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"THE GODDESS" UNIQUE SERIAL STORY BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

CHAPTER XII.

At that moment there was a sound of footsteps just outside the tent. With his usual good looks, Freddie Ferret appeared to have arrived in the very nick of time. Professor Stilliter was not at that time to receive the kiss for which his greedy mouth was waiting.

Celestia put her hands to her eyes, awake, and couldn't remember just what had been said. "I think I'm too tired to talk," she said.

"So I see," said Stilliter, as Freddie entered the tent. "Better rest, then." And the psychologist withdrew quite as again and rather badly frightened.

Next day Barclay, Sturtevant, and Semmes came to Bitumen with a whole train load of capitalists and men expert in politics. Almost the entire township was at the station to meet them.

"I was so happy," said Celestia, "and now I'm not so happy." "More people are in such a state of mind," said Tommy, "that if you said the word they would march on Washington."

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down from overhead on the men lying in the trenches. ORIGIN OF THE "FORTY-TWA." The famous Scottish regiment, the Black Watch, dates back to 1790, when six companies of Highlanders were raised for the protection of Edinburgh, and the following year were consolidated into a regular regiment...

SEE CHAPTER I AT WEEK

Chapter Twelve of The Goddess may be seen at the Brant Theatre last half of next week, beginning Thursday, Jan. 13th.

of the buildings in the enclosure for just such occasions as this, and listened. "I'm sorry," Celestia was saying, "that I had to steal your audience away from you. It would have been more sportswomanlike to let you finish speaking and then to have tried to steal their hearts and minds away from you, wouldn't it?"

"Yes," said Tommy slowly, "I think it would. Miss—Amesbury." Behind his door, Professor Stilliter started as if someone had stuck a knife in him.

"Why Miss Amesbury?" asked Celestia. "Because it is your real name. I knew you when you were a baby. We were great friends. Then you went away. My father said you had gone to Heaven—so you had, but only to a place that you were taught to believe was Heaven. Then you came back earth—and I've recognized you. I wonder I didn't before. But I do now. There's no mistake possible."

"What utter nonsense are you up to now?" "Sometimes little girls wear socks and chubby brown legs. The little Amesbury girl had a little round mole just under her knee."

"So have I," said Celestia. "What of it?" "Why, this man Stilliter," said Tommy, "who kidnapped you when you were a kiddie, has taught you to think, by mental suggestion, that you are what you think you are, instead of just a lovely girl of flesh and blood like the rest of us?"

"I'm sure you believe this, Tommy; but it's quite out of the question. I remember my heavenly home as if I had left it yesterday." "You remember a mental condition, not a physical reality. There was a short pause. Then, "What you've said ought not to bother me at all," said Celestia. "I don't know why you say it, or why you think it's true, but please don't argue with me about it now. I'm so tired that I'd almost like to believe it myself."

"Professor Stilliter pricked up his ears at that, for he knew very well that wanting to believe a thing lives next door to believing it. If Celestia could be made to believe what Tommy had told her, her influence would be at an end. She would have to be got rid of. The professor trembled. The triumph would be in putting her underground. So would he; but he would be for putting her, not in the grave, but back in those vast caverns where she came to life, and where he, who had power over her, could visit her at his convenience."

He wanted the woman more than thoughts the conspirators wished her to think. She suggested that Tommy should break the news to Celestia. "Mary's real motive in making the foregoing revelations to Tommy was not entirely clear even to herself. Above all things she wanted to be rid of Celestia. The promise of a fortune in pearls to the person who brought her definite word of Celestia's definite elimination from mundane affairs had not borne fruit. Now Mary thought that a collapse of Celestia's power over men through a shaking of her faith in herself, might produce definite results. Celestia on learning that she was not a divine being, but a faker, would become not only vulnerable to the arch conspirators, but a stern and awful menace to their plans. They would succeed swiftly and without mercy where Mrs. Gundersdorf failed."

It wasn't for want of trying that Mrs. Gundersdorf had failed. It wasn't because her spirit was weak or her arm nerveless, nor because the knife which she carried in her stocking wasn't long enough and sharp enough for her purpose. Advantageous opportunities for doing the murder and escape were rare. Celestia was so surrounded and guarded as a rule that she was hard to come at. Mrs. Gundersdorf had had one good chance. She had failed then because she had been so foolish as to look Celestia in the eyes, and the power to do the wicked deed had been stricken from her. Celestia's snow white train, practically deserted, occupied the siding. Mrs. Gundersdorf chose a moment when no one seemed to be looking, and boarded Celestia's own car at the observation end. She knew the room in which Celestia slept, and entered it.

The room offered only one hiding place. Mrs. Gundersdorf knelt, flattened herself to the floor and crawled under the bed. As always, an ostentatious crowd followed Celestia, her car. When she mounted the step of her car they cheered her to the echo. She had to show herself several times and make little speeches before they finally dispersed and went about their business. Tommy Barclay alone remained. He mounted the step of the car and knocked on the glass of the door. Professor Stilliter opened it. "Could I see Celestia a minute?" "I'm afraid not. She's dead tired."

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