

The THIRTEENTH COMMANDMENT.

RUPERT HUGHES

(Continued from Last Issue)

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Introducing Clay Winburn, young New Yorker on visit to Cleveland, and Mrs. and Miss Daphne.

CHAPTER II—The acquaintance of the young people opens into love and Winburn and Daphne become engaged.

CHAPTER III—Winburn returns to New York, from whence he writes urging Daphne to marry him at once. She is greatly attracted by Daphne, but her mother opposes.

CHAPTER IV—Bayard, brother of Daphne, writes telling of his recent marriage and his departure for Europe with his bride Leda. Daphne and her mother are installed in Bayard's flat at New York.

CHAPTER V—Winburn introduces his fiancée and her mother to various New York life. Daphne makes acquaintance of "Tom" Duane, man about town. He is greatly attracted by Daphne, Bayard and his wife remain uninterested.

CHAPTER VI—The three women at sea arrange a shopping excursion to secure Daphne's trousseau.

CHAPTER VII—From Duane, fashion-able companion, the two young women receive a message from Bayard. Bayard is furious over expense, seeing that Daphne is engaged. Daphne, indignant, declares she will earn her own living, and breaks engagement with Winburn. She has gone to New Orleans, popular stage favorite, and there she has the ability to achieve the name success.

CHAPTER VIII—Daphne writes Duane to tell her at the top and asks him to procure a theatrical position for her. He agrees, but assumes all attitude of affection, which Daphne resents.

CHAPTER IX—Duane appears and engages a modeling for Daphne with Helen, theatrical manager. Helen agrees to give her a chance. Duane, Bayard's stage manager, after a "tragic" rehearsal to convince her from engaging to enter the profession, but she decides to persevere.

CHAPTER X—Daphne's first rehearsal in a show, and Helen advises her to give up idea of going on the stage. Duane encourages her.

CHAPTER XI—Wesley Kip, father of Daphne, arrives in New York with five boys of his family. He has gone back to Cleveland with Mrs. Kip, and Daphne takes a room with Mrs. Kip.

CHAPTER XII—Sudden illness of Miss Kip, Daphne's leading lady. Miss Kip has her chance, but her acting is a dismal failure. She is again consoled by Tom Duane.

CHAPTER XIII—Daphne gives up her position with Helen.

CHAPTER XIV—Daphne and Clay resume their relation as engaged couple. She begins to look for work determined to support herself. Outbreak of war causes Clay to lose his position, and Daphne's salary is cut in half. He searches in Wall street and loses everything.

CHAPTER XV—Bayard speaks to his father for financial aid only to find the old gentleman is in a worse situation than himself. Leda's jewels go to the pawnshop.

CHAPTER XVI—Daphne's search for work is unprosperous, as is Clay's, and they look black indeed.

CHAPTER XVII—Daphne gets a post-office address, but the firm fails. She secures another, but is induced by the manager and leaves.

Wooded cliffside with a vista of peculiar majesty he wheeled out of the road and stopped the car, shut down the chattering engine and turned off the strenuous lights.

They sat utterly content till Duane spoke off the distant stupor. They could not stay here thus forever. They could not stay much longer. It was growing cold and late.

He did not dare to look at Daphne. He did not quite need to. He could imagine her pretty head and the drowsy, adorable eyes, the lips pursed with childish solemnity, the throat



He Could Imagine Her Pretty Head. stem in the urn contour of her shoulders, the arched curves of her nostrils. He imagined those from memory, for they had been mentioned in a quick motor-car ride on turning

some. A pearl of drowsy luster gleamed in the soft folds of his tie. The hands sheltering the match were splendid hands.

She watched the cigar fire glow and fade and the little turbulent smoke veils float into the air and die. One of them formed a wreath, a strange, frail, writhing circlet of blue filaments. It drifted past her and she put her finger into it—her ring-finger by some womanly instinct.

"Now you're married to me," said Duane.

There was a sudden movement of his hands as if to seize upon her. She recoiled a little; his hands did not pursue her. They went back to the steering wheel and clung to it fiercely. She turned from his eyes, but he gazed at her cheek and she could feel the blood stirring there in a blush.

"If you loved me, would you marry me?" he said.

"I—I love—I'm going to marry—somebody else."

"When?"

"Some day."

"If you're not happy with him, will you leave him?"

"Oh, but I'll be happy with him."

"So many people have said that! You've seen how seldom it worked. If you seem to love him, or he you, would you leave him?"

"If it is a large order. Maybe."

"Wouldn't it be wiser if two people who thought they loved could live together for a while before they married?"

She felt her muscles set as if she would rise and run away from such words. "Mr. Duane! I don't think it's nice even to be talking of such things. Besides, it's growing late."

"It's not so late as it would be if you married a man and found that your marriage was a ghastly mistake."

"Haven't we better start back?"

"Please don't leave me just yet. This is very solemn to me. I've been studying you a long time, trying to get you out of my mind, and only getting you deeper in my heart. I love you."

"I don't believe it."

"I know it."

"Then you oughtn't to tell me."

"Not tell a woman you love her? Not try to save her from wrecking her life and my own?"

"How wrecking my—her life?"

"I believe that if you marry Clay Winburn you'll be unhappy. He can't give you a home. He can't support you. He can't support you."

"That's not his fault, just now—with the hard times and the war. Please let's go home."

"To my home?"

"That insistence was too appalling to answer, or even to guess at, or answer against. It stunned her."

promise her were nothing to that prof-fer of his longing.

While she waited in a battle of im-pulses, he regained self-control with self-contempt, in a general clench of resolution. "I apologise," he mumbled. "I'm a fool to think that you could love me."

CHAPTER XX.

Duane did not speak till miles and miles of black road had run backward beneath their wheels. Then he grumbled, "What a fool I was to dream of such a thing!"

More miles went under before her curiosity led her to say, faintly, "What were you dreaming of?"

He laughed, and did not answer for another while. Then he laughed again.

"Do you really want to know?"

"I think so."

"Well, you couldn't hate me any more than you do, so I'll tell you. I said to myself that I would never be the slave of any woman."

"It's not that I am stingy about my money, not that I wouldn't take the greatest pleasure in pauperizing myself for the woman I loved, but that I want her to take my gifts as gifts, not as a tax or a salary. Some of these women think they are doing a man a tremendous favor by letting him support them. That doesn't get me a little bit. I believe a man does a woman just as much honor as she does him, and sacrifices a blamed sight more. He gives up his freedom, and if she gives up hers she's only giving up something she doesn't know how to use anyway."

Daphne had rarely found a man who would talk to her with Duane's frankness, and if there is anything that interests a woman more than another it is to hear womankind analyzed, even satirized. She was eager for more vinegar.

"You won't be shocked and angry?" he asked.

"I'm a decent enough fellow at heart. I want to do the right thing and live squarely as well as the next fellow. I've got a sense of honor, too, of a sort, and I take life pretty seriously."

"I tell you, the world is all turned topsy-turvy the last few years. The old rules don't rule. They never did, but people pretended to believe in 'em. Now we're not so afraid of the truth in science or history or religion or anything. We want to know the truth and live by it."

"What they used to call the decent thing we call indecent. You said yourself that marriage without love was horrible. And it is! It's all quarrel and rancor and deceit. If people are faithful to each other morally they seem to quarrel all the more. Long ago I vowed I'd never marry, and I don't intend to. I don't want to marry you. But I want your life."

"Mr. Duane! Really, this is outrageous."

"No, it isn't! Hush and listen, honey—Miss Kip—Daphne—whatever you'll let me call you. I told you I was stark, starving, crazy mad about you. When I think of you looking for work, living in that awful spare room of those awful Chivvies—when I think of you going from place to place at the mercy of such men as you're sure to meet—when I think of you waiting for poor Winburn to get out of the poorhouse, I want to grab you in my arms and run away with you. It breaks my heart to see you in distress and anxiety; for I want you to have everything beautiful and cheerful in the world. And I can get it all for you. Let me! Let me love you and try to make you happy, won't you?"

He had crowded nearer and he held her fast against the door of the car.

His right hand clung to hers; his left slid down to her waist. He drew her toward him, staring up beseechingly. He laid his cheek against her left side like a child, the big man pleading to the little woman for mercy.

She felt sorry for him and for herself. She regretted that cruelty was her one unmistakable duty. She had no right to be kind, and charity would be a sin. She wrung her hands free from his with slow persuasion and shook her head pityingly.

He accepted the decision with a nod.

She was more afraid of him now than ever. All the splendors he could



She Was More Afraid of Him Now Than Ever.

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WOMEN PRAISE STELLA-VITAE

We want every afflicted woman to try at least one bottle of Stella-Vitae on our plan, open guarantee to return the money paid for it if it does not benefit.

If you doubt our word that it will relieve the distressing aches, pains and misery peculiar to the diseases of women, read the testimony of these women who have tried it and are glad to tell others what it has done for them. The only interest they have in the matter is that which any true woman feels in helping to relieve the sufferings of other women. You can leave them.

Mrs. J. F. Lee, Milledge, Ga., had female complaint for years. Three bottles of STELLA-VITAE cured her, she said, and added, "I am certainly thankful for this great female tonic." Mrs. Paralee Frazier, Longview, Tex., expressed appreciation of STELLA-VITAE in these words: "I cannot say too much for this wonderful medicine. I had taken other female medicines for two years with no good results. I am truly grateful for the good STELLA-VITAE has done me." Mrs. Sandy Withers, of Greensboro, Ala., was a terrible sufferer from female trouble—and only a woman knows what that means! Her condition got so bad her pains threw her into spells like fits. Her husband feared she would lose her mind. The Greensboro doctors pronounced her incurable. Then somebody suggested that she take STELLA-VITAE. She did so. The first dose lightened her spells.

STELLA-VITAE is a perfectly harmless compound and it not only alleviates a woman's pain, but builds up her health; it stimulates her appetite, aids digestion, quiets her nerves and clears her complexion. It improves her personal appearance.

All dealers sell Stella-Vitae, and are authorized to return the money paid for the first bottle if it does not benefit.

DRUGGISTS! VICK'S VAPORUB SHORTAGE OVERCOME AT LAST

The Deal Schedule For Last November, Which Was Postponed on Account of the Influenza Epidemic, Is Now Re-instated—Good During the Month of March.

OVER ONE MILLION JARS OF VAPORUB PRODUCED EACH WEEK.

It is with pride that we announce to the drug trade that the shortage of Vick's VapoRub, which has lasted since last October, is now overcome. Since January 1st, we have been running our laboratory twenty-three and a half hours out of every twenty-four. Last week we shipped the last of our back orders, and retail druggists, therefore, are no longer requested to order in small quantities only.

NOVEMBER DEAL RE-INSTATED. This deal, which we had expected to put on last November and which had to be postponed on account of the shortage of VapoRub, is re-instated for the month of March. This allows a discount of 10 per cent on shipments from jobbers' stock of quantities of from 1 to 4 gross. 5 per cent of this discount is allowed by the jobber and 5 per cent by us. We advise the retail druggists to place their orders immediately, so that the jobbers will be able to get prompt shipments to them.

THANKS OF THE PUBLIC DUE THE DRUG TRADE DURING THE INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC.

The thanks of the American public are certainly due the entire drug trade—retail, wholesale and manufacturing—for what they accomplished during the recent influenza epidemic. The war caused a shortage of physicians—nurses were almost impossible to obtain—the demand on the drug trade was unexpected and overwhelming, and to

During the influenza epidemic, Vick's VapoRub was used as an external application in connection with the physician's treatment, and thousands of people, unable to obtain a doctor, relied on Vick's almost exclusively. Literally millions of families all over the country, from California to Maine, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, have found Vick's VapoRub the ideal home remedy for cough and cold troubles.



There's Solid Comfort

In banking at a bank you can rely on; a bank where conservatism is always maintained and interest charges are always low. This applies to those who do their banking at

Our Always Popular Bank

Those who have got into the habit of banking here will tell you it is a bank that does as agreed. Those who have not yet transacted business with our bank are losing something every day they delay it.

The most liberal service consistent with safe conservative banking are yours for the asking.

—THE— First National Bank LANCASTER, S. C.

Chas. D. Jones, President.
E. M. Croxton, Vice-President and Cashier,
Ira B. Jones, Jr., Assistant Cashier.

IF IT'S HIGH CLASS WE PRINTED IT