

THE WORLD FOR SALE

By **SIR GILBERT PARKER**
Author of "The Seats of the Mighty,"
"The Money Master," etc.

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THIS STARTS THE STORY
Fleda Druse, daughter of Gabriel Druse, of gipsy blood, shoots in a canoe the Carillon rapids on the Sagalac river, where it flows between the towns of Manitow and Lebanon, in the Canadian Northwest. She is rescued from the whirlpools below by Max Ingobly, a manager of great interests, who has come to Lebanon to unite the two towns and make them the center of commerce in the western north. On the shore she is insulted by Felix Marchand, a powerful but disreputable character of Manitow. Ingobly attacks Marchand, by one Jovett Fawcett as his wife, under a gipsy custom which united them in marriage when they were children. Fleda rejects him and a jealous quarrel ensues between Fawcett and Ingobly. Marchand stirs up a feud between the two towns in order to foil Ingobly's ambitious plans. A clash between the two factions during the funeral of an Orangeman in disguise, mingles with his enemies in Manitow. Fawcett reveals his identity and Ingobly is rendered blind by a blow on the head. A strange woman, Arabella Stone, appears and confesses that she is one of Marchand's victims.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

The Mayor Fills an Office

IT WAS a false alarm which had startled Gabriel Druse, but it had significance. The Orange funeral was not to take place until 11 o'clock, and it was only 8 o'clock when the Ry left his home. A rifle-shot had, however, been fired across the Sagalac from the Manitow side, and it had been promptly acknowledged from Lebanon. There was a short pause, and then came another from the Lebanon side. It was merely a warning and a challenge. The only man who could have controlled the position was blind and helpless.

As Druse walked rapidly toward the bridge he met Jovett. Jovett was one of the few men in either town for whom the Ry had regard, and the friendliness had had its origin in Jovett's knowledge of horse flesh. This was a field in which the Ry was himself a master. He had ever been too high placed among his own people to trade and barter horses except when, sending a score of Romany on a hunt for wild ponies on the hills of eastern Europe, he had afterward sold the tamed herd to the highest bidder in some Balkan town; but he had an inflexible eye for a horse, and was a curious anomaly also that the one man in Lebanon who would not have been expected to love and pursue horse flesh was the Rev. Herbert Tripplie, to whom Ingobly had given his pledge, but who loved a horse as he loved himself.

He was indeed a greater expert in horses than in souls. One of the sights of Lebanon had been the appearance in the field of the "Rev. Tripplie," a single great race, that in Lebanon was owned a great, roving, the winner of a certain great trotting race which had delighted the mockers.

For two years Jovett had eyed Mr. Tripplie's rambone with a piratical eye. Though it had been a single great race, that in Lebanon was owned a great, roving, the winner of a certain great trotting race which had delighted the mockers.

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"Make me the head of the constables and I will keep the peace," he said

most priests are," growled the other. "Sure. But it wants a real word-warrior to make them see it in Lebanon. They've got the needle. They'll pray today with the taste of blood in their mouths. It's gone too far. Only a miracle can keep things right. The mayor has wired for the mounted police—our own battalion of militia wouldn't serve, and there'd be no use ordering them out—but the Riders can't get here in time. The train's due the very time the funeral's to start, but that train's always late, though they say the engine-driver is an Orangeman. And the funeral will start at the time fixed, or I don't know the boys that belong to the lodge. So it's up to us. It's & Co. to see the thing through, or go bust. It don't suit me."

"It wouldn't have been like this if it hadn't been for what happened to the chief last night. There's no holding the horse in. One thing's sure, the gipsy that give Ingobly away has got to die low if he hasn't got away, or there'll be one less of his tribe to eat the juicy hedgehog. Yes, sir—"

To the last words of Jovett the Ry seemed to pay no attention, though his lips shut tight and a menacing look came into his eyes. They were now upon the bridge, and could see what was forward on both sides of the Sagalac. There was unusual bustle and activity in the streets and on the river bank of both towns. It was noticeable also that though the mills were running in Manitow, there were fewer chimneys smoking, and far more men in the streets than usual. Tied up to the Manitow shore were a half-dozen canoes or rafts of timber which should be floating eastward down the Sagalac. "If the Monsigneur can't, or don't, step in, we're bound for a shindy over a corpse," continued Jovett after a moment.

"Can the Monsigneur cast a spell over them all?" remarked the Ry ironically, for he had little faith in priests, though he had for this particular one great respect.

"He's a big man, that prelate," answered Jovett quickly and forcibly. "He kept the Cree quiet when they were going to rise. If they'd got up, there'd have been hundreds of settlers massacred. He risked his life to do that—went right into the camp in face of leveled rifles and sat down and began to talk. A minute afterward all the chiefs was squatting, too. Then the tussle begun between a man with a dog and a heathen gang that eat soul, kill their old folks, their cripples and their deformed children, and run sticks of wood through their bleeding chests, just to show that they're heathens. But he won out, this Jesuete friend of man. That's why I'm putting my horses and my land and my pants and my shirt and the buff that's underneath on the little prelate."

Gabriel Druse's face did not indicate a certain confidence. "It's not an age of miracles; the priest is not enough," he said skeptically.

By twos, by threes, by tens, men from Manitow came sauntering across the bridge into Lebanon, until a goodly number were scattered at different points through the town. They seemed to distribute themselves by a prearranged plan, and they were all habitants. There were no Russians, Finns, Swedes, Norwegians or Germans among them. They were low-browed, sturdy men, dressed in red or blue serge shirts, some with sashes around their waists, some with earrings in their ears, some in heavy boots and some with the heavy spiked boots of the river-driver. Some appeared to carry any weapon that would shoot, yet in their belts was the sheath-knife, the invariable equipment of their class. It would have seemed more suspicious if they had not carried their rifles, and by and by, when they were, in handfuls, however, appeared to carry nothing save their strong arms and hairy hands, and some were as hairy as animals.

These backwoodsmen also could without weapons turn a town into a general hospital. In battle they fought not only with hands, but also with teeth and nails like wild stallions. Teeth were off an ear or sliced away a nose, hands smote like hammers or gouged out eyes, and their nailed boots were weapons of as savage a kind as could be invented. They could spring and strike an opponent with one foot in the chest or in the face, and spoil the face for many a day, or forever. It was a gift of the backwoods and the lumber-camps, practiced in hours of stark monotony when the devil which haunt places of isolation devoid of family life, where men herd together like dogs in a kennel, break loose. There the man that dips his fingers "friendly-like" in the dish of his neighbor one minute wants the eye of that neighbor the next; not so much in innate or momentary hatred, as in innate savagery and the primal sense of combat, the war which was in the blood of the first man.

The unarmed appearance of these men did not deceive the pioneer folk of Lebanon. To them the time had come when the reactionary forces of Manitow must receive a check. Even those who thought the funeral fanatical and provocative were ready to defend it.

The person who liked the whole business least was Rockwell. He was subjected to the same weariness of the flesh and fatigue of the spirit as all men; yet it was expected of him that at any hour he should be at the disposal of suffering humanity—of criminal or idiotic humanity—patient, devoted, calm, nerve-strung, complete. He was the one person in the community who was the universal necessity, and yet for whom the community had no mercy in its troubles or out of them. There were three doctors in Lebanon, but none was an institution, none had prestige save Rockwell, and he often wished that he had less prestige, since he cared nothing for popularity.

It was while he was doing so that Jovett appeared, with Gabriel Druse to interview the mayor.

"Another hour the funeral will start. There's a lot of Manitow huskies in Lebanon now, and their feet is loaded; more suspicious if they had not carried their rifles, and by and by, when they were, in handfuls, however, appeared to carry nothing save their strong arms and hairy hands, and some were as hairy as animals.

"There's one thing ought to be done and has got to be done," Jovett added. "If the Monsigneur don't pull it off, the leaders have to be arrested, and it had better be done by one that, in a way, don't belong to either Lebanon or Manitow."

The mayor shook his head. "I don't see how I can authorize Marchand's arrest—not till he breaks the law, in any case."

"It's against the law to conspire to break the law," replied Jovett. "You've been making a lot of special constables. Make Mr. Gabriel Druse here a special constable, then if the law's broke, he can have a right to take a hand in."

The giant Ry had stood apart, watchful and ruminant, but he now stepped forward, as the mayor turned to him and stretched out a hand.

"I am for peace," the old man said. "To keep the peace the law must be strong."

In spite of the gravity of the situation the mayor smiled. "You wouldn't need much disguise to stand for the law, Mr. Druse," he remarked. "When the law is seven feet high, it stands well up."

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DAILY NOVELETTE

SPICE BLOSSOMS

By Annabelle Carter

AS EILEEN ABBOTT crossed the dusty street to the dustier playground a voice shrilled:
"Oo-oo, here's Miss Abbott," and half a dozen children tumbled upon her. Hands waved frantically in air and a babel of voices assailed her ears.

"It had white tail feathers"—"My mother's sick"—"I left my examples worn right out"—"Miss Abbott, I've got a new flower"—"Please wear these flowers, Miss Abbott"—"No, mine, I was here first."

By this time they had reached the steps. The children halted and Miss Abbott, her hands heterogeneously laden with flowers, nodded dismissal with the cheerily comprehensive smile of the cheerfully teacher. But as she climbed the splittery steps and fitted her key in the lock the smile dropped from her lips.

At her desk upstairs she sorted the flowers, thrusting them hastily into glasses. But her fingers lingered long over one stiff spray. Twice she stuck it among dressing accessories, only to jerk it out and pin it defiantly against her blue serge waist. Unbent, spiky, yet delicate, the scent of the yellow blossoms seemed to wrap her round with a sun-warmed haze.

Once again she stood by the sprawling black currant bush near her doorstep. Ever absent of the wind breathed of spring. And she, laughing and young and alive—could it be only four years ago?—broke off a long spray of the tiny, bell-like blossoms to tuck in the belt of her white dress. Then a little shyly she tossed a thiner branch to the man looking toward her.

"Sharp and sudden the gong whirred in the hall. Head held high, she stepped out to marshal the lines into some semblance of order. For Eileen Abbott the sound of the bell usually meant an all engrossing interest and decision. But today her thoughts were chaotic.

"Left, right, left, right. William! hands down! Left—left—Why and how had they come to drift apart? Quietly, hand—in line. Esther!—it all seemed so long ago, and she did not care, she was glad, of course she was—Turn your neck, the—do—do—Ready, sing—! And really the black currant was all its haunting sweetness meant nothing to her. How tall and quiet and proud, horribly proud, he had been. Where was he now?"

Her mind was still swaying from partial payments to sun and youth and flowers when a knock called her to the door.

A little freckle-faced boy solemnly handed out a note.

"Miss Royce said for youse," glancing at it Eileen said, "No answer, Robert," and tossed it to one side. Miss Royce, lower grade teacher, had scribbled off the following information:

"Visiting super from the coast. Fine man, has good jobs, he ready for him." What did Miss Abbott care for visiting superintendents or for any one else when the spicy fragrance of that flowered branch carrying her back—back to the little town by the sweep and swell of old time?

She hardly glanced up when her own superintendent quietly opened the door and motioned in another man. With a vaguely courteous gesture toward the visitors' chairs, she took up the thread of her dissertation of the products of the Middle Western states.

Turning to the map to locate the corn fields of Illinois, her eyes swept with impersonal interest the faces of the two men. For an instant the room reeled and she wondered if her lips were as white as the rest of the world. Then with sudden thankfulness she realized that her well drilled self was calm. In the occasion, her voice went on evenly, the hand that held the pointer did not quiver. But she felt as if she herself stood in an immense void, lost and bewildered.

At the end of the recitation Superintendent Morse, leaning over, spoke to his guest. But the visitor settled back in his chair and shook his head.

"Not going any further this morning, Morse," he said. "See you at your office after lunch."

Slightly bewildered the keen blue eyes of Mr. Morse wandered from Miss Abbott to the quiet man beside him and back again. There a look of remembrance and comprehension slipped over his face. With a quizzical lift of his left eyebrow, he went out. Eileen Abbott saw that look and hated him violently. She had to hate some one and Mr. Morse had once lived in the city in a certain little town on the wind-swept bay. The half hour before recess passed somehow. If only she could get off that spray of spiky blooms! But it was pinned too firmly to be removed with casual carelessness. Her teaching personality worked on bravely, but still the feeling that she was lost in eternity haunted her.

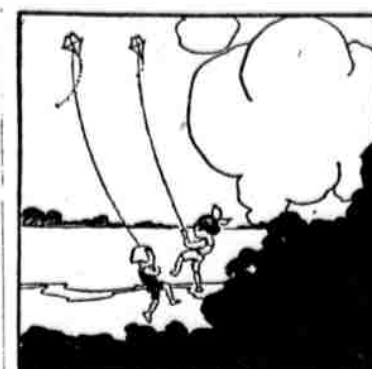
As the recess-gong buzzed and the children straightened to position, a voice spoke in her ear.

"If I may see you a moment, Miss Abbott?"

The deep, quiet voice, his straight strong form standing near her made the unreal world seem more unreal. Mechanically she acquiesced and watched the children file out.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES—By Daddy

"RACING FOR A THRONE"



But Peggy and Billy were ready for them.

(When the birds decide they want a president instead of a princess to rule Birdland, it is agreed that the winner of a "mixed-up" race shall be chosen. One-third of the race is to be in the air, one-third by water and one-third on land.)

Balky Sam's Trick
PEGGY and Billy were left alone when the birds and animals raced away to get ready for the mixed-up race by air, land and water which was to decide who was to rule Birdland.

"Why did you wink at me when I asked how I should fly?" said Peggy Billy.
"Because I have a scheme for racing through the air that will surprise the birds," laughed Billy. "Come and I'll show you." He took Peggy by the hand and led her up the steep path that wound to the top of Lone Pine Hill.

After a while they came to an open place where they could look up to the sky. Peggy saw something which made her cry out in wonder. "Look! Look!" she said. "Are those airplanes or monster birds?" She pointed to where two strange objects were swooping and darting about in the high wind. Billy laughed again. "Guess!" he answered, and led her on to the top of the hill. When they reached there the two strange objects could be seen more plainly, and at once Peggy knew they were not birds. They were some sort of flying machines.

"Oh, if we could get them to carry us through the air we could win the flying race," she exclaimed.
"That's just what we are going to do," replied Billy. "That's why I belong to me. What do you think they are?" Peggy didn't have the slightest idea. "Kites!" chuckled Billy. "The biggest and finest kites I ever made. I was trying them out when I heard about the council in Birdland. They pulled so hard when the wind became strong that they nearly dragged me away, and I had to tie the strings to trees. The wind is even stronger now, and if we each hang on to a kite string we will go flying down the hill and right over to the shore of the lake."

Peggy danced up and down with excited joy when she heard this. She didn't have to worry any more about the flying part of the race, the only part that had really bothered her, for she could swim well and run fast. Again a noise of others coming caused them to look down the hill. There were the birds clustered around Johnny Bull, Billy Goat and Lonesome Benji, and Balky Sam was there, too, his head sticking out from a bunch of bushes that hid his body.

"Hee-haw! Now do as I say and we will fool Billy and Miss Peggy and win the race," brayed Balky Sam to the birds and generally to the sun. Balky Sam was a bunch of bushes that hid his body. "What sort of mischief do you think they are up to now?" asked Billy. "They'll find I'm not so easy to fool as they think."

THE PROBLEM OF THE SMUGGLED JEWELS
A Tragedy
SUSAN MAITLAND had removed her wet cloak and sat wearily in a big chair near the open fire in Bruno Duke's cozy living room.

Mamie sat near the onyx-topped table trying to appear at ease. Her gaze was fixed on Duke, except when he happened to look toward her; then her eyes dropped to her lap and to her two hands, which were nervously twisting a little pocket handkerchief.

"Suppose I hear what it's all about," Duke had said, and then he waited for Susan Maitland to unburden her trouble. It took a long time to get her to speak, but finally Duke pieced together the following:

Susan Maitland had been the only child of a wealthy Wall Street broker. Her mother she never remembered, and whenever she mentioned her mother's name or asked about her, such an awful look came upon her father's face that she saw he would not discuss it. The only satisfaction she ever obtained was when he once said:

"Your mother was too good for me and could not understand any perfection less than her own."

Raymond Maitland—that was the name of Susan's father—was an inveterate gambler. Sometimes he took a flier that netted him thousands of dollars. Other times he got caught short and lost just as heavily.

He was reported a wealthy man and was generally estimated to be worth three-quarters of a million, which doubtless was so when luck was with him.

One day he had a double streak of bad luck. He was foolish enough to place a "buy until canceled" order for a highly speculative stock. He placed the order over the telephone while staying at the home of some friends on Long Island.

His broker got the order and got busy. At a gathering that evening Raymond Maitland discovered that the stock which he expected to advance rapidly was due for a slump. Whispers of the remarkable value of the stock had most adroitly been scattered

was holding her hands very tight and talking very fast.

"Miss Abbott—Eileen—I came to look for teachers. I didn't know; but I want something else. I wouldn't have dared hope—but the flowers you are wearing—Eileen, what does the past matter? Won't you come back with me?"

up and down Wall street by the owners, who badly wanted to unload.

Raymond Maitland discovered this at that gathering in Long Island. That evening there was a terrific thunder storm, several houses were struck and through the weather sunlight excellent first-page news for the morning papers.

After breakfast the next morning Maitland went to telephone his brokers to stop buying and unload. He told Susan, his daughter, that it would cost him a few thousands, but that it was "all part of the game."

When he tried to telephone he discovered that the storm had broken down the wires and he was completely out of from New York as far as the telephone was concerned.

Now, when a broker is buying bad stock "until canceled" you are anxious to cancel the "buy" order promptly. Grumbling, Raymond Maitland decided that he must go to the city by train if he didn't want to have a very serious loss.

Looking up the time-table, he found that by hurrying he could catch a fast train, so with hasty apologies to his hosts he rushed for the train in his friend's automobile.

As he neared the station he heard the train slowing up. It was a big man and objected to hurrying. But he wanted that "buy" order stopped. Before the auto had come to a standstill he jumped out and was hurrying through the waiting room to the platform. He humped into a man at the station door and lost a few seconds. The train was already moving slowly out of the station. He hurried, gasping for breath, and made to swing aboard when the station agent yelled:

"Keep back there. Want to kill yourself?"

Maitland didn't hear. He grasped the rail of a rear coach, gave a jump and, missing his footing, was whirled under the now rapidly moving train.

A woman had violent hysterics at the sight of his horribly mangled corpse.

TODAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION
What is a "Franc"?
Answer will appear tomorrow.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION
"Par of Exchange" is the value of a unit of one country's coinage expressed in that of another's.

THE READER'S VIEWPOINT
Letters to the Editor on Current Topics

Was Methuselah Drowned in Flood?
To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:
Sir—Will you kindly explain when and where Methuselah died?

After reading the book of Genesis I find that Methuselah, the son of Enosh, was 187 years of age when Lamech, his son, was born. Lamech was 182 years old when Noah, his son, was born, and Noah was 600 years when he embarked on the Ark.

Adding the above ages you have a total of 969 years. Genesis also states that Methuselah was 969 years old when he died.

Have historians overlooked the fact that Methuselah might have perished in the flood? A READER.
Philadelphia, July 19.

Balky Sam came hurrying up to the top of the hill. They grinned very wisely at Peggy and Billy and winked slyly at each other. It was plain they were up to some trick.

"We animals have chosen Balky Sam to race for us," barked Johnny Bull. "He is our best flier." With that the birds and animals all winked at each other again as if to say: "We know something you don't know."

"Time's up!" shouted Billy. "Everybody get ready for the flying part of the race."

"Cro-ak! Cro-ak! I'm ready," gurgled General Croaker, the frog, and there he was astride General Swallow's back.

"Twitter! Cree! We are ready!" cried the birds.

"Hee-haw! I'm ready!" brayed Balky Sam, floating out of the bushes. Yes, he actually floated, for holding him up were hundreds of toy balloons. When he got them Peggy and Billy didn't know, but there was a circus in a town, and they had an idea that Balky Sam's brother, Circus Mike, might have helped him.

At any rate, there was Balky Sam ready to fly.

"One, two, three, go!" shouted Billy. Balky Sam kicked out with his heels and went bounding upward. At the same time the birds seized strings tied to his harness and towed him swiftly through the air. That is the trick they had been planning.

But Peggy and Billy were ready for them. Billy tied a loop in one kite string for Peggy, and a loop in the other for himself. Then slip, dash, his knife cut the knots that fastened the kites to the trees, and away went Billy and Peggy flying so fast that they tore right through the flock of astonished birds and sped over the tree tops toward the shore of the lake.

(Tomorrow will be told how Balky Sam finds himself in a lot of funny trouble.)

DOROTHY DARNIT—He Can't Even Judge a High Fly



"He's a big man, that prelate," answered Jovett quickly and forcibly. "He kept the Cree quiet when they were going to rise. If they'd got up, there'd have been hundreds of settlers massacred. He risked his life to do that—went right into the camp in face of leveled rifles and sat down and began to talk. A minute afterward all the chiefs was squatting, too. Then the tussle begun between a man with a dog and a heathen gang that eat soul, kill their old folks, their cripples and their deformed children, and run sticks of wood through their bleeding chests, just to show that they're heathens. But he won out, this Jesuete friend of man. That's why I'm putting my horses and my land and my pants and my shirt and the buff that's underneath on the little prelate."

THERE'S A FINE LOOKING MAN OVER THERE



"I am for peace," the old man said. "To keep the peace the law must be strong."

YES—DO YOU KNOW HIM?



"I am for peace," the old man said. "To keep the peace the law must be strong."

IS HE A JUDGE?



"I am for peace," the old man said. "To keep the peace the law must be strong."

COMPLAIN OF ROADS

Courtland Street Residents Protest
—Against Ruts and Pools
Residents of the neighborhood are incensed over the delay of the city to pave a certain section of Courtland street between Old York road and Thirtieth street.

They declare it is a standing source of danger and annoyance to the traffic and a menace to the health of the community.