## THRTFFN COMMANDMENT

(Continued from Last Issue.)

SYNOPSIS.

young New Yorker on visit to

CHAPTER II—The acquaintance of the coung people ripens into love and Wim-era and Daphne become engaged.

CHAPTER III—Wimburn returns to lew York, from whence he writes urging Daphne to marry him at once. She con-tents, and arranges te go to New York for her trousseau.

CHAPTER IV-Bayard, brother of aphne, writes telling of his recent mar-tage and his departure for Europe with his bride Leils. Daphne and her mother are installed in Bayard's flat at New Cork.

CHAPTER V-Wimburn introduces his affianced and her mother to luxurious New York life. Daphne makes acquainance of "Tom" Duane, man about town. He is greatly attracted by Daphne. Bayard and his wife return unexpectedly.

CHAPTER VI—The three women at nee arrange a shopping excursion to se-sure Daphne's trousseau.

CHAPTER VII—From Dutilh, fashion-ble cestumer, the two younger women may expensive gowns on credit. Bayard a furious over expense, seeing hard times head. Daphne, indignant, declares she fill earn her own living, and breaks en-agement with Wimburn. She has seen ties Kemble, popular stage favorite, and elleves she has the ability to achieve he same success.

CHAPTER VIII—Danhne invites Duane by visit her at the flat, and asks him to aroure a theatrical position for her. He screes, but assumes an attitude of af-ection, which Daphne resents.

CHAPTER IX—Duane apologizes and granges a meeting for Daphne with about, theatrical magnate. Reben agrees to give her a chance. Batterson, Reben's tage manager, after a "tryout," endeavers to dissuade her from attempting to mater the profession, but she decides to persevere.

CHAPTER X-Daphne's first rehearsals a fisace, and Reben advises her to give up idea of going on the stage. Duant neourages her.

CHAPTER XI-Wesley Kip, father of Daphne, arrives at New York with dire news of financial catastrophe. He goes back to Cleveland with Mrs. Kip, and Daphne takes a room with Mrs. Chivvis.

CHAPTER XII-Sudden illness of Miss emble, Reben's leading lady, gives aphne her chance, but her acting is a ismal failure. She is again consoled by

CHAPTER XIII—Daphne gives up her position with Reben.

CHAPTER XIV—Daphne and Clay esume their relations as an engaged ounce. She begins to look for work, desimined to support herself. Outbreak of var causes Clay to lose his position, and Buyard's salary is cut in half. He specuates in Wall street and loses avarything

CHAPTER XV-Bayard appeals to his d gentleman is in a worse situation than mself. Lella's jewels go to the pawn-

CHAPTER XVI—Daphne's search for ork is unsuccessful, as is Clay's, and lings look black indeed.

CHAPTER XVII—Daphne gets a post-on addressing envelopes, but the firm alls. She secures another, but is in-the the manager and leaves.

GHAPTER XVIII - In desperation phne accepts employment from Dutilh a model. Bayard and Clay are en-

HAPTER XIX—Duane invites Daphne Lave dinner with him, and coming the stress let to become his mistress. Combats his specious arguments ugh touched by his evident affection. possibility of a life of elegant which is offered her, and definitely

CHAPTER XX—On the way home buane's car is injured in a collision, and ney accept help from Wetherell an Enginema, acquaintance of Duane's. Next torning Daphne tells Leila of her meeting with Wetherell, and discovers that has met him at Newport. Daphne vaguely disturbed by Leila's manner.

CEAPTER XXI-Lella resumes her actualitance with Wethereil, and Bayard warrs the Englishman to cease his attentions to Mrs. Kip. The affair almost ends in a fist fight. Wimburn calls on the Kips will an announcement of good fimes coming back as result of demand for war munitions. It appears that Wethereil is purchasing agent for Britain in this country, and Bayard is compelled to effect a reconciliation and deal with him

CHAPTER XXIII-The two women dede on opening a shop for feminine fin-ry, and get a start after much tribula-on. Success seems in sight when Mrs. omiliy, of the "nouveau riche," becomes patron, but the firm must have more loney. Appeal to Bayard is useless, he imself being in financial difficulties.

CHAPTER XXIV—Daphne asks Tom Duane to help them out, and he agrees at once. Hurrying home, Daphne finds teils and Wetherell just setting out for a pleasure faunt. Apprehensive, she insists on accompanying them, and after a repast in which Wetherell indulges freely in which their car is wrecked when Wethereil risks all their lives to suve a purty of children.

Lella was snatched from the car as Af invisible hands had caught her exquisite body for a lash to flog a tele phone pole with, then threw her into a ditch. Daphne was flung and battered and thrust under the car when It turned over. And then the gasoline spilled from the shattered tank and -caught fire.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

no more here. Close by was Daphne of water held to her lips. When she Kip, whom a brief unconsciousness mave a short furlough from torture

She was not alive enough to be afraid of the long, lean flames about the gasoline tank, though they kept springing at her like wolfhounds held was depressed, but not how deeply. in a weakening leash. They had not yet quite reached her, but they missed her less and less.

A small distance off, Lella lay still, in almost her first ungraceful attitude, oblivious for a few moments of the outrages the blind forces of momentum had wreaked on her with the fury of a Bill Sikes trying to beat a woman to death.

The chauffeurs and passengers of cars that drew up in lengthening to invest in it. queues ran to the scene of Wetherell's disaster.

At first they could not see Wetherell, but they saw Daphne and her to drag her free. But she was so given the servants a night out. caught that they could not release her until they should remove the car. They uffed and heaved but it was jammed

hey could not budge it, though us and engined ciothes,



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

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 pro-CHAPTER XXII-Mrs. Chivvis and ceeded to undress her and bathe her.

Daphne agree to go into business.

Then an older doctor came in and ex-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 hus-

band, then?" Daphne shook her head. "He is no relation-a friend."

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

phone?" Daphne muttered his name and num-Underneath the machine lay the ber. Then her head was lifted, a caprelics of Wetherell, who would suffer sule placed in her mouth, and a glass was restored to her pillow a sedative

er thoughts.

She wondered what Duane would think of her now. She remembered the money she had asked him to lend her. It would be in the morning's mail. But she would not be there to 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 carnival of stupor and frenzy, while to the eyes of the nurses she lay still and

In another room Lella was shrieking and fighting, whimpering and moaning, a torn gazelle under the claws and fangs of tigerish pain. Abruptly there came a lethal silence also from her. They had succeeded in drugging her at last.

When Daphne had left Bayard in the afternoon she had found that he She supposed that his money loss was only a failure of expected profits, or the mishap of an investment. She did not dream that he was crippled financially.

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

So he went where busy men go when other places are closed to them. He went home. When he reached his peril, and they set frantically to work apartment he found that Lella had

Leila had left no word of her own plans. After a forlorn delay Bayard called for Daphne. She was gone, too, the culvert and the ditch so tight with no word of her return.

At last the telephone rang. A man's mile risk enough and suffered 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 putting his head out to how! at him.

At the hospital he questioned the interne fiercely about Leila and Daphne, and had evasive answers. He did not ask about Wetherell, but the interne volunteered the news that he

That made the ultimate difference. Bayard stopped short in awe, his forehead cold as if a clammy hand had been laid on it. Death was at work.

Where would he stop?

In the chill white aisle of the corridor his frenzy gave place to a sense of bitter cold. A chill white nurse led him past doors and doors to a room 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 orisseressed and swaddled. She was an Egypton princess munified. For a mobile soul came out of the dang of his

jealousies were swept from his mind, his old love came back throbbing and leaping. His very soul bled and be dropped to his knees, his arm thrown across that bundle of wreckage which across that bundle of wreckage which had been his choice among the world's beauties.

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 took her one undamaged hand; it was as beautiful as the severed hand of a Greek statue, and as marblish white and cold.

The interne led him at length out into the corridor. And now Bayard remembered that he had also a sister. an only sister, in this same tavern of His heart went out to her. He 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 dreary estate of Lella. She was asleep, but she woke at the sound of his step, and, turning her head with effort, opened her eyes and smiled at him feebly and whispered his name, and beckoned to him with one weak

Daphne's heart ached out to him; she hugged him as hard as her weak arms would let her. She searched her mind for comfort. She could think of nothing so comforting just now as a hearty, reassuring lie. She whispered:

"It's an my fault, honey. You see, Mr. Wetherell was taking me out for a ride. I met Leila. She told me you telephoned you weren't coming home for dinner. She looked so lonely that I asked her to come along and chaperon us. I'm to blame for it all. Can

you ever forgive me?" He was so grateful, so eager to be

was within her to subdue the riot of deceived, that he forgot her state and clenched her hand hard and kissed it



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

nurse, returning, saw the deed and smiled, not knowing what joy Bayand was taking in absolving Leila 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 busiless women they were.

"How's the shop?" Daphne asked. "I haven't been there."

"It isn't open, then?"

"No, indeed. With you here?"

#### KIDNEYS WEAKENING?

Kidney troubles den't disappear of the standing of the standin

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shop religion. l'Customers must not was really very nice. find the door shut, Run open it at once. Suppose Mrs. Romilly dropped We'd lose her-unless this nepale cheeks a moment and went out. she could think of was, "And what She sighed: "I suppose Mr. Duane has stopped that check, too-if he ever sent it. Oh, dear!"

Then a nurse knocked; brought in lea tree. Daphne scanned it. "Mr. Thomas Varick Duane!" She peered closer at the pencilings and read aloud: "I just learned. I'm heartbroken. Isn't there anything I can

Daphne felt as if outraged society had forgiven her.

"Isn't he a darling?" she murmured. Mrs. Chivvis begrudged a stingy, "Well, of course—" She had the poor folks' conscientious scruples against wasting praise on the rich. "You'll want to see him, I presume."

But Daphne had had enough of evil appearance, "See him here? Never!"

confusion of a Puritan wife meeting Sold under a positive guarantee of satisfaction.

Price, 35 cents. At all dealers. a Cavalier beau. She came back later to say that Mr. Duane was really very nice, and spoke beautifully and had sent the check and would send another if Daphne wished it, and would make old Mrs. Romilly go on with the "That makes no difference," Daphne order, and would she like some spe-

stormed, already converted to the cial fruits or soups or something? He

Daphne eyed her with ironic horror

and said, "You've been flirting with him! and me so helpless here!" torlety drives her away." A little "Daph!—nee!! Kip!!!" Mrs. Chiv-blush of shame flickered in Daphne's vis screamed. The only counter-thrust

does Mr. Wimburn say?" This sobered Daphne. Why had Clay sent no word? Everybody else in town had seen the papers. Clay a card growing in a large little aza- read the papers. Surely he was not capable of such monstrous pique. When your worst enemy gets badly hurt you've just got to forgive-if you're human.

(Continued in Next Issue.)

#### THE RIGHT REMEDY FOR BOWELTROUBLES

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appearance. "See him here? Never!"
She glazed at poor Mrs. Chivvis with a reproof that was excruciating to accept, and ordered her to go down and meet Mr. Duane and incidentally learn about the check, "Business is business," she said.

Mrs. Chivvis descended in all the Confusion of a Provisor wife meeting.

All the same time and checks the discharge gradually.

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