

THE WORLD FOR SALE

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

THIS STARTS THE STORY

Fleda Druse, daughter of Gabriel Druse, of gypsy blood, shoots in a canoe the Carillon rapids on the Saguenay river, where it flows between the towns of Manitou and Lebanon, in the Canadian Northwest. She is rescued from the whirlpools below by Max Ingolby, 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 haunted by Felix Marchand, a powerful but disreputable character of Manitou. Ingolby attacks Marchand, who vows revenge. Fleda is claimed by one Jethro Fawe as his wife, under a gypsy custom which united them in marriage when they were children. Fleda rejects him and a jealous quarrel ensues between Fawe and Ingolby. Marchand stirs up a feud between the two towns in order to foil Ingolby's ambitions and plans a clash between the two factions during the funeral of an Orangeman to be held in Lebanon. Ingolby, in disguise, mingles with his enemies in Manitou. Fawe reveals his identity and Ingolby is rendered blind by a blow on the head. A parade of strikers from Manitou clashes with the funeral of Lebanon under the pretext of insulting remarks by the Orangemen against their religion. Marchand, the leader, is hurled through the air by Gabriel Druse, who has been appointed head constable. His followers are cowed and return silently to Manitou after one of their projects has made an avowal to them. For six weeks Ingolby is cared for by Fleda, in her own home. His work has been taken over by another. Progress in the towns has stopped and trouble is brewing once again. A specialist from the East is coming to try to restore Ingolby's eyesight. Fleda is kidnapped by Fawe and a band of his gypsy followers.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

SHE seated herself upon the scarlet seat with a gesture of thanks, while the salutations and greetings increased; then she awaited events, thrilled by the weird and pleasant music, with its touches of eastern fantasy. In spite of herself she was moved, as Romany men and women, ran forward in excitement with arms raised toward her as though they meant to strike her, then suddenly stopped short, made obeisance called a greeting, and ran backward to their places.

Presently a group of men began a ceremony or ritual, before which the spectators now and again covered their eyes, or bent their heads low, or turned their backs, and raised their hands in a sort of ascription. As the ceremony neared its end, with its strange confessions, a woman dressed in white was brought forward, her hands bound behind her, her hair falling over her shoulders, and after a moment of apparent denunciation on the part of the head of the ceremony, she was suddenly thrown to the ground, and the pretense of drawing a knife across her throat was made. As Fleda watched it she shuddered, but presently braced herself, because she knew that this ritual was meant to show what the end must be of those who, like herself, proved traitor to the traditions of race.

It was at this point, when fifty knives flashed in the air, with veengeful exclamations, that Jethro Fawe appeared in the midst of the crowd. He was dressed in the well-known clothes which he had worn since the day he first declared himself at Gabriel Druse's home, and, compared with his friends around him, he showed to advantage. There was command in his bearing, and experience of life had given him primitive distinction.

For a moment he stood looking at Fleda in undisguised admiration, for she made a remarkable picture. Animal beauty was hers, too. There was a delicate, athletic charm in her body and bearing; but it added to, rather than took away from, the authority of her presence, so differing from Jethro. She had never compared herself with others, and her passionate intelligence would have rebelled against the supremacy of the body. She had no physical vanity, but she had some mental vanity, and it placed mind so far above matter that her beauty played no part in her calculations. At sight of him, Fleda's blood quickened, but in indignation and in no other sense. As he came toward her, however, despising his vanity as she did, she felt how much she was above all those by whom he was surrounded. She realized his talent, and it almost made her forget his cunning and his loathsomeness. As he came near to her he made a slight gesture to some one in the crowd, and a chorus of salutations rose.

Composed and still she waited for him to come quite close to her, and the look in her face was like that of one who was scarcely conscious of what was passing around her, whose eyes saw distant things of infinite moment. A few feet away from her he spoke, "Daughter of the Ry of Rys, you are among your own people once again," he said. "From everyone in the world they have come to show their love for you. You would not have come to them of your own free will, because a madnes got hold of you, and so they came to you. You cut yourself off from them and told yourself you had become a Gorgio. But that was only your madness; and madness can be cured. We are the Fawes, the ancient Fawes, who ruled the Romany people before the Druses came to power.

"We are of the ancient blood, yet we are faithful to the Druse that rules over us. His word prevails, although his daughter is mad. Daughter of the Ry of Rys, you have seen us once again. We have sung to you; we have spoken to you; we have told you what



Getting to her feet slowly, she ignored Jethro, and looked into the face of the crowd

is in our hearts; we have shown you how good is the end of those who are faithful, and how terrible is the end of the traitor. Do not forget it. Speak to us."

Fleda had a fierce desire to spring to her feet and declare to them all that the sentence of the patrie had been passed upon Jethro Fawe, but she laid a hand upon herself. She knew they were unaware that the sentence had been passed, else they would not have been with Jethro. In that case none would give him food or shelter or the hand of friendship; none dare show him any kindness; and it was the law that any one against whom he committed an offense, however small, might take his life. The sentence had been like a cloud upon her mind ever since her father had passed it; she could not endure the thought of it. She could not bring herself to speak of it to denounce him. Sooner or later the sentence would reach every Romany everywhere, and Jethro would pass into the darkness of oblivion, not in his own time nor in the time of fate. The man was abhorred to her, yet his claim was there. Mad and bad as it was, he made his claim of her own ancient rights, and she was still enough a Romany to see his point of view.

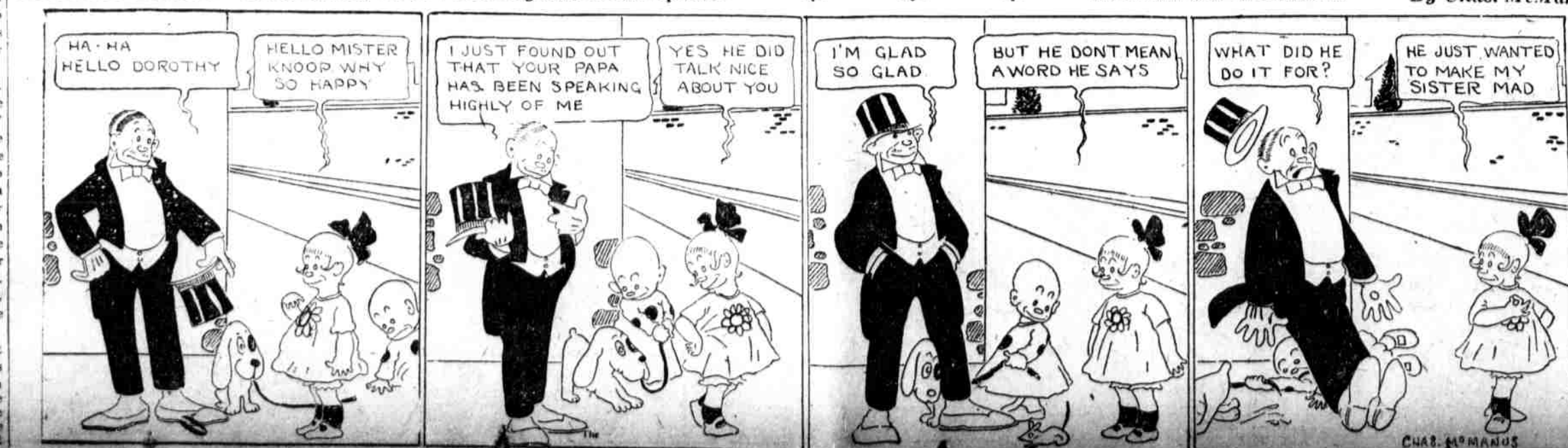
Getting to her feet slowly, she ignored Jethro, looked into the face of the crowd, and said:

"I am the daughter of the Ry of Rys still, though I am a Romany no longer. I made a pledge to be no more a Romany and I will keep it; yet you and all Romany people are dear to me because through long generations the Druses have been of you. You have brought me here against my will. Do you think the Ry of Rys will forgive that? In your words you have been kind to me, but yet you have threatened me. Do you think that a Druse has any fear? Did a Druse ever turn his cheek to be smitten? You know what the Druses are. I am a Druse still. I will not talk longer. I have nothing to say to you all except that you must take me back to my father, and I will see that he forgives you. Some of you have done this out of love; some of you have done it out of hate; yet set me free again upon the path to my home, and

THE LADY OF THE NIGHT WIND

Another—and the greatest and best one—of Varick Vanard's compelling and thrilling Night Wind romances, which will keep you anxious for the next installment. The "Lady of the Night Wind" is the same "Lady Kate of the Police" with whom readers of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER a few years ago were familiar, but she is more mature, more developed and more fascinating. BEGINS NEXT MONDAY ON THIS PAGE.

DOROTHY DARNIT—Sister's Goat Wasn't the Only One That Papa Got



dreds of years; that you and I were children together; that we were sealed to one another when neither of us could have any say about it.

"If I had remained a gypsy, who can tell—my mind might have become like yours! I think there must be something rash and bad in me somewhere, because I tell you frankly now that a chord in my heart rang when you made your wild speeches to me there in the hut in the wood months ago, even when I hated you, knowing you for what you are."

"That was because there was another man," interjected Jethro.

She inclined her head. "Yes, it was partly because of another man," she replied. "It is a man who suffers because of you. When he was alone among his foes, a hundred to one, you saved him. That itself would have made me despise you to the end of my life even if the man had been nothing at all to me. It was a low, cowardly thing to do. You did it; and if you were my brother I would hate you for it; if you were my father I should leave your house; if you were my husband I should kill you. I asked you to speak with me now because I thought that if you would go away—far away—promising never to cross my father's path or my path again, I could get him to withdraw the sentence. You have kidnapped me. Where do you think you are? In Mesopotamia? You can't break the law of this country and escape as you would there. They don't take count of Romany custom here. Not only you, but every one of the Fawes here will be punished if the law reaches for your throat. I want you to escape and I tell you to go now. Go back to Europe. I advise you this for your own sake—because you are a Fawe and of the clan."

The blood mounted to Jethro's forehead and he made an angry gesture. "And leave you here for him! Mi Duvel! I can only die once and I would rather die near you than far away," he exclaimed.

His eyes had a sardonic look, there was a savage edge to his tongue, yet his face was flushed with devouring emotion and he was quivering with hope. That which he called love was flooding the field of his feelings, and the mad thing—the toxic impulse which is deep in the brain of the eastern races tied into his brain now. He was mad, rebellious against fate, insanely willful, and what she had said concerning Ingolby had roused in him the soul of Cain.

She realized it, and she was apprehensive of some desperate act; yet she had no physical fear of him. Something seemed to tell her that, whatever what happened, Ingolby would not wait for her in vain, and that he would yet see her enter to him again with the love-light in her eyes.

"But listen to me," Jethro said with an unnatural shining in his eyes, his voice broken in its passion. "You think you can come to me now, but I will bring you back and the clever things you've learned in the Gorgio world, you try to look down on me, I'm as well born or as ill born as you. The only difference between us is the way you dress, the way you live and use your tongue."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES—By Daddy "THE CHARMING MERMAID"

(The Prince of Dollars falls in love with a mermaid who sings to him from a rocky isle in the lake. When Bally Sam, the army mule, carries the prince out to the lake, the mermaid vanishes but a giant turtle appears.)

Bally Sam Kicks

WHEN the giant turtle grabbed Bally Sam by the tail there was a wild hubbub. Bally Sam thrashed around in the water like a boy fighting a nest of hornets. The Prince of Dollars, on his back, had all he could do to hold on. Peggy and Billy, who thought the turtle was the mermaid transformed into a reptile, stood on the rocks powerless to aid.

"Swim back to the island," shouted Billy, who quickly saw that in the water all the advantage was with the turtle.

Bally Sam acted at once on Billy's advice while the turtle dragged back on him, he swam forward with all his might. Billy helped by stripping off his waist and throwing out one end as a rope. Bally Sam caught this end in his teeth and Peggy and Billy pulled at the other end. Thus the turtle was dragged out upon the rocks.

With his feet once upon solid ground, Bally Sam knew just what to do. He hunched up his hind legs, and then whom! He kicked out with all his might. The turtle, grimly banging on to Bally Sam's tail, was right in line with that powerful kick. Crack! Bally Sam's heels landed full on the turtle's bottom shell, splitting it in



"Oh, oh! the mermaid has gone after him. She will carry him away to the dark, dark depths," moaned Peggy

two and jarring the reptile, so it let go of Bally Sam's tail. Then Bally Sam lashed out with a second kick, sending the turtle flying into the lake, where it sank beneath the surface.

Peggy and Billy let out a yell of glee when Bally Sam's first kick gave the turtle a sudden stomach ache. Then they doubled up with laughter as the second kick hurled the painfully surprised reptile back into the water. And they were so busy laughing that they didn't notice what had happened to the Prince of Dollars until a sweet but frightened voice suddenly called to them from the lake.

"The prince! The prince! What has happened to the prince?"

They looked up quickly, and there, only a few feet away, was the mermaid swimming swiftly toward them. And the prince—he wasn't in sight.

"He's here," the prince fell off when I kicked the turtle," boasted Bally Sam. "And he struck on the rocks under the water and hurt his head," booted Judge Owl, who all during this time had been hovering in the air above the rocky isle.

"He must be down there—deep, deep," shouted Billy, looking over the edge of the rocks.

"I'll get him," cried the mermaid. She raised her hands, then turned over in a quick dive. As she went under the lower part of her body flashed into view. It was the tail of a fish.

"Oh! Oh! The mermaid has gone after him. She will carry him away to the dark, dark depths," moaned Peggy. But just then the waters seemed to boil, and up came the mermaid. One hand clutched the prince by the hair. He was unconscious, and there was a red cut on his forehead where he had struck the rocks.

"Help me quick! We must get the prince ashore to save his life," cried the mermaid.

One look into the girl's beautiful but anxious face instantly drove away the doubts Peggy and Billy had about her. This charming creature was not a siren dragging the prince to his doom. She loved him and was trying to rescue him.

(Tomorrow will be told how the mermaid gives them another surprise.)

BRUNO DUKE, Solver of Business Problems

By HAROLD WHITEHEAD, Author of "The Business Career of Peter Flint," etc.

Betterly's Report Proved Interesting

BETTERLY called on Bannock Purvis within forty-eight hours after he had received Purvis's letter answering Duke's advertisement for an investment for \$50,000.

The evening after his visit he turned up at Duke's rooms. Mary, my wife, had returned to her home in Farmdale for a visit, so I was staying in my old rooms in Duke's apartment.

Betterly, ever impatient, dashed into the dining room, just as we were about to begin dinner.

"I've got the dope O. K., Duke," he began, and there he stopped, for Duke, with a laugh, interrupted with:

"No, sir; absolutely not. Here Walter," and then he turned to my man who promptly appeared. "Take Mr. Betterly's overcoat and hat. It is enough to upset any one's meal to have the street brought right to his dining table. Mr. Betterly, sit right there and have something to eat."

"All right, and while I'm eating I'll tell you—"

"Yes, you'll tell me how you enjoyed me—what was in it?"

Betterly shrugged his shoulders and said:

"Oh, well, if that's how you feel, I refuse to tell you a thing about what happened today until after dinner."

Dinner over, Duke slipped on his long velvet dressing jacket, stretched himself in his big easy chair, and after he had his lookah well alight, drawled:

"Now, Betterly, you can say your little piece."

I sat near the oyster-topped table and had my book and pencils all arranged ready to take notes. Betterly assumed his favorite pose of sitting astride a chair with the back between his legs.

"Say, Duke," he began, "that old duffer, Purvis, is a scream. He positively purrs when he thinks of himself. He's a shrewd old duck, but it looks as if the success he has had has turned his good-looking, fat old head.

"He's so all-fired stuck on himself that you've only to tell him that he's the merriest little plum on the financial plum tree, when he begins to tell of his wonderful financial stunts. He reminds me of 'Musical Jim.'"

"Who on earth's 'Musical Jim'?" I asked.

"He was a singer who felt he was too fine to be confined to solos, so one day he got up before his audience and announced, 'Ladies and gentlemen, I am now about to render a selection that ordinarily requires three human voices to render.'"

"Ho, hum," Duke gave a forced yawn. "When you are ready to talk and say something, Betterly, just attract my attention, will you?"

A little more chaffing followed, then Betterly told how he got along with Purvis.

"I told him," he said, "that my chief was interested in his letter and wished me to get particulars of his business. Purvis assumed an air of lordly joviality and said 'the world want assurances of my chief's financial standing.'"

I told him to telephone to the Gas and Iron Bank and ask Mr. Jermyn to report to him on my chief's standing. He did so and was obviously impressed, for after he hung up the receiver he asked me who my chief was. Then I assumed a mysterious air and told him I was not empowered to say. He then

announced, 'Ladies and gentlemen, I am now about to render a selection that ordinarily requires three human voices to render.'"

"Those fellows got the lap on me, somehow," said Ralph, giving the icy-covered sport at the corner of the house a kick as he spoke. Presto! the pipe lengths fell asunder.

"Behold the ghost!" cried Ralph, laughing uproariously.

"Why?" cried Barbara, "that's an owl, isn't it?"

"It's the ghost, I tell you," said Ralph. "I've read somewhere that barn-door owls do make a noise that is very like the moaning of an old man. Probably owls have been scrambling in and out of that spout for years. Old Ebenezer, chuckling within himself, realized that the ghostly sound would keep the island free from the desecration of curious feet. Hold the light, Betts, while I repair the damage I have done, then we'll vanouse in a burry and leave the island to Fred and Bob—provided they don't their boat."

"And let's leave Ebenezer's secret," said Barbara, to which the others agreed.

More than once in the days that followed, Barbara encountered a twinkle in the gray eyes of the farmer. One day he asked suddenly, "What's the meaning of putting a thing up the spout, Miss Barbara?"

By which remark Barbara inferred that Mr. Simpkins had been in the secret all along.

The next complete novelette—Something Ventured, Something Won.

Copyright, 1919, by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.

told me how he did his business, and, say, Duke, I don't pretend to know anything about this high finance stuff, but it's a rotten dirty business. No wonder you have to use such tricky methods to get at anything. I asked him if he'd let me know whom he loaned money to and how much they owed him.

"He hesitated at this and said, 'that his name on his note was sufficient security for people who know him, and that it was unnecessary to go into the details of collateral.' I insisted, however, and finally, after I'd gone so far as to get up to leave, he called in his confidential bookkeeper—God, Duke, I'd have sworn he was a womanly and lady-like—she looked about as womanly and kindly as a rattlesnake—and told her to bring in the notes receivable book.

"He had notes from thirty-four concerns, but only six of them ran to any amount. Here's the list of them," Betterly then read the following:

Harvey & Jones, printers, \$26,842
The Evans Mfg. Co., brush manufacturers, 14,101
The Meter Jewel Co., jewels for watches, etc., 41,888
Jameson & Co., wholesale grocers, 10,040
Farnham Bros., hat manufacturers, 12,814
Blum & Artois, novelty manufacturers, 27,848

"The total amount of his bills receivable are rather more than a quarter of a million dollars. There," Betterly concluded, "I hope I got all the information you wanted."

"You surely did, Betterly," Duke assured him. "You always do make a good job of anything you tackle."

I still couldn't see what Duke was driving at.

TODAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION
What is a "Manifest Writer"?
Answer will appear tomorrow.
ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION
A "Silent Partner" is one who furnishes capital but takes no active part in a business.

SO SHINES A GOOD DEED

He was quite old and very black. His tired eyes were like those of a faithful dog who has had a long day and sits quietly looking up at his master just before lying down on his rug for the night. A neat and clean old black man was his, but not so prosperous as one would wish to be, perhaps, in the evening of life. He was not moving as rapidly as were most of the people on the busy street, and from time to time he almost stopped his slow, shuffling walk to enjoy looking down at the lovely blue iris that he carried tenderly in his wrinkled hand.

Any lover of flowers could see at a glance that the old man was likewise a lover of flowers, and more than one busy passer-by turned to look at him and the beautiful bloom he carried.

The woman who finally stopped the old man and spoke to him about his blue flower was kindly looking, elderly,

soft-spoken. A listener might have thought she talked just a little in the southern manner.

"You have a lovely iris there, uncle," she said. "Just the kind I always admire every spring. And if you'd like to have some one have it who loves the flowers, I'd be very glad to buy it from you."

"Ma'am," said he, taking off the old hat that kept the white wool from blowing in the breeze, "ma'am, of yo' all like iris Ah wish to gib him to yo'. Please to ax'cep' him fum me, ma'am"—and he held out the flower for her to take.

"Oh, no, uncle, I couldn't take it from you like that. I didn't mean you to give it to me, indeed I didn't; but it was so lovely I just couldn't help asking you to let me buy it. Thank you just the same, though," she said, pleasantly and smilingly, and started to go down the street.

"I told him," he said, "that my chief was interested in his letter and wished me to get particulars of his business. Purvis assumed an air of lordly joviality and said 'the world want assurances of my chief's financial standing.'"

I told him to telephone to the Gas and Iron Bank and ask Mr. Jermyn to report to him on my chief's standing. He did so and was obviously impressed, for after he hung up the receiver he asked me who my chief was. Then I assumed a mysterious air and told him I was not empowered to say. He then

announced, 'Ladies and gentlemen, I am now about to render a selection that ordinarily requires three human voices to render.'"

Those fellows got the lap on me, somehow," said Ralph, giving the icy-covered sport at the corner of the house a kick as he spoke. Presto! the pipe lengths fell asunder.

soft-spoken. A listener might have thought she talked just a little in the southern manner. "You have a lovely iris there, uncle," she said. "Just the kind I always admire every spring. And if you'd like to have some one have it who loves the flowers, I'd be very glad to buy it from you." "Ma'am," said he, taking off the old hat that kept the white wool from blowing in the breeze, "ma'am, of yo' all like iris Ah wish to gib him to yo'. Please to ax'cep' him fum me, ma'am"—and he held out the flower for her to take. "Oh, no, uncle, I couldn't take it from you like that. I didn't mean you to give it to me, indeed I didn't; but it was so lovely I just couldn't help asking you to let me buy it. Thank you just the same, though," she said, pleasantly and smilingly, and started to go down the street. "I told him," he said, "that my chief was interested in his letter and wished me to get particulars of his business. Purvis assumed an air of lordly joviality and said 'the world want assurances of my chief's financial standing.'"