

# THE ROOT OF EVIL

BY  
THOMAS DIXON



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## CHAPTER XI.

### The Lamp of Aladdin.

THE clouds of the panic slowly lifted and the sun began to shine. A fearless officer of the law had struck a blow for justice that marked the beginning of a new era of national life. Slowly but surely the prices of stocks began to mount.

Incidentally a corner in wheat was suddenly developed, and the price of bread rose 20 per cent. Bivens was found to be the mysterious power behind the deal, and before the old timers in the wheat pit could marshal their forces to crush him he closed out his holdings at a profit of five millions. The little financier awoke next morning to find himself the most famous man in America. His picture now appeared everywhere and all sorts of writers began to weave marvelous stories of his achievements.

Nan was insisting again that he make Stuart an offer to become his associate in business.

"I'm sure he will consider your offer now."

Bivens looked at her a moment curiously and she turned her eyes away.

"Why do you think he has changed his attitude toward me?"

"From something he said. That mob has written a question mark before his life."

"By George," he exclaimed, his black eyes sparkling. "It may be possible."

"You'll try?" Nan asked eagerly.

"I'll not try—I'll do it."

"I've an enemy somewhere among the fallen," Bivens went on musingly, "who is dying hard. In spite of the fact that I have unlimited resources, this man is constantly circulating reports about the soundness of my finances. He uses the telephone principally and he has started two runs on my bank within the past month. Another is pending. I'm going to ask Jim to preside over an investigation of my resources in the presence of a dozen newspaper reporters."

Nan stooped and kissed him.

When Stuart reached Bivens' new offices in Wall street he was amazed at their size and magnificence. The first impression was one of dazzling splendor. The huge reception hall was trimmed from floor to dome in onyx and gold.

Stuart nodded to a group of reporters waiting for the chance of a word with the great man. "Looks like a full house, doesn't it?" he said.

"They've been here for hours," said a reporter. "There are a senator, three members of the house of representatives, an ambassador, the governor of a Chinese province, a Japanese prince and a dozen big politicians from as many states, to say nothing of the small fry."

"Well, I have an appointment with Mr. Bivens at this hour."

"Really?" the reporter gasped. "Then for heaven's sake give me a chance at you five minutes before the other fellows. Remember now, I saw you first!"

He was still pleading when Stuart smilingly drew away and followed one of Bivens' secretaries.

Bivens came forward to greet him with outstretched hands.

"I needn't say I am glad to see you, Jim. How do you like my new quarters?"

"Absolutely stunning. I had no idea you cultivated such ceremonial splendors in your business."

"Yes, I like it," the financier admitted thoughtfully. "I don't mind confessing to you on the sly that it was Nan's idea at first, but I took to it like a duck to water."

In spite of Stuart's contempt for the mere possession of money, in spite of his traditional contempt for Bivens' antecedents, character and business methods, he found himself unconsciously paying homage to the power the little, dark, swarthy figure today incarnated. Bivens had become more difficult of approach and carried himself with quiet, conscious pride.

Stuart was scarcely prepared for the hearty, old-fashioned cordial way in which he went about the business for which he had asked him to come.

"Now, Jim, this is your day; those fellows out there in the reception hall can wait. You and I must have the thing out—man to man, heart to heart. You can talk plainly and I'll answer squarely."

"I've got a proposition to make to you, so big you've got to hear it, so big you can't get away from it, because you're not a fool. You're a man of gen-

ius. There is no height to which you cannot climb when once your feet are on the ladder. And I'm going to put them there."

The assurance in Bivens' voice and the contagious enthusiasm with which he spoke impressed Stuart.

Bivens was quick to recognize it and strike at once.

"Before I present my plans I want to show you that I can make good my word. I have caused these reporters to be sent here today for the purpose of giving the widest publicity to the facts about my fortune. Another run has been planned tomorrow on one of my banks. I have placed my money and securities in the next room, so arranged that you can verify my statements, and at the proper moment I shall ask these reporters into the place and let them see with their own eyes. There can be no more rumors in Wall street about my financial status. Come in here."

Bivens led the way into the room beyond, which was the meeting place of the directors of his many corporations.

Stuart had scarcely passed the door when he stopped, struck dumb with amazement. In the center of the great office was a sight that held him spellbound. An immense vermilion wood table, six feet wide and fifty feet in length filled the center. On it the wizard had placed his fortune of ninety millions of dollars. Twenty millions were in gold, its heavy weight sustained by extra stanchions. The coin, apparently all new from the national mint, was carefully arranged around the edges of the table in a solid bulwark two feet high.

Behind this gleaming yellow pile of gold he had placed his stocks and bonds—each pile showing on its top layer the rich green, gold or purple colors of its issue, each pile marked with a tag which showed its total amount. The effect was stunning.

Bivens approached the table softly and reverently, as a priest approaches the high altar, and touched the gold with the tips of his slender little fingers.

"I've just begun!"

"You've just begun?" Stuart interrupted laughingly.

"Yes, you'll understand what I mean before I've finished the day's work."

"But why?" the young lawyer asked passionately. "Such a purpose seems

to me in view of this stunning revelation the sheerest insanity. Life, the one priceless thing we possess, is too short. I can see you shoveling coal through all eternity."

"But I happen to be going to the other place," Bivens broke in good naturedly.

Stuart looked at the pile of gold a moment and then at Bivens and said slowly:

"Well, if you do get there, Cal, there's one thing certain, the angels will all have to sleep with their pocket-books under their pillows."

Bivens' eyes sparkled and a smile played about the hard lines of his mouth. In spite of its doubtful nature he enjoyed the tribute to his financial genius beneath the banter of

his friend's joke. With a gesture of conscious dignity he turned to the table and quietly said:

"You will find on this table exactly \$90,000,000. Within an hour you can examine each division of coin, stocks and bonds and bear witness to the truth of my assertions. I'm going to close that door and leave you here for an hour."

"Alone with all that?"

"Oh, there's only one way out," Bivens laughed—"through my little reception room, and I'll be there. I'll meet some of the gentlemen who are waiting."

When you are satisfied of the accuracy of my account, just tap on my door and I'll join you immediately. Do the inspection carefully. It's of grave importance. I shall call on you as a witness by and by before that group of newspaper men."

When Stuart had satisfied himself of the accuracy of the count, he stood gazing at the queer looking piles of yellow metal and richly tinted paper, stunned by the attempt to realize the enormous power over men which it represented. When the huge pile should thrill with life at the touch of the deft fingers of the master who could grasp its stunning force in human affairs, who could tell its possibilities?

The age of materialism had dawned, and the new age knew but one god, whose temple was the market place. A wave of bitterness swept his spirit, and for the first time he questioned for the briefest moment whether he had missed the way in life. On! for a moment, and then the feeling passed, and in its place slowly rose a sense of angry resentment against Bivens and all his tribe. When the little swarthy figure suddenly appeared in the doorway his soul was in arms for the struggle he knew coming.

"Well, you found I've not made a mistake?"

"No. To put it mildly, you will not be forced to apply to the charity bureau for any outside help this year."

"You have counted \$90,000,000 there. As I told you awhile ago, I've just begun. I've schemes on foot that circle the globe. I've made up my mind to have you with me. We won't discuss terms now—that's a mere detail—the thing is for us to get at the differences between us. Now say the meanest and hardest things you can think. I understand."

"My opinion, Cal, of your business methods are known to every one. They say that the warriors of the Dakota Indians used to eat the heart of a fallen foe to increase their courage. Your business methods haven't made much progress beyond this stage, so far as I can see."

Bivens stroked his silken beard with a nervous, puzzled movement and said:

"The passion for money, money for its own sake, right or wrong, is the motive power of the modern world. That's why I laugh at my critics and sneer at threats. I am secure because I've built my career on the biggest fact of the century."

"But," Stuart broke in, "you don't live. You are engaged in an endless fight, desperate, cruel, mercenary—for what?"

"The game, man, the game!"

"Game? What game? To crush and kill for the mere sake of doing it, as a sheep killing dog strangles fifty lambs in a night for the fun of hearing them bleat?"

"But, Jim," the little financier protested, "I don't make men as they are, nor did I make conditions."

"You are a wrecker and not a builder."

"But is that true?" Bivens interrupted eagerly. "I'm organizing the industries of the world. I have furthered the progress of humanity."

"Yes, in a way you have. And if the price of goods continues to rise for another ten years as it has during the past ten under your organizing the human race will be compelled to make still further progress. They will have to move to another planet. Nobody but a millionaire can live on this one. A day of reckoning is bound to come. But a millionaire dies every day. Nobody knows. Nobody cares. Is such a life at its best worth living? And yours is never at its best. You can't eat much. You don't sleep well and you can't live beyond fifty-five."

"Don't talk nonsense, Jim; I'll live as long as you."

"And yet you turn pale when I speak of death."

Bivens suddenly drew his watch and spoke with quick, nervous energy:

"I must call those reporters and get rid of them as soon as possible."

He gave the order, and in a few moments waited back into the room followed by the newspaper men, a half dozen young fellows with clean cut, eager faces. Not one of them showed a pencil or a note book, but not a feature of the startling exhibition escaped their intelligence. Every eye flashed with piercing light, every nerve quivered with sensitive impressions.

They looked at Bivens with peculiar awe. Stuart noted with a smile that not one of them spoke loudly in the presence of ninety millions of dollars. When Bivens led them out at last and returned to the room, he was in high spirits.

"Now, Jim," he began hastily, "if you have said all the bad things you can possibly think about me, we'll get down to business and I'll present the big proposition you can't resist."

(To Be Continued.)

A healthy man is a king in his own right; an unhealthy man an unhappy slave. For impure blood and slurrish liver, use Burdock Blood Bitters. On the market 35 years. \$1.00 a bottle.

On it the Wizard Had Placed His Fortune of Ninety Millions.

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## Local News

From Wednesday's Daily:  
Mrs. W. G. Brooks was a passenger this afternoon for Omaha, where she visited for a few hours with friends.

Mrs. Carl Kopsichka was a passenger this afternoon on No. 29 for Omaha to look after business matters for a few hours.

Miss Margaret Beuner of Central City arrived in this city yesterday to take a series of chiropractic treatments of Dr. Bachmann.

Attorney C. A. Rawls was a passenger this morning on No. 15 for Omaha, where he will look after business matters for a few hours.

John Hadrao departed this afternoon for Madison, Neb., where he was called to look after some business matters for a few days.

Mrs. C. L. Bulger returned to her home at Omaha this afternoon, after a short visit here with her parents, V. V. Leonard and wife.

Glen Perry and daughter came up this morning from their home near Mynard and were passengers on the early Burlington train for Omaha.

Accidents will happen, but the best regulated families keep Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil for such emergencies. Two sizes, 25c and 50c, at all stores.

Henry Guthman and wife and child, and Charles Guthman came in this afternoon from Murdock for a short visit at the F. R. Guthman home.

George H. Woods of Louisville was in the city today attending to business matters at the court house, as well as visiting with his many friends.

George M. Hild drove up this afternoon from his home near Mynard and departed on the afternoon train for Omaha to secure repairs for some machinery.

C. H. Rist was attending to some business matters in this city yesterday and called at this office for the purpose of having his name placed on our Semi-Weekly list.

"Suffered day and night the torment of itching piles. Nothing helped me until I used Doan's Ointment. The result was lasting."—Hon. John R. Garrett, Mayor, Girard, Ala.

C. F. Weber came in last evening and visited with his wife and little daughter here over night and departed on the early train for Omaha to look after business matters for the day.

Mrs. Lewis R. Glen and little son of Morrill, Neb., who have been here for several days visiting her husband's parents, T. W. Glenn and wife, departed this afternoon for her home.

Miss Marguerite Shull returned yesterday from Lincoln, where she had been visiting for several weeks with relatives and friends, and returns to make a visit here with the family of her uncle, James Robertson.

George W. Shrader, from near Union, and Homer Shrader, from near Murray, drove up this morning from their homes and were passengers on the early Burlington train for Omaha, to look after business matters.

J. E. Meisinger of the vicinity of Cedar Creek was a visitor in this city yesterday, and while here called at this office and renewed the subscription of the paper going to George Miller at Tuttle, Oklahoma.

I. J. Decker and wife departed this morning on No. 15 for Fairbury, Neb., where they will visit a few days before continuing on their journey to California, where they expect to make their future home.

G. Pullen, who has been staying at the home of Robert Good near Murray, came up this morning from that place and departed on No. 6 for Corning, Iowa, for a short visit.

C. L. Wiles and Roy O. Cole from near Mynard, drove up from their homes this morning and were passengers on No. 15 for Omaha to look after some matters of business.

C. A. Gauer, wife and daughter and their guest, Charles Cost of Bellevue, accompanied by Mrs. William Stewart, were passengers this morning on No. 15 for Omaha, where they visited for the day.

Mrs. Agnes Chapman and daughter, Miss Helen, were passengers this morning on the early Burlington train for Omaha to look after some matters of business.

## ECZEMA CAN BE CURED!

I Will Prove It To You At My Expense.

YOU WHO ARE SUFFERING THE TORTURES OF ECZEMA, WHOSE DAYS ARE MISERABLE, WHOSE NIGHTS ARE MADE SLEEPLESS BY THE TERRIBLE ITCHING, BURNING PAINS, LET ME SEND YOU A FREE TRIAL OF THE TREATMENT WHICH HAS CURED HUNDREDS WHICH I BELIEVE WILL CURE YOU. I WILL SEND IT FREE. POSTAGE PAID, WITHOUT ANY OBLIGATION ON YOUR PART. JUST WRITE ME A LETTER, OR SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS ON A POSTAL CARD. I WILL SEND THE TREATMENT FREE OF COST TO YOU.

4-C. HUTZELL, 119 W. Main St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

From Tuesday's Daily:

Jay Matson, wife and children returned this afternoon from Omaha, where they were visiting for a short time.

Rev. Allan G. Wilson departed this afternoon for the western part of the state, where he will visit for a few days.

Lig Brown, the genial farmer from Kenosha, was in the city today looking after some trading with the merchants.

Dr. A. L. Parks of Omaha was in the city today for a few hours looking after business matters for the Burlington Relief.

W. C. Hamilton departed this morning on No. 4 for Red Oak, Iowa, where he will visit with his parents for a short time.

T. M. Carter and wife departed today for Blair, Neb., where they were called to attend the funeral of niece, which will occur tomorrow.

C. M. Read, residing south of this city, was a passenger this morning for Omaha, where he was called to look after business matters.

H. M. Soenichsen departed this afternoon for Omaha, where he was called to look after business matters with the wholesale houses.

James Holmes and wife of Murray motored up yesterday from their home and looked after some business matters here for a few hours.

Gus Pein of Pender, Neb., is in the city visiting with his family for a few days. Gus is looking fine and greatly enjoys his position in that city.

Miss Margaret Kennedy departed this morning for Havelock, where she will resume her studies in school, after a short visit with her father, James Kennedy.

Robert Sherwood, sr., was a passenger on No. 23 yesterday afternoon for Lincoln, where he will meet his son, George, and visit with him for a few hours.

W. H. Miller and wife departed yesterday afternoon for Memphis, Neb., where they will assist in celebrating the birthday of a brother-in-law of Mr. Miller's.

Mrs. James Holmrake of Hemingford, Nebraska, who has been here visiting her sister, Mrs. Henry J. Schlutz and family, departed yesterday afternoon for her home.

Miss Lena Kearns, who has been here visiting her father, Andy Kearns, for several months, departed this morning for Kearney, Neb., to visit her mother for a time.

Bennett Criswisher and wife were passengers this morning on No. 6 for Glenwood, where they will attend the funeral of R. L. Merritt, an old friend of the Criswisher family.

Mrs. Mary Bolt of Plainview, Neb., who has been here visiting her parents, Adam Kurtz and wife, departed this afternoon for Omaha, where she will visit with friends for a few days before returning home.

John P. Wiseman and son of Oeonta, Neb., came in Monday morning to visit for a short time at the home of H. T. Balton and family. Yesterday they drove out to the beautiful country home of John F. Wehrbein and wife.

James Leach of Illinois and Mrs. C. L. Mitchell, who have been here visiting at the home of Alvin Range and wife, departed this afternoon for Lincoln, where Mrs. Leach will visit with Mrs. Mitchell and family.

Final settlement was held this morning before Judge Beeson in the county court in the J. F. Schumaker estate, from near Nehawka, and the administrator's accounts examined and he was discharged from his duties.

D. Moore was a passenger this morning for Wymore, where he will visit for a short time.

E. H. Shoemaker of Nehawka was in the city yesterday for a few hours attending to some matters of business.

Miss Beth Jackson was a passenger on the afternoon Burlington train today for Omaha, where she will visit her parents for a few hours.

W. B. Rishel was a passenger for Omaha yesterday afternoon, where he went to look after business matters for the Woodmen of the World.

Miss Margaret Hallahan and niece, Miss Margaret Hallahan, of Springfield, Massachusetts, who is here visiting her, were passengers this morning for Omaha, where they visited for the day.

Joe Beeson departed this afternoon for Hilldale, Michigan, where he will enter the employ of the Almo Engine company. Mr. Beeson is a very bright young man and will undoubtedly make a splendid success in his new position.

Frank E. Schlater, Emil Walters and John Nemetz were passengers yesterday afternoon on the Missouri Pacific for Omaha, where they attended the big Red Men's meeting that is being held in that city.

Mrs. Katie Wilson, who has been employed for several weeks in the restaurant of William Barclay, departed yesterday afternoon for Lincoln, where she will make her home.

PIANO BARGAIN—I have a splendid piano which I wish to sell to someone in the vicinity of Plattsmouth. It is a big bargain for someone. Terms, either cash or easy payments, as low as five dollars per month. Address E. M. Wallace, care Smith & Barnes Piano Co., Chicago, Ill.

1-20-wkly-tf

## THE KNIGHTS OF ST. ANDREW MEET AT THE THOMAS HOME

From Wednesday's Daily:

The Knights of St. Andrew, a boys' organization of St. Luke's church, met Monday evening at the home of Karl and Georgie Thomas, on Sixth street. The boys, after the regular business session of the club, enjoyed themselves as only young lads can, in games and a general good time. At an appropriate hour some very delicious refreshments were served, which added greatly to the enjoyment of the occasion and made the boys wish for another opportunity to gather at the Thomas home to be entertained. About twelve of the members were present to enjoy the occasion.

Early Chickens Still Come.

From Wednesday's Daily:

The entries for early hatches of chickens has received another boom today. Mrs. Hattie Cummings bringing in a report that she had a fine brood of chickens hatched out by a hen a week before Christmas, and a week later another hen came off with an equally fine assortment of little chicks, and as the score stands, Mrs. Cummings holds the "cup" for early hatching, but we await with interest the reports from the different chicken breeders in this section, as the contest is open to all.

James Higley Getting Better.

From Wednesday's Daily:

James Higley, who has been confined to his home for several weeks by an attack of pneumonia, is steadily improving and is now able to sit up a little and it is now only a question of a short time until he will be able to be up and around as usual. This will be most cheering news to his many friends, who have been very anxious over his condition for the past few weeks.

Has Toe Mashed.

Jim Sedlock, who is employed in the freight repair department of the Burlington shops, received a very badly mashed toe this morning as a result of a timber falling upon it, but the injury, while quite painful, will not cause him to lose much time from his labors.

Six O'Clock Dinner.

Mrs. L. B. White delightfully entertained Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Baylor, Mrs. R. E. Lloyd, Miss Frances