

The Root of Evil

By THOMAS DIXON

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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 yield and sues 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 leaves 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 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 falls because Bivens, at command of the money king, breaks his word. 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 \$20,000,000 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. Woodman decides to continue his fight against Bivens.

Stuart's plea with Bivens 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 attorney, defends him.

Sentence is suspended. Bivens is ill. At 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 strength.

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

Through Purple Curtains.

WHEN Nan made up her mind she acted with lightning rapidity. She would force Stuart to an avowal of love that would fix their relation beyond disturbance by the little singer. She had too fine a sense of values to permit herself to become entangled in an intrigue.

She could wait and gain in power or the waiting. Her physician had told her that Bivens' days were numbered.

But on one thing she was determined. She must know that Jim loved her still, loved her passionately, madly as she believed he did. But he must say it. She had no difficulty in persuading Bivens to urge Stuart to visit their country estate in the mountains of North Carolina. The doctor had ordered him there to live in the pen air.

The young lawyer refused to go at first, but Bivens urged with such pathetic eagerness he was compelled to accept.

It was a warm, beautiful morning the last week in March when he alighted on the platform of the little railroad station on the estate and took his seat beside Nan in her big touring car. The fruit trees were in full bloom, and their perfume filled the air. The hum of bees and the song of birds he had known in his boyhood thrilled his heart. "It's glorious, Nan!" he exclaimed. "Your coming makes it perfect, Jim," she answered tenderly.

As the river made a graceful curve Bivens' house swept into full view—a tanning pile of marble 300 feet long, its tower piercing the turquoise sky in blueness grandeur. The stone parapet which its front wall was built rose a massive strength a hundred feet from the ledge in the granite cliff before touching the first line of the white tones of the house itself.

At the end a formal garden had been built on the foundations of masonry which cost \$100,000.

For an hour the car swept like a spiraling ribbon of smooth macadam private roads Bivens had built. At each graceful turn his wonder increased. Let the luxurious outlay of millions.

From each hilltop as the huge gleaming castle came into view from a new angle, revealing its marvelous beauty, she thought with a touch of pity of the

shambling figure of the stricken man limping through its halls helpless, lonely, miserable. What strange pranks fate plays with the mighty as well as the lowly! So frail was the broken body now he did not dare risk a cold by taking a ride with his wife.

The machine turned suddenly up a hill and glided through two iron gates opening on the lawn, and the great white chateau loomed before them in a flash of blinding beauty. Stuart caught his breath. He shook hands with Bivens and was shocked to find him so weak.

The little man held his hand with a lingering wistfulness as he looked into his friend's strong face.

"You don't know how rich you are, Jim," he said feebly, "with this hand that grips like iron. I'd give millions to feel my heart beat like yours today." "You'll get better down here," Stuart answered cheerfully.

"I'm trying it anyhow," he said listlessly. "Make yourself at home, old boy. This house is my pride. I want Nan to show you every nook and corner in it. I wish I could trot around with you, but I can't."

"As soon as you've changed your clothes," Nan said familiarly, "come down to the library and I'll show you around."

Stuart followed the man assigned as his valet to the electric elevator and in a minute stepped out on the fourth floor. He observed with a smile that his room number was 157.

"The idea of living in a huge hotel and calling it a home!" he mused, with grim humor. "Room 157—great Scott!"

His hostess showed him first the library. The magnificent room contained more than 40,000 volumes, bound in hand-tooled morocco.

"The funny thing, of course," Nan whispered, "is that Cal has never read one of these exquisitely bound books."

"Why on earth did he make this room the most stately and beautiful one in the house?"

"Maybe he didn't!" she laughed. "I'm going to give you a privilege no mere man has ever enjoyed in this house before—I am going to show you my own rooms."

When the tour of inspection had been completed she led him to her own suite, which was located in the southwestern corner, overlooking the magnificent formal gardens with their artificial lake, fountains, statuary and a wilderness of flowers, and farther on over the beautiful valleys of the Swannanoa and the French Broad rivers. Beyond the river valleys rose range after range of mountains.

The magnificence of her bedroom was stunning. Stuart rubbed his eyes in amazement. She had taken herself seriously in the creation of this room, and had spent a round million on its ivory bedstead, its purple and gold velvet hangings, its wonderful carvings.

The picture she made standing in this wonderful room was one that never faded from his memory. The poise of her superb form; the fires that smoldered in the depths of her eyes; the tenderness with which her senses seemed to drink in the daring luxury; the smile that played about her lips, joyous, sensuous, cruel!

"It seems all a dream, Nan," he said. "I'll rub my eyes and wake up directly. I thought your New York house a miracle. This is fairyland."

"Perhaps it would be," she said, looking at him a moment through half-closed eyes, "if only the prince—"

A look of pain unconsciously clouded his face, and the sentence was not finished.

On the fourth day Nan planned a coaching party to ascend Mount Mitchell, the highest peak in the land of the sky, the highest point of ground that side the Rockies. She had taken this trip with Stuart sixteen years before. She was then but fifteen, and he had just begun to dangle at her heels. She did not tell him their destination.

The party consisted of half a dozen boys and girls whom Nan was chaperoning, Stuart, the footman and coachman. The start was made at sunrise. The morning was glorious, the air rich with the full breath of a southern spring.

At the foot of the first hill the coach suddenly stopped beside the banks of the Swannanoa river.

Nan leaped to the ground, drew Stuart with her to the rear of the coach, and raised her arms.

"Lift me up," she cried, laughing. He placed his hands under her arms and with a leap and a cry of laughter she was in the empty baggage rack.

"Now up with you!" she cried. In a moment Stuart was seated snugly by her side and the big red coach was rolling along the old road.

"Now, sir," Nan whispered, "do you know where you are going?" Stuart nodded.

"To a certain peak among the clouds, where you and I once went a thousand years ago."

Nan nestled a little closer, or perhaps it was the swaying of the coach that made him think she did, and softly said:

"You remember this road?" "I've seen it a hundred times in my dreams since that wonderful day. It winds along the banks of the Swannanoa for twenty miles, always climbing higher and higher until the river becomes a limpid trout stream. We stop at the old roadhouse, stay all night and next morning take the bridge path with the funny peck horses and climb to the first mountain top, still following the little stream."

"Fine, Jimmy, fine!" she cried, with girlish mockery. "Your geography lesson was perfect! You can walk home with me after school."

Stuart looked at her and broke into a laugh. Again they were boy and girl, and the only change he could see was that she was more splendidly beautiful

at thirty-one than she had ever promised to be at fifteen.

"You remember how shocked you were in this same seat, Jim, that day in the sweet long ago when the old coach threw me into your arms?"

"Yes, I felt that I was taking a mean advantage of you."

"I thought you were an awful fool not to accept more gracefully and thankfully the providence which threw a pretty girl your way."

The coach gave a sudden lurch and threw her into Stuart's arms again.

"And now?" he cried laughingly, as he held her firmly for a moment to prevent her falling.

She blushed furiously, threw the ringlets of dark hair from her face and drew back to her position.

"Now, of course, it's unlawful," she answered with sober playfulness.

The man watched her slyly for the next half mile. She was very, very quiet.

They spent the night at the same old roadhouse and slept on feather beds. He hadn't felt the touch of a feather bed in years. He dreamed that he was at school again, a man of thirty-five, playing marbles with a crowd of towheaded boys, and they were beating him at the game while Nan was standing near, her long plait of black hair hanging down her back, laughing at him because he was barefooted!

They started next day at 8 o'clock with the pack horses to make the trip along the dim bridge trail, fourteen miles up the sides of frowning cliffs and over the tops of balsam crowned peaks to the summit of Mount Mitchell.

Nan led the way, mounted on a sure-footed young stallion, and Stuart followed her on a little black mule he had selected from the barn for his exact likeness to one he had raised as a pet when a boy. The youngsters came straggling after them, mounted on an assortment of shaggy, scrubby looking animals that knew the mountain path as a rabbit knows his trail in the jungle.

At 1 o'clock they passed through the first series of clouds and out into the sunlight beyond. The next line of clouds was dark and threatening and suddenly poured rain. Slowly but surely the horses picked their way up the mountain side through the storm and suddenly walked out into the sunlight again; they looked down on the smooth flat surface of the clouds through which they had passed.

It was dusk when the party reached the summit. The horses were loosened to graze in the open field and the guides hurried to build a fire in front of the cave made by a projecting ledge of rock beneath which the party was to sleep.

The bed of balsam boughs was too sharp a contrast to Nan's million dollar room to permit Stuart much sleep. Besides, the youngsters were giggling and laughing and joking most of the night. Only a big log marked the partition wall between the men's and women's part of the cave. The space was so limited it was necessary to sleep close together. The girls and boys never grew tired cracking silly jokes about the magnificence of their sleeping quarters. In vain Nan begged for quiet. It was 3 o'clock before they were still at last and she fell into a deep sleep.

Stuart rose, sat before the log fire and watched the regular rise and fall of her bosom as she slept like a child. On a distant mountain side he heard the howl of a lonely wolf. Sixteen years ago the mountains were full of them and they came quite close. He was reminded of the narrowing strip of the savage world, fast disappearing before the march of civilization. Somewhere inside of him he heard the lonely cry of another wolf.

"She's mine—mine! Nature gave her to me in the morning of life—I was a fool. I should have taken her by force, if need be, and she would have thanked me in after years. She has complied with the conventions of society and trampled the highest law of life. Why not smash convention now at the call of that law?"

Again the wolf howled in the distant darkness, and it seemed the echo of his own mad cry. He waked from his reverie with an angry start. He shuddered that he could have harbored the thought for a moment.

The eastern horizon was beginning to glow with the dawn. He rose, walked to the summit and sat down on the pile of stones that marked the grave of Professor Mitchell. He watched in silence until he saw the sun's red rim suddenly leap above the blue-black peaks of the east and drive the last shadow of the night from the valleys below. With their fading mists he felt the darkness lift from his own heart and the sunlight of reason stream in. A new joy welled up from the depths of his spirit. He was alive to his finger tips, and his imagination glowed with the consciousness that life was strong and clean and worth while.

"With the help of God I'll keep it so, too!" he cried. "I'm ready for the fight now. Let it come."

He knew instinctively that it was coming. He felt it in every word that had fallen from Nan's lips since they left on this trip. He felt it most keenly of all when she was silent, read it in the tremor of her mouth, the shadowy tenderness of her eyes, the low, deep tones of her voice.

(Continued in Tuesday's Issue.)

Special Closing Out Sale of Ladies' White Dresses for a few weeks at Menner & Co. 58W4

That splitting Headache will get almost instant if you take a Neura Powder. 10 and 25 cts. Sold everywhere.

SAM M'CALL, EX-SLAVE, IS A FARMING WONDER.

An Illiterate Alabama Negro's Crop Achievements Amaze Experts.

Sam McCall is an ex-slave, illiterate and seventy-five years old, but he is teaching the farmers of the world some noteworthy lessons. He has won fame by producing on his little farm in central Alabama the largest amount of cotton to the area ever grown in the United States. This is one bale to an eighth of an acre of land. The importance of this achievement may be understood when it is known that the average yield for the United States is only two-fifths of a bale for a whole acre.

Sam McCall has developed a method of cultivation on once worthless land which is so successful that he thinks nothing now of producing three and one-half to four bales of cotton an acre or eighty bushels of oats or corn. The average in the southern states for corn and oats runs fifteen to twenty-five bushels an acre.

When Sam was made free he bought land to the amount of 100 acres. He cultivated forty acres and the first year made hardly enough to keep himself. He concluded that with his limited equipment and in view of the fact that he was doing practically all his own work it would be wise for him to reduce the amount of land. He gradually brought his cultivated farm down to two acres and for twenty-two years on this plot has spent all of his time and energies in what farm experts call one of the most interesting examples of intensive farming carried on in the United States.

According to some who have gone to Alabama to study his methods, the reason for the ex-slave's success in agriculture is due largely to the fact that he has manufactured nitrogen in the soil unknowingly by feeding the soil bacteria with carbohydrates and cellulose, coming from the refuse of his crops.

McCall's land is part of an abandoned farm. Before he began to cultivate it the soil was perhaps as bad as any that can be found on any farm in the southern states. The former slave knew nothing of scientific methods of cultivation, but was a good observer. He noticed white farmers in his section gathering leaves in the fall to spread over their land to form humus in the soil. Sam never heard of the word humus, but he concluded the white farmers knew what they were doing, and he followed suit. He later decided to use the refuse of all crops as a natural fertilizer. At the time he began to cultivate his land commercial fertilizers were little known, and the ex-slave has never made use of them during his entire career.

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 20, 21 and 22 in the allotment of the Cadwalder-Lepumunk tract; thence by said lot No. 20, 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 stones corner; thence by said lot No. 21, south sixty-three degrees west, one hundred and six rods to the place of beginning. Being lot No. 20, and containing one hundred and eight acres and one-half to 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 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. 29, 30, 37 and 38 of the allotment of T. Cadwalder; thence by said lot No. 29, north 63 degrees east, one hundred and six rods to a stone corner; thence by lot No. 30, of all allotments 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 stone corner; thence by the line of Cornelius Riley's land; thence north along the said line twenty-seven degrees east, 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 20, 1900, and recorded in Wayne County in Deed Book No. 87, page 171, etc.

Being the same property that J. W. Tiffany and Bertha M. Tiffany conveyed to George E. Haynes by deed dated February 7, 1906, 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, \$257.81. 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 Dreher township.

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'Fello 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, 1874, and its supplements, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called the "Brownsville 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. 34, June T. 1913. F. M. GARDINER, E. C. MUMFORD, Solicitors. June 20, 1913. 56c02.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF WAYNE COUNTY.

Mary E. Shevaller v A. I. Shevaller.

To A. I. SHEVALLER: 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. 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 absence.

F. C. KIMBLE, Sheriff. P. H. HOFF, Attorney. Honesdale, Pa., July 11, 1913. 57W4.

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