

The Thirteenth Commandment

By RUPERT HUGHES

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CHAPTER XXIII—Continued.

Mrs. Romilly finished her wholesale order and wheezed out like a grand old automobile of an early model. When they were alone the partners gazed at Daphne's list and then at each other. "What on earth made you take it?" Mrs. Chivris exclaimed. "You know we can't all fit." "We're going to fill it." "But how?" "Darmed if I know, but—Well, we'll have to get a lot of sewing-women in and sit up nights." "But the material. We can't buy those things on credit." "Then I'll borrow cash and pay for it." "Borrow where? You said you wouldn't trouble your brother." "I'm not responsible for what I have said or may say. Besides, I don't mind going to Bayard, now that I can go with success. I'll call on him in a business way and offer him interest and all that. I guess Mrs. Romilly's name is good enough collateral."



Mrs. Romilly Finished Her Wholesale Order and Came Wheezing Out Like a Grand Old Automobile of an Early Model.

with the brisk manner of a triumphant capitalist. But that was bluffed out of effect. He was actually dizzy with loss of bearings and control. Bayard had carried heavier burdens than Clay, and under the strain of Lella's whip had taken greater risks for higher prizes. The crash in the street had found him so extended that he could not recover without additional help. That very morning one of his brokers had called on him for a renewal of margins. He had to have five thousand dollars or he would lose fifty.

Rebuffed from every door, Bayard had gone to Wetherell's office—a mysterious sort of place surrounded by guards and secret servile men to ward off the menace of spies, real and imaginary.

Bayard had unusual difficulty in passing the lines. The reason he soon heard. A new man was in charge in Wetherell's place, a retired British officer whose natural and affected gruffness was aggravated by the unpleasant nature of his tasks. He had only one eye.

Bayard hung up the receiver, pushed the telephone away as a bitter cup, and rang the doorbell. "Great convenience, the telephone! Just learned that I've dropped more money than I ever hoped to have. For want of a nail the shoe was lost. Oh, well! It saves me from speaking too foolishly. But if I had five thousand dollars—My God! if I'd had five thousand dollars." Daphne could think of nothing more helpful to say than a casual, "How's Lella?" "Don't ask me!" Bayard smiled. "Tell me. What can I do for you, honey, before I go to take some nasty medicine from the president?" "You mean to come down town on an errand, so I thought I'd run in and say hello."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Daphne wanted to run away from her thoughts and she walked for a time to the window. She was out on Broadway. She started out to go back to Mrs. Chivris just yet with her bad news. She thought of asking Clay for a loan. She swept the appalling idea from her brain with a puff of derision. Besides he was out of town. Bayard had said. She thought of asking Tom Duane for it. She tried to look that idea from her mind, but it kept drifting back like a bit of stubborn titmouse.

She could get no work out of it. Her length of nose was deplorable and brazenly called up Duane's number. He chanced to be at home. When he heard her voice he cried: "Daphne! It's good to hear your Sling again, my dear, nightingale!" "I'm no nightingale. I'm a business woman, offering you an investment."

She told him the whole story. The name of Mrs. Romilly made him whistle. "Ota Gorbos Zola," he called her, and added, "You're a made woman."

"But the clothes aren't made, and I can't make 'em fill I get some money. Would you 'em fill you advance me a little on the most excellent security?"

"How much do you want? Where shall I bring the money?" "A hundred dollars—two hundred dollars—no more than you wish."

"Rush. It's me that thanks you. Don't you want more?" "It will be there in the early mail and I may call round later to put a mortgage or something on the place."

"Good-bye," she chuckled, and hung up the receiver. She was crying softly as she stole from the blessed hotel, and she looked less like a successful business woman than ever. "Something made her think of Wetherell. She stopped off at Bayard's floor and rang the bell. Lella's new butler admitted her with pomp and she walked past him into the drawing-room. Lella and Wetherell were standing there in heavy coats. They seemed to be a little shocked at seeing Daphne. She was hurt and hurt at seeing them, but she chirruped: "Just come in."

"Just going out," Lella answered, kissing Daphne nervously. "Where?" Daphne asked, with inquiry, as she waved her hands with Wetherell—a pitze-fighter's preliminary handshake it was. "Oh, er—Just motoring about."

Wetherell felt that she had turned against him and he reached for a bag of combined. She laughed, but there was a sneer on her lips. "Oh, very well," Wetherell sneered in turn. He paid for the dinner and tipped the waiter with the lavishness of a bankrupt. He tipped lavishly the waiter who guarded his car, and swung out into the road with an instant speed that would have been prettier if there had been less danger.

Daphne and Lella were good sport. "The old times," she laughed, but there was a sneer on her lips. "Oh, very well," Wetherell sneered in turn. He paid for the dinner and tipped the waiter with the lavishness of a bankrupt. He tipped lavishly the waiter who guarded his car, and swung out into the road with an instant speed that would have been prettier if there had been less danger.

"Your brother Bayard's awfully nice!" Miss Skip cried. "He's got nice little things, hasn't he?" Straight as a string—straight as they make 'em. No nonsense about Lella! I just love her—perky horrible love. I'd do anything in world for her." "Your brother?" "Yes, your brother!" "You're not?" "No, I'm not."

Daphne grew furious. She felt now that she had justified her presence here. She held Lella fast in her embrace, and commanded Wetherell: "Slow down this car! Do you hear? Slow down this car!"

"Wetherell laughed: "Bless Lella's heart, I'm going to take you home. You're quite safe with me—quite. Man that's born to be hanged never drowns or get auto-killed—that's good word—auto-killed—eh, what?"

They whipped round a somber jut in the road, and his searchlight panned instantly in white outlines against the black world a wagonload of sleepy children retreating from some village church affair. They were singing, drowsily, "Merrilee we're-ra-long-ra-long."

Daphne and Lella seemed to die at once. Wetherell growled, "Oh, my God, the 'ill' children!"

There was nothing for Wetherell to do but what he did. He spun his wheel and drove his thunderbolt into an open concrete culvert. There was a furious racket. The car turned a somersault and crumpled in a shuddering mass.

Wetherell, piloted under the wheel, was knocked this way and that and his beautiful head cracked on the concrete like a china doll.

Lella was snatched from the car as if invisible hands had caught her exquisite body for a lish to fog a tele-

CHAPTER XXV.

Underneath the machine lay the relics of Wetherell, who would suffer no more here. Close by was Daphne Kip, whom a brief unconsciousness gave a short flourish from torture. She was not alive enough to be afraid of the loag, lean flames about the smoking tank, though they kept springing at her like wolfhounds held in a weakening leash. They had not yet quite reached her, but they missed her less and less.

outrages the blind forces of momentum had wreaked on her with the fury of a Bill Sikes trying to beat a woman to death. The chauffeurs and passengers of cars that drew up in lengthening queues ran to the scene of Wetherell's disaster.

At first they could not see Wetherell, but they saw Daphne and her peril, and they set manically to work to drag her free. But she was so caught that they could not release her until they should remove the car. They pulled and heaved, but it was jammed into the culvert and the ditch so tight that they could not budge it, though they took risk enough and suffered blisters and chafed clothes. At last one of the chauffeurs fastened a chain to the rear axle of Wetherell's car and to the front axle of his, and by alternate backing and swerving, dragged and hoisted Wetherell's car up and rear of the ditch. Wetherell snatched Daphne from beneath, and away from the flames just as they were nibbling at her skirts.

At the same time they disclosed the body of Wetherell, who lay haggardly fettered to earth. Still others found Lella in a heap, a toy with broken joints.

The last thing Daphne had known was the sensation of being shaken to death, a helpless gripe in a terror's mouth. The next she knew was that she was seated on the edge of a ditch and leaning against the shoulder of a kneeling woman in evening dress.

"What a bono broken, young lady, and no internal demerit, that I can discover. A few burns, that's all, and a big shock."

"Is Lella hurt much?" Daphne ventured. "She's hurt at a trifle worse than you. But she'll come round all right." "I don't believe you!" said Daphne, and sighed, "Poor Bayard!"

"Who is Bayard?" "My husband." "Ah, the young man who was—the other young man was not your husband, and signed, 'Poor Bayard!'"

Daphne shook her head. "He is no relative—a friend." "Perhaps we'd better notify Bayard. What's his last name? Has he a telephone?" Daphne muttered his name and number. Then her head was lifted, a cigarette placed in her mouth, and a glass of water held to her lips. When she was restored to her pillow a sedative was within her to subdue the riot of her thoughts.

She wondered what Duane would think of her new sister. She had the money she had asked him to lend her. It would be in the morning's mail. But she would not be there to open it. Mrs. Chivris might not dare.

All her acquaintance began to march past Daphne's brain in review. Thoughts and half-thoughts and whimsies danced through her mind in a carnival of stupor and frenzy, while to the eyes of the nurse she lay still and dead.

head cold as if a clammy hand had been laid on it. Death was at work. Where would he stop? In the chill white aisle of the corridor his frenzy gave place to a sense of bitter cold. A chill white nurse led him past doors and doors to a room where in a white bed lay a chill white thing, a cylinder of cotton.

Lella's face was almost invisible in bandages; her whole body encrossed and swaddled. She was an Egyptian princess mummified. For a moment her soul came out of the drug at his gasp of pity. It ran about inside his cocoon trying to find a nerve to pull or a muscle to signal to him outside. The mere lifting of her hand brought from her a moan of such woe as canceled all Bayard's grievances against her.

Once Bayard's resentments and jealousies were swept from his mind, his old love came back throbbing and you! The poor woman whose back feels as though it would break, who feels dizzy, whose head aches, or black specks appear before her eyes, all are due to troubles essentially feminine which should be overcome.

The greatest boon to womankind is a temperance tonic made up of herbs, which makes weak women strong and sick women well. This is the "Prescription" of Dr. Pierce, used by him in active practice many years, and now sold by almost every druggist in tablet or liquid form. It has had a half century of successful results in most of the delicate derangements and weaknesses of women.

If she's overworked, nervous, or "run down," she finds new life and strength. Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial package or write for free confidential medical advice.

Allen's Foot-Ease For the Feet

Sprikles one or two Allen's Foot-Ease powders in the Foot Bath and soak and rub the feet. It takes the sting out of Corns and Bunions and aching feet. Then for lasting comfort, shake Allen's Foot-Ease into your shoes. It takes the friction from the shoe, rests the feet and makes walking a delight. Always use it for dancing parties and to break in new shoes. All dealers sell it.

He Was So Grateful, So Eager to Be "Decided" That He Forgot Her State and Klutered Her Hand Hard and Kissed It in Gratitude.

He was soon dragged from his communion with his once-more unconscious bride by the young doctor, who lifted him up with the unpracticed diplomacy of internes and led him aside, grumbling: "Say, what you trying to do? Kill her? She's weak and her heart's fluttering. Cheer her up if you can. Her eyes are melted in a Greek statue; and as marble white and cold."

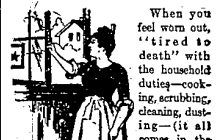
The interns led him at length out into the corridor. And now Bayard remembered that he had also a sister; an only sister, in this same tavern of pain. His heart went out to her. He remembered, too, that they had a father and a mother to tell or deceive.

THE MEN IN CLASS A1

A sound, healthy man is never a back number. He can be as vigorous and able at seventy as at twenty. Condition, vigor, energy, and health are not lost unless weakened by overwork and careless living brings old age prematurely. The body functions are not impaired, unpleasant symptoms appear. The weak spot is generally the kidneys. In proper working condition and you will generally find yourself in Class A1. Get the GOLD MEDAL Hylan Oil Capsules periodically and your system will always be in working order. Your spirits will be elevated, your muscles supple, your mind active, and you'll be capable of hard work. Don't wait until you have been rejected. Get a trial box of GOLD MEDAL Hylan Oil Capsules. They are made of the pure original imported Hylan Oil—the kind your great-grandfather used. Two capsules each day will keep you in the first class. Money refunded if they do not help you. Remember to ask for the imported GOLD MEDAL Brand. In three sizes, sealed packages.—Adv.

Scale Reveals Salmon's Age. A pink scale from a salmon will tell its years as well as how high the fish's pigments have been since the opposite. When viewed through a microscope the scale will reveal tiny lines, which have developed at the rate of 1/30 a year. Lines are crowded close together if the salmon has been living high. Lines widely spread indicate a scant diet.

It's Clean, Sweep, Wash —The Live Long Day!



When you feel worn out, "tired to death" with the household duties—cooking, scrubbing, cleaning, dusting—(it all comes in the day's work in the household)—turn to the right remedy to strengthen you!

The poor woman whose back feels as though it would break, who feels dizzy, whose head aches, or black specks appear before her eyes, all are due to troubles essentially feminine which should be overcome.

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All Mixed Up. "Do you want to see the book of the opera?" "No; I'm confused enough as it is!"—Kansas City Journal.

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