

SYNOPSIS.

Alan Wayne is sent away from Red Hill. Alan Wayne is sent away from Red Hill, his home, by his uncle, J. Y., as a moral failure. Clem runs after him in a tangle of short skirts to bid him good-by. Captain Wayne tells Alan of the failing of the Waynes. Clem drinks Alan's health on his waynes. Clem drinks Alan's health on his birthday. Judge Healey buys a picture for Alix Lansing. The judge defends Alan in his business with his employers. Alan and Alix meet at sea, homeward bound, and start a firtation which becomes serious.

CHAPTER IV-Continued.

Towards the end of the voyage Alix faced, wide-eyed, the revelation that the stakes of the game she and Alan had played were body and soul. "Aian," she said one night with drooping head, "I've had enough. I don't want to play any more. I want to quit." She lifted tear-filled eyes to him. The foil of artificiality had been knocked from her hand. She was all woman and defenseless.

Alan felt a trembling in all his limbs. "I want to quit, too, Alix," be said in his low vibrating voice, "but I'm afraid we can't. You see, I'm beaten, too. While I was just in love with your body we were safe enough, but now I'm in love with you. It's the kind of love a man can pray for in vain. No head in it; nothing but heart. Honor and dishonor become mere names. Nothing matters to me but you."

Tears crawled slowly down Alix' cheeks. She stood with her elbows on the rail and faced the ocean so no one might see. Her hands were locked. In her mind her own thoughts were running. Somehow she could inder stand Alan without listening. If only Gerry had done this thing to her, she was thinking, the pitiless wracking misery would have been joy at white heat. She was unmasked at last-but Gerry had not unmasked her. Not once since the day of their engage-

ment had Gerry unmasked himself. Alan was standing with his side to the rail, his eyes leaving her face only to keen track of the prom that no officious friend should take her by surprise. He went on talking, "Our judgment is calling to us to quit but it is calling from days ago," he said. "We wouldn't listen then and it's only the echo we hear now. We can try to oult if you like, but when I am alone I shall call for you, and when you are alone you will call for me. break the tension, Alix. It will break Alix. us in the end."

down Alix' cheeks. In all her life she had never suffered so before. She her levity.

"Alan," she said with a quick glance at him, "dld you know when we began that it was going to be like this?"

"No," he answered. " I have trifled with many women and I was ready to trifle with you. No one had ever driven you and I wanted to drive you. I thought I had divorced passion and love. I thought perhaps you had too. But love is here. I am not driving you. We are being driven."



Alix and Alan were in the grip of a fever that is hard to break save through satiety and ruin. They were still held apart by generations of sound tradition but against this bulwark the full flood of modern life as they lived it was directed.

It was only a year ago that the table talk one night had turned on what was society's religion and Alan had said. "Society has no religion nowadays: it has given up religion for a corrosive philosophy of nonethics." He had seen clearly then but not clearly enough to save himself. He had played with the corrosive philosophy until he had divorced flesh from the soul and now it was playing with him. He found himself powerless in the grip of his desire for Alix.

With her, things had not gone so far. From the security of the untempted she had watched her chosen world play with fire and only now when temptation assailed her, did she realize the weakness that lies in every woman once her outposts have fallen and her bare heart becomes engaged in the battle. Not many days had passed after their return when Alan's constant attendance upon Gerry's wife became the absorbing center of interest to their part of town life. People said little enough. Their eyes were too wide open watching the headlong rush towards catastrophe.

One early morning Nance sent for

and put her arms around his neck. She tried to smile but her lips twitched.

"Alan," she said, "I want you to go

away." Alan was touched. He caught her wrists and took her arms from around his neck. "You mustn't do that sort of thing to me, Nance. I'm not fit for it." He made her sit down on a great sofa before the fire and sat down beside her. "You remind me today of the most beautiful thing I ever heard said of you-by a spiteful friend." "What was it?" said Nance, turning

her troubled eyes to him. "She said, 'She is only beautiful in her own home.' I never understood it before. It's a great thing to be beautiful in one's own home."

"Oh, Alan." said Nance, catching his hand and holding it against her breast, "it is a great thing. It's the greatest thing in life. That's why I sent for you-because you are wrecking forever your chance of being beautiful in your own home. And worse than that, you are wrecking Alix' chances. You as though her people and ours were his. But he did not know it. Smartof the froth of the nation. You and she started life with nothing but made a final and disastrous false step. Puritan to build on. You may have built just playhouses of sand, but deep down the old rock foundation must said, with his new-born sneer. Alix endure. You must take your stand on

Her eyes had been fixed on the fire Alan sat with head hanging forward, day, he'd sail for Africa tomorrow and his gaze and thoughts far beyond the confines of the room. Then he shook himself and got up to go. "I wish we could. Nance," he said gravely and then added half to himself, half to her, "I'll try."

For some days Alan had been prepared to go away and take Alix with him, should she consent. Upon his arrival he had had an interview with McDale & McDale in the course of which that firm opened its eyes and its pocket wider than it ever had before. When he left their offices he had contracted more or less on his own terms and McDale, Junior, said to the Senior. "He's only twenty-six-a boy. How did be beat us?"

"By beating Walton's record first," replied McDale, Senior, "and how he did that time will show."

As he walked slowly back from Nance's, Alan was thinking that after We will always be alone except when all there was no reason why he should we are near each other. We can't not cut and run-no reason except

He reached his rooms. As he crossed The slow tears were still crawling the threshold he saw that he had stepped on a note that had been dropped through the letter-slip. He felt that each tear paid the price of all picked it up. A thrill went through him as he recognized Alix's handwriting. There was no stamp. It must have been delivered by hand. He tore it open and read: "You said that a moment's notice was all you asked. I will take the Montreal Express with von today."

Alan's blood turned to liquid fire. The note conjured before him a vision of Alix. He crushed it and held it to his lips and laughed-not jeeringly but in pure, uncontrolled excitement.

It was not a coincidence that Gerry had sought out Alix at the very hour that Nance was summoning Alan. Gerry and Nance were driven by the same forewarning of catastrophe. Gerry had felt it first but he had been slow to believe, slower to act. He had no precedent for this sort of thing. His whole being was in revolt against the you have that's worth taking, but not situation in which he found himself, you." It was after a sleepless night-a most unheard of thing with him-that he decided he could let things go no tonger. He went to Alix' room, knocked and entered.

Alix was up, though the hour was early for her. Fresh from her bath she sat in a sheen of blue dressing gown before the mirror doing her own hair. Gerry glanced around him and into the bathroom koking for the maid.

"Good-morning," said Alix, "She's not here. Did you want to see her?" He was standing beside an open window. He could feel the cold air on later in his rooms. his hands. He felt like putting his head out into it. His head was hot. "Alix." he said suddenly without looking at her. "I want you to drop Alan." "But I don't want to drop Alan,"

replied Alix lightly. Gerry whirled around at her tone. His nostrils were quivering. To his amazement his hands fairly itched to clutch her beautiful throat. He could

this room as the other right now." Alan. He found her alone. She had this rock of a man. There was some cry-Alix!" He turned and walked were lost. been crying. He came to her where thing tremendous and impressive in slowly back to the avenue and into his Individualists were rare and unwellarms?" he asked solemnly. she stood by the fire and she turned his anger and struggle for control.

ry's lip was curved to a sneer. "A away." philanderer. A man who surrounds himself with tarnished reputations."

A dull glow came into Alix' cheeks. "Philanderers are of many breeds." she said. "There are those who have those who can only rise to a whisky or a golf club. Whatever else Alan may be he is not a time-server."

Once aroused Allx had taken up the gauntlet with no uncertain hand. Her first words carried the war into the "What do you mean?" said Gerry dully. He had not anticipated a de-

fense.

"I mean what you have deduced with an effort. What are you but a as the cab disappeared into the traffic. philanderer in little things where Alan is in great? What have you ever done to hold me or any other woman? I respected you once for what you were going to be. That has died. Did you think I was going to make you into a

Gerry stood, breathing hard, a great despondency in his heart. Alix went on pitilessly. "What have you become? A monumental time-server on the world and you are surprised that a worker reaches the prize that you eannot attain! The trouble with you is that you have built your life altogether on traditions. It is a tradition that your women are falthful, so you need not exert yourself to holding yours! It is a tradition that you can do no wrong, so you need not exert yourself to doing anything at all! You are playing with ghosts, Gerry. Your party was over a generation ago."

Alix had calmed down. There was still time for Gerry to choke her to and Alix cannot do this thing. It son't good effect. The hour could yet be ing under the lash of Alix' tongue he

"You try to humiliate me by placing me back to back with Alan?" he appraised it with calm eyes and found it rather attractive. "Well, let me tell you that Alan is so small a man but now she turned them to his face. that if I dropped out of the world to-



"We Can't Break the Tension, Alix." think for the rest of his life of his

escape from you as a close shave." Alix sprang to her feet. She was trembling. Gerry felt a throb of exultation. It was his turn to wound. "What do you m an?" said Alix

very quietly, but it was the quiet of suppressed passion at white heat. "I mean that Alan is the kind of man who finds other men's wives an economy. He would take everything

Alix' eyes blazed at him from her white face. "Please go away." she said. He started to speak. "Please go away," she repeated. Her lips were quivering and her face twitched in a way that was terrifying to Gerry. He

hurried out repeating to himself over

and over, "You have made Alix cry.

You have made Alix cry." Alix toyed with the silver on her dressing-table until he had gone and then she swept across the room to her little writing-desk and wrote the note that Alan had found half an hour



room for a moment hoping to hear a all, what was there in America for ing baggageman. He caught her and, sob, a cry, anything for an excuse to such men to do except make more hardly control his voice. "Stop play- go back. Instead he heard the scratch | money? ing, Alix." he guiped. "There's never of a pen but he was too troubled to been a divorcee among the Lausings deduce anything from that. He went the narrowness of American life. nor a wifebeater and one is as near slowly down the stairs and out into There was only one line of effort. the street. The biting winter air The whole people thronged a single Gerry regretted the words as soon braced him. He started to walk rapid- causeway. They made a provincial as he had said them but Alix was not ly. At the end of an hour he found demand that all should dress alike, dazed. angry. She looked at him through nar- himself standing on a deserted pier. look alike, think alike. They pressed rowed eyes. She speculated on the He took off his hat and let the wind on in a body to the single goal of sensation of being roughly handled by cool his head. "I have made a woman wealth and when they got there they club but he still felt uneasy. A waiter come. Boys stoned Chinamen because

Gerry bit his lips and turned from brought a whisky and soda and put it they were different; they followed a "And Alan, of all men," he went at his elbow. Gerry turned on him. turbaned Asiatic, strayed to an un-At the words the current of her "Who told you to bring that?" Then thoughts was changed. She found her- he felt ashamed of his petulance. "It's ed Briton, faultlessly dressed, found self suddenly on the defensive. "Do all right, George," he said, more geni- his spats the sensation of a street. you think you are the first woman he ally than he had spoken for many a Each of these incidents Gerry had withas played with and betrayed?" Ger- day, "but I don't want it. Take it

He sat for a long time and at last came to a resolution. Allx loved roses. He would send her enough to bank her room and he would follow them home. He went up the avenue to his florist's the wit to philander with woman and and stood outside trying to decide whether it should be one mass of blood red or a color scheme. Suddenly the plate glass caught a reflection and threw it in his face. Gerry turned. A four-wheeler was passing. He

could not see the occupant but on top enemy's camp and they were barbed. | was a large, familiar trunk marked with a yellow girdle. On the trunk was a familiar label. He stared at it and the label stared balk at him and finally danced before his mazed eyes

> Gerry stood for a long while, stunned. He saw a lady bow to him from a carriage and afterwards he remembered that he had not bowed back. Somebody ran into him. He looked back at the flowers massed in the window, remembered that he did not need them now, and drew slowly away. Two men hailed him from the other side of the street. Gerry braced himself, nodded to them and hailed a passing hansom. From the direction Alix' cab had taken he knew the station she was bound for. As he arrived o. the platform they were giving the last call for the Montreal Express. He caught sight of Alix hurrying through the gates and followed. As she reached the first Pullman, somebody rapped on the window of the drawing room. Gerry saw Alan's face pressed against the pane. He watched Alix stop, turn and climb the steps of the car and then he wheeled and hurried from the station.

Where could be go? Not to his club and Alan's. His face would betray the scandal with which the club would be buzzing tomorrow. Not to his big comfortable house. It would be too gloomy. Even in disaccord, Alix had imparted to its somber oak and deep shadows the glow of buoyant life. When she was there one felt as though there were flowers in the bouse. Gerry was seized with a great desire to hide from his world, his mother, himself. He pictured the scare-heads in the papers. That the name of Lansing should be found in that galley! It was too much. He could not face it.

He bought a morning paper full of shipping news and, getting into a taxi, He did not look upon this palm-strewn way be studied the sailings' column. | sought merely a Lethean shore. He found what he wanted. The Gunter due to sail that afternoon for Brazil, Pernambuco the first stop.

him. He drove instead to a big debought a complete outfit. He lunched divide down town from up. The people about him were voluble in French | There Gerry installed himself. and Spanish. Already be felt as if his exile had begun.

The Gunter was to sail at three from Brooklyn. Gerry crossed by the ferry. He did not get out of his cab. Over his baggage, piled outside and in, be caught a glimpse of the suspension bridge. Years and years ago his father had led him across that bridge when it was the eighth wonder of the world. Gerry gave a great sigh at the memory. He nad not invaded Brooklyn since. As the cab threaded the interminable and recking length of Furman street he looked out and felt him-

self upon an alien shore. He had avoided buying a ticket. As the Gunter warped out, the purser

no ticket." "No," said Gerry, drawing a roll of bills. "How much is the passage to Pernambuco?"

The purser fidgeted. "This is irregular, sir." "Is it?" said Gerry, indifferently. "I have no ticket forms," said the

purser, weakening. "I don't want a ticket," said Gerry. "I want a good room and three square meals a day."

Long, quiet days on a quiet sea are a master sedative to a troubled mind. Gerry had a great deal to think through. He sat by the hour with hers were frightened. She moved slowhands toosely clasped, his eyes far out ly backward to the door and with her on the ocean, tracing the course of his hand behind her opened the latch. married life and measuring the Alan did not move. He knew that if grounds for Alix' arraignment. Gerry | he could not hold her with his eyes he was just and generous to others' faults | could not hold her at all. The train but not to his own. He had forgotten started. Alix passed through the door the sting of Alix' words and to his and rushed to the platform. The porgrowing amazement, saw in himself | ter was about to drop the trap on the certainly had been. But he reviewed her force she pushed open the door the lives of many other men in his and jumped. The train was moving own leisurely class and decided that very slowly but Alix reeled and would Gerry stood in the hall outside Alix' he was not without company. After have fallen had it not been for a pass-

For the first time be was struck by

friendly shore, with jeers; an astoundnessed with amusement and dismissed without a thought. Now they became so many weather-vanes all pointing the same way. How was it Alan had summed up the history of America? "Men, machinery, machines!"

With the thought of Alan his brow puckered. Here he felt no impulse to indulgence. Some day he would meet



"But I Don't Want to Drop Alan." Replied Alix Lightly.

Alan and when he did he would break him. The scorn he had expressed to Allx for Alan and Alan's nature was without understanding but it was genuine. He knew there were such men and he ascribed all their acts to a debasement beyond regeneration and none to temperament. From moral laxity there was no appeal beyond the sin itself.

The landfall of Pernambuco awoke him from reveries and introspection. gave the address of his bank. On the coast as a land of new beginnings-he

The ship crawled in from an oily sea to the long strip of harbor behind the reef. Above, the sun blazed from At the bank Gerry drew out the a bowl of unbroken blue; on land, balance of his current account. It the multicolored houses spread like a amounted to something over two thou- rainbow under a dark cloud of brownsand dollars. He took most of it in tiled roofs. Giant plane trees cast blots Bank of England notes. Then he start of shade on the cobbled esplanade ed home to pack but before he reached of the boat quay. In their shelter a the house a vision of the servants, negress squatted behind her basin of flurried after helping their mistress cous-cous and another before a tray off. commiserating him to each other, of fried fish. Around them lounged pitying him to his face perhaps, or in a ragged crew, boatmen, stevedores the case of the old butler, suppressing and riffraff, black, brown and white. a great emotion, was too much for Beyond the trees was a line of high stuccoed houses, each painted a difpartment store and in an hour had ferent color, all weather-stained, and some with rusted balconies that threatat one of the quiet restaurants that ened to topple on to the passer-by. One bore the legend, "Hotel d'Europe."

Between the hour of writing her note to Alan and the moment when she stepped on the train Alix had had no time to think. She was still driven by the impulse of anger that Gerry's words had aroused. She did not reflect that the wound was only to her pride.

Alan held open the door of the draw-

ing room. She passed in and he closed it. Alix threw back her vell and came to him. "I understand you nave looked at him. With a quick stride forward he caught her to him and kissed her mouth until she gasped for breath With a flash she remembered his own words, "If I ever kiss you I shall bring your soul out between your lips." To Alix' amazement she did not feel an answering fire. The kiss had brought her soul out between her lips. Her soul stood naked before her and one's naked soul is an ugly thing. The kiss disrobed her, too, and from that last bourne of shame Alix suddenly revolted.

Gasping, she pushed Alan from her, Their eyes met. His were burning, their justification. A time-server he steps. Alix slipped by him. With all still in his arms, Alix looked back. Alan's white face was at the window. He looked steadily at her.

"Ye almost wint with him, Miss," said the baggageman, with a full brogue and a twinkling eye. "How did you know?" said Alix,

At the strange question the baggageman's longer upper lip drew down to gravity, "Where d'ye think I was whin ye stipt off the thrain into me

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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