

# The Thirteenth Commandment

By  
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CHAPTER XXIII—Continued.

Mrs. Romilly finished her wholesale order and wheeled out like a grand old automobile of an early model. When they were alone the partners gazed at Daphne's list and then at each other.

"What on earth made you take it?" Mrs. Chivvis exclaimed. "You know we can't fill it."

"We're going to fill it."

"But how?"

"Darned if I know, but—Well, we'll have to get a lot of sewing-women in and sit up nights."

"But the material. We can't buy those things on credit."

"Then I'll borrow cash and pay for it."

"Borrow where? You said you wouldn't trouble your brother."

"I'm not responsible for what I have said or may say. Besides, I don't mind going to Bayard, now that I can go with success. I'll call on him in a business way and offer him interest and all that. I guess Mrs. Romilly's name is good enough collateral."

All unconscious of Daphne's affairs, Bayard was approaching his office

Bayard hung up the receiver, pushed the telephone away as a bitter cup, and laughed sheepishly.

"Great convenience, the telephone! Just learned that I've dropped more money than I ever hoped to have. For want of a nail the shoe was lost. Oh well, it saves me from spending it foolishly. But if I'd had five thousand dollars—My God! if I'd had five thousand dollars."

Daphne could think of nothing more helpful to say than a casual, "How's Lella?"

"Don't ask me!" Bayard smiled.

"Tell me. What can I do for you, honey, before I go to take some nasty medicine from the president."

"Nothing dear. I had to come downtown on an errand, so I thought I'd run in and say 'hello.'"

"Well, hello!"

He kissed her and patted her back with doleful tenderness and she went out of his office into the elevator. Its iron-barred door and its clanking chains gave it a congenial prison feeling, and the bottomless pit it dropped into seemed even more appropriate.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Daphne wanted to run away from her thoughts and she walked for a mile or two up the deep ravine of Broadway. She dared not go back to Mrs. Chivvis just yet with her bad news. She thought of asking Clay for a loan. She swept the appalling idea from her brain with a puff of derision. Besides, he was out of town, Bayard had said. She thought of asking Tom Duane for it. She tried to blow that idea from her mind, but it kept drifting back like a bit of stubborn thistle-down. She could not outwalk it.

At length she grew so desperate that she stopped at a telephone booth and brazenly called up Duane's number. He chanced to be at home. When he heard her voice he cried:

"Oh Lord, it's good to hear you. Sing again, sing again, nightingale!"

"I'm no nightingale. I'm a business woman, offering you an investment."

She told him the whole story. The name of Mrs. Romilly made him whistle. "Old Gorgon Zola," he called her, and added, "You're a made woman."

"But the clothes aren't made, and I can't make 'em till I get some money. Would you—could you advance me a little on the most excellent security?"

"How much do you want? Where shall I bring it?"

"Mail two—er—five hundred dollars to the shop, will you? And I can never thank you enough."

"Hush. It's me that thanks you. Don't you want more?"

"No, thanks."

"It will be there in the early mail and I may call round later to put a mortgage or something on the place."

"Good-by," she chuckled, and hung up the receiver. She was crying softly as she stole from the blessed booth, and she looked less like a successful business woman than ever.

Something made her think of Wetherell. She stopped off at Bayard's floor and rang the bell. Lella's new butler admitted her with pomp. Daphne walked past him into the drawing-room. Lella and Wetherell were standing there in heavy coats. They seemed to be a little shocked at seeing Daphne. She was horribly hurt at seeing them, but she chirruped:

"Just come in?"

"Just going out," Lella answered, kissing Daphne nervously.

"Where?" Daphne asked, with in-trepidity, as she shook hands with Wetherell—a prize-fighter's preliminary handshake it was.

"Oh—er—just motoring about a bit."

"Thanks—I'd love it," Daphne dared to say, almost as much amazed as they were at hearing her accept the invitation that had not been given.

She was quite shameless from their point of view, but she felt that it would be unpardonable to let her brother's wife go unrebuked or at least unaided and unchaperoned on a cruise so perilous to reputation if not to character.

While she was at the miserable business she decided to make a good job of it. When they went down to the car she squeezed in between Lella and Wetherell. Lella blanched with jealousy and cold rage.

They dined at Long Beach and watched the dancers, in sullen mood. Wetherell ordered much champagne and would not listen to Lella's pleas that he let it alone. He frightened her a little by his reckless mood, and Daphne began to dread the journey home in the dark with champagne hands on the steering wheel.

After Daphne and he had executed a funeral dance Lella was emboldened to step out with him. They talked very earnestly and he seemed to horrify her by what he said to her. Daphne could not imagine what it was. Bayard had not told her of Wetherell's downfall from power.

Wetherell confessed his disgrace to Lella in the dance, and Lella was sickened with the sordid outcome of her romance. She had played with fire and got soot on her hands. She quit the dance and asked to be taken home.

Wetherell felt that she had turned against him and he reached for the last of the wine to fling it down his throat. Lella grimly took it from his fingers and emptied it in the ice bucket.

"Chauffeurs and champagne are a bad combination," she laughed, but there was a sneer on her lips.

"Oh, very well!" Wetherell sneered in turn. He paid for the dinner and tipped the waiter with the lavishness of a bankrupt. He tipped lavishly the man who guarded his car, and swung out into the road with an instant speed that would have been prettier if there had been less danger.

Daphne and Lella were good sports, but they were not merry. Wetherell furnished all the merriment, and his was from wine and despair. It was the wine that brought out the truth. He had to tell Daphne what he had told Lella, of his misfortune with his hally old government.

He asked Daphne to explain to Bayard how sorry he was that he was involved in the crash.

"Your broth' Bayard's awfully nice fel', Miss Skip. He's got nicest I'll wife in worl'. Perfly good I'll girl. Straight as a string—straight as they make 'em. No nonsense about I'll Lella. I just love her—perfly honorable love. I'd do anything in worl' for Lella—or I'll Miss Daphne—or ol' broth' Bay'd. Tell him 'at, will you, like a goo' I'll girl? Tell Bay 'at, will-I'll?"

Daphne grew furious. She felt now that she had justified her presence here. She held Lella fast in her embrace and commanded Wetherell, "Slow down at once! Do you hear? Slow down this car!"

Wetherell laughed: "Bless I'll heart. I'm goin' take you home. You're quite safe with me—quite. Man that's born to be hanged never drown or get automokilled—that's good word—automokilled—eh, what?"

They whipped round a somber jut in the road, and his searchlight painted instantly in white outlines against the black world a wagonload of sleepy children returning from some village church affair. They were singing, drowsily, "Merrilee we ro-la-long-ro-la-long."

Daphne and Lella seemed to die at once.

Wetherell groaned, "Oh, my God, the I'll chill'ren!"

There was nothing for Wetherell to do but what he did. He spun his wheel and drove his thunderbolt into an open concrete culvert. There was a furious racket. The car turned a somersault and crumpled in a shuddering mass.

Wetherell, pinioned under the wheel, was knocked this way and that and his beautiful head cracked on the concrete like a china doll's.

Lella was snatched from the car as if invisible hands had caught her exquisite body for a lash to flog a tele-

phone pole with, then threw her into a ditch. Daphne was flung and battered and thrust under the car when it turned over. And then the gasoline spilled from the shattered tank and caught fire.

Underneath the machine lay the relics of Wetherell, who would suffer no more here. Close by was Daphne Kip, whom a brief unconsciousness gave a short furlough from torture. She was not alive enough to be afraid of the long, lean flames about the gasoline tank, though they kept springing at her like whorlounds held in a weakening leash. They had not yet quite reached her, but they misad her less and less.

A small distance off, Lella lay still, in almost her first ungraceful attitude, oblivious for a few moments of the

outrages the blind forces of momentum had wreaked on her with the fury of a Bill Sikes trying to beat a woman to death.

The chauffeurs and passengers of cars that drew up in lengthening queues ran to the scene of Wetherell's disaster.

At first they could not see Wetherell, but they saw Daphne and her peril, and they set frantically to work to drag her free. But she was so caught that they could not release her until they should remove the car. They pulled and heaved, but it was jammed into the culvert and the ditch so tight that they could not budge it, though they took risk enough and suffered blistered hands and charred clothes.

At last one chauffeur fastened a chain to the rear axle of Wetherell's car and to the front axle of his, and, by alternate backing and swerving, dragged and hoisted Wetherell's car upward and rearward while other men snatched Daphne from beneath and away from the flames just as they were nibbling at her skirts.

At the same time they disclosed the body of Wetherell and with huge difficulty fetched it forth. Still others found Lella in a heap, a toy with broken joints.

The last thing Daphne had known was the sensation of being shaken to death, a helpless mouse in a terrier's mouth. The next she knew was that she was seated on the edge of a ditch and leaning against the shoulder of a kneeling woman in evening dress.

A number of shadowy men and women hovered against the searing glare of the gasoline.

They arrived at last at a hospital. Daphne was lifted out and delivered into the possession of two curt young internes. She was stretched on a litter, carried feet foremost into an elevator, down a corridor to a room, and rolled out on a bed. Two nurses proceeded to undress her and bathe her. Then an older doctor came in and examined her injuries. She blazed with shame, one complete blush; but to him she was hardly more than a car brought to a garage. He nodded cheerfully and said:

"Not a bone broken, young lady, and no internal derangements that I can discover. A few burns, that's all, and a big shock."

"Is Lella hurt much?" Daphne mumbled.

"She is hurt a trifle worse than you. But she'll come round all right."

"I don't believe you!" said Daphne, and sighed, "Poor Bayard!"

"Who is Bayard?"

"My brother—her husband."

"Ah, the young man who was—The other young man was not your husband, then?"

Daphne shook her head. "He is no relation—a friend."

"Perhaps we'd better notify Bayard. What's his last name? Has he a telephone?"

Daphne muttered his name and number. Then her head was lifted, a capsule placed in her mouth, and a glass of water held to her lips. When she was restored to her pillow a sedative was within her to subdue the riot of her thoughts.

She wondered what Duane would think of her now. She remembered the money she had asked him to lend her. It would be in the morning's mail. But she would not be there to open it. Mrs. Chivvis might not dare to.

All her acquaintance began to march past Daphne's brain in review. Thoughts and half-thoughts and whimsies danced through her mind in a carnival of stupor and frenzy, while to the eyes of the nurses she lay still and slept.

In another room Lella was shrieking and fighting, whimpering and moaning, a torn gazelle under the claws and fangs of tigerish pain. Abruptly there came a lethal silence also from her. They had succeeded in drugging her at last.

When Daphne had left Bayard in the afternoon she had found that he was depressed, but not how deeply. She supposed that his money loss was only a failure of expected profits, or the mishap of an investment. She did not dream that he was crippled financially.

Bayard was so forlorn, so profoundly ashamed of his bad guesswork, that he could not bear to show his face at any of his clubs that night. He had boasted there too often of having bought heavily of the stock. He had persuaded too many of his friends to invest in it.

So he went where busy men go when other places are closed to them. He went home. When he reached his apartment he found that Lella had given the servants a night out.

Lella had left no word of her own plans. After a forlorn delay Bayard called for Daphne. She was gone, too, with no word of her return.

At last the telephone rang. A man's voice spoke and explained that it spoke from the hospital.

"Is Mr. Kip there? Is this Mr. Kip? Mr. Bayard Kip? Your wife is here, and your sister, and your friend Wetherell—automobile accident—out here on Long Island—pretty bad smash. Your wife's not very well—better come out—as soon as you can."

The world reeled. Bayard seized his hat, played a tattoo on the elevator bell, darted into the street, yelled at a taxicab with ferocity, got in, ordered the driver to "go like hell." He kept putting his head out to howl at him.

At the hospital he questioned the interne fiercely about Lella and Daphne, and had evasive answers. He did not ask about Wetherell, but the interne volunteered the news that he was dead.

That made the ultimate difference. Bayard stopped short in awe, his fore-

head cold as if a clammy hand had been laid on it. Death was at work. Where would he stop?

In the chill white aisle of the corridor his frenzy gave place to a sense of bitter cold. A chill white nurse led him past doors and doors to a room where in a white bed lay a chill white thing, a cylinder of cotton.

Lella's face was almost invisible in bandages; her whole body crisscrossed and swaddled. She was an Egyptian princess mummied. For a moment her soul came out of the drug at his gasp of pity. It ran about inside its cocoon trying to find a nerve to pull or a muscle to signal to him outside. The mere lifting of her hand brought from her a moan of such woe as canceled all Bayard's grievances against her.

Once Bayard's resentments and jealousies were swept from his mind, his old love came back throbbing and

leaping. His very soul bled and he dropped to his knees, his arm thrown across that bundle of wreckage which had been his choice among the world's beauties.

He was soon dragged from his communion with his once-more unconscious bride by the young doctor, who lifted him up with the unpracticed diplomacy of internes and led him aside, grumbling: "Say, what you trying to do? Kill her? She's weak and her heart's fluttering. Cheer her up if you can. If you can't, you can't stay. Better not stay, anyway."

Bayard apologized cravenly and promised better behavior, and was permitted to steal back to Lella. He took her one undamaged hand; it was as beautiful as the severed hand of a Greek statue, and as marbled white and cold.

The interne led him at length out into the corridor. And now Bayard remembered that he had also a sister, an only sister, in this same tavern of pain. His heart went out to her. He remembered, too, that they had a father and a mother to tell or deceive.

The interne assured him that Daphne's injuries were slight. She looked sad enough when he peered in at her, though she was far from the dreary estate of Lella. She was asleep, but she woke at the sound of his step, and, turning her head with effort, opened her eyes and smiled at him feebly and whispered his name, and beckoned to him with one weak finger.

Daphne's heart ached out to him; she hugged him as hard as her weak arms would let her. She searched her mind for comfort. She could think of nothing so comforting just now as a hearty, reassuring lie. She whispered: "It's all my fault, honey. You see, Mr. Wetherell was taking me out for a ride. I met Lella. She told me you telephoned you weren't coming home for dinner. She looked so lonely that I asked her to come along and chaperon us. I'm to blame for it all. Can you ever forgive me?"

He was so grateful, so eager to be deceived, that he forgot her state and clenched her hand hard and kissed it in gratitude for a priceless boon. The nurse, returning, saw the deed and smiled, not knowing what joy Bayard was taking in absolving Lella of suspicion and loading himself with blame.

At such a time we love to bow our own heads in shame and cast ashes upon our hair. The taste of ashes in the mouth is good at such a time.

Daphne's first visitor after Bayard was Mrs. Chivvis.

"Oh, my dear!" she murmured. "I read in the papers about your misfortune. Such a night as I had spent! I was so afraid for you! And to think that you were lying here in such pain! And I might have helped you."

Daphne smiled, and they clasped hands like the two splendid little business women they were.

"How's the shop?" Daphne asked.

"I haven't been there."

"It isn't open, then?"

"No, indeed. With you here?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Scale Reveals Salmon's Age.**

A single scale from a salmon will tell its owner's age and whether the fish's pickings have been slim or the opposite. When viewed through a microscope the scale will reveal tiny lines, which have developed at the rate of 16 a year. Lines crowded close prove that the salmon has been living high. Lines widely spread indicate a scant diet.



He Was So Grateful, So Eager to Be Deceived That He Forgot Her State and Clutched Her Hand Hard and Kissed It in Gratitude.

## THE MARKETS

**BALTIMORE.**—Wheat—Small bag lots of wheat, as to quality and condition, at \$2.15, \$2.55 and \$2.60 per barrel.

Corn—Track yellow corn, No. 3 or better, for domestic delivery, \$1.82 per bushel for car lots on spot.

Corn Sales—Bag lots of yellow corn, delivered, at \$1.82 per bushel.

Oats—Standard, white, 77½c; No. 3 white, 77.

Rye—No. 2 Western, export, \$1.58 bushel.

Hay—No. 1 timothy, \$46; standard (timothy), \$45.50; No. 2 do, \$44.50@45; No. 3 do, \$40@43; No. 1 light clover, mixed, \$44@44.50; No. 2 light clover mixed, \$40@42; No. 1 clover mixed, \$42@44; No. 2 clover mixed, \$39.50@41; No. 1 clover, \$39@40; No. 2 clover, \$36.50@38.50; No. 3 clover, \$33@35.

Straw—No. 1 straight rye, \$17@18; No. 2 straight rye, \$16@17; No. 1 tangled rye, \$14@14.50; No. 2 tangled rye, \$12@12.50; No. 1 wheat, \$12.50@13; No. 2 wheat, \$11.50@12; No. 1 oat, \$13.50@14; No. 2 oat, \$12.50@13.

Butter—Creamery, Western Separator, extras, 56c; firsts, 51½c; do, prints, ½ pound, extras, 56¢67; firsts, 55¢56; do, 1 pound, extras, 56¢57; firsts, 55¢56; nearby creamery, extras, 54¢55; firsts, 52¢53; dairy prints, Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia, extras, 45¢46; firsts, 43¢44; store packed, firsts, 43.

Live Poultry—Chickens, spring, per pound, 1 pound and under, 45¢46; do, spring, per pound, 1½ to 1½ pounds, 48¢50; do, spring, 1½ and 2 pounds, 55¢56; do, young, rough and stagsy, per pound, 30¢35; do, old roosters, per pound, 21¢22; do, old hens, per pound, over 4 pounds, 36; do, small, per pound, 36; do, white leghorn springers, per pound, 45¢46.

Eggs—Western Maryland and Pennsylvania, nearby, firsts, loss off, 41c; Eastern Shore, Maryland and Virginia, firsts, loss off, 41; Western (Ohio), firsts, loss off, 41; West Virginia, firsts, loss off, 40; Southern (North Carolina), firsts, loss off, 39.

Potatoes—White, Western Maryland and Pennsylvania, 100 pounds, \$2.75@2.8; do, Eastern Shore, Maryland and Virginia, McCormick, \$2.25@2.50; do, Western Maryland, McCormick, 100 pounds, \$2.25@2.50; do, York River, No. 1 barrel, \$7.50@8.50; do, York River, No. 2 barrel, \$4.95; do, Rappahannock barrel, \$6.50@8; sweet potatoes, Eastern Shore, Maryland and Delaware, barrel, \$9@11.

**NEW YORK.**—Wheat—Spot, steady. No. 2 red, \$2.60 elevator export.

Corn—Spot, firm; No. 2 yellow, \$1.89½, and No. 2 white, \$1.91½.

Oats—Standard, 79¢79½.

Butter—Creamery higher than extras, 52¢62½; creamery extras (92 score), 51½@51¾; firsts, 50¢51; packing stock, current make, No. 2, 45.

Eggs—Fresh gathered extras, 48½¢@49c; do, firsts, 43¢44; do, storage packed, extra firsts, 47¢48; do, firsts, 45¢46½; State, Pennsylvania and nearby Western hennery whites, fine to fancy, 56¢58; State, Pennsylvania and nearby hennery whites, ordinary to prime, 47¢55; State, Pennsylvania and nearby hennery browns, 49½¢@50½; do, gathered browns and mixed colors, 47¢48.

Cheese—State whole milk, current make specials, 31¢31½; do, average run, 30¼@31; State whole milk twins, current make specials, 31¢31½; do, average runs, 29½@31.

**PHILADELPHIA.**—Butter—Western creamery extra, 52½c; nearby prints, fancy, 60¢62.

Eggs—Nearby firsts, \$13.80 per case; do, current receipts, \$13.20; Western extra firsts, \$13.80; Western firsts, \$13.20; fancy selected packed, 53¢55c per dozen.

Cheese—New York and Wisconsin full milk, 32¢32½c.

Potatoes—South Carolina No. 1, \$7 @9 per barrel; do, No. 2, \$6@6.50; Eastern Shore No. 1, \$8.50@9; do, No. 2, \$4@4.50; Norfolk No. 1, \$8.50@9; do, No. 2, \$4@5.

**Live Stock**

**CHICAGO.**—Hogs—Bulk, \$20.20@20.45; heavy weight, \$20.20@20.40; medium weight, \$20.10@20.50; light weight, \$19.85@20.50; light light, \$18.25@20; heavy packing sows, smooth, \$19.75@20.10; packing sows, rough, \$19.25@19.75; pigs, \$17.25@18.25.

Sheep—Lambs, 84 pounds down, \$12.75@15.85; 85 pounds up, \$12.50@15.85; culls and common, \$9@12.25; springs, \$16.50@19; yearling wethers, \$10.25@12; ewes, medium, good and choice, \$7.50@9; culls and common, \$3.25@7.25.

Cattle—Beef steers, medium and heavy weight, choice and prime, \$15 @16.35; medium and good, \$12.25@15.10; common, \$11@12.25; light weight, good and choice, \$12.50@14.75; common and medium, \$10@12.75; butcher cattle, heifers, \$7.75@13.35; cows, \$7.50@13; canners and cutters, \$6@7.50; veal calves, light and handy weight, \$15.25@17; feeder steers, \$9.75 @13.25; stocker steers, \$8@12.25.

**PITTSBURGH.**—Cattle—Prime, \$14.25@15.