The Root of Evil

By THOMAS DIXON

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SYNOPSIS

Stuart, southern lawyer in New York, is n 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 ca s 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' ompany. The promoter tells the doctor e and Nan are engaged. Harriet Woodman is studying music. Stuart takes Nan or a day in the country.

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

Nan becomes Mrs. Bivens. Harriet ves Stuart, but he does not know it. Fine years pass. Stuart becomes district torney. He investigates criminal trusts. Van asks him to call.

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

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

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

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

Stuart is tempted to join Bivens as his nfidential man. He accepts an invitaon to visit the Bivens house and is reived by Nan.

At a meeting of the discontented, at hich Bivens is denounced, a bomb rower is killed by his own missile. oodman decides to continue his fight ainst Bivens.

Stuart's plea with Bivens for Woodman in vain, and the lawyer refuses to join the millionaire's plans. Woodman eads guilty and Stuart, who has regned as district atterney, defends him.

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

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

Bivens' life is saved by Stuart, alough the thought of Nan tempts the wyer to leave the millionaire to die. ey return to New York, where Harriet oodman sings successfully in grand era.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Decision.

BOTH Nan and the youngsters slept like children until 9 o'clock. Stuart helped the guides prepare breakfast with- waking the sleepers and called m at 9.

y 10 o'clock breakfast was over, guides had formed two exploring rties and set out with the young ple chattering and laughing. "We'll p house, Jim, here in God's palace ong the clouds until they return," Nan.

Yes," he answered cheerily, "and will be fun to keep it alone, won't with no restraints or studied prese, no crowd of fools or liveried kies near at hand."

hey sat down on the ledge of k which formed their cave house gazed over the marvelous panoa of a world transformed into blue owy mountains, flying clouds and quoise skies. Over it all brooded leep, solemn silence of eternity. a sound reached the ear from or air. Nan broke the silence.

have houses in town and coun- with every whim of body and apparently gratified. But sup- that all this madness of luxury, which you wonder, is but the vain rt of a hungry heart? The time come in our lives when we should in to see things as they are."

've been trying to do that for a time," he answered quietly.

nd haven't succeeded," she added nptly. "The trouble is, Jim, that is a tissue of lies. We are born es, grow up in lies, live and move have our being in lies. I'm growsick of lies."

uart looked at her flushed face a deepening thrill of the drama the soul its quick changing exsion shadowed.

Vell?"

've grown to feel of late," she t on rapidly, "that it's a shame lodge. The only law my husband ever known is to take what he ts. I've the right to live my own We must each of us choose our ld, the one of conventions and ms or the big one that's beyond— world of reality, where free men women live and work in freedom le youth and daring lead the way."

e paused and Stuart's lips parted mazement. Never had he heard such eloquence from the woman before him.

"Jim," she went on falteringly, "I'm lonely and heartsick. I'm trying to tell you that I want your love; that I can't live any longer without it."

Her head sank low, and a sob caught her voice.

"There; I've told you. I've no pride left. Tell me that you love me. I want to hear it a thousand times. I want it, right or wrong! Speak! Say something, if only to curse me!"

"You should have thought of this, Nan, before these gray hairs began to creep into my hair."

"I did, Jim!" she cried, eagerly bending near. "God knows I fought! You never knew it, but I did. For whole nights I wrestled with the fiend that tempted me and fought for my love. It took days and weeks to strangle its hold on my heart and force me to betray myself. Oh, Jim, it's not too late to live! Look at me, dearest, and say it's not. For God's sake, tell me that you love me still! Am I old? Am I faded?"

The man had felt sure of himself when she began, but the tenderness, the passion, the yearning appeal of her voice were more than he could resist.

"Look into my eyes, Nan," he cried, "and let me see the bottom of your soul!"

She lifted her dark lustrous eyes, devouring him with love.

"You'll find only your image there, Jim."

He looked at her sternly.

"Before I take you into my arms and smother you with kisses," he whispered fiercely, "there mustn't be any mistake this time. I've got to know that your love for me is the biggest thing in your life—the only thing in your life!"

"I swear it!" she gasped.

"You've got to prove it; I'm going to put you to the test."

"Any test!" she broke in quickly.

"I warn you," he went on, with increasing seriousness, "the test will be a real one. You and I, Nan, could never be happy with the shadow of Bivens' fortune over us."

"But its shadow can't be over us! It's going to be yours. He has given it to me—his death is only a question of a year or two—and I'm going to give it all to you."

"There's not a dollar of his millions that isn't smirched. I'd sooner wear the rags of a leper than soil my hands with it. If you love me you will have to give up these millions."

Nan gazed at him in astonishment and broke into a low laugh.

"Of course, you're teasing me. You can't be in earnest in such an absurd dime novel idea! Give away this enormous fortune!"

The woman placed her hand tenderly in his and nestled close to his side.

"Come, Jim, dear, this is a practical world; you have some common sense even if you are a man of genius; you're not insane!"

"I think not," he answered, soberly.

"You cannot make this absurd demand on me," she repeated slowly, "knowing the awful price I paid for these millions?"

"It's because I know it that I make the demand," he went on, passionately. "We are face to face now, you and I, with all the little subterfuges and lies of life torn from our eyes. The fact that the price at which he bought you was high—say a hundred millions—does not change the fact. I refuse to share with the woman I love the price for which she sold herself, whether the sum be a hundred dollars or a hundred millions! I can forgive and have forgiven the wrong you've done me, but I could never share its conscious degradation."

Nan looked at him in despair, her eyes suddenly clouding with tears.

"What do you mean when you say give up these millions?"

"Just what I say," he answered quickly.

"But I couldn't throw them into the street. What would I do with them?"

"You can give them back to the people, the public, from whom they were taken—the people whose labor created their value. That's what an honest man does when he finds he has wronged his neighbor. There's not a stone in your palaces whose cement was not mixed in human tears. The stain of blood is in every scarlet thread of your carpets, rugs and curtains."

"But you are talking like a mad anarchist. His money was made as all great fortunes are made."

"So much the worse for our financiers. Civilization must rest at least on justice or it can't endure."

"But, Jim, no matter what your theories of life or your ambitions, these millions will make them more powerful."

"It's not true. Not a single great man whose words have molded the world was rich. The glitter of your millions once blinded me and I was on the point of surrender, but I've won out. The people in your little world live for money. They do not possess it, they are possessed by it. They are slaves. You will have to come with me into the great free world—if you love me."

"If I love you?" Nan cried, with trembling lips. "Don't speak that way. If you only knew! My love for you has kept me alive through all that I've endured. It's the only thing that's worth the struggle; but I can't think. Your demand is so sudden, so stunning, so terrifying, I don't know what to say."

"We can never be anything to each other," he answered firmly, "on any other terms than the renunciation of all that Bivens leaves. I don't care what you do with it, just so you wash your hands of it. You and I must begin life just where we left off when the shadow of his money darkened the world for us both. You must give it up."

"It's hard, dearest," she said with a sob, "for your sake it's hard. I've dreamed so many wonderful things that would come to pass when I made you the master of these millions."

"You must choose between his money and my love; you can't have both."

She gazed at him with a desperate yearning.

"I'll do anything you wish, only love me, dearest," she sobbed. "All I ask is to be loved—loved—loved—and that you never leave me!"

But even as she spoke, her mind was made up. She would reserve at least half her fortune secretly. When they were married she could persuade him to be reasonable.

"All right, then, it's settled, but it must be everything with me or nothing. I won't shake hands with my friend and make love to his wife. You must cease to be his wife now."

"But how—what do you mean?" she asked, white with sudden fear.

"Leave your husband, your palaces, your millions and join me tomorrow night on the limited for New York. Bring only a change of clothes in a single trunk and a hand bag. My money must be sufficient. I'll wire for passage on an outgoing steamer. We'll spend two years in Europe and return to America when we please. Are you ready?"

"Oh, Jim, dear," she faltered, "you know that would be madness!"

"Certainly it's madness, the madness of a great love! Come, why do you hesitate?"

The lines of her body relaxed and she began to sob softly. The man waited in silence for her to speak.

"I've done you harm enough, dearest," she said at last. "I can't do this."

"And your thought is only of me, Nan?" he asked with piercing intensity.

"And of myself," she acknowledged brokenly. "I couldn't do such an insane, vulgar thing."

"I didn't think you could," was the bitter response.

"All I ask," she pleaded, "is to hear you say the words that you love me now—just as I am with all my faults."

"Well, I shall not speak them," he answered savagely. "Your husband is the master of millions, but I am the master of something bigger—I am the master of myself. I will not play a second fiddle to your little husband."

The dark head dropped lower. When she lifted it at last two despairing tears were shining in her eyes.

"I understand, Jim," she said simply. "We will go on as we have. I'll wait in silence."

He rose and lifted her to her feet. The voices of the youngsters rang up the mountain's side.

"No, we can't go on like this now, Nan," he said with quiet strength. "The silence has been broken between us. Your husband is my friend and from today our lives must lie apart. It's the only way."

She extended her hand and he pressed it tenderly. Her voice was the merest sobbing whisper when she spoke: "Yes, Jim, I suppose it's the only way."

(Continued in Friday's Issue.)

HOT WEATHER HATCHES CHICKS

The heat of the last week has hatched out a brood of chickens, the mother of which died two weeks before the peeps were to leave the shells on the chicken farm of Henry Manley, who teaches a country school near Lestershire, Broome county. Manley says: "The hen died a week ago and I buried her. Yesterday I visited her nest to dispose of the eggs and I found ten Minorca chicks that had hatched out during the hot weather without hen or incubator. They were as lively a lot of peeps as ever I saw." Manley expressed wonder, not so much because the blazing sun had hatched the eggs, which require a temperature of 103 degrees, as he did that the eggs hatched without the daily turning process practiced by hand in artificial incubation and done by the hen herself in natural incubation.

MOWED OFF A PARTRIDGE'S LEGS.

The Gilboa Monitor says: Monday as William Betts was mowing on his flats with a mowing machine, he started up a hen partridge with her brood of young ones, and they immediately took wing for the tall trees near the creek. Mr. Betts kept on mowing and had gotten probably twice around the piece he was mowing when he noticed a fluttering in the grass and getting off the machine he found a young partridge minus its legs, which had been severed by the machine while the bird had been skulking in the grass. The bird, however, was far from being dead, for as soon as it disentangled itself from the new mown grass, it flew to the creek where the others were.

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Minute "Movies" of the News Right Off the Reel

Bandit cleanup in Persia the past year has been $100,000.

The imperial parliament of Germany has decided to tax incomes from $1,250 up.

Ten teachers in the domestic science department of the Pittsburgh schools have resigned to get married.

Animals in the Chicago zoo are better treated than prisoners in the jail, according to the president of the county board there.

Postmaster General Burleson asks 12,071,480,000 postage stamps from the secretary of the treasury. He thinks he could stick out the year on that.

A seagoing dog on the steamship Indrani, lately in New York, named Fluffy, has sailed 210,000 miles and passed through the Suez canal eleven times.

LONG LOST MINE FOUND.

Looking For Cattle, Man Stumbles on Old Location In Nevada.

The long lost Cinnabar mine, first discovered by Judge Hawthorne, in whose honor the town of Hawthorne, Nev., was named, has been found after a search lasting more than thirty years. The discovery was made a few weeks ago by George Keough while searching for strayed stock seven miles from Mina, Nev. The discovery was kept secret until claims were staked and assays made of the ore, showing it to run high in quicksilver.

Following the announcement of the finding of the mine, a rush was started for the district in which it is located. Hawthorne, after finding the Cinnabar deposit, became confused and lost his way on the desert. He wandered about for several days and finally landed at New Boston, formerly a thriving camp, but now extinct.

He conducted expedition after expedition in search of the deposit, but his efforts were fruitless. He described the location, stating that two petrified trees stood near the mound. The stone trees are to be noticed today as described by the old prospector, who died thirteen years ago.

Special Closing Out Sale of Ladies' White Dresses for a few weeks at Menner & Co. 58w4

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 29, 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 north 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 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 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. Cadwalier; thence by said lot No. 30, north 63 degrees east, one hundred and six rods to a stones corner; thence by lot No. 36 of aid allotments south twenty-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 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 28, 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 27, 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, $2157.84. 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.

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'Peko 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 "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 Prothonotary's office, No. 34, June T. 1913.

F. M. GARDINER,
E. C. MUMFORD,
Solicitors.

June 30, 1913.
54eo13.

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.

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