The Root of Evil

By THOMAS DIXON

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SYNOPSIS

Stuart, southern lawyer in New York, I in love with Nan Primrose. His friend, Dr. Woodman, who has a young daugh-ter, is threatened with the loss of his drug business by Bivens, whom he be-friended years before. Stuart visits the

Nan wants Stuart to accept a place with Bivens' chemical trust, He dislikes Biv-ens' methods and refuses. Bivens ca

fuses the offer, and Nan breaks her en-gagement with the lawyer. Bivens asks

Woodman will not yield and sues Bivens company. The promoter tells the doctor he and Nan are engaged. Harriet Wood-man is studying music. Stuart takes Nan or a day in the country.

Stuart pleads with Nan to give up Biv s, but the spell of millions is on her and she sields to it.

Nan' becomes Mrs. Bivens. Harriet loves Stuart, but he does not know it. Nine years nass. Stuart becomes district attorney. He investigates criminal trusts. Wan aske him to call.

Stuart wants Woodman to end his suit gainst Bivens, but the doctor stands rm. Bivens aids Stuart in his investigation of crooked financiers.

Stuart's revelations aid in bringing on a crisis. Bivens promises to aid the Van Dam Trust company, which is in trouble. Woodman needs money badly.

In the stock market slump engineered by Bivens, Woodman and many others lose all. The trust company fails because Bivens, at command of the money king, reaks his word. Stuart faces his critics front of Bivens' bank.

The mob attacks Stuart and injures him alightly. Nan sees it and reveals her ove. Bivens piles \$90,000,000 on a table and calls Stuart to see the money to refute rumors of his financial weakness,

Stuart is tempted to join Bivens as his confidential man. He accepts an invitation to visit the Bivens house and is resived by Nan.

At a meeting of the discontented, at which Bivens is denounced, a bomb thrower is killed by his own missile. Woodman decides to continue his fight

Schart's plea with Sivens for Woodman is in vain, and the lawyer refuses to join in the millionaire's plans. Woodman pleads guilty and Stuart, who has resigned as district atterney, defends him.

Sentence is suspended. Bivens is ill. At his insistence, Stuart accompanies him and Nan on a duck hunting trip to although Stuart fears Nan's may tempt him beyond his trength.

Stuart and Bivens venture too far from the yacht in the marsh, with a storm coming, and they are imperiled by the

Bivens' life is caved by Stuart, al-though the thought of Nan tempts the lawyer to leave the millionaire to die.

CHAPTER XX. The Tempter's Voice.

GAINST his judgment Stuart allowed Bivens to have his way. The little man clambered on deck and bustled bout, giving orders to the sailor who vas stowing the lunch and ammuni-

When Stuart stopped the tender at he first blind, about 500 yards away, livens protested.

"Here, here! I'm no mollycoddle if have been sick. I can throw a stone o this blind. This isn't the one I There it is down yonder toard the end of that marsh. I saw lousands of ducks circling around it esterday. I've given in to you every ay we've been down here. I'm going have my way this time."

He turned to the sailor who was inning the tender's engine and spoke

"Go to that other blind!"

The sailor sprang to the wheel, and se tender shot ahead. Stuart settled ack in his seat with angry disgust. nd Bivens laughed. "Cheer up; it's no use to give orders

or a funeral yet. If we can't get ack to that yacht in fifteen minutes gainst any wind that blows today I'll at my hat. I'm feeling better than have for months. I'm in for a good me. Don't be a piker.' Stuart determined to make the best

"All right," he answered cheerfully. "Good Lord, man, I could walk back the yacht at low water-it all goes

"Yes, unless the wind hauls in to be northeast and rolls in a big tide rough that inlet." "All right; let her roll. The tender

vill come back and pull us in." By the time the decoys were out it

egan to spit snow, and the wind had reshened. As the sailor was about to start

ack Stuart spoke sharply: "Listen to me now, Niels. parp watch on this weather. If you the wind heal to the north put a pass in your tender, take your aring from the yacht to this blind case it should shut in thick and me after us in double quick time.

it should be blowing a gale you'd better bring the cook along to steer while you watch your engine. Have him fix a light supper before he starts."

Bivens was vastly amused at Stuart's orders.

Stuart scanned the horizon, watchhg a flock of ducks working their way northward. The sign was ominous. Birds know which way the wind is going to blow before it comes, and if a gale is on the way they always work into the teeth of it.

It was useless to tell this to Bivens. He didn't have sense enough to understand it. But Stuart quietly made up his mind to take up the decoys and row in as soon as the tide ebbed down to two feet of water.

In the meentime he would make the best of the situation. The ducks began to come in and decoy like chickens. He killed half a dozen and in the excitement began to forget the foolhardiness of the trip.

Bivens shot a dozen times, missed, got disgusted and began to fret and complain. He said:

"Jim, would you mind telling me the mental process by which you rejected my offer? You're the only man I've struck on this earth that didn't bave his price."

"Perhaps we have different ways of fixing values. You are not yet fifty years old and a wreck. What's the use? What can you do with your money now?"

"It brings luxury, ease, indulgence, power, admiration, wonder and the envy of the world."

"What's the good of luxury if you can't enjoy it, ease if you never take it, indulgence when you have lost the capacity to play, power if you're too busy getting more to stop and wield

"Jim, you're the biggest fool I ever knew, without a single exception,

Stuart glanced anxiously toward the yacht. It was 3 o'clock. The tide had ebbed half out and there was barely enough water on the flats now for the tender to cross. It was snowing harder and the wind had begun to inch in toward the north.

"No more ducks today, Cal," Stuart said briskly, returning to his tone of friendly comradeship. "We've got to get away from here. It's getting colder every minute. It will be freezing before night."

"Well, let it freeze," Bivens cried "What do we care? It's peevishly. just ten minutes' run when the tender comes."

To Stuart's joy be saw the men start the tender.

"It's all right; they're coming now!" be exclaimed. "We'll have another crack or two before they get here."

He crouched low in the blind for five minutes without getting a shot, rose and looked for the tender. To his horror he saw her drifting helpless before the wind, her engine stopped and both men waving frantically their signals of distress.

"My God!" he exclaimed. "The ten der's engine is broken down!" "Why don't the fools use the oars?"

"They can't move her against this wind!"

"Will they go to sea?" Bivens asked.

with some anxiety. "No: they'll bring up somewhere on a mud flat or marsh in the bay on this low water, but God help them if they can't fight their way back before flood-

tide." "Why?" Bivens asked incredulously. "They'd freeze to death in an open boat tonight."

"Norwegian sailors? Bosh! Not on your life! They were born on ice-

Stuart rose and looked anxiously at the receding tide. He determined to try to reach the yacht at once. He put the guns into their cases, snapped the lids of the ammunition boxes, stowed the ducks he had killed under the stern of the boat and stepped out into the shallow, swiftly moving water. He decided to ignore Bivens and regard him as so much junk. He pulled the boat out of the blind, shoved it among the decoys and took them up quickly

The snow had ceased to fall, and the cold was increasing every mement. Stuart scanned the horizon anxiously, but could see no sign of the disabled tender.

He had gone perhaps 200 yards when the boat grounded on the flats. He saw at once that it was impossible to make the yacht until flood tide. The push to the island marsh, 200 or 300 yards away. There they could take exercise enough to keep warm until the tide came in again. It would be a wait of two hours in bitter cold and pitch darkness.

Bivens sat up and growled. "What's the matter? Can't you hur ry up? I'm freezing to death!"

"We can't make it on this tide. will have to go to the marsh."

"Can't we walk over the flats and le the boat go?"

"I could walk it, but you couldn't." "Why not?" Bivens asked angrily

"Because you haven't the strength." "Nothing of the sort!" Bivens pro tested victously He stepped out of the boat and start.

ed wading through the mud. He had made about ten steps when his boot stuck fast and he reeled and fell. Stuart picked him up without com ment and led him back to the boat.

Bivens was about to climb in when the lawyer spoke quickly: "You can't sit down now, You've got to keep your body in motion or you'll Take hold of the stern of the

boat and shove her." Muttering incoherent curses, the little man obeyed while his friend walked in front, pulling on the bow line.

In fifteen minotes they reached the marsh and began the dreary tramp of two hours until the tide should rise high enough to float thair bont again.

all the way to where the yacht lies?" Bivens asked fretfully. "We can fire a gun, and the doctor can help us on board.

"We can't go without the boat. The marsh is a string of islands cut by three creeks. The doctor has no way to get to us. Both tenders are gone."

Stuart kept Bivens moving just fast enough to maintain the warmth of his body without dangerous exhaustion.

The wait was shorter than expected. The tide suddenly ceased to run ebb and began to come in. The reason was an ominous one. The wind had hauted squarely into the north and increased its velocity to forty miles an hour, and each moment the cold grew more terrible. Stuart found the little boat affoat on the flood tide, jumped in without delay and began his desperate

battle against wind and tide. It was absolutely necessary for Bivens to keep his body in motion, so Stuart gave him an oar and ordered him to get on his knees and help shove her ahead. He knew it was impossible

for him to keep his feet. Bivens tried to do as he was told and made a mess of it. He merely succeeded in shoving the boat around.

Stuart saw they could never make headway by that method, turned and shot back into the marsh.

"Get out!" he shouted sternly. "You can waik along the edge. I can shove

Bivens grumbled, but did as he was

"Don't you leave the edge of that marsh ten feet!" Stuart shouted cheerfully. "I think we'll make it now."

It was a question whether one man had the strength to shove the little boat through the icy, rearing waters and keep her off the shore. He did it successfully for a hundred yards, and the wind and sea became so flerce he was driven in and could make no headway. He called Bivens, gave him an oar and made him walk in the edge of the water and hold the boat off while he placed his oar on the mud bottom and pushed.

It took two hours of desperate battling to make half a mile through the white, blinding, freezing, roaring waters. The yacht now lay but 300 feet away from the edge of the marsh.

"Say, why do we stop so much?" Bivens growled. "I'm freezing to death. Let's get to that yacht." "We'll do our best," Stuart answered gravely, "and if you know how to

pray now's your time." "Oh, tommyrot!" Bivens said contemptuously. "I can throw a stone to

"Get in." Stuart commanded, "and lie down again flat on your back!" Bivens obeyed, and the desperate

fight began. Stuart made the first few strokes with his oars successfully and cleared the shore, only to be driven back against it with a crash. A wave swept over the little craft.

Stuart grasped Bivens' hand and found a cake of ice on his wrist. He shoved the boat's nose again into the wind and pulled on his oars with a steady, desperate stroke, and she shot ahead. For five minutes he held her head into the sea and gained a few yards. He set his feet firmly against the oak timbers in the boat's side and 0 began to lengthen his quick, powerful stroke. He found to his joy he was making headway. He looked over his shoulder and saw that he was half way. He couldn't be more than 150 feet and yet he didn't seem to be getting any nearer. It was now or never. He bent to his oars with the last ounce of reserve power in his tall sinewy frame, and the next moment an oar snapped, the boat spun round like a top and in a minute was buried back helpless on the marsh. As the sea dashed over her again 0

Bivens looked up stupidly and growled:

"Why don't you keep her straight?" Stuart sprang out and pulled the numbed man to his feet, half dragged and lifted him ashore.

"Here, here, wake up!" he shouted in his ear. "Get a move on you, or you're a goner." He began to rub Bivens' toe clad wrists and hands, and the little man snatched them away angrily.

"Stop it!" he snarled. "My hands are not cold now."

"No, they're freezing," he answered as he started across the marsh in a safest thing to do was to get out and dog trot, pulling Bivens after him. The little man stood it for a hundred yards, suddenly tore himself loose and angrily faced his companion.

"Say, suppose you attend to your own hide-I can take care of my-

"I tell you, pou're frezing. You're getting numb. As soon as I can get your blood a little warm we've got to wade through that water for a hundred yards and make the yacht" "I'll do nothing of the sort," Bivens said. "I'll stay here till the next tide

and walk out when the water's ebbed off. I'm not half as cold as I was."

"You're losing the power to feel. You've got to plunge into that water with me now, and we can fight our way to safety in five minutes. The water is only three feet deep, and I can lift you over the big waves. We'll be there in a jiffy. Come on!"

He seized his arm again and dragged him to the edge of the water. Bivens stopped short and tore himself from Stuart's grip. "I'll see you to the bottomless pit be-

fore I'll move another inch!" he yelled savagely. "Go to the devil and let me alone. I'll take care of myself." "All right," Stuart said contemptu-

ously as he turned and left him. He began to walk briskly along the marsh to keep warm. All he had to do tonight was to apply the law of self interest by which Bivens had lived and "xed mighty and tomorrow he

arms, move into his palace its master and hers. There could be no mistake about Nan's feelings. He had read the yearning of her heart with unerring insight. Visions of a life of splendor, beauty and power with her by his side

swept his imagination. "She's mine, and I'll take her!" he ried. "Let the little, scheming, ofly, cunning scoundrel die tonight by his own law of self interest. I've done my part'

There came a change; his heart, was suddenly flooded with memories of his boyhood, its dreams of heroic deeds; his mother's serene face, his father's high sense of honor.

He turned quickly and retraced his steps. Bivens was crouching on his knees with his back to the flerce, ley wind, feebly striking his hands together.

"Are you going to fight your way with me back to that yacht, Cal?" he asked sternly.

"I am not," was the short answer. "I am going to walk the marsh till 4 o'clock.'

"You haven't the strength. can't walk fast enough to keep from freezing. You'll have to keep it up eight hours. You're cold and wet and exhausted. It's certain death if you

"I've told you I'll take my chances here, and I want y"-

He never finished the sentence. Stuart suddenly gripped his throat, threw him flat on his back and while he kicked and squirmed and swore drew a cord from his pocket and tied his

hands and feet securely. Paying no further attention to his groans and curses, he threw his little. helpless form across his shoulders, plunged into the water and began his struggle to reach the yacht. It was a difficult and dangerous task, but at last he struggfed up the gangway, tore the cabin door open, staggered down the steps into the warm, bright saloon and fell in a faint at Nan's feet.

The doctor came in answer to her scream and lifted Bivens to his stateroom, while Nan bent low over the prostrate form.

"Jim, speak to me! You can't dle et; we haven't lived!"

He sighed and gasped:

everywhere.

"Is be alive?" "Yes, in his stateroom there, cursing you with every breath."
"Thank God! Thank God!"

(Continued in Tuesday's Issue.)

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S HERIFF'S SALE OF VALUABLE NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.—Notice REAL ESTATE—By virtue of Is hereby given that an application REAL ESTATE—By virtue of process issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Wayne county, and State of Pennsylvania, and to me directed and delivered, I have levied on and will expose to public sale, at the Court House in Honesdale, on

FRIDAY, AUGUST 15, 1913, 2 P. M. All the defendant's right, title, and

interest in the following described property-viz:

interest in the following described property—viz:

All that certain lot or parcel of land situate in Preston Township, Wayne county, and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: BEGINNING at a heap of stones, the corner of lots numbered 23, 30, 37 and 38 in the allotment of the Cadwalder-Equinunk tract; thence by said lot No. 29, north twenty-seven degrees west, one hundred and sixty-four rods to a stones corner; thence by land in the warrantee name of Michael Kryder morth sixty-three degrees east, one hundred and six rods to stones by a beech corner; thence by lot No. 31 in said allotment south twenty-seven degrees east, one hundred and six rods to stones by a beech corner; thence by lot No. 31 in said allotment south twenty-seven degrees east, one hundred and six rods to stones to stones corner; and thence by said to No. 37 south sixty-three degrees west one hundred and six rods to the place of beginning. Being lot No. 30, and containing one hundred and eight acres and one hundred and four perches, more or less. Being same property which Richard W. Murphy, Sheriff of Wayne County, conveyed to Bertha M. Tiffany by deed dated April 3, 1896, and recorded in Sheriff's Deed Book No. 6, page 154, and recorded in the Recorder's office in and for Wayne county in Deed Book No. 81, page 151.

Also, all that certain plece or parcel of and situate in the township of Preston, in the county of Wayne and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: BEGINNING at stones corner of lots No. 29, 30, 37 and 38 of the allotment of T. Cadwalier; thence by said lot No. 39, north 63 degrees east, one hundred and six rods to a stones corner; thence by lot No. 36 of aid allotments south twen ty-seven degrees east, eighty rods to a stake and stones corner near the Equinunk Creek; thence sixty-three degrees west, one hundred and six rods to a stake and stones corner in the line of Cornelius Riley's land; thence north along the said line twenty-seven degrees west, eighty rods to a stake and stones corner in the

Being the same property that J. W. Tiffany and Bertha M. Tiffany conveyed to George E. Haynes by deed dated February 27, 1906, and recorded in Wayne county in Deed Book No. 94, page 466. About one-naif improved land, one two story frame house, frame barn and other

story frame house, frame barn and other improvements.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of Margaret Haynes and M. H. Davis, Executors of George E. Haynes, deceased, Margaret Haynes and W. J. Barnes, guardian ad litem at the suit of John A. Ballantine and Daniel W. Ballantine, assignees. No. 291 March Term, 1973. Judgment, 42157.84. Attorneys, Mumford & Mumford.

TAKE NOTICE .- All bids and costs must be paid on day of sale or deeds will not be acknowledged. FRANK C. KIMBLE, Sheriff.

N OTICE OF ADMINISTRATION, Warren Akers, late of Dreher town

All persons indebted to said estate are notified to make immediate pay-ment to the undersigned; and those having claims against said estate are notified to present them, duly attested, for settlement.

H. M. JONES, Administrator. Newfoundland, Pa., July 15, 1913

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.—Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Honorable A. T. Searle, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Wayne County, by George W. Stiles, Henry T. O'Neill, John O'Peko and Frank Grudin et al. on the 5th day of July, at ten o'clock A. M., under the "Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 25th, 1874, and its supplements, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called the "Browndale Fire Company, No. 1, the character and object of which is to protect human lives and preserve property by controlling fires, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the said Act and its supplements.

Application now on file in Prothono-

Application now on file in Prothono-tary's office, No. 34, June T. 1913. F. M. GARDINER, E. C. MUMFORD, June 30, 1913. Solicitors.

June 30, 1913. 54e013.

N THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF WAYNE COUNTY.

Mary E. Shevaller v A. I. Shevaller. To A. I. SHEVALIER: You are hereby required to appear in said Court on the second Monday in August next, to answer the complaint exhibited to the judge of said court by Mary E. Shevaller, your wife in the cause above stated, or in default thereof a decree of divorce as prayed for in said complaint may be made against you in your ab-

F. C. KIMBLE, Sheriff. P. H. Hoff, Attorney. Honesdale, Pa., July 11, 1913.

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