

# THE ROOT OF EVIL

BY  
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## CHAPTER XX.

### The Tempter's Voice.

AGAINST his judgment Stuart allowed Bivens to have his way. The little man clambered on deck and bustled about, giving orders to the sailor who was stowing the lunch and ammunition.

When Stuart stopped the tender at the first blind, about 500 yards away, Bivens protested.

"Here, here! I'm no mollycoddle if I have been sick. I can throw a stone to this blind. This isn't the one I want. There it is down yonder toward the end of that marsh. I saw thousands of ducks circling around it yesterday. I've given in to you every day we've been down here. I'm going to have my way this time."

He turned to the sailor who was gunning the tender's engine and spoke sharply.

"Go to that other blind!" The sailor sprang to the wheel, and the tender shot ahead. Stuart settled back in his seat with angry disgust, and Bivens laughed.

"Cheer up, it's no use to give orders for a funeral yet. If we can't get back to that yacht in fifteen minutes against any wind that blows today I'll eat my hat. I'm feeling better than I have for months. I'm in for a good time. Don't be a piker."

Stuart determined to make the best of it.

"All right," he answered cheerfully. "Good Lord, man, I could walk back to the yacht at low water—it all goes bare."

"Yes, unless the wind hauls in to the northeast and rolls in a big tide through that inlet."

"All right; let her roll. The tender will come back and pull us in."

By the time the decoys were out it began to spit snow, and the wind had freshened.

As the sailor was about to start back Stuart spoke sharply.

"Listen to me now, Niels. Keep a sharp watch on this weather. If you see the wind haul to the north put a compass in your tender, take your bearing from the yacht to this blind in case it should shut in thick and come after us in double quick time. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"If it looks bad don't wait too long. If it should be blowing a gale you'd better bring the cook along to steer while you watch your engine. Have him fix a light supper before he starts."

Bivens was vastly amused at Stuart's orders.

Stuart scanned the horizon, watching a flock of ducks working their way northward. The sign was ominous. Birds know which way the wind is going to blow before it comes, and if a gale is on the way they always work to the teeth of it.

It was useless to tell this to Bivens. He didn't have sense enough to understand it. But Stuart quietly made up his mind to take up the decoys and row in as soon as the tide ebbed down to two feet of water.

In the meantime he would make the best of the situation. The ducks began to come in and decoy like chickens. He killed half a dozen and in the excitement began to forget the foolhardiness of the trip.

Bivens shot a dozen times, missed, got disgusted and began to fret and complain. He said:

"Jim, would you mind telling me the mental process by which you rejected my offer? You're the only man I've struck on this earth that didn't have his price."

"Perhaps we have different ways of fixing values. You are not yet fifty years old and a wreck. What's the use? What can you do with your money now?"

"It brings luxury, ease, indulgence, power, admiration, wonder and the envy of the world."

"What's the good of luxury if you can't enjoy it, ease if you never take it, indulgence when you have lost the capacity to play, power if you're too busy getting more to stop and wield it?"

"Jim, you're the biggest fool I ever knew, without a single exception."

Stuart glanced anxiously toward the yacht. It was 3 o'clock. The tide had ebbed half out and there was barely enough water on the flats now for the tender to cross. It was snowing harder and the wind had begun to inch in toward the north.

"No more ducks today, Cal!" Stuart said briskly, returning to his tone of friendly comradeship. "We've got in

and made a mess of it. He merely succeeded in shoving the boat around.

Stuart saw they could never make headway by that method, turned and shot back into the marsh.

"Get out!" he shouted sternly. "You can walk along the edge. I can shove her alone."

Bivens grombled, but did as he was ordered.

"Don't you leave the edge of that marsh ten feet!" Stuart shouted cheerfully. "I think we'll make it now."

It was a question whether one man had the strength to shove the little boat through the icy, roaring waters and keep her off the shore. He did it successfully for a hundred yards, and the wind and sea became so fierce he was driven in and could make no headway. He called Bivens, gave him an oar and made him walk in the edge of the water and hold the boat off while he placed his oar on the mud bottom and pushed.

It took two hours of desperate battling to make half a mile through the white, blinding, freezing, roaring waters. The yacht now lay but 300 feet away from the edge of the marsh.

"Say, why do we stop so much?" Bivens growled. "I'm freezing to death. Let's get to that yacht."

"We'll do our best," Stuart answered gravely, "and if you know how to pray now's your time."

"Oh, tommyrot!" Bivens said contemptuously. "I can throw a stone to her from here."

"Get in," Stuart commanded, "and lie down again flat on your back!"

Bivens obeyed, and the desperate fight began.

Stuart made the first few strokes with his oars successfully and cleared the shore, only to be driven back against it with a crash. A wave swept over the little craft.

Stuart grasped Bivens' hand and found a cake of ice on his wrist. He shoved the boat's nose again into the wind and pulled on his oars with a steady, desperate stroke, and she shot ahead. For five minutes he held her head into the sea and gained a few yards. He set his feet firmly against the oak timbers in the boat's side and began to lengthen his quick, powerful stroke. He found to his joy he was making headway. He looked over his shoulder and saw that he was half way.

He couldn't be more than 150 feet and yet he didn't seem to be getting any nearer. It was now or never. He bent his oars with the last ounce of reserve power in his tall sinewy frame, and the next moment an oar snapped, the boat spun round like a top and in a minute was buried back helpless on the marsh.

As the sea dashed over her again Bivens looked up stupidly and growled:

"Why don't you keep her straight?" Stuart sprang out and pulled the numbed man to his feet, half dragged and lifted him ashore.

"Here, here, wake up!" he shouted in his ear. "Get a move on you, or you're a goner." He began to rub Bivens' ice-clad wrists and hands, and the little man snatched them away angrily.

"Stop it!" he snarled. "My hands are not cold now."

"No, they're freezing," he answered as he started across the marsh in a dog trot, pulling Bivens after him. The little man stood it for a hundred yards, suddenly tore himself loose and angrily faced his companion.

"Say, suppose you attend to your own hide—I can take care of myself."

"I tell you, you're freezing. You're getting numb. As soon as I can get your blood a little warmer we've got to wade through that water for a hundred yards and make the yacht."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," Bivens said. "I'll stay here till the next tide and walk out when the water's ebbed off. I'm not half as cold as I was."

"You're losing the power to feel. You've got to plunge into that water with me now, and we can fight our way to safety in five minutes. The water is only three feet deep, and I can lift you over the big waves. We'll be there in a jiffy. Come on!"

He seized his arm again and dragged him to the edge of the water. Bivens stopped short and tore himself from Stuart's grip.

"I'll see you to the bottomless pit before I'll move another inch!" he yelled savagely. "Go to the devil and let me alone. I'll take care of myself."

"All right," Stuart said contemptuously as he turned and left him.

He began to walk briskly along the marsh to keep warm. All he had to do tonight was to apply the law of self interest by which Bivens had lived and waxed mighty and tomorrow he could take the woman he loved in his arms, move into his palace its master and hers. There could be no mistake about Nan's feelings. He had read the yearning of her heart with unerring

wind, feebly striking his hands together.

"Are you going to fight your way with me back to that yacht, Cal?" he asked sternly.

"I am not," was the short answer. "I am going to walk the marsh till 4 o'clock."

"You haven't the strength. You can't walk fast enough to keep from freezing. You'll have to keep it up eight hours. You're cold and wet and exhausted. It's certain death if you stay."

"I've told you I'll take my chances here, and I want you."

He never finished the sentence. Stuart suddenly gripped his throat, threw him flat on his back and while he kicked and squirmed and swore drew a cord from his pocket and tied his hands and feet securely.

Paying no further attention to his growls and curses, he threw his little, helpless form, across his shoulders,

plunged into the water and began his struggle to reach the yacht. It was a difficult and dangerous task, but at



He Began His Struggle to Reach the Yacht.

last he struggled up the gangway, tore the cabin door open, staggered down the steps into the warm, bright saloon and fell in a faint at Nan's feet.

The doctor came in answer to her scream and lifted Bivens to his state-room, while Nan bent low over the prostrate form.

"Jim, speak to me! You can't die yet; we haven't lived!"

He sighed and gasped:

"Is he alive?"

"Yes, in his state-room there, cursing you with every breath."

"Thank God! Thank God!"

(To Be Continued.)

## THE MAKING OF WORDS.

Curious Origin of Some of Our Most Common Expressions.

In the "Romance of Words," a publication by an English author, much space is devoted to "apiesia," which means a gradual or unintentional loss of an unaccented vowel at the beginning of a word. This kind of word shrinkage is more common than one might suppose.

Sometimes the middle syllable of a word will be slurred to the point of extinction. From Mary Magdalene, fearful and penitent, comes the word maudlin. Sacristan is contracted into sexton; the old French word paralysis becomes palsy; hydroptic becomes dropsy, and the word procurator becomes proctor in English. Bethlehem Hospital For Lunatics, established in London, came to be telescoped into bedlam, much as Cholmondeley came to be Chumley and Majoribanks Marshbanks. Peel is for appeal, mend for amend, lone for alone, fender, whether before a fireplace or outside a ship, is for defender; fence for defense, taint for attain.

The word peach, commonly regarded as English thief slang, goes back to the time of Shakespeare and is related to impeach, though used to indicate informing against an accomplice.

The word cad is for Scotch caddie, once an errand boy, now familiar in connection with golf. Caddie is from the French word cadet, meaning a junior or younger brother.—Indianapolis News.

## SURGERY ON THE SKULL.

The Operation of Trepanning Was Common in Ancient Times.

While the medical profession is agreed that some rough form of surgery must have existed from very ancient times, it has always been a matter of wonder that so complex and delicate an operation as trepanning should also be one of the oldest.

There is authentic record of this operation dating back to the time of Hippocrates, who wrote treatises on fractures, dislocations and wounds of the head, wherein he described the method of procedure to be followed in the case of a fractured skull. His idea was to cut away a piece of bone so that the pressure on the brain might be relieved.

The annals of this era also show that a file was used for this purpose, which, at a time when modern anaesthetics were unknown, must have been, to say the least, painful.

According to Holmes, the operation of removing pieces of bone was performed long before historic times. The effects on the skull are easily seen after death and are visible as long as the bones are preserved. From inspection of certain skulls of the later stone age in ancient Britain there has been derived the conclusion that some of these had undergone the operation, which must have been performed with a stone implement.—Harper's Weekly.

## Are You a Cold Sufferer?

Take Dr. King's New Discovery. The Best Cough, Cold, Throat and Lung medicine made. Money refunded if it fails to cure you. Do not hesitate—take it at our risk. First does helps. J. R. Wells, Floydada, Texas, writes: "Dr. King's New Discovery cured my terrible cough and cold. I gained 15 pounds." Buy it at F. G. Fricke & Co.

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## ROSSMORE'S BANSHEE.

Its Terrifying Wail Heralded the Death of His Father.

In "Things I Can Tell" Lord Rossmore relates that he himself was born in Dublin in 1853. His father was the third Baron Rossmore, who married Miss Josephine Lloyd of Farrinrory, County Tipperary, and whose death was duly heralded by the banshee.

"Robert Rossmore was on terms of great friendship with Sir Jonah and Lady Barrington, and once when they met at a Dublin drawing room Rossmore persuaded the Barringtons to come over the next day to Mount Kennedy, where he was then living. As the invited guests proposed to rise early they retired to bed in good time and slept soundly until 2 o'clock in the morning, when Sir Jonah was awakened by a wild and plaintive cry. He lost no time in rousing his wife, and the scared couple got up and opened the window, which looked over the grass plot beneath.

"It was a moonlight night, and the objects around the house were easily discernible, but there was nothing to be seen in the direction whence the eerie sound proceeded. Now thoroughly frightened, Lady Barrington called her maid, who straightway would not listen or look and fled in terror to the servants' quarters. The uncanny noise continued for about half an hour, when it suddenly ceased. All at once a weird cry of 'Rossmore, Rossmore, Rossmore!' was heard, and then all was still.

"The Barringtons looked at each other in dismay and were utterly bewildered as to what the cry could mean. They decided, however, not to mention the incident at Mount Kennedy and returned to bed in the hope of resuming their broken slumbers. They were not left long undisturbed, for at 7 o'clock they were awakened by a loud knocking at the bedroom door, and Sir Jonah's servant, Lawler, entered the room, his face white with terror.

"What's the matter—what's the matter?" asked Sir Jonah. "Is any one dead?" "Oh, sir," answered the man, "Lord Rossmore's footman has just gone by in great haste, and he told me that my lord, after coming from the castle, had gone to bed in perfect health, but that about half past 2 this morning his own man, hearing a noise in his master's room, went to him and found him in the agonies of death, and before he could alarm the servants his lordship was dead."

## LOST IN THE LAST LAP.

He Queered Things Just as the Winning Post Was in Sight.

There lived in Detroit a man who was the champion letter writer to the newspapers and to the heads of all public enterprises. One of his fads was to write every day to President Ledyard of the Michigan Central railroad and tell Ledyard wherein he was falling in the conduct of his road.

There was a letter for Ledyard every morning. They annoyed him, and he sent for his general counsel one day and said: "Russell, I'm getting tired of these letters. I will give you \$3,000 more a year if you will find that man and stop him for twelve months."

Three thousand dollars more a year appealed to Russell, and he went out to find the letter writer. He found him and made a business proposition. "Now, see here," he said, "I want you to stop writing letters to Mr. Ledyard. If you will quit for a year I will give you \$1,500."

The letter writer consented gladly. Things went along swimmingly for eleven months Ledyard was happy, and Russell was happy. Then there was a wreck on the road. The letter writer could not resist the opportunity, and he wrote to Ledyard and told him what he thought about the road and its president and its management.

Ledyard sent the letter to Russell with this endorsement: "This is where you lose \$3,000." And it was.—Saturday Evening Post.

## Two Reasons For Not Reporting.

General Nelson A. Miles, during active service, one day received a telegram from a subordinate who was on a furlough, but was expected back that day. The dispatch read:

"Sorry, but cannot report today, as expected, owing to unavoidable circumstances."

The tone of the message did not please the general, and he wired back: "Report at once, or give reasons."

Back came the answer from a hospital:

"Train off, can't ride; legs off, can't walk."

## Disraeli's Marriage Doctrine.

Disraeli's doctrine of marriage was admirably simple: "All my friends who married for love and beauty either sent their wives or live apart from them. I may commit many follies in life, but I never intend to marry for love, which I am sure is a guarantee of infelicity."—Contemporary Review.

## Squaring Himself.

She—Surely, Mr. Curtis, you cannot be serious. I have heard that you have told your friends that you wouldn't marry the best woman in the world. He—When I said that I had no idea that you would listen to a proposal from me.

## In Alcohol.

"How old is Bobby Van Lush?" "Bobby's about thirty-five."

"Deuced well preserved, Bobby is. He doesn't look a day over fifty!"—Puck.

He who is feared by many fears many.—German Proverb.



## The Cause of a Cold

OR cough cannot always be traced. It is sufficient, however, to know that you have one and ought to get rid of it. "Great oaks from little acorns grow," and too frequently the slight cough of today is the pneumonia of tomorrow.

## Rexall

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Is the best cough insurance in the world. As a remedy for coughs, hoarseness, difficult breathing, etc., it is without a peer. It soothes and heals the inflamed throat and passages and restores the voice to its natural tone, all in a very short time. Cures the most stubborn coughs. Very pleasant to take, perfectly harmless and good for children as well as adults. Try a bottle!

## F. G. Fricke & Co.

The Rexall Store

## THE MERRY-GO-ROUND TRAIN

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The greatest measure that would contribute to the bringing of increasing trade to this city would be the securing of the merry-go-round train on the Missouri Pacific, which would leave Omaha in the morning, running via Louisville, Weeping Water and Union, coming up from Union to this city about 11 o'clock in the morning and running on into Omaha. The train would leave Omaha in the afternoon about 2:30, coming by way of Plattsmouth, and returning to Omaha by way of Louisville. This would give the farmers out in the county a splendid chance to come to this city to look after business matters and return home the same day, and be the means of bringing the different parts of the county in closer touch with each other. This train could probably be secured if the proper representations were made to the officers of the Missouri Pacific railway, and the Commercial club should take the matter up with them as soon as possible and try to secure this train for the benefit of the residents of the central and southern sections of the county.

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