# The Thirteenth Commandment

# RUPERT HUGHES

CHAPTER XXIII-Continued. --15-

Mrs. Romilly finished her wholesale and laughed sheepishly. order and wheezed out like a grand old automobile of an early model.

"What on earth made you take it?"

we can't fill it." "We're going to fill it."

"But how?" "Darned if I know, but- Well, we'll Leila?" have to get a lot of sewing-women in and sit up nights."

"But the material. We can't buy those things on credit."

"Then I'll borrow cash and pay for

"Borrow where? You said you run in and say 'hello.'"

wouldn't trouble your brother." "I'm not responsible for what I have

name is good enough collateral." All unconscious of Daphne's affairs Bayard was approaching his office



Mrs. Romilly Finished Her Wholesale Order and Came Wheezing Out Like a Grand Old Automobile of an Early

with the brisk manner of a triumphant capitalist. But that was bluff for outward effect. He was actually dizzy with loss of bearings and control.

Bayard had carried heavier burdens than Clay, and under the sting of Leila's whip had taken greater risks for higher prizes. The crash in the street had found him so extended that he could not recover without additional help. That very morning one of his brokers had called on him for a renewal of margins. He had to have five thousand dollars or he would lose

Rebuffed from every door, Bayard had gone to Wetherell's office-a mysterious sort of place surrounded by guards and secret service men to ward off the menace of spies, real and imaginary.

Bayard had unusual difficulty in passing the lines. The reason he soon heard. A new man was in charge in Wetherell's place, a retired British officer whose natural and affected gruffness was aggravated by the unpleasant nature of his tasks. He had only

He made Bayard describe who and what he was and what he wanted. Only Bayard's desperation gave him strength to ask this old Cyclops for an advance on new contracts.

Bayard went away in a stupor. He had intelligence enough to feel that he could less safely attack Wetherell now than before. He would seem to be implicated in the fellow's malfeasance. He would only advertise to his creditors that his vaunted contracts were worthless. Business men will endure much to escape such publication

of their wrongs. Bayard kept his head high till he reached his own office. Then he fell into his chair and propped his elbows on his desk and gripped his hot brows in his hands as if he were holding his skull together. It is the business man's

attitude of prayer. It was thus that Daphne found him when she opened the door narrowly and closed it behind her as softly as La Tosca. She was beaming with af- home in the dark with champagned fection and importance, and when at her mischievous "Ahem!" Bayard looked up she was so pretty that he forgot himself long enough to smile and rush forward to embrace her.

She was wondering how to state her errand when the telephone rang. It startled Bayard strangely. He caught it to his lips as a toper lifts a glass. He pressed the receiver to his ear and evidently recognized the voice that

said "Hello" from somewhere. He answered in monosyllables of heard gloom in them.

Bayard hung up the receiver, pushed | Wetherell felt that she had turned the telephone away as a bitter sup.

"Great convenience, the telephone! When they were alone the partners money than I ever hoped to have, 'For gazed at Daphne's list and then at want of a nail the shoe was lost.' Oh well, it saves me from spending it foolishly. But if I'd had five thousand there was a sneer on her lips. Mrs. Chivvis exclaimed. "You know dollars- My God! if I'd had five thousand dollars."

Daphne could think of nothing more

"Don't ask me!" Bayard smiled, "Tell me. What can I do for you, honey, before I go to take some nasty medicine from the president."

"Nothing dear. I had to come downtown on an errand, so I thought I'd "Well, hello!"

He kissed her and patted her back said or may say. Besides, I don't mind with doleful tenderness and she went going to Bayard, now that I can go out of his office into the elevator. Its with success. I'll call on him in a fron-barred door and its clanking business way and offer him interest chains gave it a congenial prison feeland all that. I guess Mrs. Romilly's ing, and the bottomless pit it dropped into seemed even more appropriate.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

Daphne wanted to run away from her thoughts and she walked for a mile or two up the deep ravine of Broadway. She dared not go back to Mrs. Chivvis just yet with her bad a loan. She swept the appalling idea | will-ll?" from her brain with a puff of derision. Besides, he was out of town, Bayard had said. She thought of asking Tom Duane for it. She tried to blow that idea from her mind, but it kept drifting back like a bit of stubborn thistledown. She could not outwalk it.

At length she grew so desperate that she stopped at a telephone booth and brazenly called up Duane's number. He chanced to be at home. When he heard her voice he cried:

"Oh Lord, it's good to hear you Sing again, sing again, nightingale!" "I'm no nightingale. I'm a business voman, offering you an investment." She told him the whole story. The name of Mrs. Romilly made him whis-

and added, "You're a made woman." "But the clothes aren't made, and I

can't make 'em till I get some money. Would you—could you advance me a little on the most excellent security?" "How much do you want? Where shall I bring it?"

"Mail two-er-five hundred dollars to the shop, will you? And I can never thank you enough."

"Hush. It's me that thanks you. Don't you want more?"

"No, thanks." "It will be there in the early mail and I may call round later to put a

mortgage or something on the place." "Good-by," she chuckled, and hung up the receiver. She was crying softly as she stole from the blessed booth, and she looked less like a successful

business woman than ever.

Something made her think of Wetherell. She stopped off at Bayard's floor and rang the bell. Lella's new butler admitted her with pomp. Daphne walked past him into the drawingroom. Leila and Wetherell were standing there in heavy coats. They seemed to be a little shocked at seeing Daphne. She was horribly hurt at

"Just come in?" "Just going out," Lella answered, dssing Daphne nervously. "Where?" Daphne asked, with in-

seeing them, but she chirruped:

trepidity, as she shook hands with Wetherell—a prize-fighter's preliminary handshake it was.

"Oh-er-just motoring about a

"Thanks-I'd love it," Daphne dared to say, almost as much amazed as they were at hearing her accept the invitation that had not been given.

She was quite shameless from their point of view, but she felt that it would be unpardonable to let her brother's wife go unrebuked or at least unaided and unchaperoned on a cruise so perilous to reputation if not to character.

While she was at the miserable business she decided to make a good job of it. When they went down to the car she squeezed in between Leila and Wetherell. Leila blanched with

jealousy and cold rage. They dined at Long Beach and watched the dancers, in sullen mood. and would not listen to Leila's pleas that he let it alone. He frightened her a little by his reckless mood, and Daphne began to dread the journey hands on the steering wheel.

After Daphne and he had executed a funeral dance Lella was emboldened

erell's downfall from nower. Lella in the dance, and Lella was sick- yet quite reached her, but they missed ened with the sordid outcome of her her less and less. romance. She had played with fire A small distance off, Leila lay still, dead. the least importance, but Daphne and got soot on her hands. She quit in almost her first ungraceful attitude, That made the ultimate difference.

against him and he reached for the last of the wine to fling it down his throat. Lella grimly took it from his Just learned that I've dropped more fingers and emptied it in the ice bucket.

"Chauffeurs and champagne are a bad combination," she laughed, but

"Oh, very well!" Wetherell sneered in turn. He paid for the dinner and tipped the waiter with the lavishness helpful to say than a casual, "How's of a bankrupt. He tipped lavishly the man who guarded his car, and swung out into the road with an instant speed that would have been prettier if there had been less danger.

Daphne and Lella were good sports but they were not merry. Wetherell furnished all the merriment, and his was from wine and despair. It was the wine that brought out the truth. He had to tell Daphne what he had told Lella, of his misfortune with his bally old government.

He asked Daphne to explain to Bayard how sorry he was that he was involved in the crash.

"Your broth' Bayard's aw'fly nice fel', Miss Skip. He's got nicest li'l' wife in worl'. Perf'ly good li'l' girl. Straight as a string-straight as they make 'em. No nonsense about li'l' Leil'. I just love her-perf'ly honor'ble love. I'd do anything in worl' for Leil'-or li'l' Miss Daffy-or ol' broth' Bay'd. Tell him 'at, will you, news. She thought of asking Clay for like a goo' lill girl? Tell Bay' 'at,

Daphne grew furious. She felt now that she had justified her presence here. She held Leila fast in her embrace and commanded Wetherell. "Slow down at once! Do you hear? Slow down this car!"

Wetherell laughed: "Bless li'l' heart. I'm goin' take you home. You're quite shafe with me-quite. Man that's born to be hanged never drown or get automokilled-that's good word-automokilled-eh, what?"

They whipped round a somber jut in the road, and his searchlight painted instantly in white outlines against the black world a wagonload of sleepy children returning from some village church affair. They were singing. tle. "Old Gorgon Zola," he called her, drowsily, "Merrilee we ro-la-long-ro-la-

Daphne and Lella seemed to die at

Wetherell groaned, "Oh, my God, the li'l' chil'ren!"

There was nothing for Wetherell to and drove his thunderbolt into an open concrete culvert. There was a furious racket. The car turned a somersault and crumpled in a shuddering mass.

Wetherell, pinloned under the wheel, was knocked this way and that and his beautiful head cracked on the concrete like a china doll's.

Lella was snatched from the car as if invisible hands had caught her exquisite body for a lash to flog a tele-



Wetherell Furnished All the Merriment and His Was From Wine and Despair.

phone pole with, then threw her into a ditch. Daphne was flung and battered and thrust under the car when Wetherell ordered much champagne it turned over. And then the gasoline spilled from the shattered tank and caught fire.

### CHAPTER XXV.

Underneath the machine lay the relics of Wetherell, who would suffer no more here. Close by was Daphne to step out with him. They talked Kip, whom a brief unconsciousness very earnestly and he seemed to hor- gave a short furlough from torture. rify her by what he said to her. She was not alive enough to be afraid Daphne could not imagine what it of the long, lean flames about the putting his head out to howl at him. was. Bayard had not told her of Weth- gasoline tank, though they kept springing at her like wolfhounds held Wetherell confessed his disgrace to in a weakening leash. They had not and had evasive answers. He did not croscope the scale will reveal tiny

outrages the blind forces of momen- | head cold as if a comof a Bill Sikes trying to beat a woman

queues ran to the scene of Wetherell's him past doors and doors to a room

At first they could not see Wetherell, but they saw Daphne and her peril, and they set frantically to work to drag her free. But she was so caught that they could not release her until they should remove the car. They pulled and heaved, but it was jammed of pity. It ran about inside its cocoon into the culvert and the ditch so tight that they could not budge it, though they took risk enough and suffered blistered hands and charred clothes,

At last one chauffeur fastened a chain to the rear axle of Wetherell's car and to the front axle of his, and, by alternate backing and swerving. dragged and hoisted Wetherell's car upward and rearward while other men snatched Daphne from beneath and away from the flames just as they were nibbling at her skirts.

At the same time they disclosed the body of Wetherell and with huge difficulty fetched it forth. Still others found Leila in a heap, a toy with broken joints.

The last thing Daphne had known was the sensation of being shaken to death, a helpless mouse in a terrier's mouth. The next she knew was that she was seated on the edge of a ditch and leaning against the shoulder of a kneeling woman in evening dress.

A number of shadowy men and women wavered against the searing glare of the gasoline.

They arrived at last at a hospital. Daphne was lifted out and delivered into the possession of two curt young internes. She was stretched on a litter, carried feet foremost into an elevator, down a corridor to a room, and rolled out on a bed. Two nurses proceeded to undress her and bathe her. Then an older doctor came in and examined her injuries. She blazed with shame, one complete blush; but to him she was hardly more than a car brought to a garage. He nodded cheerfully and said:

"Not a bone broken, young lady, and no internal derangements that I can discover. A few burns, that's all, and a big shock."

"Is Leila hurt much?" Daphne mumbled. "She is hurt a trifle worse than you.

But she'll come round all right." "I don't believe you!" said Daphne, and sighed, "Poor Bayard!"

"Who is Bayard?" "My brother-her husband." "Ah, the young man who was- The

other young man was not your husband, then?" Daphne shook her head. "He is no

elation—a friend." "Perhaps we'd better notify Bayard. What's his last name? Has he a tele-

Daphne muttered his name and number. Then her head was lifted, a capsule placed in her mouth, and a glass took her one undamaged hand; it was of water held to her lips. When she as beautiful as the severed hand of a do but what he did. He spun his wheel was restored to her pillow a sedative Greek statue, and as marblish white vas within her to her thoughts.

the money she had asked him to lend open it. Mrs. Chivvis might not dare

All her acquaintance began to march past Daphne's brain in review. Thoughts and half-thoughts and whimsies danced through her mind in a car- dreary estate of Leila. She was nival of stupor and frenzy, while to slept.

In another room Lella was shriekmoaning, a torn gazelle under the claws and fangs of tigerish pain. Abruptly there came a lethal silence also she hugged him as hard as her weak from her. They had succeeded in drugging her at last.

When Daphne had left Bayard in hearty, reassuring lie. She whispered: the afternoon she had found that he was depressed, but not how deeply. Mr. Wetherell was taking me out for a She supposed that his money loss was only a failure of expected profits, or telephoned you weren't coming home the mishap of an investment. She for dinner. She looked so lonely that did not dream that he was crippled I asked her to come along and chapfinancially.

Bayard was so forlorn, so profoundly ashamed of his bad guesswork, that he could not bear to show his face at any of his clubs that night. He had boasted there too often of having bought heavily of the stock. He had persuaded too many of his friends to invest in it.

So he went where busy men go when other places are closed to them. He went home. When he reached his apartment he found that Leila had given the servants a night out. Leila had left no word of her own

plans. After a forlorn delay Bayard called for Daphne. She was gone, too, with no word of her return. At last the telephone rang. A man's

voice spoke and explained that it spoke from the hospital. "Is Mr. Kip there? Is this Mr. Kip?

Mr. Bayard Kip? Your wife is here, and your sister, and your friend Wetherell-automobile accident-out here on Long Island-pretty bad smash. Your wife's not very well-better come out-as soon as you can." The world reeled. Bayard seized his

hat, played a tattoo on the elevator bell, darted into the street, yelled at a taxicab with ferocity, got in, ordered the driver to "go like hell." He kept At the hospital he questioned the interne flercely about Leila and Daphne,

tum had wreaked on her with the fury been laid on it. Death was at work Where would he stop?

In the chill white aisle of the corri-The chauffeurs and passengers of dor his frenzy gave place to a sense cars that drew up in lengthening of bitter cold. A chilf white nurse led where in a white bed lay a chill white thing, a cylinder of cotton.

Leila's face was almost invisible in bandages; her whole body crisscrossed and swaddled. She was an Egyptian princess mummied. For a moment her soul came out of the drug at his gasp trying to find a nerve to pull or a muscle to signal to him outside. The mere lifting of her hand brought from her a moan of such woe as canceled all Bayard's grievances against her.

Once Bayard's resentments and jealousies were swept from his mind, his old love came back throbbing and



He Was So Grateful, So Eager to Be Deceived That He Forgot Her State and Clutched Her Hand Hard and Kissed It in Gratitude.

leaping. His very soul bled and he dropped to his knees, his arm thrown across that bundle of wreckage which had been his choice among the world's

He was soon dragged from his communion with his once-more unconscious bride by the young doctor, who lifted him up with the unpracticed diplomacy of internes and led him aside, grumbling: "Say, what you trying to do? Kill her? She's weak and her heart's fluttering. Cheer her up if you can. If you can't, you can't stay. Better not stay, anyway."

Bayard apologized cravenly and promised better behavior, and was permitted to steal back to Leila. He and cold.

The interne led him at length out She wondered what Duane would into the corridor. And now Bayard think of her now. She remembered remembered that he had also a sister. an only sister, in this same tavern of her. It would be in the morning's pain. His heart went out to her. He mail. But she would not be there to remembered, too, that they had a father and a mother to tell or deceive.

The interne assured him that Daphne's injuries were slight. She looked sad enough when he peered in at her, though she was far from the asleep, but she woke at the sound of the eyes of the nurses she lay still and his step, and, turning her head with effort, opened her eyes and smiled at him feebly and whispered his name, ing and fighting, whimpering and and beckoned to him with one weak finger.

Daphne's heart ached out to him arms would let her. She searched her mind for comfort. She could think of nothing so comforting just now as a

"It's all my fault, honey. You see, ride. I met Lella. She told me you eron us. I'm to blame for it all. Can you ever forgive me?"

He was so grateful, so eager to be deceived, that he forgot her state and clenched her hand hard and kissed it in gratitude for a priceless boon. The nurse, returning, saw the deed and smiled, not knowing what joy Bayard was taking in absolving Lella of suspicion and loading himself with blame. At such a time we love to bow our own heads in shame and cast ashes upon our hair. The taste of ashes in the mouth is good at such a time.

Daphne's first visitor after Bayard was Mrs. Chivvis. "Oh, my dear!" she murmured. "I

read in the papers about your misfortune. Such a night as I had spent! I was so afraid for you! And to think that you were lying here in such pain! And I might have helped you."

Daphne smiled, and they clasped hands like the two splendid little bustness women they were. "How's the shop?" Daphne asked.

"I haven't been there." "It isn't open, then?" "No, indeed. With you here?" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Scale Reveals Salmon's Age. A single scale from a salmon will tell its owner's age and whether the fish's pickings have been slim or tree opposite. When viewed through a milines, which have developed at the rate ask about Wetherell, but the interne volunteered the news that he was of 16 a year. Lines crowded close prove that the salmon has been livle, and got soot on her hands. She quit in almost her first ungraceful attitude. That made the ultimate difference, high. Lines widely spread indicate the dance and asked to be taken home. oblivious for a few moments of the Bayard stopped short in awe, his form

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