

# Honeymoon Mountain

By FRANCES SHELLEY WEES

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(Continued from Last Week)

Deborah drew her hand away swiftly, and put them both behind her. She stared up at him, her face pale. Her eyes were very dark. Bryn stood silent, spilling down at her.

"Do you know what I'm trying to say, Deborah?" They stood so, facing each other, eyes clinging together. Bryn took a step forward, lost, the world swinging around him.

A long slow sound floated in through the open windows. It persisted. It cut into his consciousness. Deborah heard it, too. She caught her breath.

It was Joe's horn, clear, demanding. It came again.

A wave of color began to sweep up over Deborah's face. She moved quickly. She had heard the horn, too, but now . . . she smiled at him.

Bryn put his arms out. He put them around her, lifted her off her feet, held her close against his breast. She buried her face against him. He bent and kissed the tip of her ear.

"I love you," he whispered, then set her gently on the floor and went swiftly away lest he should be tempted to look into her eyes again and so forget what must be done at once for the sake of her happiness.

Bryn dashed nimbly down the stairs and out of the house. Half way down the path to the little bridge he overtook Tubby, thrust his arm through the crook of Tubby's elbow and dragged him along.

Bryn flung open the narrow door at the back of the stable, and the, stepped inside. Simon was already there, leaning against Bryn's car at the end of the row, his cigarette glowing brightly.

"Well," Bryn announced, "here we are, little buttercup."

"Oh," Simon murmured. "That's nice." The headlights of a car came slowly across the bridge down at the road.

A man's voice called out something in a sharp tone, and Gary answered from the gate. The car turned; the gate opened; the car swung through and stopped, as Gary shut the gates behind it and fastened them, according to his instructions. He came back to the car, climbed to the running board and stood beside the driver as it moved slowly forward toward the wide door of the stable.

"It's Graham, all right," Bryn decided. He stepped through the narrow door beside Hazel's stall, and the others followed.

The car jerked across the end of the incline, and slid along with protesting brakes to a halt beside the shadowy bulk of Pilar's car. Gary got down off the running board and went immediately back to slide the stable doors shut. Meanwhile, the driver flung open his door and stepped out, and one look at him was sufficient to assure Bryn that this was, without any shadow of doubt, Stuart Graham at last. He was out of his navy blues and in dark civilian clothes, a big blocky figure with tremendously wide shoulders that swung as he moved.

He was speaking to Gary. "Mrs. Larned expects me?"

"Yes, sir." "Miss Mayne arrived home again safely?"

"Yes, sir." Bryn stepped in through the narrow door. He was not a yard from Graham.

"How do you do," Bryn said pleasantly.

Graham whirled. He surveyed Bryn steadily, with eyes that glinted in the



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light. "And who are you?" he inquired belligerently.

Bryn lifted his eyebrows. "Sure you don't remember me, Graham?"

Graham straightened. His hand, hanging at his side, clenched itself. "So," he said softly. "It's you."

"Yes."

"I suppose you did the noble rescuer act and brought Deborah home again? The poor little country girl lost in the big city?"

"Something like that," Bryn agreed equably.

"And you've been hanging around here ever since?"

"Hanging around ever since," Bryn repeated quietly. "And, now that you know all about me, I should like to dis-

(To be continued)

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