EVENING FUBLIC LEDGEE-PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, OOTOBER 12, 1922

# THE BREAKING POINT

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

of "Dangerous Days," "E," "The Amazing Inter lude," and many other striking and successful novels. Copyright, 1992, by George B. Doran Co.

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY. PAVID LIVINGATONE. chief physician Faverin. a small four, pental but find, shores a secret concerning identify of the belowed nepheng with his sister. beloved by everybody in

LUCY, his sister. Decover a by everyong we foun. BR. DICK LIVINGRTONE, in whose mera-bry there is a app, and who is determined and duy to un order to Norada, his child-bood home, in order to bridge the gan. He is call of visality and is boyish looking the is call of visality and is boyish looking and acting in spits of his there were and evelopment carers. He is in love with who loves his very sincerely. BYBRIY CARLYSLE, actress, who, fen beins before husbend, Luces, had here shot is feath, as way cancerding believed, by a service had being an energy believed. by a bey a way cancer all believed, by a service had disappeared inynediately werd it was believed he perished in a blis sord. BERD GREGORV. Bever'y's brother and LUCY.

PRED GREGORY. Bever's's brother and manager, where researches line him up

with RASRETT, a neuspaperman, the sources that Dick Livingstone is Jud control in desire is to clear things up.

SINA. Elianbeth's sister, an estravagant WARD. Flienbell's brother-in-lass. can parents RE. a rich wouth tohose so-tally safet mother winhes him to morry Habbeth, with whom he is smitten.

ON THE turn below Dick, Bassett saw him for the first time, and moke to him in a quiet voice.

"Hello, old man." he said. "I be-His scrutiny of Dick's face had rather surlily.

he rode up to him, however, he was not man across the small table. Be certain. He found himself surveyed Dick put down his tin cup and got with a sort of cool malignity that up. He was strong again, and the

startled him. "Miss me!" Livingstone succered Wittarly. "With every damned hill a desperate lucidity and a courage born covered by this time with your outfit! I'll tell you this. If I had a gun you'd distinctly; he had killed Howard Lucas maked away. Instead of it there was a desperate lucidity and a courage born of desperation. He remembered it all distinctly; he had killed Howard Lucas Bafore long Withing got me alive." the night before. Before long Wilkins was puzzled and slightly or some of his outfit would ride up to werer have got me alive."

"My outfit! I'll tell you this, son. He was not afraid of that. They would I've risked my neck half the night to ret you out of this mess." "God Almighty couldn't got me out that the had ret avay from Hev's this mess." Dick said somberly. It was then that Bassett saw some-it. It had been with him all night,

thing not quite normal in his face, and end it was with him now. Berode closer. "See here, Livingstone." he said, in couldn't be caught like a rat in a trap.

"See here. Livingstone." he said, in soothing tone. "nobody's going to petyou. I'm here to keep them from getting you. We've got a good start, hat we'll have to keep moving." Dick sat obstinately still, his horse turned seross the trail, and his eyes still suspicious and unfriendly. "I don't know." he said doggedly. "And I've done all the running awry I'm going to do. You go back and tell

"I don't know." he said doggedly. "And I've done all the running away I'm going to do. Yen go back and tell Wilkins I'm here and to come and get me. The sconer the better." The kid, but I'm through with that sort of foolinhness.' me. The sooner the better." The speer faded, and he turned on Bassett

meer faded, and he turned on Bassett inthe depth of tragedy in his eyes that frightened the reporter. "My God." he said. "I klied a man last night." I can't go through life a man last night." I "I don't know what you are talking about." Dick said drearily. "I didn't "Last night." Some faint com-prehension began to dawn in Bassett's mind a suspicion of the truth. But "You wouldn't understand. Say I was drunk. I was for that matter. I'm Yes. I don't remember. We quarreled. Yes. I don't remember shooting him." prehension began to drawn in basedt a mind, a suspicion of the truth. But there was no time to verify it. He unned and carefully inspected the trail Basett watched him.

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to where it came into sight at the op-patter in of the valley. When he was paite rim of the valley. When he was atisfied that the pursuit was still well behind them he spoke again. "Pull

"he said, rather sharply. "Think a bit. You didn't kill anybody last light. Now listen," he added impressively. "You are Livingstone. The stick to that, Richard Livingstone. You stick to that,



He eased him into a boulder, and he sat there, shoulders sagging and his whole body twitching

gen to think I was going to miss you on and finish. I'll watch." called back over his shoulder, "you go

nightmare confusion of the night had

when he heard about it he groaned. it !'

But soon after that he got up and moved to the door.

"I'm going back." he said. "Why ?"

"They're after me, aren't they?" "You're forgetting again. Why should they be after you now, after ten years?"

keep listening for them." Bassett too was listening for them, but he kept his fears to himself.

finally.

Bassett tried new tactics. He stressed the absurdity of surrendering for a crime committed ten years before and

Lovekin-IZED

Bassett watched him. Dick made an ef

"I saw him on the floor," he said slowly, and staggered a little. "Then you don't even know you did

"I bated him." But Bassett saw that his determina-tion to surrender himself was weaken-ing. Bassett fought it with every argu-ment he could summon, and at last he brought forward the one he felt might

removed the evidence of their ment, or extinguished the dying fire and scat-tered the ashes. Nor, when they were mounted, the care with which they avoided the trail. He gave, when asked, information as to the direction of the railroad at the foot of the western slope of the range, and at the same instigation found a trail for them same unles beyond their starting point. Inst night, was it, that this thing happened?"
''You know it, don't you?"
''And, after it happened, do you remember what followed?"
''I've been riding all night. I didn't of the Livingstones, and you can't get away from. You've got to think of the Livingstones, and you can't get away from. You've got to think of the Livingstones, and you can't get away from. You've got to think of the Livingstones, and you told me yesterday a shock would kill the old man. But it is more than that. There's a girl back in your town. I think you were engaged to her."
''Ma dear fellow," he said, "you are right. Try to understand what I am saying, and take it easy. You rode into a blizzard, right enough. But that was not last night. It was ten years ago."
''Hed Bussett had some wider knowllast night, was it, that this thing hapsome miles beyond their starting point. But mostly he merely followed, in a

Had Bassett had some wider knowl-edge of Dick's condition he might have succeeded better during that bad hour that followed. Certainly, if he had hoped that the mere statement of fact and its proof would bring results, he failed. And the need for haste, the fear of the pursuit behind them, made him nervous and incoherent. He had first to scenet the incredit.

dead "silence.

pursuit.

tortured with muscular sorenoss, felt his spirits rising as the miles were

By mid-afternoon they were obliged to rest their horses and let them graze, and the necessity of food for them-selves became insistent. Dick stretched

out and was immediately asleep, but

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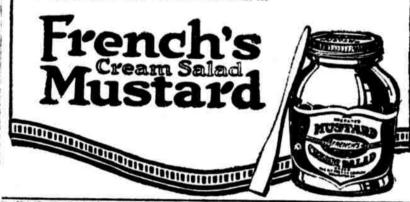
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covered, and there was no sign of

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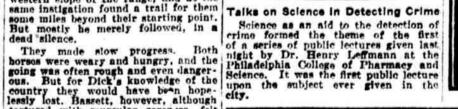
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gone, but he was very pale and he slept like a man exhausted and at his physical limit. But the necessity of crossing the pass before nightfall or of waiting until dawn to do it drove Bas-sett back from an anxious reconnoiter-ing of the trail at 5 o'clock, to rouse the sleaving man and start on assin. you can go on over the mountains with me and strike the railroad somewhere to the West. You'll have time to think things over, anyhow. They've waited ten years. They can wait longer." To this Dick acquiesced. He had be-come oddly passive; he seemed indeed not greatly interested. He did not even notice the haste with which Bassett removed the evidence of their meal, the sleeping man and start on again. Near the pass, however, Dick roused himself and took the lead.

"Let me ahead, Bassett." he said peremptorily. "And give your horse his head. He'll take cars of you if you give him a chance."

To be continued tomorrow



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# **Eight Touring Cars and Limousines**

This was the number of automobiles lined up in front of one of our Suburban Stores at a given hour the other afternoon. Nothing unusual about this either, an every day occurrence. We only mention it to point out that those of our patrons whom price least concerns, recognize the Freshness and Quality of American Stores Merchandise and are steady, constant customers in our Stores and Meat Markets.



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Asco Sour Krout

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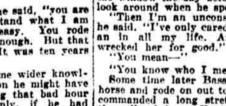
ASCO

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Reg. 10c can Sweet Sugar Corn Reg. 12c can Tender String Beans Reg. 121/2c can Small Lima Beans







He had first to accept the incredi-ble, himself-that Dick Livingstone no longer existed, that he had died and

was buried deep in some chamber of an unconscious mind. He made every

an unconscious mind. He made every effort to revive him, to restore him to the field of consciousness, but without result. And his struggle was increased in difficulty by the fact that he knew so little of Dick's life. David's name meant, nothing, apparently, and it was the only name he knew. He described the Livingstone house; he described Elizabeth as he had seen her that night at the theatre. Even Minnie. But Dick only shook his head. And until he had only shook his head. And until he had aroused some instinct, some desire to live, he could not combat Dick's in-tention to return and surrender.

"I understand what you are saying." Dick would say. "I'm trying to get it. But it doesn't mean anything to me."

He even tried the war. "War? What war?" Dick asked, And

"A war !" he said. "And I've missed

"I see. I can't get it, you know. I

"Why did you do it?" he asked

"I was drunk, and I hated him. He married a girl I was crazy about." "I'd give a good bit," Bassett said, satching him, "to know what made

commanded a long stretch of trail in the valley below. Far away horsemen were riding along it, one behind the other, small dots that moved on slowly but steadily. He turned and went back to the cabin. "We'd better be moving," he said, "and it's up to you to say where. You've got two choices. You can go back to Norada and run the chance of arrest. You know what that means. Without much chance of a conviction you will stand trial and öring wretch-edness to the people who stood by you before and who care for you now. Or

But Dick was not listening, save to me bitter inner voice, for suddenly is turned his horse around on the fall. "Get out of the way," he said, mil. "Get out of the way, "It up." "I'm going back to give myself up." He would have done it, probably. He would have done it, probably. would have crowded past Barsett on the narrow trail and headed back toward capture, but for his horse. It walked and whirled on the ledge, but it would not pass Bassett. Dick swore and kicked it, his face ugly and de-termined, but it refused sullenly. He id out of the saddle then and tried to ing it on, but he was suddenly weak ad sick. He staggered. Hassett was of his horse in a moment and caught im. He eased him onto a boulder, and is sat there. . is shoulders sagging and

"Been drinking my bend off," he said et last. "If I had a drink now I'd et last. "If I had a drink now I'd et last." He tried to sit up. "That's what's the matter with me. "" The funking, of course, but that's not all. I'd give my soul for some whisky." "I can get you a drink if you'll ome on a mile." Bassett coaxed. "At the cabin you and I talked about yester-ay."

"Now you're talking." Dick made Bassett's assisting arm. "For God's ake, keep your hands off me." he said tritaly. "I've got a hangover, that's

He got into his saddle without assistare and started off up the trail. Bas-eft once more searched the valley, but it was empty save for a deer drinking at the stream for below. He turned and followed and followed. He was fairly hopeless by that time.

what with Dick's unexpected resistance and the change in the man himself. He was dealing with something he did not understand, and the hypothesis of de-ijtium did not hold. There was a sort desperate senity in Dick's eyes. That tatement, now, about drinking his bad off he hadn't looked yesterday like a drinking way. But now he did. the a drinking man. But now he did. Rewas twitching, his hands shock. On the mok his face had been covered with a cold. cold sweat. What was that the doctor yesterday had said about delivium Suppose he collapsed' That

Head of the train with a pursount and survey the ruin with a puz-sled face. But he said nothing. Hasett, waiting outside to the horses. the in to find him sitting on one of the diapidated chairs, staring around, but di he said was :

Get me that drink, won't you?

"Get me that drink, won't stat. I'm going to pleces." Rassett found his tin cdp where he had left it on a shelf and poured out a "Entry and thisky from his flask. "This is all we have," he explained. We'll have to go slow with it." It had an almost immediate effect. The twitching grow less, and a faint

The twitching grew less, and a faint molor came into Dick's face. His stood up and stretched biuself. "That's bet-te," he said. "I was all in. I must been riding that infernal horse

He wandered about while the reporter a fire and set the coffee pot to Bassett, glancing up once, saw the doorway with an expression he wild not understand. But he did not say anything, nor did he speak again unit Bassett called him to get some feed. Even then he was faconic, and be seemed to be fistening and walting. Once something starting the houses something startled the hornes "They're here " he said. "I don't think so," Bassett replied, went to the doorway. "No," he

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