The Thirteenth Commandment

By RUPERT HUGHES

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CHAPTER XXV-Continued. -16-

"That makes no difference," Daphne stormed, already converted to the shop religion. "Customers must not find the door shut. Run open it at once. Suppose Mrs. Romilly dropped in. We'd lose her-unless this notoriety drives her away." A little blush of shame flickered in Daphne's pale cheeks a moment and went out. She sighed: "I suppose Mr. Duane has stopped that check, too-if he ever sent it. Oh. dear!"

Then a nurse knocked; brought in a card growing in a large little azalea tree. Daphne scanned it. "Mr. Thomas Varick Duane!" She peered closer at the pencilings and read "'I just learned. I'm heartbroken. Isn't there anything I can

Daphne felt as if outraged society had forgiven her.

"Isn't he a darling?" she murmured. Mrs. Chivvis begrudged a stingy, "Well, of course-" She had the poor folks' conscientious scruples against wasting praise on the rich. "You'll want to see him, I presume."

But Daphne had had enough of evil appearance. "See him here? Never!" She glared at poor Mrs. Chivvis with a reproof that was excruciating to accept, and ordered her to go down and meet Mr. Duane and incidentally learn about the check. "Business is business," she said.

Mrs. Chivvis descended in all the confusion of a Puritan wife meeting a Cavaller beau. She came back later to say that Mr. Duane was really very nice, and spoke beautifully and had sent the check and would send another if Daphne wished it, and would make old Mrs. Romilly go on with the order, and would she like some special fruits or soups or something? He was really very nice.

Daphne eyed her with ironic horror and said, "You've been flirting with him! and me so helpless here!"

"Daph!-nee!! Kip!!!" Mrs. Chivvis screamed. The only counter-thrust she could think of was, "And what does Mr. Wimburn say?"

This sobered Daphne. Why had Clay sent no word? Everybody else in town had seen the papers. Clay read the papers. Surely he was not capable of such monstrous pique. When your worst enemy gets badly hurt you've just got to forgive-if you're human.

CHAPTER XXVI.

everything that might be necessary to useless both-it's too much!" regain her beauty. She would go through any ordeal of knives or plas-Her resolution extended to the spendand doctors' bills. If she bankrupted when you return. Bayard it would be with the tenderest

Five times she went to the operating table, made that infernal journey into etherland, knowing what afteranguishes waited her, what retching and burning and bleeding. She braved death again and again, took long chances with cowering bravado. And all for Bayard's sake.

One morning when Bayard reached vigil at Lella's side he was just falling asleep over the first mail when his and deformity. telephone snarled. He reached for it with alarm. A voice boomed in his

"Ah you thah?" "Yes."

"Keep the line, please. Now, you ah through, sir?" Then a growl replaced the boom, a

growl that made the receiver rattle: "Ah you thah, Mr. Kip? This is Colonel Marchmont. I dare say you remember our conversation about those damned contracts with Wetherell. A little farther discussion might not be amiss-if you could make it perfectly convenient to drop ovvah at, say, a quawtah pahst fah? -Good! I shall expect you at that

Bayard pondered. What new persecution was fate preparing? As he went to the office, he bought an evening paper. A heavily headed cablegram announced that the laborers in the British munition works were strik- indignant at the news and wanted to ing or threatening to strike. A gleam of understanding came into Bayard's Colonel Marchmont he looked unabashed into the revolver muzzle of

the old war horse's one eye. Without any preliminary courtesies or any softening of his previous tone the colonel snorted: "Those devilish contracts you made with Wetherell-The poor fellow is no longer alivemore's the pity, but- Well, I'm afraid I was a bit severe with you. I fancy we might see our way to renewing those contracts at a reasonable figure -say at a 25 per cent reduction from tering cheerfulness. the terms you quoted."

He bluffed the bluffer. "The prices we had to move. We sublet and moved dropped wearily into a chair, and quoted included only a fair profit, across the street. colonel. Since then materials have "You remember Mrs. Chivvis, don't been going up in price every minute, you? Mrs. Chivvis, you haven't for up Tom Duane."

more, too, than we can make."

Colonel Marchmont squirmed, but he was a soldler and toved a good counter-attack. He smiled as he squirmed. Wetherell was avenged when his successor signed new contracts at a higher price than he had made. The changing times changed everything; yesterday's exorbitance was today's bargain.

Bayard departed with a wallet full of business. He got back to his office on feet fledged with Mercurial wings. laughing and chattering. His feet were beautiful on the rug of the president's office.

Bayard felt so kindly to all the world that he hurried to the hospital



Wetherell Was Avenged When His **Successor Signed New Contracts at** a Higher Price Than He Had Made.

to scatter good news like flowers over Lella's couch. She was in that humor when anybody else's good fortune was an added grief to her.

"I'm no use to you now," she walled. beautiful, and I tried to be beautiful anyway." Lella was determined to endure for you. But now— To be ugly and

Wise pathfinders say that when you are wandering in strange country you wears a different aspect entirely from ing of as much of Bayard's money as its look as you approached, and you might be necessary on surgeons' fees will need to know how it will look

From childhood on, Leila had been warned against extravagance—as Bayard had, as have we all. But only could she realize the wisdom, the intolerable truth of the adage, "Waste of hating her, not, want not."

Meanwhile Daphne was having so get well quickly and with no blemish his office after a harrowing all-night except a scar or two that would net show, while Leila hung between death

But seeing Bayard alone and hearing Leila fret, she felt confirmed in her belief that she had done the wholesome thing when she joined the laboring classes. There were discouragements without cease, yet Daphne was learning what a remedy for how many troubles there is in work. It seemed to be almost panacea. It was exciting, fatiguing, alarming, but it was objective. She was on her way at last to that fifty thousand a year she had dreamed of. She was uncertain yet of earning a thousand a year, but she was on the road.

Clay Wimburn, seeking chances in the West, did not see the New York papers or any other record of Daphne's accident. When he got back to New York, his pockets full of contracts, Bayard, equally successful, greeted him enthusiastically. Then he learned of the accident and the fact that Daphne was "in trade." He was see her at once.

Bayard gave him the address, and eye. When he reached the desk of Clay wasted no time asking further questions. He made haste to the subway, fuming; left the train at the Grand Central station and climbed up to a taxicab.

Then he found Daphne. She led him into a little shop empty of everything but the debris of removal.

"Where are we?" said Clay.

"This was my shop." "What's the matter? Busted already?" Clay asked, with a not unflat-

"Not in the least," Daphne ex-Bayard smiled and shook his head. plained. "We've expanded so fast we

gaing to the demand from abroad, gotten Mr. Wimburn. He's kept away

can sell all our product here, and Where've you been, Clay? But wait- She spoke instead: "I don't ask you you can tell me on the way over to to give up your stenographer." the new shop."

When she led him into her new emporium the graceful fabrics displayed instead of Tom Duane?" were all red rags to him. He was a bull in a crimson shop.

lovely. He waited until Mrs. Chivvis borrow of you because—" went on to the workroom. He had a glimpse of a number of girls and wome on sewing bent. They were

He answered, "It's perfectly loathome."

Instead of resenting this insult Daphne laughed till she fell against the counter. The worst of it was that her eyes were so tender.

"Where did you get all the capital for all this stock?" Clay demanded, with sudden suspicion. "Oh, part of it we bought on credit

and part of it on borrowed money." "Borrowed from whom?" "From Mr. Duane."

This was too much of too much. Clay stormed: "I'll get him!" "Oh, no, you won't!"

"Oh, yes, I will!"

"I won't have you assaulting the best friend I've got in the world." He grouned aloud at this, not noticing how she used the word "friend." She ran on. She had not talked to him for so long that she was a perfect chatterbox.

"He lent me five hundred dollars when I didn't know where else to get it. And it nailed our first real contract-a big commission from old Lirs. Romilly. We paid back Mr. Duane's five hundred and then-" She giggled in advance at what was coming to Clay. "And then I borrowed a thousand from him. We owe him that now.

Clay was as wroth as she had wished. He took out a little book. "Well, I'll give you a check for that amount—or more. And you can pay Duane off with interest. I won't have you owing him money."

"You won't have!" Daphne mocked "You won't have? Since when did you become senior partner here?" "Senior partner!" Clay ralled. "I'm see you in it."

dressed and kept looking fit. And you Daphne. "You're scaring away cus-loneliness. Oh, there's no freedom said I was pretty. But now— Oh, tomers and using up the time of the like having a job and a little reserve Bayard, Bayard! You used to call me firm. The boudoir is no place for you, in the bank. It's the only life, Clay."

A young woman with a bridal eve walked in and Daphne left Clay to blunder out sheepishly. He did not see that she cast sheep's eyes after ter casts or splints or medicines for should turn every now and then and him. He was a most bewildered that. She was quite grim about it. look back at the way you came. It young man. He had made a pile of money and still he was not happy!

CHAPTER XXVII.

In the course of a few wretched days Clay picked up some of the facts about Daphne's presence in Wethernow that she was looking backward ell's fatal car. He was more furious at her than ever and more incapable

He saw Bayard often, but Bayard knew little and said less. One afterdifferent a history that she felt noon he invited Clay to ride with him ashamed. It seemed unfair to her to to the hospital, whence Leila was to graduate. He warned Clay not to betray how shocked he would be at Leila's appearance, which, he said, was wonderful improvement on what it had been.

She was, indeed, a mere shell, and Clay was not entirely successful with his compliments.

Lella sighed: "Much obliged for your good intentions. I'm a mere sack of bones, but I'm going to get well. The doctors say that if I take care of myself every minute and go to a lot of specialists and go to Bar Harbor in the hot weather and to Palm Beach in the cold and spend about a million dollars I'll be myself some day. That's not much, but it's all I've got to work for. Poor Bydie! He didn't know he was endowing a hospital when he married me."

"What do I care, honey?" Bayard cried, with perfect chivalry. "The money is rolling in and I'd rather spend it on you than on anybody else." "The money's rolling out just as fast as it rolls in," Leila sighed, "The Lord seems to provide a new expense for every streak of luck. And that's

my middle name—Expense." She had actually learned one lesson That was a hopeful sign.

Clay sought Daphne in her odious (to him) place of business. She asked him what she could sell him. He said he would wait till the shop closed She raised her eyebrows impudently and gave him a chair in a corner. He sat there feeling as out of place as a strange man in a harem.

Eventually the last garrulous customer talked herself dumb; the last sewing woman went. Mrs. Chivvis pulled down the curtains in the show window and at the door and bade good life so. Instead of two living on the night,

Then Daphne locked the door, sighed, "Well, Clay?"

"I want to know why you don't give

"Oh, it's like that, eh? Well, then, why won't you let me lend you money Her answer astounded him with its

Daphne made Clay sit down and Duane because I don't love him and the expense—or her husband could asked him if it were not all perfectly never did and he knows it. I can't He leaped at the implication: "Be-

cause you love me?"

"Because I used to." "Don't you any more?" he groaned. "How can I tell? It's been months and months since I saw the Clay and lured me on to New York. The woman. He wants to marry a lady. I never was one and don't want to home evenings and their home will be be one. I'm a business woman and a home—a fresh, sweet meeting place."

I love it." "And you wouldn't give up your shop for me?"

"Certainly not." He looked at her with baffled emoobstinate, so right-hearted and so

after a long delay: "May I come and see you once in thought of marrying me?"

while?" "If you want to." "Where you living now?" "Still at the Chivvises'."

"You ought to take better care of afford a better home." "I suppose so, but it would be

lonely anywhere else. It has been I saw how much sacrifice it meant for safe there-since you quit calling on my poor old father and what a bundle me. It doesn't cost me much." "But you're making so much

money." "Not so very much-yet, but it's all my own and I made every cent of price of it myself. And now I've it, and-golly! how I love to watch earned the price and I've got it. But it grow."

You miser."

way to save money—to make a pas- you my old ideas. Everybody always sion out of it and get a kind of vono partner in this business! I hate luptuous feeling from it. But I really I wonder if it couldn't be made the this business. It makes me sick to think that it's the fun of making it friend. It would be an interesting exthat interests me most. It certainly "I never was much. But at least I "Then step out on the walk," said keeps me out of mischief and out of "And you wouldn't give up your 'freedom,' as you call it, even for a man you loved? Couldn't you love a

man enough to do that?" "I could love a man too much to do that. For where's the love in a woman's sitting around the house all day and waiting for a man to come home and listen to the gossip of her empty brain? That isn't loving, that's

loafing." Clay was not at all persuaded. "But there's no comfort or home life in marrying a business woman."

"How do you know? You know plenty of unsuccessful wives who are not business women." "I want a housekeeper, not a shopkeeper."

"Go get one, then, I say. If a woman can't earn enough outside to hire a housekeeper let her do her own housework. But if she can earn enough to



"It Seems to Me It Couldn't Help Being a Better and a Happier Way of

hire a hundred housekeepers why should she stick to the kitchen? In my home, if I ever get one, the cook will not be the star. Besides, it enlarges wages of one two will live on the earnings of two. It seems to me it pier way of living."

She shrugged her excellent should going to do when the the babies to get at the outflow.

And the home market is booming. We so long you might have, though | ders again, but she did not smile. | come? Or do you cut out the kiddies?" Daphne blushed, too. "Well, I should think that the business woman could afford bables better than anybody else. She has to give up the housework, anyway, even when she's a housekeeper. I suppose she could give up her shop feminine logic: "I can borrow of Mr. for a while. At least she could share stand the bills since he escapes the pain. I tell you, if I ever had a daughter I'd make her learn her own trade if she never learned anything else. I'd never raise her to the hideous, indecent belief that the world owes her a living and she's got a right to squeeze it out of the heart's blood of some Wimburn that came out to Cleveland hard-working man. No, sirree! It may be old-fashioned, but it isn't decent. only Clay Wimburn I've seen for and it isn't even romantic. The love some time has been a horribly pros- of two free souls, with their own caperous, domineering snob who is too reers and their own expenses, seems proud to be seen with a working to me about the best kind of love there could be. Then both of them can come

> Clay breathed hard. He was silenced, but not convinced-beyond being convinced that Daphne Kip was still the one woman in the world for him, in spite of her cantankerous notions. tions. She was so delectable and so Still, of course, a woman had to have some flaw or she would not be human. wrong-headed. It was intolerable that Daphne's folble was as harmless as she should keep a shop. He spoke anyone's, perhaps. So he blurted out: "I suppose you've given up all

She answered him with plous earnestness: "I've never given up that thought, Clay. I've been trying to make myself worthy of the happiness it would mean. I have had the trousyourself than that. Surely you can seau all made, and paid for, a long while. That's what I came to town for originally-our trousseau. But when of bills I'd be dumping on my poor young lover I couldn't see the good of it. So I took my vow that I wouldn't get a trousseau till I could earn the I've lost my excuse for wearing it.

"Still, I'd probably have lost you. "Maybe. I guess that's the only anyway, or ruined you if I had brought says that money is the enemy of love. periment, anyway."

"Daphne, honey, let's try the experiment."

She looked at him with a heavenly smile in her eyes, and answered,

"Let's." He moved toward her, but she dodged behind the counter. She studied him a moment, then reached below the counter. A bell rang and a drawer slid out. She took some bills from it, made a memorandum on s slip of paper, and put that in the place of the bills, closed the drawer, and leaned across the counter, murniuring:

"They say all successful businesses are begun on borrowed money. So I'll borrow this from the firm-for luck." She put out her hand. Clay put out his. She laid three dollars on his palm

and closed his fingers on them. "What's all this?" he asked, all mystified. She explained:

"A plain gold band costs, about six dollars, and that's for my half of the partnership. Women are wearing their wedding rings very light nowadays." "I should say so!" Clay groaned, but

with a smile. She bent forward and he bent for ward and their lips met. She was only a saleswoman selling a customer pari of a heart for part of a heart, but to Clay the very counter was the goldet bar of heaven, and Daphne the Bless ed Damozel that leaned on it and made it warm.

THE END.

The Hottest City.

The city of Hyderabad, on the great Sind desert of India, has the reputation of being the hottest place in the world, having a shade temperature of 127 degrees during the summer months! Even the natives find it hot -and that is saying something. In order to cool their houses as much

as possible, the people make use of curious ventilators very much like those on shipboard, "setting" them so as to convey a breeze to the dwellers in the hot rooms below. Every residential building has several of these queer airshafts leading down to the principal living rooms, and especially to the bedrooms. Even so, it is practically impossible, during the terrible heat of summer, to get to sleep until two or three o'clock in the morning. and then one only gets a couple of hours' rest, as the rays of the Indian san are specially strong early in the morning, and soon raise the temperature again to an unbearable extent.

Rush for Free Molasses. When a tank car filled with 8,000 gallons of molasses was upset near Telford, Pa., and the molasses began to run out, people came by scores, on foot, in carriages and by automobiles, couldn't help being a better and a hap- and salvaged some hundreds of gallons of molasses before the railroad Clay blushed vigorously as he mum- men plugged the opening and left bled "What's your business woman dozens of disappointed ones waiting

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ing sensations when ev-erything would turn black. Though the kid-

black. Though the kidney secretions passed ten or fifteen times in an hour, only a few drops came at a time and they felt like boiling water. I soon found I had dropsy. I bloated all over. My face was so swollen I could hardly see out of my eyes. My ankles and feet felt as though they would burst if I put any weight on them. My night clothes became, wringing wet with sweat and I would get chilly and shake all over. Doan's Kidney Pills soon had me feeling like a different woman. My kidneys were regulated and all the swelling went away. The aches and pains left me and after I had finished my eighth box of Doan's, I was as well as ever. My kidneys have never bothered me since Doan's Kidney Pills cured me."

Subscribed and sworn to before J. LEEDOM SMITH, Notary Public.

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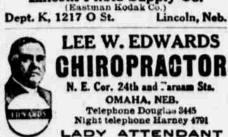
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