

The Root of Evil

By THOMAS DIXON

Copyright, 1911, by Thomas Dixon

SYNOPSIS

Stuart, southern lawyer in New York, is in love with Nan Primrose. His friend, Dr. Woodman, who has a young daughter, is threatened with the loss of his drug business by Bivens, whom he befriended years before. Stuart visits the Primroses.

Nan wants Stuart to accept a place with Bivens' chemical trust. He dislikes Bivens' methods and refuses. Bivens cautions him.

Bivens is in love with Nan. Stuart refuses the offer, and Nan breaks her engagement with the lawyer. Bivens asks Woodman to enter the trust.

Woodman will not hold field and sides Bivens' company. The promoter tells the doctor he and Nan are engaged. Harriet Woodman is studying music. Stuart takes Nan for a day in the country.

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

Nan becomes Mrs. Bivens. Harriet eyes Stuart, but he does not know it. Nine years pass. Stuart becomes district attorney. He investigates criminal trusts. Nan asks him to call.

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

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

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

The mob attacks Stuart and injures him slightly. Nan sees it and reveals her love. Bivens piles \$50,000,000 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 received by Nan.

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

Stuart's plea with Bivens for Woodman in vain, and the lawyer refuses to join the millionaire's plans. Woodman reads guilty and Stuart, who has resigned as district attorney, defends him. Sentence is suspended. Bivens is ill. His insistence, Stuart accompanies him and Nan on a duck hunting trip to Virginia, although Stuart fears Nan's presence may tempt him beyond his length.

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

Bivens' life is saved by Stuart, although the thought of Nan tempts the lawyer to leave the millionaire to die. They return to New York, where Harriet Woodman sings successfully in grand opera.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Mockery of the Sun.

STUART refused to talk to Nan, went abruptly to his stateroom and spent a night of feverish dreams. His exhaustion was so great that restful sleep was impossible, though the night his mind went over and over the horror of the moment on the marsh when he had looked into the depths of his own soul and seen flames of hell.

Between the times of dozing unconsciousness, which came at intervals, he pondered what had become of the two in that disabled tender. He waited with dread the revelation the dawn would bring. He rose with the sun, looked out of his stateroom window. The bay was a solid sheet of menacing ice. The sun was shining in a cloudless sky, and the great field sparkled and flashed like a sea of diamonds.

He dressed hurriedly, went into the galley, made a fire and called Nan. He looked gently on the paneled partition which separated their staterooms. He heard her low, softly spoken answer as if there were nothing between them.

"Yes, Jim, what is it? Are you ill?" "No, hungry. You will have to help me get some breakfast." "The cook hasn't come?" she asked in surprise.

"There was a moment's hesitation, and her voice sounded queer when he quiet answered: "Ten minutes she appeared at the mouth of the galley, her hair hanging in unconscious confusion about her face and dark eyes sparkling with excitement. "What on earth does it mean, Jim?" asked breathlessly. "Cal could tell something last night. Why hasn't he returned?" "Why, Jim?" she gasped.

"They started to tow us in, and the cable broke down. I think the carter probably froze, and they were in before the wind, helpless. There's a chance in a thousand that I reached an oyster shanty and found shelter. We'll hope for the best. The meantime you and I will have to cook again for a few days." "A few days?" Nan exclaimed. "Yes, the bay is frozen. Our old cook is a good cook, but he's safe in

harbor ashore. He had too much sense to venture out last night. He can't get here now until the ice breaks up." Nan accepted the situation with girlish enthusiasm. The doctor pronounced the meal better than he had tasted on the trip. Bivens was still in an ugly mood and refused to leave his stateroom or allow any one but the doctor to enter. He was suffering intense pain from his frostbitten fingers and toes and ears and still cherished his grudge against Stuart. He had carefully concealed from both the doctor and Nan just what had occurred between them on the trip that day.

On the second morning after the freeze a light dawned on the little man's sulking spirits. During the night the ice softened, and a strong southerly breeze had swept every piece of it to sea.

It was just 9 o'clock, and Nan was busy humming a song and setting the table for breakfast when Stuart heard the distant drumb of a tender's engine. The guide was returning from the shore or the lost tender had come. If it were the guide he would probably bring news of the other men. Stuart called:

"A tender is coming, Nan. Don't come on deck until I tell you."

In a moment he came back down the companionway and spoke in quiet tones:

"It's just as I expected. They are both dead. The guide found them on the marsh over there, frozen."

"The marsh you and Cal were on?" she asked breathlessly.

"Yes. Both of them were kneeling. They died with their hands clasped in prayer."

"And you saved Cal from that?" she gasped and, turning, fled into her stateroom.

He went in to change his clothes and help lift the bodies on deck. Through the paneled wall he heard Nan softly sobbing.

Bivens refused at first to believe the doctor's startling announcement. He hurriedly dressed, came on deck and for five minutes stood staring into the white, dead faces.

Without a word he went below and asked the doctor to call Stuart.

When his old friend entered he took his hand quietly, and for once in his life the little, black, piercing eyes were swimming in tears as he spoke.

"You're a great man, Jim, and, what's bigger, you're a good one. If God will forgive me for the foolish things I said and did I'll try to make it up to you, old boy. Is it all right?" Stuart's answer was a nod, a smile and a pressure of the hand.

When they were back in New York the stirring scenes of Virginia brought Stuart more and more into intimate personal relations with Bivens, and he had taken advantage of the fact to draw away from his wife. He ceased to see Nan alone. Bivens' increasing devotion made this easy, and on Harriet's return from Europe with an engagement as understudy in grand opera his life settled down once more to the steady development of his ideal of service to the common people.

Scarcely a day passed without bringing to the young lawyer some reminder of Bivens' friendship. Two great lawsuits involving the principles on which the structure of the modern business world rested were begun in the federal courts. At the financier's secret suggestion the more important of these was placed in Stuart's hands. Bivens hoped to beat the government in this suit, but in case the people should win he wanted Stuart to have the honor.

Stuart could scarcely credit his ears when Bivens said to him with a chuckle:

"How's your big suit to dissolve the American Chemical company coming on, Jim?"

"We're going to win, beyond the shadow of a doubt!" was the enthusiastic reply.

"If you do, I want you to know, old boy, that I threw that job into your hands."

"What a funny mixture of the devil and the human you are after all, Cal!"



Bivens Stood Staring at the White Dead Faces.

The more I see of you the less I know you. In business you are an oppressor of the weak, cruel and unjust, and yet you are a good husband, a loyal friend and a member of the church." Bivens smiled cynically.

"Nothing mysterious about it. I came into a world where I found robbery and murder the foundation of our

commercial system. I grappled with my enemies, learned the rules of the game and beat them at it."

"And you expect to win in the end?" "I have won!"

The young lawyer shook his head thoughtfully.

"There's a text our old preacher at home used to ring the changes on that's been burning into my life of late, 'Sin when it is full grown bringeth forth death.'"

As the two men drew thus closer and closer together, Stuart's bearing toward Nan became guarded, and at last their relations strained. She met his new attitude with deep resentment and growing wonder. Her firm conviction was that he had become interested in another woman. From the first she had suspected Harriet Woodman, and had inevitably linked her coming with Stuart's change of feeling.

With the liberal use of money she made the acquaintance of a member of the chorus of the grand opera company who agreed to report to her every movement in Harriet's life.

At the beginning of the season the usual quarrelling of the stars gave to the young singer the opportunity of her life, and Nan's friend reported that the little golden haired understudy was suddenly booked to sing the leading role in "Faust" on account of the illness of the star.

Nan, believing Harriet would fail, asked Stuart to spend the evening in her box at the opera—the first time he had allowed himself to be alone with her since their return from the cruise.

"Yes, Nan," he answered quickly, "I'll go with pleasure. A little friend of mine is to sing a great role tonight. I'm so glad you're going. I want you to hear her and help me applaud."

If Harriet should succeed tonight—the thought was suffocating to Nan—tomorrow her name would be on the lips of thousands and a new star would be shining in the musical world!

Stuart took Harriet to the stage door on his way for Nan. As the cab wheeled up Broadway he was in a fever of excitement over the outcome of the night's work.

"It's horribly unfair, little pal, for them to thrust you into such a position with only a few hours' rehearsal."

"I'm only too thankful for the chance, Jim," she answered.

At the stage door he held her hand in parting and whispered:

"My soul and body will be yours tonight, dearie. Remember that! I've permission from the manager to meet you behind the scenes after the last curtain. Be sure to wait a moment before you go to your dressing room."

"No, I'll see you in my room. I shall be so proud of it—the star's room for one night at least! The maid will show you the way."

"I will be in the Bivens' box, the second from the stage on the right. Don't forget to glance that way, now and then."

A look of pain clouded the fair face, but he could not see it in the shadows, and with a last warm pressure of her hand he was gone.

"I wonder if he does think of me still as a child?" she mused. "I wonder if he never suspects the storm within? Well!"

She smiled triumphantly. "I'll tell him something tonight in my song!"

Nan was not in an amiable mood when Stuart led her to the box in the millionaire's playhouse which New York society built to exhibit its gowns, jewelry and beautiful women.

As the moment for Harriet's appearance drew near, Stuart's nervous tension became a positive agony. The people were in a friendly mood of expectancy. The fact that she was an American girl and from New York was greatly in her favor.

The audience greeted her appearance with a burst of applause and waited for the first note.

Stuart was charmed with the effect of her personality in the character, before she moved. The long, beautiful golden hair, the innocent young face and her simple girlish costume made an instantaneous impression.

With the first sweet note from her throat every fear vanished. She sang simply, quietly, exquisitely, without effort, as a bird sings because the song bubbles from within. A ripple of surprised comment swept the audience and burst into vigorous applause at the close of her song. From start to finish Harriet received a continuous ovation. The audience rose in their seats and greeted her with such a tribute of enthusiasm New York had rarely seen.

When Stuart had fought his way through the crowd and reached the stage he found her alone with her father in her room. Her head was resting on his breast, and he was stroking the fair young forehead with tender, caressing touch.

Stuart turned away from the scene and left them alone for a few moments. He found Nan and asked her to wait for him at the stage door in her automobile until he could give Harriet his congratulations.

She consented with a frown and begged him to hurry.

Her father was still there, and a crowd of musicians, singers and critics were waiting in a group outside to offer their congratulations. She was holding them back until his arrival.

"My glorious little pal!" he whispered, his voice choking with emotion. "I'm the proudest man in the world tonight!"

"It's all your work, Jim," she said simply. "You suggested and willed it, and I've made good under your inspiration. I'd rather see the happiness on your face and hear your words of approval than all the applause of that crowd."

He turned and saw Nan standing in the doorway with a curious smile on her flushed face.

"May I, too, offer my congratulations, Miss Woodman?" she asked. Harriet's little figure suddenly stiffened at the sight of Nan, but at the sound of her friendly voice relaxed and moved to meet the extended hand.

"Thank you, Mrs. Bivens," she replied cordially.

And then Stuart did something that sent a shock through every fiber of Nan's being.

As easily and naturally as a big brother he slipped one of his long arms around Harriet and looked down with frank admiration into her eyes.

"You see, Nan, she's mine. I raised her from a wee little mite. And this was such a cruel and dangerous experiment—she had no chance. It was impossible, but, God bless her, she did it!"

Nan made up her mind instantly to act on a plan that had been vaguely

visions, Miss Woodman?" she asked. Harriet's little figure suddenly stiffened at the sight of Nan, but at the sound of her friendly voice relaxed and moved to meet the extended hand. "Thank you, Mrs. Bivens," she replied cordially. And then Stuart did something that sent a shock through every fiber of Nan's being. As easily and naturally as a big brother he slipped one of his long arms around Harriet and looked down with frank admiration into her eyes. "You see, Nan, she's mine. I raised her from a wee little mite. And this was such a cruel and dangerous experiment—she had no chance. It was impossible, but, God bless her, she did it!"



"You see, Nan, she's mine."

forming and tempting her for the past months. It was her trump card. She had hesitated to play it, but she would do it now without delay.

(Continued in Friday's Issue.)

Hot weather makes aching corns but why suffer? PEDOS CORN CURE will give instant relief.

If You Are Going Away For the Summer Send Your Address So The Citizen May Reach You.

SHERIFF'S SALE OF VALUABLE 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:

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 25, 30, 37 and 38 in the allotment of the Cadwalder-Equinunk tract; thence by said lot No. 25, north twenty-seven degrees west, one hundred and sixty-four rods to a stone corner; thence by land in the warrantee name of Michael Kryder north sixty-three degrees east, one hundred and six rods to thence by a beech corner; thence by lot No. 31 in said allotment south twenty-seven degrees east, one hundred and sixty-four rods to stones corner; and thence by said lot 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 151, and recorded in the Recorder's office and for Wayne county in Deed Book No. 81, page 151.

Also, all that certain piece or parcel of land 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. 25, 30, 37 and 38 of the allotment of T. Cadwalder; thence by said lot No. 30, north 62 degrees east, one hundred and six rods to a stone corner; thence by said lot No. 36 of said allotment south twenty-seven degrees east, eighty rods to a stake and stone corner near the Equinunk Creek; thence sixty-three degrees west, one hundred and six rods to a stake and stone corner in the line of Cornelius Riley's land; thence north along the said line twenty-seven degrees west, eighty rods to the place of beginning. Containing fifty-three acres, be the same more or less. Being same land which Wm. J. Davey and Margaret Hughes Davey granted and conveyed to Bertha M. Tiffany by deed dated May 29, 1890, and recorded in Wayne County in Deed Book No. 57, page 171, etc.

Being the same property that J. W. Tiffany and Bertha M. Tiffany conveyed to George E. Haynes by deed dated February 27, 1896, and recorded in Wayne county in Deed Book No. 94, page 466.

About one-half improved land, one two-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. 201 March Term, 1913. Judgment, \$2157.81. 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.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION, Estate of Warren Akers, late of Dreherstownship.

All persons indebted to said estate are notified to make immediate payment 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'Peke and Frank Grudin et al. on the 25th day of July, at ten o'clock A. M., under the Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations, approved April 29th, 1878, and its supplements, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called the "Brownland 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 Prothonotary's office, No. 24, June 7, 1913. F. M. GAEDNER, E. C. MUMFORD, Solicitors. June 30, 1913. 54003.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF WAYNE COUNTY.

Mary E. Shevalier v. A. I. Shevalier. To A. I. SHEVALIER: You are hereby required to appear in the said Court on the second Monday in August next, to answer the complaint exhibited to the Judge of said court by Mary E. Shevalier, 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 absence.

F. C. KIMBLE, Sheriff. P. H. Iloff, Attorney. Honesdale, Pa., July 11, 1913. 57w4.

YOU SHOULD READ The New York Sun EVERY DAY

"Greater New York's Home Newspaper" BEST GENERAL NEWS FINANCIAL REPORTS BASEBALL AND SPORTING EDITORIALS AND REVIEWS ILLUSTRATIONS—CARTOONS AND EVERYTHING ELSE THAT CONTRIBUTES TO MAKING A REAL NEWSPAPER

As far back as the memory of the oldest living newspaper man can recall THE NEW YORK SUN has ever been the model newspaper. Excellent English, keen humor and caustic wit have made THE SUN the daily companion of those engaged in journalistic development.

It follows logically that every one who appreciates the very best features of newspaper making, who respects the avoidance of objectionable and sensational news stories and who prefers a newspaper for family reading will subscribe regularly for THE SUN.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS (Postage Prepaid) One month \$1.00 One year \$10.00 Daily \$0.50 Daily and Sunday \$1.50 Evening \$0.25

FOREIGN RATES Daily \$1.25 \$15.00 Daily and Sunday \$1.90 \$22.10 Evening \$1.03 \$11.56 Domestic Rates include Canada, Mexico and all United States possessions.

Remittance must be made on basis of monthly rate for any period less than one year on any edition. Send in your Subscription NOW. Address THE SUN Circulation Department Sun Building New York.

You should have a regular supply Newsdealers of THE SUN. Write for terms.

The Delaware & Hudson Co. Saratoga Springs and Lake George EXCURSION Saturday, August 2 FARE--\$6.00 Children—Half Rate Tickets good going on all trains, Saturday, August 2, and returning on any regular train to August 11 inclusive. Good for stop off at Albany and north, including landings on Lake George. Special train leaves WILKES-BARRE 7:00 a. m.; SCRANTON 7:45 a. m.; CARBONDALE 8:45 a. m.; stopping at intermediate stations. Apply to D. & H. Ticket Agents for detailed information.