

# The Lady of the Night Wind

By VARICK VANARDY  
Author of "The Two-Faced Man,"  
"Alias the Night Wind," etc

DAILY NOVELETTE  
"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"  
By Annette Green

# 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**  
A week-end house party is being held at Myquest, the country home of Katherine and Bingham Harvard. A card game is indulged in by a group of the men guests, among whom are Tom Clancy, Harry Archer, Danford Daumling, Horton Sears and Conrad Belknap. Belknap is discovered cheating at the cards by Katherine. He has come to her home as a newly made friend of the Archers. In the absence of her husband Katherine tells Belknap that he must leave her home at once. He laughs scornfully at her demand and refuses to do so. Katherine is about to tell her husband, upon his arrival from the city, but hesitates. Belknap seems to exert a peculiar influence over her, which makes her all the more determined to ferret out his real identity, as she is convinced of his deception. Katherine has had a former experience as a police headquarters detective and had been known as Lady Kate of the police. She intercepts a telephone call of Belknap's and learns that he is setting some scheme afoot. Belknap, realizing that he is suspected by Katherine, threatens to expose an event in her past life.

**AND HERE IT CONTINUES**

**SHE** realized that she was compelled to surrender; that was the terrible thing.  
Not because she sought to spare herself any consequences of the revelation that Belknap threatened, let us not deceive ourselves by any thought that Katherine harbored one grain of cowardice, one faintest streak of yellow, in her heart or soul. Let it not be supposed that it was any consideration for herself that compelled her to wave a flag of truce to the scoundrel in front of her.

Her courage was never so great as in that moment when she understood and acted upon the necessity that confronted her.  
As one will think quickly in moments of extremity, so it occurred to her in one wild impulse to defy Belknap even then, and to seek her husband and confide everything to him; but a second thought, as quickly uppermost as the first one, made her realize that she did not dare to do that—made her understand that she was mortally afraid to tell Bing Harvard about this man who had faced her and his threats.

Again we must not misunderstand. Her husband fully about the secret of the past which Belknap threatened to expose. Not that. No, no; not that.

The condition that frightened her was Bingham Harvard himself, and what she perfectly well knew that she would do to avert the catastrophe, the instant that he was made to understand thoroughly the situation. It was Bingham Harvard's temper that she feared—the tremendous, the superhuman, the awful strength and the uncontrollable temper when once roused of the man who had once borne the name, The Night Wind.

She knew, just as well as she knew that it was a despicable scoundrel who threatened her at the moment; that Harvard, the instant he was made to understand the situation, would become transformed into a silent and implacable fury; that he would seek Belknap in a way which nothing could stay or hinder, and that with his great strength like unto that of Samson of old, he would seize the man with his hands and read him limb from limb.

In a word, Katherine knew that if she should tell her husband that this man had dared to threaten her, his wife, she would kill him. Kill him with his hands, crush the life out of him.

We ask—you and I—why not?  
Such a killing would be justifiable under the circumstances; the world would be well rid of such a contemptible person; justice, when the facts were known, would deal gently with him in the killing. Ah! Therein was the rub—to say nothing of the shuddering horror that Katherine felt when she considered such a possibility—the killing of this man by the hand of her husband.

But, the facts behind such an extremity could not be made known, not even to that intrepid and unflinching thing called justice. Then, too, she realized, with still another inward shuddering, that even men—even with Belknap silenced forever (if such a dread possibility were to be considered), the fact might not stay the consequences of the exposure that he had threatened to make; the white, set features of a person she knew might still be made to stare between the bars of a narrow prison window.

Furthermore, with the approach of evening of the succeeding day, former United States Senator Maxwilton, with Mrs. Maxwilton—Katherine's father and mother—would arrive at Myquest, from their home in Kentucky. That was the hardest rub of all, for this exposure that Conrad Belknap threatened to make would stab both of them to the heart, would bow with withering shame the tall and stately form of that proud old man, and would crush, even into the grave, the stately, yet delicately sweet mother whom Katherine adored with a devotion and love that was beyond words.

For the white, set features that would be made to stare between the bars of a prison window belonged to Katherine Harvard's brother; her brother—Roderick—the first-born of her parents—their son whom they had so profoundly loved, who had begun so bravely and so proudly, and who had ended so miserably—their only son, whom both believed to be dead, and whose mistakes and failures had been forgotten in the memories of his childhood and promise.

The mere suggestion that either of them should ever be made to know that their son Roderick Maxwilton was still among the living, and that he might be or would be, called upon at any moment to pass into another death—a living one—behind prison bars, was not to be considered, no matter what sacrifice should be made as the price of avoidance of such a calamity.

Katherine had believed that she alone knew that her brother was alive. She had, up to the very instant of Belknap's uttered threat, had no thought that another person in all the world harbored any doubt of Roderick Maxwilton's death. There was a grave within the family inclosure on the Kentucky estate wherein she was supposed to be at rest, and above it there was a stone that bore his name and the date



"What do you want at Myquest? Or of me? Is it blackmail?"

Katherine knew as well as if Belknap had spoken the name, that he had referred to her brother Roderick.

Those flash-light thoughts continued to dart in and out of her understanding during the brief space of her silence while she faced the card sharper; those, and others, crowded deforcementally about, as swiftly as thought itself, yet coming sunning no appreciable time; and among them were the natural questions—"Who, then, is this man who confronts me?" and "When and how could he have known Roderick?" questions for which, alas, she had no answer.

So, wildly did her mind work that there was no appreciable interval between Belknap's last utterance and Katherine's response to it.

She could not reply in words; she had none to use, just then. But—

With a haughty uplift of her shapely head, with a gesture of utter repugnance for the man, she went past him down the stairs.

Belknap, with that inscrutable smile of defiance, derision, and conscious power over her, still upon his lips and in his eyes, continued deferentially aside. He bowed, mockingly. He seemed to know, without her admitting it in words, that he had won out in that first attempt to detain her.

This was Katherine Harvard's wit matched against the wit of Conrad Belknap.

This was the battle of wits begun. This the match which might well have been named: The Crook versus Lady Kate of the police.

**Lady of the Night Wind**  
KATHERINE slept very little that night. She was torn by a conflict of emotions, and chiefly among them all was the passionate longing to confide everything to her husband, which she knew she could not do. It was impossible even while she considered it; impossible because she knew what he would do. She could not tell Bingham about her brother, now, at this late date, without disclosing her reason for the telling—without denouncing Belknap; and if she did that, the night would be lost, the long-stilled Night Wind would be unleashed.

That was the consequence that she dreaded greatly, although almost as terrible in its effect would be discovery by her father and mother that Roderick's body did not rest in the grave that was marked by his name, at their Kentucky home. Years had come and gone to exhumate the living from it—such a circumstance was not to be thought of.

During the day that followed—it was Sunday—she avoided Belknap as much as possible without the appearance of it. She did so manage that she was never alone with him for an instant.

With twilight her father and mother came, and Bingham went with her to the station to meet them.

It happened just before bedtime that Katherine, longing for a moment of solitude, stepped through an open window to the veranda and gazed noiselessly and swiftly down the side steps and along a secluded pathway toward a rustic bench that was half hidden beneath a bower of climbing clematis.

She passed inside of it before she discovered that the place was already occupied; that Belknap, whom she supposed had gone to his room, was there, exactly as if he were awaiting her. Yet, she knew differently, because he could not have known that the rose bower was a favorite retreat of hers.

He stood up and bowed, coolly and insolently sure of himself.

"I was waiting for you," he said, "but you did not come." "Oh, I did not know that you would come here, of course," he smiled provocatively. "It did not occur to me that you would seek me, Mrs. Harvard."

He was mocking her, she knew. "I did think you might wish for a moment of solitude," she came here. You see, I could watch you through the window from this point of vantage—and I have been calling you; mentally, of course. Will you be seated?"

"No."

He produced his cigarettes and lighted one leisurely.

"I did not know that Senator and Mrs. Maxwilton were expected," he said when he had extinguished the match.

Katherine made no reply. He continued as if casually:

"Their coming rather strengthens my position, doesn't it?" It was a statement, with a period, not an interrogation. Again she was silent.

"They do not suspect that a certain grave in Kentucky contains the bones of an unknown, and not the remains of his whose name is on the headstone," he went on. "It would be a shock to them—such knowledge—would it not, Lady Kate?"

She started backward a step, white to the lips.

"You dare—," she began, and stopped because of sheer inability to speak on, so greatly was she outraged by his insolent familiarity. Then, controlling herself, compelling herself to speak calmly, she continued: "Let me advise you to beware lest you drive me too far, Mr. Belknap. It is true that it would be a shock to them—to know the truth, now, so late, but do not deceive yourself into the notion that I have refrained from exposing you solely for that reason. There is another one—even a more important one. You do not know it; you may not believe it when you are told. It is this: If I should tell Bingham Harvard of the things that you have said and done to me, he would pluck you

from your hold upon life like that—

she reached out and pulled a cluster of roses from their stems—she would send you and tear you apart like that—she crushed the roses in her fingers and tore them into a pulpy mass—and when he loosed his grip upon you, as I loose mine now upon these rose leaves, you would be as they are, crushed, lifeless, dead; I have kept silent thus far, not so much to spare my father and mother the knowledge that you threaten to disclose, as to spare you, worthless, contemptible life."

Belknap tossed the cigarette from him into the path. He bent nearer to her, smilingly, and spoke. "Not a tone of his voice was changed when he spoke. 'To spare my life?' he questioned. 'Oh, no. Say, rather to keep two persons instead of one, outside of a prison house. To save me? What folly to suggest that! But to save Bingham Harvard from the commission of a crime."

"Oh, yes. Quite so. And you will continue to do that very thing, believe me! That, my dear lady, is why I hold the whip-lash—and it is why I will keep on holding it to the end; because you are afraid, if you speak, that your husband will get with the electric chair as a murderer. Did you expect to frighten me, Lady Kate? Yes, I will call you that if I choose. Nonsense; other nonsense! I was never afraid in my life, so do not think that you can scare me. You can't."

"You are right," she returned as coolly as he had spoken. "I have kept silent only to spare my husband the commission of a crime. I could look upon your features, crushed and dead, with unmixed pleasure; and if you, by word or deed, by innuendo or gesture, betray what you know to either of my parents, I will loose the Night Wind upon you, no matter what the consequences may be."

She turned to leave him. She stepped into the moonlight on the path. There she halted, and turned, and faced him again. He was in the shadow beneath the rose-bower; she stood in the light outside of it—and at that instant Bingham Harvard from the veranda, where he had gone to seek her, saw her; saw her and thought nothing of it, then.

"Why do you insist upon remaining here?" she demanded of Belknap. "What do you want at Myquest? Or of me? Is it blackmail? If so, name your price."

He laughed aloud, gleefully, interrupting her.

"My price, sweet lady," he said mockingly, "cannot be paid with money. I seek for something better—something far dearer to you than that—something, too, that I will compel you to pay."

Week-end gatherings like that one at Myquest sometimes develop into established house-parties.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

## DAILY NOVELETTE

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

By Annette Green

THE song of the birds and the soft buzzing of bees through the perfumed air of the warm afternoon brought a sigh of content from the lips of a girl who swayed dreamily in a rustic swing beneath the elm tree. There was no trace of the wealthy and sought-after Vivianne Gray in the little gingham-clad figure swinging gently in the leafy stillness. It was almost a month since the young society girl, wearied with the gay round of social events which had marked her coming of age and into her grandfather's fortune, had left her beautiful home and flitted away to the little cottage among the hills where her nurse, Addie, lived with her calves and chickens and ducks. And while the papers reported the departure of Miss Vivianne Gray to a famous summer resort, "Anne," as her nurse always called her, was spending long, quiet days at the cottage not fifty miles from the city, glowing in pure country breezes and the loving companionship of her childhood's friend.

"Anne, dear," said the latter, coming down the path, "will you go down to the spring for some water while I'm baking the biscuits for supper?" With a happy smile for the older woman, Vivianne took the pail and disappeared down the path to the spring. "Dear girl," murmured the other, "how much better she looks already. She was so pale and languid when she came." And her eyes followed the girlish figure fondly, for Addie had loved the little orphan child and still watched over her with motherly care.

Meanwhile Vivianne had filled the pail and was returning to the house when a tall young man leaped over the low stone wall from the meadow beyond and took the pail from her hands. "You're Anne, aren't you?" he said, smiling at her in a friendly manner. "Yes, I'm Anne," she returned, smiling, too, yet wondering who her new friend might be. "My name is Farnum; you probably don't remember me," he said. Anne smilingly shook her head.

"I'm going to invite myself to supper with Miss Addie. She sometimes makes a certain brand of biscuits which are very popular with me." "She's making them this very minute," laughed Anne; and just then Miss Addie herself appeared in the doorway. "Why, Ned Farnum!" she exclaimed. "I didn't know you'd got home." "Oh, yes, I'm home," responded the young fellow, stooping to kiss her withered cheek. "Well, come right in; supper's all ready," she said, and hastened to set a place for her latest guest.

Ned was at the cottage every evening, and the few hours he could be spared from the farm during the day found him under the elm tree with Vivianne. She responded to his advances and watched the two together, smiling contentedly to herself. There was no mistaking the happy smile on the girl's fair face, and it was plain to all that Ned was deeply in love with the girl; so deeply that one perfect night in midsummer he grasped her hands as she smiled up at him in the moonlight, and poured out impetuous words of love and longing, words he had not meant to say until he was quite sure of an important position which he hoped to secure in the fall.

Realizing at last that two soft arms were about his neck, all regrets faded away as he held her closely in a loving embrace. But Anne, dear, you'll wait, won't you? he cried with the trustfulness of a young love. And Anne replied, "Dear Ned, I'll wait."

Early the next day Ned vaulted over the stone wall waving a yellow sheet in his hand and calling joyfully to the girl under the elm tree. "Anne! Anne! Waters! Anne Waters, dearest! I've got it. We won't have to wait, if you'll go with me." Anne had run toward him joyfully at his first call, vaguely aware that he had called her Anne Waters; but not until she released herself from his strong young arms did she think to ask him what he meant by calling her by that name. "It's your name, isn't it, dear girl?" he asked in surprise. "Why, Ned Farnum," exclaimed Vivianne, "do you mean to say that all this time you thought my name was Anne Waters?" "Why," said Ned, "my uncle told me when I came home that Miss Addie's niece was over here, so of course, I thought you were Anne Waters who used to come here once upon a time." The young fellow wasn't smiling now, and the telegram which was to mean such happiness for them lay on the ground forgotten. "My name is Anne Gray," said the girl, "Vivianne Gray."

"Not Vivianne Gray!" exclaimed Ned, as if warding off a blow; "not Vivianne Gray who had all that money left to her and who goes to Palm Beach and has her picture in the papers?" Seeing confirmation of his doubts in her troubled eye, Ned was backing slowly in the direction of the stone wall over which he had sprung so gaily not five minutes before. But Vivianne followed him with eyes full of love and a hint of tears. "Nothing going to make any difference when we love each other, is it? Oh, Ned!" and then as a tear stole down her soft cheek he capitulated and came back and took her in his arms and put his face down to the one buried against his shoulder.

THE next complete novelette—  
"Mother's Wisdom"

## The World for Sale

By SIR GILBERT PARKER

Author of "The Seats of the Mighty," "The Money Master," etc.

OSTERHAUT was right. No one had set the church on fire. The sexton had lighted the furnace for the first time to test it for the winter's working, but had not stayed to see the result. There was a defect in the furnace, the place had caught fire, and some of the wooden flooring had burnt before the aged Moneigneur Lourde discovered it. It was he who had given the alarm and had rescued the silver altar-vessels from the sacrists.

Manitou offered brute force, physical energy, native athletics, muscle and brawn; but it was of no avail. Five hundred men, with five hundred buckets of water, would have had no effect upon the fire at St. Michael's Church at Manitou; willing hands and loving Christian hearts would have been helpless to save the building without the scientific aid of the Lebanon fire brigade. Ingolby, on founding the brigade, had equipped it to a point where it could deal with any ordinary fire. The work it had to do at St. Michael's was critical. If the church could not be saved, then the wooden houses by which it was surrounded would be swept away, and the whole town would be ablaze; for though it was autumn, everything was dry, and the wind was sufficient to fan and spread the flames.

Lebanon took command of the whole situation, and for the first time in the history of the two towns men worked together under one control like brothers. The red-shirted river driver from Manitou and the lawyer's clerk from Lebanon; the Presbyterian minister and a Christian brother of the Catholic school; a Salvation Army captain and a black-headed Catholic shantyman; the president of the Order of Good Templars and a switchman member of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament slaved together on the hand-pump, to supplement the work of the two splendid engines of the Lebanon fire brigade; or else they climbed the roofs of houses, side by side, to throw on the burning shingles the buckets of water handed up to them.

For some time it seemed as though the church could not be saved. The fire had made good headway with the flooring, and had also made progress in the chancel and the altar. Skill and organization, combined with good luck, conquered, however. Though a portion of the roof was destroyed and the chancel gutted, the church was not beyond repair, and a few thousand dollars would put it right. There was danger, however, among the smaller houses surrounding the church, and there men from both towns worked with great gallantry. By one of those accidents which make fatality, a small wooden house some distance away, with a roof as dry as dust, caught fire from a flyinginder. As everybody had fled from their own homes and shops to the church, this fire was not noticed until it had made headway.

Then it was that the cries of Madame Thebaudeau, who was confined to her bed in the house opposite, were heard, and the crowd poured down toward the burning building. It was Gautry's "caboose." Gautry himself had been among the crowd at the church.

As Gautry came reeling and plunging down the street some one shouted, "Is there any one in the house, Gautry?" Gautry was speechless with drink. He threw his hands up in the air with a gesture of maudlin despair and

shouted something which no one understood. The crowd gathered like magic in the wide street before the house—the one wide street in Manitou—from the roof and upper windows of which flames were bursting. Far up the street was heard the noisy approach of the fire engine, which now would be able to do little more than save adjoining buildings. Gautry, reeling, mumbling and whining, gestured and wept.

A man shook him roughly by the shoulder. "Brace up, get steady, you damned old geezer! Is there anybody in the house? Do you hear? Is there anybody in the house?" he roared.

Madame Thebaudeau, who had dragged herself from her bed, was now at the window of the house opposite. Seeing Fledda Druse passing beneath, she called to her.

"Ma'n'selle, Felix Marchand is in Gautry's house—drunk," she cried. "He's burnt to death—but yes, burnt to death."

In agitation Fledda hastened to where the stranger stood shaking old Gautry. "There's a man asleep inside the house," she said to the stranger, and then all at once she realized who he was. It was Dennis Doane, whose wife was staying in Gabriel Druse's home; it was the husband of Marchand's victim.

"A man in there, is there?" exclaimed Dennis. "Well, he's got to be saved." He made a rush for the door. Men called to him to come back, that the roof would fall in. In the smoking doorway he looked back. "What floor?" he shouted.

From the window opposite, her fat old face, lighted by the blazing roof, Madame Thebaudeau called out, "Second floor! It's the second floor!"

In an instant Dennis was lost in the smoke and flame.

One, two, three minutes passed. A fire engine arrived; in a moment the hose was paid out to the river near by, and as a fireman seized the nozzle to train the water upon the building the roof fell in with a crash. At that instant Dennis stumbled out of the house, blind with smoke, his clothes aflame, carrying a man in his arms. A score of hands caught them, coats smothered the man's burning clothes, and the man he had rescued was carried across the street and laid upon the pavement.

"Great glory, it's Marchand! It's Felix Marchand," some one shouted. "Is he dead?" asked another. "Dead drunk," was the comment of Osterhaut, who had helped to carry him across the street.

At that moment Ingolby appeared on the scene.

"What's all this?" he asked. Then he recognized Marchand. "He's been playing with fire again," he added sarcastically, and there was a look of contempt on his face.

As he said it, Dennis broke through the crowd and made for Marchand. Stooping over, he looked into Marchand's face.

"Hell and damnation—you're grogged!" "I risked my life to save you!" "What's all this?" he asked. Then he recognized Marchand. "He's been playing with fire again," he added sarcastically, and there was a look of contempt on his face.

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"Got the strength of two, for a drunk man weighs twice as heavy as a sober one," exclaimed another admiringly. "Marchand's game is up on the Sag-alice," declared a third decisively.

The excitement was so great, however, that only a very few of them knew what they were saying, and fewer still knew that Dennis Doane had risked his life to save the man he had been stalking for weeks past. Marchand had been lying on his face in the smoke-filled room when Dennis broke into it, and he had been carried down the stairs without his face being seen at all. To Dennis it was as though he had been made a fool of by Fate or Providence, or whatever controlled the destinies of men; as though the dangerous episode had been arranged to trap him into this situation.

Ingolby drew near and laid a hand upon Dennis's arm. Fledda's hand was on the other arm.

"You can't kill a man and save him, too," said Ingolby quietly, and holding the ablashed blue eyes of Dennis. "There were two ways to punish him; taking away his life at great cost, or giving it him at great cost. If you'd taken away his life, the cost would probably have been your own life; in giving him his life you only risked your own; you had a chance to save it. You're a bit scowled—hair, eyebrows, moustache, clothes, too; but he'll have a bromide inside him. Come along. Your wife would rather have it this way; and so will you, tomorrow. Come along."

Dennis suddenly swung round with a gesture of fury. "He spoiled her—treated her like dirt," he cried huskily. "With savage purpose he made a movement toward where Marchand had lain; but Marchand was gone. With foresight Ingolby had quickly and quietly accomplished that while Dennis's back was turned."

"You'd be treating her like a brute if you went to prison for killing Marchand," urged Ingolby. "Give her a chance. She's fretting her heart out."

"She wants to go back to Elk Mountain with you," pleaded Fledda again. "She couldn't do that if the law took hold of you."

"Ain't there to be any punishment for me like him?" demanded Dennis, stubbornly yet helplessly. "Why didn't I let him burn? I'd have been willing to burn myself to have seen him sizzling. Ain't me like that to be punished at all?"

"When he knows who has saved him, he'll singe inside for the rest of his life," remarked Ingolby. "Don't think he hasn't got a heart. He's done wrong and gone wrong; he has belonged to the sewer, but he isn't all bad, and maybe this is the turning point. Drink'll make him see to nothing."

"His kind are never sorry for what they do," commented Dennis bitterly. "They're sorry for what comes from what they do, but not for the doing of it. I can't think the thing out. It makes me sick. I was hunting for him to kill him, and I've been out and saved his body from hell on earth."

"Well, perhaps you've saved his soul from hell below," said Fledda. "Ah, come. Your face and hands are burned, your hair is scalded—your clothes need mending. Arabella is waiting for you. Come home with me to drink a beer."

With sudden resolve Dennis squared his shoulders. "All right," he said. "This thing's too much for me. I can't get the hang of it. I've lost my head."

"Now, said Ingolby in response to an inquiring look from Fledda. "Not now, but before sundown, please."

As Fledda and Dennis disappeared, Ingolby looked back toward the fire. "It's like that," he said. "Nothing that the eyes see is so horrible as the pictures that come to the mind when the eyes don't see. As Dennis said, I can't get the hang of it, but I'll try—I'll try."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

## DOROTHY DARNIT—But Rubbers Won't Draw Interest

By CHAS. McMANUS

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SAY DOT, DO YOU KNOW YOU ARE A FOOLISH LITTLE GIRL?

WHAT HAVE I BEEN DOING?

ALL YOU THINK OF IS SPENDING MONEY

WELL YOU CAN'T LIVE ON NOTHING

BUT YOU SHOULD PUT SOMETHING AWAY FOR A RAINY DAY

I DO

WHAT?

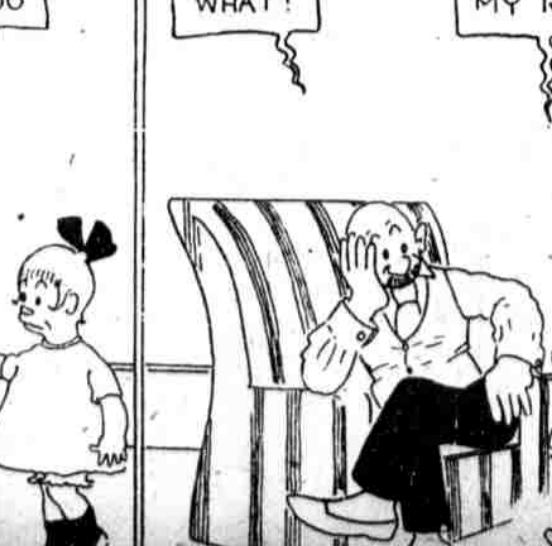
MY RUBBERS

## The next complete novelette—

"Mother's Wisdom"

## By Chas. McManus

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MY RUBBERS

(In tomorrow's chapter, the bird tells them strange things.)