't come without him, and he'd be useful. You said Grandmother wanted young company for Deborah. Company now, and such company as my delightful sister, and her delightful husband, and his more than delightful sister . . . the way's been paved by those presents, you see, and my mention of the family relations . . . her mind would be too fully occupied to brood over you. We can tip the kids off. They're all good sports. And, for the deepest part of the plot—you know how Sally trots around at Simon's heels day and night, and kisses him at all the most awkward moments, and how they always hang on each other's arms?"

"Tubby," Bryn said after a moment, "you are a fool. Nevertheless . . ."

"Exactly." Bryn considered, whistling softly. His eyes began to sparkle. Tubby, seeing them, reached across the writing table for paper and a pen. He wrote a note. He sealed it in an envelope. He addressed it to Mrs. Simon Vallance, at Hillsborough, California. "There," he said. "They're dying to come, anyway."

When Bryn went downstairs next morning there was apparently no one awake in the big house. Gary and Deborah were sure to be up, but they were not in sight. He stood for a moment on the top step, breathing in the fresh cool air, and then went around the house and down the brook toward the bridge, on his way to the engine house.

He had filled the gasoline tank in the engine and was rinsing his hands in the icy brook water when he heard a footstep on the bridge and looked up to see Deborah approaching. He stood up and dried his hands on his handkerchief. She came to stand a little above him on the raised plank, looking down at him. To his surprise, the strain of yesterday had not set a greater coldness toward him in her dark eyes. She was smiling a little at him now, her lips curving — and Grandmother was not watching. He stared at her.

"I followed you because I want to talk to you, if you don't mind," she said.

"Why, of course I don't mind. Is there something I can do?" She hesitated. When he looked up, the long lashes had dropped and lay close to her cheek. "I'm not a very nice person," she said at last. "I apologized once before for being so difficult, but I don't think I tried any harder not to be difficult. I mean it, this time. You were awfully thoughtful, last night, when Grandmother was so queer and afraid. You do love her, don't you? You're quite honest about it? You would do anything to spare her pain?"

"Yes." She nodded. "I can see that. I don't think I quite believed it until yesterday afternoon, when you came home again, and last night, when you were so troubled. I've been very selfish. I've been thinking of myself all the time, and feeling trapped, and hating it. I have not been half as thoughtful of Grandmother as you have. I've demanded things for myself more than for her, thought about myself first, and what . . . what my position was. You haven't thought about yourself once. You haven't complained. And this isn't your problem, after all, and yet you've put yourself into such a position that if anything went wrong, you would lose most. You signed the note for Mr. Holworthy, and assumed all the financial responsibility, and you've given me your name. I didn't quite see it until Tubby came yesterday. And he talked about your friends, and then he went on and nearly ruined everything, and suddenly I saw how dreadfully unfair that would be for you, and how horrid I've been." She looked at him gravely. "Will you forgive me?"

"You haven't been horrid, Deborah. You've been . . ." Bryn began, and caught himself in time. But she did not notice.

"Yes, I have. You don't know all the things that have been going on in my mind. I'm sorry." She put her soft hand out, momentarily, and patted his, lying on the railing. Bryn did not move.

"Bryn."

"Yes, D . . . Deborah." "Grandmother is in a strange state of mind. Last night I was very worried. I went into her room to tuck her up and kiss her good-night. She looked at me directly and asked me if I were happy. She hasn't asked me before. Not in the

same way. I think she began to suspect everybody, even me." "Did you tell her you were happy?"

"Yes. But . . . she's going to be watching very closely for proof." She stopped. The color began to rise under her white skin.

"What . . . what are we going to do about it?" he asked, lost.

"Happy with you," Deborah explained, as if he did not understand. "Does she think I'm in love with you?"

"Yes," Deborah replied, and flushed violently. "You're a much better actor than I am. I'm sure she's beginning to suspect me."

"When you go out the door," Bryn explained, "I stand and look after you. And when I hear you coming I go to meet you. And when you're talking I keep looking at you, when you're away I talk to her about you. I tell her how beautiful you are, how much more beautiful than any girl I ever knew, with those lovely eyes, and your lashes, as long as a dream, and your mouth, and your little white chin, and the way you blush . . . and your throat, so soft and white, and the way you move your shoulders, and the color of your hair, and the way it curls." He drew a deep breath.

"Oh, dear," she sighed. "No wonder she thinks I'm not in love with you. I haven't told her once anything about you. I've hardly mentioned you."

"Well," Bryn said after a moment, "I'll tell you. When you're in love, Deborah, you hate to be away from your . . . from your sweetheart for a second. Everything she does is perfect and lovely and sweet. You want to lift her in your arms and hold her tight against you, so close that you can hear her heart beating. You want to hear her say that she'll never leave you again, no matter what happens. And if it happened that she didn't love you," Bryn went on slowly, "there'd be a sick empty feeling where your heart ought to be, and you'd wish you were a kid again, so you could cry. But if she did love you, and she knew you weren't sure about her, she'd put her arms around you, and put her cheek against yours, and maybe even . . . kiss you."

Deborah was staring at him. After a moment she said breathlessly, "Is that the way you love your . . . your own girl?"

"Yes, Deborah." "I don't know anything about that way of loving," she said at last. "I



"I Don't Know Anything About That Way of Loving."

couldn't pretend that to Grandmother." "No," Bryn said.

"It wasn't so much what I ought to say to Grandmother, anyway," she said. "I hadn't really thought of talking to her about you. It was the way I ought to act. I was wondering . . ."

"Yes?" "It's really Gary's idea," she said hastily. "He came to me about it this morning. He's afraid Grandmother might get to wondering about us. You see, she thinks we . . . we love each other the way other people do when they're married," she explained.

don't mind dreadfully, you could have it for your bedroom." "Why, no," Bryn said calmly. "I wouldn't mind. I'd have to go out and in through your sitting room, though. Wouldn't you dislike that?" "What I was trying to tell you when I first started to talk," she reminded him, "is that it's too late for me to keep thinking what I like and what I don't."

## CHAPTER VII

"IF THIS isn't heaven," Sally sighed, looking about her in supreme content, "then don't bother to tell me I'm not dead. I don't want to be disturbed."

She sat on the cool grass in the wavering shadow of the tree against whose smooth trunk Deborah was leaning. The leaves overhead rustled softly in the faint noontday breeze. They had congregated, all six of them, on the highest corner of the sloping lawn. The orchard behind them, a smooth stretch of sward unrolling down to the stone walls below.

"Me, too," Simon muttered. He lay stretched out in the grass, his pipe in his mouth, his head on Sally's knee.

Bryn sighed. He shifted his position and moved a few inches closer to Deborah. He turned on his stomach, propped himself on his elbows and gazed up at her. A few days ago, before these others had come, and after she and Bryn had decided to be friends, she would have smiled down at him a little. It was fun to smile at Bryn, once one had started. He always looked as if he liked being smiled at. But now Deborah pretended not to know that he was looking at her, and regarded steadily the hills far away. Because Madeline was here now, and Madeline might not like it.

A mist came into her eyes, as she thought of Madeline, and the hills swam in a noontday fog. Poor Madeline wasn't happy, for all her pretense of light-heartedness. Deborah told herself. How could she be happy, seeing Bryn married, actually married, to another girl. Bryn was lovely. He acted exactly as if they really were married, really loved each other, and he didn't try to keep Madeline from seeing.

That night, as usual, Deborah went into Grandmother's room to make sure that she was settled comfortably, and to kiss her good-night. Grandmother was sitting up in her big bed, her silvery hair brushed smooth and drawn back into a neat little braid.

"Deborah." "Yes, Grandmother?" "Do you not like these friends of Bryn's, my darling?" Deborah looked up in surprise. "Why, yes. Yes, of course. I think they are lovely. Sally is sweet. She is like a talking doll. And she is very kind."

"And Madeline?" "Nobody could help liking Madeline," Deborah replied. "She's charming, isn't she, Grandmother? I love to hear her talk. It's so slow and lazy. It's because she and Simon are from Texas, Sally says. And Madeline is beautiful. Don't you think she's beautiful, Grandmother?"

"Not as beautiful as you are, my child," Grandmother answered fondly. "But she is very attractive." She was silent again. Then, "If you like them, Deborah, and find them pleasant company, what is it that has been troubling you ever since they arrived?"

"Troubling me?" Deborah answered, startled. "But . . . I am not troubled."

"Oh, Deborah," Grandmother said reproachfully. Deborah raised her eyes, and there was a deep, happy smile in them.

"I am happy, Grandmother darling," she said. "And you love Bryn? He loves you, of that I am sure. But of your love for him . . . sometimes I am not so sure. You admire him? You think him strong and thoughtful and quick, and kind?"

"Yes, Grandmother." "You respect him? You are proud of whatever he does?" "Yes, Grandmother." "And," she put her hand out gently and lifted Deborah's chin. "Why, you are blushing, child! Surely that ought to be sufficient answer to my next question, but I must have your words, Deborah. Forgive me. But you know your complete happiness means everything to me. Deborah, tell me; when you see him, and he smiles that twinkling smile of his, don't you want to go to him, and caress his cheek, as you are caressing mine, and put your hand on his hair, and touch his shoulder? Isn't that what you'd like to do, Deborah?"

Deborah caught her breath. Her eyes darkened. Her lips quivered faintly. And then, "Yes, Grandmother," she said.

"Of course," Grandmother said happily. "Well, then you love him. You couldn't help loving him. Go, my child. Kiss me good-night. I shall rest, tonight. I am happy."

Out in the hall, safely away from the door, Deborah stood and put both her hands over her face. Her brain was whirling. There was a dreadful lump in her throat, and something ached in her breast. A voice spoke to her. It was Bryn. He was in the hall beside her. He was whispering, so as not to disturb Grandmother. "Deborah," he was saying anxiously. "Deborah, what has happened?"

Deborah did not answer. Instead, she dropped her hands and stared up through the shadows at his face. He drew a quick breath, then put his arms out and held her close to him. His coat was rough under her cheek.

"Deborah, sweetheart," he said brokenly, "what's happened to you? Why are you trembling?"

For only a second she lay there, and then she lifted her head and pulled herself away. "Don't touch me," she said in a furious whisper. "Oh, don't you dare to touch me!" and she flew down the stairs.

Deborah sat on the couch before the long balcony window in her own sitting room. The afternoon was very hot. Bryn and Tubby and Simon had gone following the brook, looking for a pool to swim in.

There was a knock at her door. Sally's voice floated plaintively through the keyhole. "Deborah! May we come in?"

Deborah said: "Yes, of course, Sally. Please do. And she tightened her dressing gown around her.

Sally, in floating black chiffon pyjamas and jay black mules, came through the door, followed by Madeline in dull green. "Were you sleeping?" Sally inquired. "Curl yourself up again, Deborah. Everything about you is like the Sleeping Beauty herself," Sally said.

Deborah looked at Sally. "I think you're sweet, too, Sally," she said shyly.

Sally flew up from her chair, flung her arms around Deborah and kissed her. "That was darling," she said. "Wasn't that darling, Madeline?"

Madeline sighed. "Yes," she agreed. "But you don't need it. You've got Simon. You don't have to suffer in silence and alone, as I do."

Sally began to laugh. "You don't exactly go around languishing, you know, idiot," she said.

Madeline sighed. "Not outwardly, perhaps. But inwardly, I suffer." "Piffle," Sally answered. "She turned to Deborah. "Does she look as if she were suffering?"

"Not exactly," Deborah said faintly. "She isn't, either. She knows perfectly well it's all a question of time. And, I must say, Madeline, it looks much more hopeful lately than it ever did. Doesn't it?"

Deborah couldn't stand it any longer. "Does she mean she's . . . in love . . . with somebody?" she asked faintly.

"Tubby," Sally answered. "Can you imagine it?"

"Tubby? Isn't it ridiculous?" "I don't see anything ridiculous about it," Madeline objected. "He may not be what one would call a romantic figure, I admit. He is a number of pounds overweight, but he's very good-tempered. And his hair won't lie flat; but I always liked originally. And I like his dimple and I'm crazy about his lip. I could listen to him forever, if only he'd say a few of the right things. Deborah, honestly now, don't you think Tubby's a dear?"

Deborah was still staring at her. Now she gave a deep sigh and sank back against the couch. "Yes," she said. "Yes, I think he's just as nice as he can be."

## CHAPTER VIII

IT HAD been a happy afternoon, the happiest afternoon, Deborah decided, that she had ever known. The four of them, Sally and Simon and she and Bryn, had gone for a walk in the pine woods up on the hill. At first she had walked beside Sally, but Sally had obviously wanted to be with Simon, and Deborah had dropped back and walked with Bryn. He could see how it was, that she wasn't trusting herself upon him, that it was a matter of necessity, and he didn't seem to mind. As a matter of fact, Deborah said to herself, sitting on the veranda in the twilight, he had seemed to enjoy himself. He had climbed a steep overhanging little cliff once when she had seen a brilliant tiger-lily up in the shadow, and had brought it down to her triumphantly. When he gave it to her their hands had touched, and he had stood for a moment looking down at her with a queer expression that made her heart turn over when she remembered. She had wanted to smile at him then, Deborah recalled, but something had made her draw away hastily, and as she moved, his expression had changed again, and he had begun to talk quickly.

Deborah could not take her eyes from Bryn's. It seemed to her that in his there was a question that she had to answer. She gazed at him, so strong and fine, sitting there against the pillar. A kind of tense look that was constantly in his face during these last few days began to relax. Then he put his hand slowly and covered hers, lying beside her on the chair.

"No, no," she said in a whisper, but she couldn't draw her hand away, and she didn't know what it was she meant.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## The Needlework Guild

The Needlework Guild of America was started in 1885 by a small group of Philadelphia women who made garments by hand for needy families. The organization took its pattern from one introduced in England in 1882 by Lady Wolverton of Dorsetshire. All the clothing distributed by the members must be new.

# Llandudno, "Atlantic City" of Wales, Now Is Tourist Magnet

## Has Become One of Most Popular Sea Resorts of Britain.

American tourists who visit the British Isles this summer may be drawn to Llandudno beach, which has been called the "Atlantic City of the British Isles."

On the sand hills of Llandudno beach "Lewis Carroll," an Oxford mathematician whose real name was Dr. Charles L. Dodgson, once strolled with the children of his host, Dean Liddell. Recently a white marble marker was erected at the famous Welsh resort to commemorate these walks, and the literary classic, "Alice in Wonderland," they inspired.

"Although Llandudno may still sound quite foreign to most Americans, it is one of the chief seaside resorts of the British Isles," says the National Geographic society. "Sited on the north coast of Wales, facing the Irish sea, it may be easily reached by thousands of summer visitors from Liverpool, Manchester, and the English Midlands."

"The town itself is built around a vast semicircle of firm, sandy beach, with the ends of the crescent tipped with two towering masses of rock, the Great Orme's head and the Little Orme. Neither Nice, nor Deauville, nor Biarritz, nor Scheveningen, nor any of the much-vaunted middle-Europe bathing resorts on the shores of Hungary's Lake Balaton, has a situation comparable to this magnificent watering place."

"And the Welsh people have made excellent use of the opportunities which nature presented. A concrete boardwalk wider than New York's Broadway follows the graceful curve of the beach for more than a mile and a half; countless bathhouses on wheels follow the tide back and forth, being drawn up and down the sands by horses; droves of donkeys are provided for the children's rides when they tire of digging in the sand; a pier jutting out into the bay for half a mile is the scene of daily concerts and dances, while along its full length are booths of fortune tellers, catch-penny vendors, and other amusements which attract those who delight in such diversions while on holiday."

"But it is the incomparable Marine Drive, chiseled out of the solid rock of Great Orme's Head, winding between sea and sky, midway along the

precipitous cliff, which brings distinction to Llandudno over all other resorts. No similar stretch of the Corniche drive along the Riviera can excel it in grandeur.

"There are many, many spots which lure the visitor: Happy Valley, nestling in a hollow of the Great Orme, presented to the town by Lord Mostyn as a memorial of the Queen Victoria Jubilee; the Church of Our Saviour, in whose grounds Lewis Carroll used to romp with his youthful friend Alice, the daughter of Dean Liddell, whose residence was nearby; and St. Tudno's church, a medieval structure occupying the site of the cell of St. Tudno, a hermit of the Seventh century who gave his name to Llandudno (llan meaning church)."

## SMILES

Properly Placed  
Wife—Who is that?  
Husband—Er—hardly anybody, dear.

Just Like Hare Soup  
A scientist says that eating lion meat will cure timidity. The complete recipe probably begins, "First, catch your lion."



RELAX WITH WRIGLEY'S  
WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM  
INEXPENSIVE - SATISFYING

## Small Kindnesses

LET the weakest, let the humblest remember, that in his daily course he can, if he will, shed around him almost a heaven. Kindly words, sympathizing attentions, watchfulness against wounding men's sensitiveness—these cost very little, but they are priceless in their value. Are they not almost the staple of our daily happiness? From hour to hour, from moment to moment, we are supported, blest, by small kindnesses.

The actions of faith and mercy are sure to repay the merciful.—Magoon.

## Week's Supply of Postum Free

Read the offer made by the Postum Company in another part of this paper. They will send a full week's supply of health giving Postum free to anyone who writes for it.—Adv.

## Love Lifts

When there is no love in trouble its weight grows double.

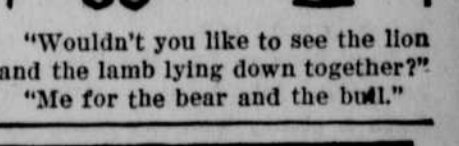
## Bitter Truth

"Yes," said the small boy regretfully, "money talks, but it never gives itself away!"

## Ask Us Another

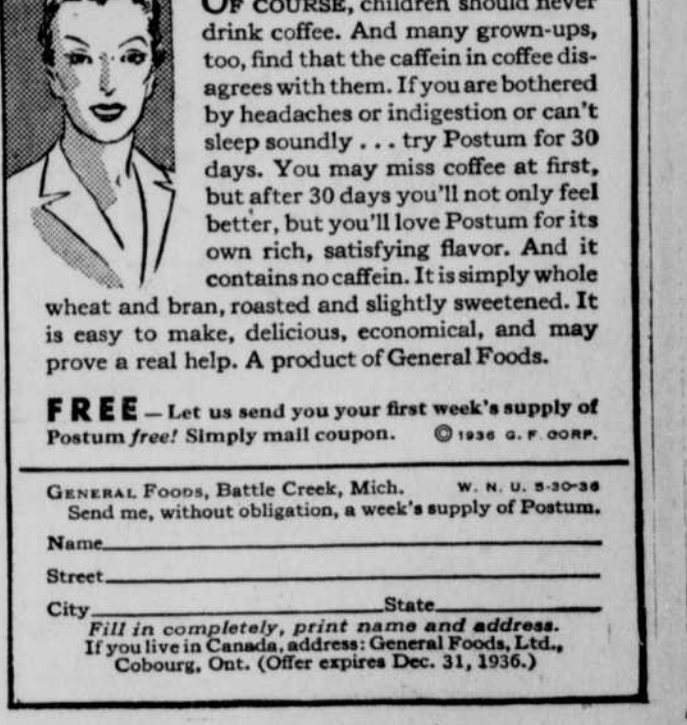
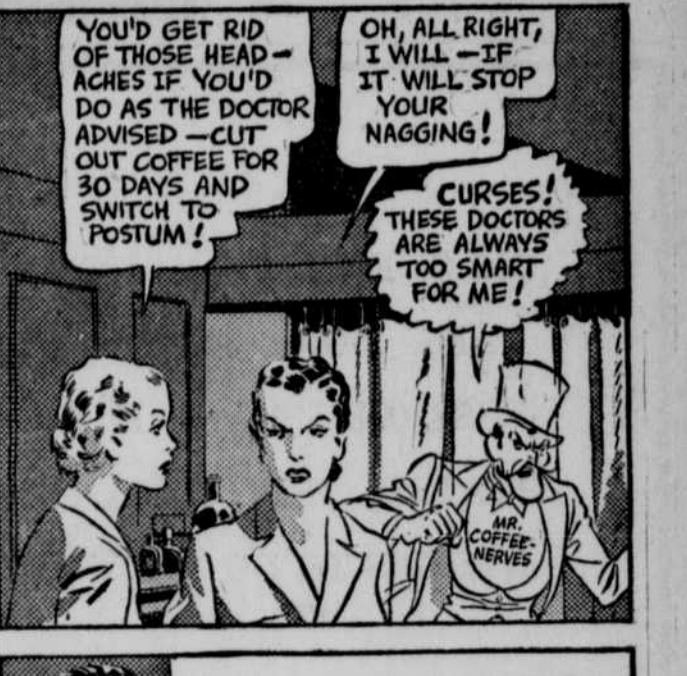
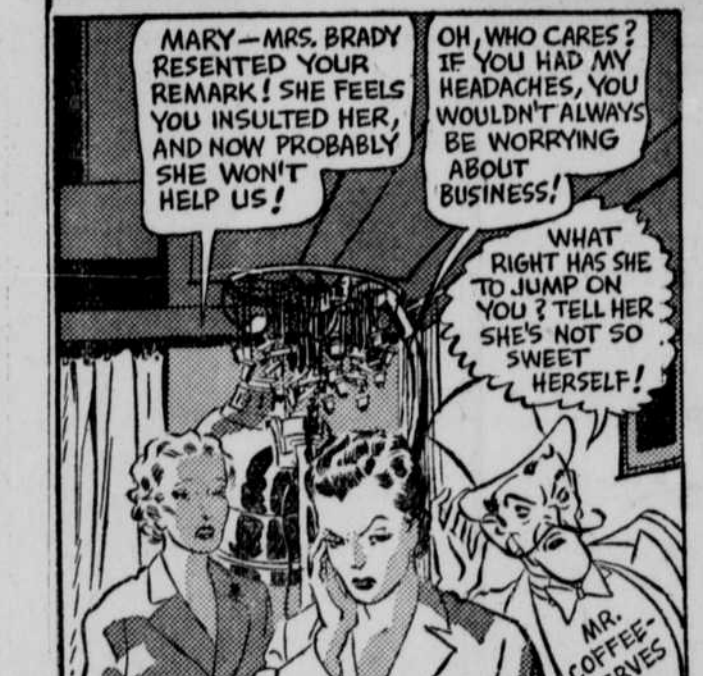
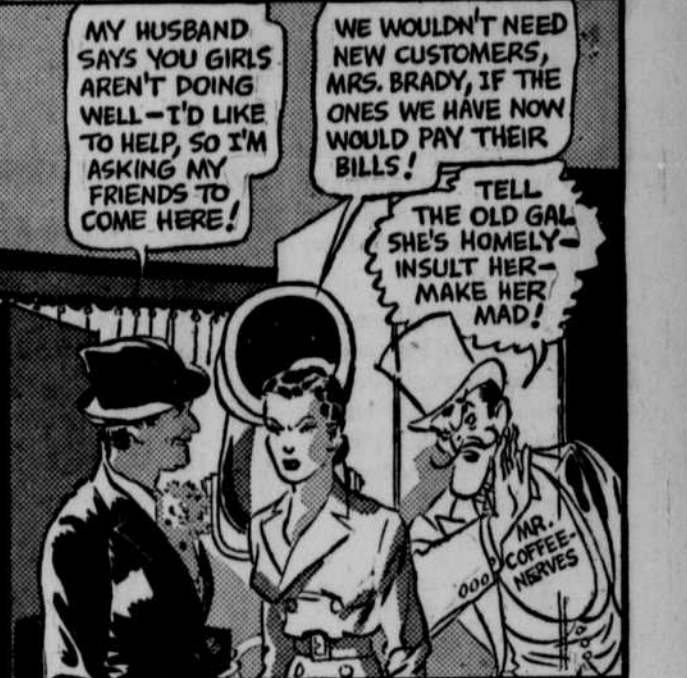
Teacher—What tense is, "I am beautiful?"  
Class (in unison)—Past tense.

## WANTS ACTION



"Wouldn't you like to see the lion and the lamb lying down together?"  
"Me for the bear and the bull."

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