

# THE ROOT OF EVIL

BY  
THOMAS DIXON



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## CHAPTER XIX. The Devil Smiles.

STUART returned with renewed energy and enthusiasm to the practice of law. The wide fame he had achieved as district attorney brought him the best clients and from them he was able to choose only the cases which involved principles worth fighting for. His spare time he gave in a loving effort to restore the doctor to his old cheerful frame of mind. He had returned Bivens' money in spite of his protest and made his old friend a loan sufficient for his needs, taking his personal note for security.

He had no difficulty in learning the progress of Bivens in his search of Europe for health. The daily cabled reports to New York always gave his condition as better. But Stuart knew the truth. He received two or three letters a week from Nan. She had told him in full detail the little man's suffering, and at last of his homesickness, fast developing into a mania.

He was not surprised at the end of three months to hear her familiar voice over his telephone.

"Yes, we've returned, Jim—sailed inognito to escape the reporters. He is very feeble. We haven't been in the house three hours, but he has asked for you a dozen times. Can you come up at once?"

Stuart hesitated, then, "I'll come," he answered slowly.

He lost all sense of danger in the warmth and tenderness of Nan's greeting. He not only forgot his fears but reproached himself for his low estimate of her character in supposing that she would allow herself or permit him to cross the line of danger. Her solicitude for Bivens seemed deep and genuine.

Bivens' joy at meeting Stuart was pathetic, and moved him deeply. He was surprised to find him so strong, apparently, in body and yet so broken in spirit.

The little shrunken hand clung to his friend's.

"You know, I felt the thing creeping on me for the past two years, but I couldn't let up. That's why I tried so hard to put some of the load on your shoulders. At least you can help me to get well. To the devil with the doctors! I'm tired, too, of all the sycophants, liars and fools who hang around. I didn't mind 'em when I was well. But they get on my nerves now. The doctors kept darning into my ears that I've got to rest and play, and finally one old duffer over in France put an idea into my head that brought me back home to see you. He told me to get on a small boat with a single nurse and a congenial friend, get away from land, cut every telephone and telegraph line, get no mail, and shoot ducks all winter, and he'd guarantee I'd be a new man next spring. I've sent for you to accept the invitation you gave me to shoot ducks with you down in Virginia."

"What invitation?" Stuart asked in surprise.

"Why, the one you used to reproach me for not accepting. Will you go with me now?"

Stuart shook his head.

"I can't go," he said slowly.

Bivens hadn't said Nan must go on that trip, but in a flash of warning intuition he knew it. The danger of such a situation on a yacht would be real and only a fool would rush into it.

"Can't go? Why?" the financier asked in tones of genuine distress.

"I've important legal business. There's no use in my going. I can tell you exactly where to go, the guides to get and the kind of boats you'll need. You'll get along better without me."

"I won't go without you," the financier said peevishly. "You know the place, you know all about the birds, you can teach me the ins and outs of the business and I can trust you. I know that you won't try to worm out of me any information my enemies would like to know. I appeal to the boy I used to know at college, the fellow who fought for me one day."

Stuart hesitated and looked at Nan, who had stood motionless while Bivens spoke.

"Well, if that's the way you put it, I'll take a vacation and go with you for a month."

Bivens seized his hand and pressed it gratefully.

"Best medicine I've had in weeks," Nan walked slowly across the room, looked into his eyes and said, with emotion:

"Thank you, Jim."

In five days the party had completed all preparations and Bivens' big steamer, the *Buccaneer*, slipped quiet-

ly through the Narrows and headed for the Virginia coast, towing a trim little schooner built for cruising in the shoal waters of the south.

They had scarcely put to sea when Stuart began to curse himself for being led into such a situation.

Bivens had insisted with amateurish enthusiasm that they begin the cruise on the little schooner—with her limited crew and close quarters—at once, and use the *Buccaneer* as her tender.

The moment they struck the swell outside Sandy Hook the financier went to bed and the doctor never left his side until the trip ended.

Nan was in magnificent spirits, her cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkled with the joy of a child. Stuart watched her with growing wonder at her eternal youth.

The night was one of extraordinary springlike air though it was the 15th of December. A gentle breeze was blowing from the south and the full moon flooded the smooth sea with soft silvery radiance. Nan insisted that Stuart sit on deck with her. There was no help for it. Bivens would allow no one except the doctor in his room, and so Stuart resigned himself to the beauty of the glorious scene.

"Jim!" she said, softly. "I don't like your attitude, and I think we'd

better fight it out here and now in the beginning of this trip. It's useless to deny it. You hesitated to come on deck with me in the moonlight this evening. Your assumption of such chilling virtue is insulting. I wish an apology and a promise never to do so again."

"Have I really made you feel this?" he asked contritely.

"You have and feel it keenly. Let's come to an understanding. You and I both live in glass houses set on a very high hill. No matter what may be the secrets of my heart, I'm not a fool, and you can trust my good sense."

Stuart pressed her hand and said gently:

"I'm awfully sorry if I've made such an ass of myself that you have received this impression."

"Then I forgive you!" she cried, with a laugh, releasing her hand and rising, "but on one condition."

"Name it."

"That from this hour you be your old self without restraint and let me be mine."

"I promise faithfully."

"Then you can help me down that steep companionway and I'll go to bed. Good night."

But he didn't spend a good night. The longer he thought of it the more sinister and dangerous he felt his position. At last he squarely faced the fact that his desire for Nan had increased a hundredfold by the fact that he had lost her.

As he sat in the darkness in his stateroom he could hear every sound in the adjoining one which she occupied as plainly as if the thin paneling of wood were not between them.

He was a fool to be caught in such a trap. His love had been too big and serious a tragedy to end in a vulgar intrigue. He made up his mind to cut his trip short on some pretext, and in the meantime he would devote himself faithfully to an attempt to start Bivens on the road to recovery.

At 8 o'clock the next morning the black nose of the *Buccaneer* slowly felt her way into Hog Island inlet, on the shores of old Virginia, and dropped her anchor in the deep waters of the channel back of the sand spit.

As Stuart stepped on deck a cloud of black ducks circled gracefully overhead and slowly spread out on their feeding grounds. His heart gave a throb of primitive joy. He was a boy again and the world was young.

"Confound them!" he cried. "I'll show these ducks a trick or two before this trip is over."

He was glad he came. Bivens had put him in command of the little schooner, and he gave orders at once to lower a tender and tow her to an old anchorage he knew in a little cove behind Gull marsh. And then his trouble began with Bivens.

"Let 'em fly if they want to; I'm not going to budge. Go yourself, Jim."

"Go myself! What do you suppose I gave up my work and came down here a month for? I came to try to teach you how to live, you fool, and I'm not going without you. Get into your tops! The guides are here and ready. The tide waits for no man, not even a millionaire; it's ebbing now."

"Well, let it ebb. I don't want to stop it!" the sick man snarled.

Nan came in, pressed Stuart's hand as she passed, nodded good morning and joined her voice to Stuart's.

"Come; you must go, Cal. It's a glorious day."

The doctor slipped in a word too.

"By all means, Mr. Bivens, get your hand in the first day."

Bivens lifted himself to a half sitting posture, glared at his physician and yelled with fury:

"Get out—all of you—and let me alone!"

The doctor and Nan left on tip toe, but Stuart folded his arms and looked at Bivens.

"Oh, come now, this is too ridiculous, a quarrel the first day of our shooting. But you'll have to get one thing fixed in your head once for all; you don't run the entire world. The telephone, telegraph and mail service have been suspended. The *Buccaneer* has put to sea for New York. You're on a little eighty-foot schooner, anchored in a bay ten miles wide and a hundred miles long and I'm in command. I won't stand any nonsense from you. Come down off your perch, quick!"

Bivens started to swear, caught the expression of Stuart's face and suddenly extended his hand.

"I'm sorry, Jim; you must not mind my foolishness. It was awfully nice of you to come. I'll stay in today, but you go and get some ducks for dinner, like a good boy, and say—take Nan along and teach her to shoot. It's getting to be the rage among the high flyers for the women to shoot."

"Please do, Jim!" Nan cried from the door. She had listened outside to the duel in the stateroom.

"All right," he answered.

For five days Bivens stuck to his bed with dogged determination, and each day Stuart went out with Nan. Never had she been more restlessly charming. Each day their association grew in tender intimacy and every fear that had stirred his heart at first was lulled at last to sleep.

On the sixth day Bivens rose early and declared that he would try the ducks. The barometer was falling, and dark, snowy looking clouds were piling up on the western horizon. A breeze came stealing out of the cloud banks with the chill of snow in its breath.

Bivens insisted on going out at once, against the advice and the protest of the guide. He not only insisted on going after the ducks, but, what was worse, swore that he was going to get his mail and telegrams from the shore.

Stuart protested vigorously.

"I've told you that the guide is the only man who can run that tender over the crooked course to the mainland, and if he goes away we'll have no one to take us out."

"What do you need a guide for? It's not a half mile to those blinds. I've seen you every day go back and forth in plain view of the yacht. Nan could row out there and back by herself. Send him ashore. Don't you know how to put out your own decoys?"

"If a strong blow comes we'll need two strong men to handle the boat."

"Rot!" Bivens cried. "We've got two tenders. Send your guide ashore with one of the sailors to run his engine. The other man can tow us out and back."

(To Be Continued.)

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## Funeral at Cedar Creek.

The funeral of Emil Franke was held Saturday at Cedar Creek and the interment made in the Glendale cemetery at that place. Mr. Franke had been afflicted for about a year with heart trouble and Friday morning he passed away at his home in Cedar Creek. He had been unable to work for over a year and his wife and six small children are left in very bad shape since the husband and father has been taken from them.

## Local News

From Monday's Daily.

Miss Nettie Moore returned last evening from Kansas City, where she had been visiting for several days.

O. W. Laughlin of Greenwood was in the city today, coming in to attend the opening of district court.

T. H. Pollock was a passenger this afternoon on No. 23 for Omaha to attend to some matters of business.

Attorney Sam B. Hams of Lincoln was in the city today looking after business matters in the county court.

P. H. Meisinger was in the city today for a few hours attending to some matters of business with the merchants.

Attorney C. E. Tefft of Weeping Water came in this afternoon to attend to business matters at the court house.

J. M. Hoover of Louisville, who is on the jury for the term of court, came in this morning to begin his duties.

Frank Cook of Havelock came down Saturday evening to visit over Sunday with his parents, C. E. Cook and wife.

Will Vallery and wife of Havelock came down Saturday evening to visit over Sunday with relatives in this city.

Herman Beck of Mt. Pleasant was in town Saturday afternoon to attend to some trading with the merchants.

Mrs. C. M. McElroy of Minneapolis is in the city, having been called here by the illness of her mother, Mrs. Thomas Pollock.

Charles L. Graves of Union came up last evening from his home and attended to some business matters at the court house today.

Emory Hathaway of Union came up this morning to attend the opening of the district court, which will convene this afternoon.

Miss Eleanor Todd returned to her studies at Omaha this morning, after a visit over Sunday at the home of her parents, west of this city.

Mrs. Russell Harris and little child of Omaha came down this afternoon to visit for a short time at the home of her parents, F. G. Fricke and wife.

A. C. Cary and wife and little daughter were passengers this morning on No. 15 for Hastings, where they will make an extended visit with relatives.

James F. Bagley, one of the prominent members of the Sarpy county bar, was in the city today from Papillion, attending to matter at the court house.

C. E. Metzger of near Mynard was in town Saturday attending to some matters of business for a short time and visiting around among his numerous friends.

A. P. Heil, residing about eleven miles west of town, came in today and was a passenger on the afternoon Burlington train for Omaha to look after some business matters.

Joe Rawls and wife and Mrs. C. A. Rawls were passengers this morning for Omaha, where they were called on some matters of business and to view the sights of the metropolis.

Miss Anna Hassler and brother, Will Hassler, accompanied by Miss Husmann and Miss Roch, all of Lincoln, came down Saturday and were guests over Sunday at the William Hassler home.

Editor L. J. Mayfield of the Louisville Courier was in the city today attending to business matters for a few hours, and while here called at the Journal office to pay his respects by a short social visit.

Mrs. William Holmes of Coleburg, Iowa, who has been visiting here with Mrs. Allen Beeson and daughter, Miss Gertrude, departed this afternoon for the western part of the state for a short visit before returning to her home.

L. H. Young of Nehawka, who is one of the jurymen for this term of district court, came up this morning from his home and was a passenger on the early train for Omaha to look after business matters for a few hours.

L. J. Roush of Nuckells county, Nebraska, who has been visiting at the home of Hon. W. B. Banning at Union, came up this morning and was a passenger for Greenwood, where he was called to look after some matters of business.

Mrs. Jessie Quackenbush of Omaha, nee Miss Jessie Lane, is in the city visiting with her friends and acquaintances, who were very much pleased to see her, as she was quite a popular young lady when a resident here.

## You Can Prevent Hog Cholera—Kill Hog Worms and Have Fat Hogs.



Don't let Hog Cholera and Worms scare you—it's an easy matter to prevent them. This positive fact is vouched for by thousands of Farmers and Hog Raisers in nearly every state in the Union. Just feed with the daily hog ration a small quantity of

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## NEICE OF BARLOW GOLDING MAKES DEBUT IN ST. LOUIS

Byron Golding has received a copy of the St. Louis Star containing an account of the debut of his niece, Miss Birdie Perles, at a concert given at the Musical Arts building in St. Louis. The Star has the following to say in regard to the great success by Miss Perles:

"Miss Birdie Perles, 17 years old, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Pearls, of 5826 Maple avenue, is said to possess a voice rivaling that of Tetravini, being able to reach high C in alto with ease. She sang for Madame Galve while that artist was in St. Louis and the great singer exclaimed, 'One of the greatest soprano voices I have heard in America, and the sweetest, truest notes I have ever heard from a child's throat,' and the great singer expressed a wish to take her to Europe to finish studying under her direction."

Miss Perles' mother is a half-sister of Byron Golding of the Variety store, and he, in talking of the wonderful voice of his niece, said that the voice of the young lady was inherited, as her mother and aunt had been fine singers in their day and that they had sang in grand opera and had received handsome salaries for their services, and he would not be surprised if Miss Perles became one of the greatest singers in the world. That she will be heard of most favorably there is not the least doubt, as she possesses a wonderful voice that will develop greater powers under the proper training.

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## Severe Case of Grippe.

John Snead, the Burlington engineer, has been suffering for several days with a very severe case of the grippe at his home in Sioux City. He has been unable to attend to his duties for some time on the road and his many friends here will join in wishing him a speedy recovery from the indisposition and trust that he will soon be able to make his usual trips into this city, where he possesses a host of friends.

## FRANK VALLERY WILL MAKE HIS FUTURE HOME IN PLATTSMOUTH

Plattsouth has received another addition to its population in the persons of Frank Vallery and family, who have returned to this city to make their future home. Mr. Vallery, who is engaged in the business of selling fine horses, removed some time ago to Ogallala, Neb., and while he did a most excellent business there, did not consider that the country could compare with old Cass county, so decided to remove to Plattsouth, where he will reside in the future and place his children in our schools here, where they can have the advantages of the excellent teaching that is given in the local schools. Mr. Vallery expects to continue in the business of buying and selling fine horses here and will undoubtedly meet with much success, and we are delighted to welcome him back to this county to make his home.

## Dr. King's New Discovery

Soothes irritated throat and lungs, stops chronic and hacking cough, relieves tickling throat, tastes nice. Take no other; once used, always used. But it at F. G. Fricke & Co.'s.

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