The Thirteenth Commandment

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starter said, "Cab, sir?" and made to

whistle one up. Clay shook his head

and walked on toward the monument

of Grant, Daphne followed. They

CLAY'S ORGY OF SPENDING GETS HIM INTO AN EMBAR-RASSING SITUATION.

Synopsis.-Clay Win:burn, a young New Yorker on a visit to Cleveland, meets pretty Daphne Kip, whose brother is in the same office with Clay in Wall street. After a whirlwind courtship they become engaged. Clay buys an engagement ring on credit and returns to New York. Daphne agrees to an early marriage, and after extracting from her money-worried father what she regards as a sufficient sum of money for the purpose she goes to New York with her mother to buy her trousseau.

CHAPTER V-Continued.

"This is too beautiful to go through so fast," Daphne cried. "It's wonderful. We ought to walk. Promise me we can walk home. It's such a gorgeous night,"

"You're crazy, darling," he said. "I've got to get to my office tomorrow, and you've got to get home for break-

"All right for you," she pouted. But It was none too serious a tragedy, and her spirits revived when the taxicab I'll go quietly. I know when I'm turned in through the shrubs about the old inn that had once been the home of Napoleon's brother and had heard the laughter of Theodosia Burr and of Betty Jumel in their primes.

Daphne did not like the table the hend waiter led them to. It missed both the breeze and the view.

"Can't we sit over there?" she said. "I'll see."

The head waiter came reluctantly to his beck. When Clay asked for the table, the answer was curt:

"Sorry, sir; it is reserved." Clay felt insulted. He whipped out his pocketbook and rebuked the tyrant with a bill. He thought it was a onedollar bill, but he saw a "V" on it just as the swift and subtle head waiter absorbed it without seeming to. To ask for it back or for change was one of the most impossible things in the

Clay made it as easy for his new slave as he could.

"I don't think you understood which table I meant," he said, pointing to the one he had indicated before. "That

"Oh, that one!" said the head waiter. "Certainly, sir."

He 1.d the way, beckoning waiters and omnibuses and snapping his fin-

Clay ordered a supper as chastely perfect as a sonnet. It showed that he had both native ability and education in the art of ordering a meal. He impressed even the head waiter, and that is a triumph. That was Clay's purpose. Also he wanted to preserve his self-respect and the waiter's attention in the face of the supper that was being ordered at the next table. That was well ordered, too, but it was not a sonnet: it was a rhapsody. It was ordered by a man whose guests had not yet arrived. When Clay had dispatched his waiter he whispered to

Daphne: "See that fellow. That's Themas Varick Duane, one of the weflestknown bachelors in New York. He was crazy about Lella."

"Not Bayard's Lella !" "Yes. That's really why Bayard got married so quick. He was afraid Tom Duane would steal her. Nice enough fellow, but too much money!"

Daphne looked at the big man, and caught him looking at her with a favorable appraisal. She stared him down with a cold self-possession of the American girl who will neither flirt nor flinch. Duane yielded and turned his eyes to Clay, recognized him, and nodded.

"Hello, Wimburn! H'ah ya?"

"Feeling fairly snappy," said Clay. Duane showed a willingness to come over and be presented, but Clay kept him off with a look like a pair of pushing hands.

Duane loitered about, waiting for his guests. He looked lonely. Daphne felt a mixture of charity and snobbery in her heart. She whispered to Clay:

"Invite the poor fellow over here till his guests come. I'm dying to be able to tell the people at home that I met the great Duane."

Again Clay shook his head. "And that you introduced him to

Clay nodded. He beckoned Duane over with hardly more than a motion of the eyebrows. Duane came with a flattering eagerness. He put his hand out to Clay; and Clay, rising, made the presentation.

"You're not related to Bayard Kip, I hope," Duane said, with an amiable

"He's my brother. Why?"

"I owe him a big grudge," said Duane. "He stole his wife from me, just as I was falling madly in love with her. Beautiful girl, your new sister."

"I've never seen her," said Daphne. "Beautiful girl!" he sighed. "Much | the heap at the waiter. too good for your Brother, infinitely beyond me. Why don't you both move table, that Clay had not tipped him. In over to my table? Miss Kemble is to be there with her manager. Mighty fact, Clay said, "This will be a lesson clever girl-Miss Kemble. Have you to you." seen her new play?"

went as humbly as a couple of paupers evicted for the rent. Daphne was afraid to speak. She

"We were there tonight," said Daph-

"Come on over and play in our yard

Daphne had never met a famous

actress. She was wild to join the

group and to know Tom Duane better.

"Thanks, old man. We've already

ordered." He still stood, and he had

Tom Duane looked at Daphne and

smiled like a boy rebuked. "All right,

kicked out. But next time I won't go

He put his warm, friendly hand out

again to Daphne and to Clay, who

nodded him away with an appalling in-

formality, considering how great he

Other people came in, some of them

plainly sightseers, some of them per-

sonages of quality. Everybody seemed

happy, clandestine, romantic, This

But at length she yawned. Her little

"I'm gloriously tired, honey," she

confessed, with a lovable intimacy.

He smiled with indulgent tenderness

Daphne turned her eyes away de-

cently as the slip of paper on a plate

was set at Clay's elbow. But she

noted that he started violently as he

turned the bill over and met it face to

face. He studied it with the grim

heroism of one reading a death-war-

rant. The amount staggered him. He

turned pale. He recovered enough to

say to the waiter, "You've given me

Clay studied it again. He called for

the bill of fare, and studied that.

Daphne felt so ashamed that she want-

ed to leap into the river. Abroad, it is

believed that the man who does not

audit his restaurant bill is either an

American tourist or some other kind

of fool. But in Daphne's set it was

considered the act of a miser. Clay

worked over his check as if it were a

"Ah, I thought so," he growled. "The

Patriotism and Pride Helped Her for

two portions.

instead.'

gentlaman."

the waiter's smile.

Quarter of a Mile.

"The melon you ordered, sair, was

"I deed not theenk it mettered to the

Clay sniffed. He was not to be

quieted by such a sop. He whipped

out his pocketbook and laid down

every bill in it. He stretched his legs

and ransacked his trousers pockets

and dropped on the plate every coin he

had. He withdrew a dime and waved

It was evident, from the way the

waiter snatched the plate from the

They slumped down the steps. The

all out. I served you a French melon

"Why didn't you tell me?"

bill of fare says that this Montreal

and said to the walter, "Check!"

not invited Duane to sit down.

so easily. Good night."

of her features.

had, but I'm sleepy."

the wrong check."

nossair!"

trial balance.

But Clay spoke with an lcy finality.

ne. "She's glorious!"

saw that Clay was sick with wrath. and she did not know him well enough to be sure how he would take her interference in his thoughts. She trudged along in utter shame.

The worst of her shame was that she was so ashamed of it. Why should she care whether a waiter smiled or frowned? But she did care, infinitely.

Daphne could not pump up any enthusiasm for the scenery. Her lover took no advantage of the serial of arbors and the embracing bowers. He never kissed her, not once.

Daphne ceased to be sorry for Clay and felt sorry for her neglected self. Then she grew angry at herself. Then at him.

At length she said, with ominous sweetness, "Are you going to walk all the way, dear?"

"You said you wanted to, didn't

you?" he mumbled, thickly. "That's so." She trudged some distance farther-

few blocks it was; it seemed miles. Then she said, "How far is it homealtogether?" "About three miles and a half."

English novel I've been rending used to dash off five or six miles before breakfast." Patriotism and pride helped her for a quarter of a mile more. Then she

"Is that all? The heroine of an

was life as Daphne wanted to live it. resigned: "I guess I'm not an English heroine. hand could not conceal the contortion I don't believe she ever really did it. I'll resign! I'll have to ask you to call

me a cab. "Pretty hard to find an empty one along here at this hour," he said, and 'It's the most beautiful supper I ever urged her on.

"Let's go over that way to the inhabited part of town," she said, "and take a street car or the subway."

And then he stopped and said, with guilty brusquerie, "Have you got your pocketbook with you?"

"No, I left it at home tonight. Why?" "Daphne, I haven't got a cent!" "Why, Clay! you poor thing!"

"That's why I was so rough with the walter. If I'd had the money, do you think I'd have made a row before you How are you? What's the good word?" about a few little dollars? Never! You t expect to go out to Clare mont after the theater. The taxl cost more than I expected, and then I gave the head waiter five dollars instead of one. I ordered with care so that it would come out right. But that business about the melon finished me. I just made it. I never was so ashamed in my life. And I had to drag you into it, and now I'm murdering your poor

little feet." "That's the funniest joke I ever heard. Why didn't you tell me before?" "It's no joke."

"Why, of course it is! You have only to go to your bank tomorrow and draw some more."

He did not answer this. He said nothing at all. She had a terrified feeling that his silence was full of meaning, that his bank account would not law yet to arrive! respond to his call. She could not ask him to explain the situation. She was afraid that he might.

She marched on doggedly, growing more and more gloomy and decrepit. Her little slippers with their stilted their little home from the night with and was guiping it down with his cofheels pinched and wavered, and every step was a pang.

"Let's go over there and get on a street car, and dare them to put us off," she suggested.

"It's a pay-as-you-enter car," he groaned.

The world was a different world now. The drive that had been so tre- ised herself a quick plunge into it for mendously lovely as she sped through it in a taxicab was a pathway in Mo- find a strange woman there-even jave. She limped through the hideous, hateful, unpardonable length, and felt mother-in-law? that it was a symbol of the life ahead of her. She had counted on escaping from the money limits of her home. She was merely transferring herself from one jail to another.

with his heedless courtship, flown away a mother could hardly be glad to see with her on motor wings, dipping to earth now and then to sip refreshments at a high cost, and then swooping off with her again.

melon is seventy-five cents a portion. You've charged me three dollars for And now his wings had broken; his gasoline was gone; his motor burnt A look of pitying contempt twisted out; and the rest of the journey was to be the same old trudge.

She had been leaning heavily on Clay's arm. Now she put it away from her in a mixture of pity for him and she reached it her mother had moved of self-reproof. When he protested, she said:

"I think I'll walk better alone for a while." So she hobbled and hobbled by herself, he pleading to be allowed to help

her. But she kept him away. And they crept on a little farther, loving each other piteously.

In the course of time they reached the Soldiers' and Sailors' monument. and Daphne sank down at the base of

"I can't go any farther," she said, "not if I die of starvation." He sank down at her side. The moon peered was telling her of Daphne's arrival. cated one immediately commenced, at them between the columns and the Doggedly she began to prepare an "Do, re, mi, fa," etc.

of a loping panther. Another car pass- of Daphne's. ing it threw a calcium light on Tom Daphne had had a bit of luck she pinlons of money, instead of hobbling showed a certain congeniality.

on without it. were her children. But when she tried shricked with the hurt.

"I'll have to go the rest of the way in my stocking feet," she monned, "Not if I have to carry you," Clay growled.

Before he had a chance to carry out his resolution a taxicab that had deposited its fares at an apartment house above went bowling by with its flag

Clay ran out and howled at it till it the bridle-path. Then he ran to Daphne and bundled her into it, and gave her address to the driver.

"But how are you going to pay him?" along. "Not that I care at all."

"I haven't figured that out," said Clay. "I'll drop you at home and then alarms. take him to my club and see if I can't | He was so restless that he merely borrow frem somebody there. If I can't, I'll give him my watch or the He was preoccupied when he kissed fight of his life."

"That's terrible!" Daphne sighed. "To think how much I have cost you!" "Well, I wanted to give you a good time on your little visit," said Clay, "and it's only two days till my next salary day."

Her heart sank. Her guess was right. His bank account was dry. It had gurgled out in amusing her. She felt that there was something here that would take a bit of thinking about -when she had rested enough to

The taxicab swung into Fifty-ninth street and drew up to the curb. Clay helped Daphne out and said to the chauffeur, "Walt!"

He said it with just the tone he had used when he said to the waiter, 'Check !"

When Clay had kissed her his seventeenth farewell and was wondering how he could tear himself away from her without bleeding to death, Daphne pressed the bell.

Instead of her drowsy mother opening the door half an inch and fleeing in her curl-papers, Bayard himself appeared in his bathrobe and pajamas.

"Bayard!" Daphne gasped as she sprang for him. "What on earth brought you home so soon?"

"Money gave out," he laughed. "Hello, Clay," he said as he put forth his hand. "Mother tells me you've been secretly engaged to my sister all this time, you old scoundrel! "Lend me five dollars," said Clay.

CHAPTER VI.

The meeting of Daphne and her new sister-in-law was not what either would was tired in body and soul, discour- paid her a tribute. aged, footsore and dismayed about her love and her lover. She had reached you proud of her, Daph?" the door of the apartment in the mood of a wave-buffeted, outswum castaway, eager for nothing but to lie down in the table with pride. the sand and sleep.

Daphne could imagine the feelings of her brother's wife when she reached her home after a long ocean voyage, a night landing, the customthe luggage, and found a mother-in- time. law asleep in her bed and a sister-in-

Bayard and Lella, serene in the begone back to Cleveland, entered the apartment without formality and went

magic instantaneity. Mother Kip's awakening came from the light that Bayard flashed in his bedroom. Leila had a lovable disposition, but she was tired, and all the way up in the overloaded cab she had thought longingly of the beautiful bed in her own new home, and had proma long stay. How could she rejoice to though she bore the sacred name of keep her husband's mind or his body

Mother Kip ordered Bayard and Lella out of their own room and when she was ready to be seen she had so many apologies to make and accept that the meeting entirely lacked the Her young lover had dazzled her rapture it should have expressed. Even her son in such discouraging circumstances. All three exchanged questions more and more perfunctorily, and kept repeating themselves. The most popular question was, "I wonder where Daphne is?"

They could not know that she was hobbling down the wilderness of Riverside drive. She, too, was thinking longingly of her bed. But long before in and established herself across a good deal more than half of it. It was a smallish bed in a smallish bedroom.

Lella fell asleep in her tub and might have drowned without noticing the difference if her yawning husband had not saved her life-and very cleverly: he was too tired to lift her from the water, so he lifted the stopper and let the water escape from her. She almost resented the rescue, but eventually got herself to bed in a prettily

sullen stupor. From some infinite depth of peace

cella of the monument, and seemed elaborate toilet, but Bayard haled ber to tilt its face to ese side and smile, out before she was ready. This was A motorcar went by with the silence the final test of Lella's patience and

It was a tribute to both that they Duane and his guests and his chauf- hated the collision more than each feur. How gorgeously they sped! If other. Their greetings were appropriately emotional and noisy, and they would be with them, scaring on the both talked at once in a manner that

When at length Daphne went to her Daphne took off her slippers and room she observed her mother's extrafondled her poor abused feet as if they territorial holdings. She stretched herself along the narrow coastline in to thrust them back into her slippers despair of rest. But she was too tired for a final desperate effort she almost to worry or lie awake and she slept thoroughly.

The next morning the three women, about to meet one another by daylight. made their preparations with the scrupulous anxiety of candidates for presentation at court. In consequence, breakfast was late and the only man there, except the evanescent waiter from the restaurant below, was Bay-

A troop of business worries like a stopped, circled round, and drew up by swarm of gnats had wakened him early. He had escaped some of them in Europe, for the noneymbon had been a prolonged and beatific interlude in his office hours; but marriage was she sighed, blissfully, as they shot not his career. His career was his work, and that was recalling him, rebuking him, as with far-off bugle

glanced at the her llines of the paper.



It Was a Tribute to Both That They Hated the Collision More Than Each Other.

his mother and Daphne good morning, and he paced up and down the dining room like a caged leopard till Lella arrived.

Her troussenu had included boudoir gowns of the most ravishing description and she were her best one to breakfast. Daphne and Mrs. Kip made all the desirable exclamations at the have expected or selected. Daphne cost and the cut of it. Even Bayu'l

"Isn't she a dream, mother? Aren't

They agreed that she was and they were, and Bayard drew his chair up to

It was the bride's last breakfast and the housewife's first. That is, Leila, was not really a housewife; only an apartment wife, with nearly everything done for her except the spending house ordeal, and the cab ride among of her time. She had to spend her own

This breakfast was the funeral of the honeymoon, and Leila hung with graceful dejection over the coffee cup. Hef that Daphne and her mother had It might have been a cup of hemlock, judging from the posture of her woe. But the he-brute, attracted by a porabout switching on lights, recovering tion of a headline, had his newspaper

> He was so absorbed in the mere clash of two Mexican generals and the danger of American intervention that he forgot the all-important demands of love, and ignored the appalling fact that he had only a few minutes left before he must take his departure.

It was a pitiful awakening to the new Mrs. Kip. She was being taught that she was not important enough to close at home. He had said that she was all the world to him, and, behold! she was only a part of it. He had said that he could think of nothing else and desired nothing else but her. Now he had her and he was thinking of everything else. He had to have a newspaper to tell him all about everything in the world.

The sight of Lella's anguish over the breakfast obsequies of the honeymoon chilled Daphne's hope of marriage bliss like a frost ravening among peach blossoms.

Every feminine reader of this paper can appreciate the situation in which Daphne found herself when she set out to buy all the pretty things that she felt she should have before becoming Clay's bride. Her limited purse did not fit in at all with the prices that confronted her at every turn. What did she do?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

As He Understood Orders. "Now," said the medical officer to the raw recruit, "having taken your height and chest measurement, we will she was dragged up protesting. Bayard try the scales." And the unsophisti-

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ham's Vegetable Compound before consenting to an operation. I took five bottles of it and it has completely cured me and my I tellall my friends

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Knicker-The little Smith boy spends half his time with each par-

Bocker-Something like a railroad

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The more money a man has the harder it is for him to convince the world that he is a fool,

Weekly Health Talks The Many Mysteries of Nature

BY L. W. BOWER, M. D.

You can take an onion seed and a pansy seed, and plant them side by side in +1 same spot of ground. In one case, 1 get an onion, with its peculiarly street odor, and in the other you get a flower of rare beauty. You can plant a poppr seed and get opium (a dangerous, habit-fa ming drug), or you can plant a rhubarb seed and get something that helps constipation. No scientist, living or dead, can explain these mysteries of Nature. Behind the invisible life germ in each seed is hidden the deep secret that nobody understands. Everything growing out cl the _ unl seems in-tended for some so at erablishing natural conditions. Dr. lierce, of Bussio, N. Y. long since found out what a naturally best for women's diseases. He I wried it all through treating thousands result of his studies was medi me called Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescrip on. This medicine is made of vegetable growths that nature surely ntended or backache, headache, weakening drams, bearing-down pains, periodical irregularities, pelvic in flammations, and for the many disorders common to women in all ages of life. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is made of lady's slipper root, black cohosh root, unb corn root, blue cohosh root and Oregon grape root. Women who take this stand-ard remedy know that in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription they are getting safe woman's tonic so good that druggists everywhere sell it.

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