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## THE ROOT OF EVIL

BY THOMAS DIXON

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### BOOK III—THE FLOWER.

#### CHAPTER III—Continued.

Again and again he was on the point of giving up the struggle. It seemed utterly hopeless.

It took two hours of desperate battling to make half a mile through the white, blinding, freezing, roaring waters.

The yacht now lay but three hundred feet away from the edge of the marsh. Stuart could see her snow-white side glistening in the phosphorescent waves as they swept by her. The lights were gleaming from her windows and he could see Nan's figure pass in the cabin.

As he stood resting a moment before he made the most difficult effort of all to row the last hundred yards dead to the windward he caught the faint notes of the piano. She was playing, utterly unconscious of the tragic situation in which the two men stood but a hundred yards away. The little schooner was still aground resting easily on her flat bottom in the mud, where the tide had left her as it ebbed. Unless she went on deck, it was impossible for Nan to realize the pressure of the wind.

She was playing one of the dreamy waltzes to which she had danced amid the splendors of the great ball. The music came over the icy waters accompanied by the moan and shriek of the wind through the rigging with unearthly weird effect.

"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.

He 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 dashing its freezing waters into their faces.

Stuart drew his hand across his forehead and found to his horror the water was freezing before he could wipe it off.

He grasped Bivens's hands and forced 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 a hundred and fifty feet and yet he didn't seem to be getting any nearer. It was now or never. He bent to 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 hurled back helpless on the marsh.

As the sea dashed over her again Bivens looked up stupidly and growled: "Why the devil 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, you're a goner." He began to rub Bivens's 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 no more of the sort," Bivens said, with dogged determination. "I'll stay here till the next tide and walk out when the water's ebbed off."

Stuart shook him violently and shouted above the shriek of the wind. "Do you know when that will be, you fool?"

"No, and I don't care. I'm not going to plunge into that icy water now."

"The tide won't be out again before four o'clock tomorrow morning."

"All right we'll walk around here until four."

"You'll freeze to death, I tell you! Your hands and feet are half frozen now."

"I'm not half as cold as I was," Bivens whined, fretfully.

"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, tore himself from Stuart's grasp and kicked his shins like a vicious, enraged schoolboy.

"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, if you attend to your own business."

Stuart folded his arms and looked at him a moment, debating the question as to whether he would bring his neck or just leave him to freeze.

Bivens rushed up to the lawyer, and tried to shake his half-frozen fist in his face.

"Yesterday in New York," Stuart answered with contempt, "you were the master of millions. Here tonight, on this marsh, in this desert of freezing waters, you're an insect, you're a microbe!"

"I'm man enough to take no more orders from a one-horse lawyer," Bivens answered, savagely.

"All right, to hell with you!" Stuart said, contemptuously, as he turned and left him.

He began to walk briskly along the marsh to keep warm.

Nan was playing the soft strains of an old-fashioned song. He stopped and listened a moment in awe at the moan of the wind through the yacht's shrouds and halcyons came like the throbs of a hidden orchestra, accompanying the singer in the cabin. The old song stirred his soul. The woman who was singing it was his joy every day of his life. The little shriveled, whining fool, who would die if he left him there, had taken her from him; not by the power of manhood, but by the lure of gold that he had taken from the men who had earned it.

All he had to do tonight was to apply the law of self-interest by which his town had lived and waxed mighty, and then he would be able to 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 insight. Visions of a life of splendor, beauty and power with her by his side swept his imagination. A sense of fierce, exultant triumph filled his soul. But most alluring of all whispered joys was the dream of their love-life. The years of suffering and denial, of grief and pain, of bitterness and disappointment would make its final realization all the more wonderful. She was just reaching the maturity of womanhood, barely thirty-one, and had yet to know the meaning of love's real glory.

"She's mine and I'll take her!" he cried at last. "Let the little, scheming, oily, cunning scoundrel die tonight by his own law of self-interest—I've done my part."

Again the music swept over the white foaming waters. His heart was suddenly filled with memories of his boyhood, its dreams of heroic deeds; his mother's serene face; his father's high sense of honor; and the traditions of his boyhood that make character noble and worth while, traditions that created a race of freemen before a dollar became the measure of American manhood.

"Have I done my part?" he asked himself, with a sudden start. "If he has his way he will die. Peevish, fretful, spoiled by the flattery of fools, he is incapable of taking care of himself. In such conditions in which he finds himself, if I consent to his death am I not guilty of murder? Out of the heart are the issues of life! Have I the right to apply his own law? Could I save him in spite of himself if I made up my mind to do it? Pride and ceremony, high words and courtesy cut no figure in this crucial question. Could I save him if I could? If I can, and don't, I'm a murderer."

He turned quickly and retraced his steps. Bivens was crouching on his knees with his back to the fierce, icy 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 four 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. That water is rising fast. In ten minutes more it will be dangerous to try it. Will you come with me?"

"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 groans and curses, he threw his helpless form across his shoulders, plunged into the water and began his struggle to reach the yacht. It was a difficult and dangerous task. The weight of Bivens's inert form drove his boots deep into the mud, and the wind's gusts of increasing fury threatened at almost every step to hurl them down. Again and again the waves broke on his face and submerged them both. Bivens had ceased to move or make a sound. Stuart couldn't tell whether he had been strangled by the freezing water or choked into silence by his helpless rage.

At 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 screams and lifted Bivens to his stateroom, while Nan bent low over the prostrate form, holding his hand to her breast in a close, agonizing clasp, while she whispered:

"Jim, speak to me! You can't die, my haven't I?"

He sighed and gasped: "Is he alive?"

"Yes, in his stateroom there, cursing you with every breath."

The young lawyer closed his eyes, blinded with tears, murmuring over and over again:

"Thank God!—Thank God!"

CHAPTER IV.

The Mockery of the Sun.

Stuart refused to talk to Nan, went abruptly to his stateroom, and spent a night of feverish dreams. His exhaustion was so acute, restful sleep was impossible. Through the night his mind went over and over the horror

of the moment on that marsh when he had looked into the depths of his own soul and seen the flames of hell.

Between the times of dozing unconsciousness, which came at intervals, the wondrously quiet had become of the two men in that disabled tender. He waited with dread the revelation the dawn would bring. He rose with the sun and looked out of his stateroom window. The bay was a solid sheet of glistening ice. The sun was shining from a cloudless sky and the great white field sparkled and flashed like a sea of diamonds.

What a mockery that sunshine! Somewhere out on one of those lonely marshes it was shining perhaps on the stark bodies of the two men who were eating and drinking and laughing the day before. What did nature care for man's joys or sorrows, hopes or fears? Beneath that treacherous ice the tide was ebbing and flowing to the throbs of her even, pulsing heart. Tomorrow the south wind would come and sweep it all into the sea again.

He wondered dimly if the God, from whose hands this planet and all the shining worlds in space had fallen, knew or cared? And then a flood of gratitude filled his soul at the thought of his deliverance from the shadow of crime. Instinctively his eyes closed and his lips moved in prayer:

"Thank God, for the sunlight that shines in my soul this morning and for the life that is still clean; help me to keep it so!"

Nothing now could disturb the serenity of his temper. He dressed hurriedly, went into the galley, made a fire and called Nan.

He rapped gently on the paneled partition which separated their staterooms. He could hear her low, softly spoken answer as if there were nothing between them.

"Yes, Jim, what is it? Are you ill?" "No, hungry. You will have to help me get some breakfast."

"The cook hasn't come?" she asked in surprise.

"There was a moment's hesitation and his voice sounded queer when he quietly answered:

"No."

She felt the shock of the thought back of his answer and he heard her spring out of bed and begin to dress hurriedly.

In ten minutes she appeared at the door of the galley, her hair hanging in glorious confusion about her face and the dark eyes sparkling with excitement.

"What on earth does it mean, Jim?" she asked breathlessly. "Cal could tell me nothing last night except that he had gotten wet and chilled and you had carried him on board against his protest. When the doctor put him to sleep with a lot of whiskey he was muttering incoherently about a quarrel he had with you. I thought you sent both tenders to the shore for mail and provisions. Why hasn't the cook returned?"

"He may never come, Nan."

"Why—Jim!" she gasped. "They started to tow us in, the engine broke down. I think the carburetor probably froze and they were driven before the wind, helpless. There's a chance in a thousand that they reached an oyster shanty and found shelter. We'll hope for the best. In the meantime you and I will have to learn to cook again, for a few days."

"A few days?" Nan exclaimed.

"Yes. The bay is frozen. Our old guide is a good cook, but he's safe in harbor ashore. He had too much to venture out last night. He can't get here now until the ice breaks up."

Nan accepted the situation with girlish enthusiasm, became Stuart's assistant and did her work with a smile. It was a picnic. She laughed at the comical picture his tall figure made in a cook's apron and he made her wear a waitress' cap which he improvised from a Japanese paper napkin.

The doctor pronounced the meals better than he had tasted on the trip. Bivens was still in an ugly mood and refused to leave his stateroom of all his own accord but the doctor, entering with bitten fingers and toes and still cherishing his grudge against Stuart. He refused to believe there was the slightest necessity for such high-handed measures as he had dared to use. He had carefully concealed from both the doctor and Nan just what had occurred between them on the trip that day.

On the second morning after the freeze a light dawned on the little man's sulking spirit. During the night the ice softened and a strong southerly breeze had swept every piece of it to sea.

Again the bay was a blue, shimmering mirror, reflecting the flying clouds, and the marshes rang with the resounding cries of chattering wild fowl.

It was just nine o'clock, and Nan was busy humming a song and setting the table for breakfast, when Stuart heard the distant drum-beat of a tender's engine. The guide was returning from the shore, or the lost tender had come.

If it were the guide he would probably bring news of the other men. His course lay over their trail. He threw off his cook's apron, put on his coat, sprang out of the galley, and called below.

"A tender is coming, Nan. Don't come on deck until I tell you."

The smile died from her beautiful face as she answered slowly:

"All right, Jim."

In a moment he came back down the companion-way and spoke in quiet tones:

"It's just as I expected. They are lost. The guide found them on the marsh over there, frozen."

"The marsh you and Cal were on?" she asked breathlessly.

"Yes. Both of them were kneeling. They died with their hands clasped in prayer."

"And you saved Cal from that?" she gasped, and turning, fled into her stateroom.

He went in to change his clothes and help lift the bodies on deck. Through the paneled wall he heard Nan softly sobbing.

Bivens refused at first to believe the doctor's startling announcement. He hurriedly dressed, came on deck, and for five minutes stood staring into the white, dead faces.

Without a word he went below and asked the doctor to call Stuart.

life the little, black, piercing eyes were swimming in tears as he spoke.

"You're a great man, Jim, and what's more, you're a good one. If I forgive me the foolish things I said and did yesterday, I'll try to make it up to you, old boy. Is it all right?"

Stuart's answer was a nod, a smile and a pressure of the hand.

(To Be Continued.)

FIGHTING THE COUNTERFEITER.

China and England Depend on the Death Penalty to Deter Offenders.

To say that Americans make the best bank notes in the world may sound at first rather boastful, and yet any history of the art and industry of note engraving which failed to record the name of the first American bank note artist and the time of the chartering of the Bank of North America under the direction of Robert Morris, in 1781, up to the present, American engravers have excelled not only in the artistic quality of their designs, but in their provisions against counterfeiting.

Marco Polo found bank notes in China ages ago, printed on paper made from the bark of the mulberry tree. One of the notes, upon which the great Venetian traveler himself may have gazed, is on exhibition at this day in the cabinet of the Emperor of China. It is a series issued by the Ming dynasty about 1399 A. D.—"current anywhere under heaven"—and seems to have been printed from wooden blocks on a sheet of paper 9 by 13 inches—a bigger surface than any man could cover with both hands upon a table. This one "string of cash." The provision against forgery is simple to the point of severity—Counterfeiters here are sentenced to death. The same punishment of counterfeiters is enforced in other parts of the world. The head of the emperor who gave the order and the lopped heads of the counterfeiters are shown to the public upon a public square, the property of the criminal vanished, and left not so much as a shade, but the faded old bank note, framed in carved oak, still croaks its harsh warning to him who can understand it.

The great government has placed much dependence upon death as a deterrent to imitators of its promises to pay. When the British inventor, Samuel Burdett, invented the method of transferring designs from hardened steel plates to steel cylinders and rollers, he was not content with engraving the engraved to devote the time necessary to accomplish his best work to the engraving of the plates. He will, the new process around international interest. Mr. Perkins and his associates went to London in 1819, at the request of the British government, to help the Bank of England issue notes not easily counterfeited. But the conservative old bank refused to accept the new process, preferring as one of the Americans said, to rely upon the hangman rather than the scientific method of printing. The English began in time to follow American methods, after the geometric lathe had been invented by Asa Spencer, of New London, Conn., and improved by Cyrus Durand.

The governments of continental Europe depend exclusively upon color printing for their bank notes. The English began in time to follow American methods, after the geometric lathe had been invented by Asa Spencer, of New London, Conn., and improved by Cyrus Durand.

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## Miscellaneous Reading.

### TROUBLE IN MOROCCO.

Summary of Events Leading Up to Threatened War.

The war cloud of the world is now hovering over Morocco and the peace of Europe is threatened by the condition of affairs in the Sultanate on the northwestern coast of Africa, opposite Gibraltar. In point of fact it is nothing new for Morocco to be in the limelight and it is not so many years ago when it looked as if the United States might have to send an army there to punish the famous bandit, Raisuli, who captured a citizen of the United States and held him for ransom.

But that was only a bubble compared with the present situation in Africa. France, Germany, England and Spain are involved and from which all sorts of international complications are liable to arise.

The Moroccan question might have been settled years ago in a manner satisfactory to England, France and Spain—the three nations whose material interests are closest to Morocco—had it not been that the German emperor at a critical moment landed from a warship at the port of Tangier and in a dramatic way announced in a speech that Germany, had interests in Morocco which must be recognized and further announcing that the sultan of Morocco could rely on Germany for protection.

That was on March 31, 1905, when Abdul Aziz was sultan. Since then Abdul Aziz has been dethroned and an abdul brother is on the uncertain throne—Mulai Hafid. The royal house of Morocco is descended from All, son-in-law of Mahomet the prophet, and this fact is of some moment in the Moroccan affairs. It is a fact which has always given the great powers some concern.

The result of the Kaiser's visit to Tangier and the international conference at Algiers a few months later, at which the status of Morocco in the affairs of the world was discussed and the influence of the different powers in Morocco and the internal affairs of the country were clearly defined.

The important thing was that the Kaiser had bluffed France and England into recognizing Germany's right to a share in Morocco. Although at the time the commercial interests of Germany were very slight in Morocco, she had a great interest in the African continent. But that is only of minor consequence to Germany, although it was the excuse she gave for her action at the time. The object of her action was to determine to what extent she was to be allowed to share in the affairs of Morocco and to what extent she was to be allowed to share in the affairs of Africa and British commercial influence in Morocco.

The French have acquired enormous territory in Africa since 1834, when they seized Algiers. From Algiers they have spread east to Tunis and Tripoli and west to Senegal and the Atlantic and as far south as the Congo free state, which the late King Leopold owned. The French empire, which is still under the sovereignty and government of Belgium, about a decade ago France seized the city of Morocco on the east coast of Africa—an empire in itself.

The tremendous activity of France in Africa has been very great. In fact the French seizure of Madagascar was winked at by England and regarded as a fair exchange for the control of Egypt which England has wrested from the French. All Germany was able to get out of the affair was a small strip of territory of uncertain value, which have cost her dearly to maintain on the east and west coasts of Africa.

Germany wants more territory, but she has been blocked in most of her moves for territory by the British. The British have blocked her in the far east; she got by Agadir and the Spanish in the west. The United States blocked her further ambitions in that part of the world, as it has in South America. The United States has blocked her through Turkey to Baghdad and the Red sea, but England has blocked her in the matter of a Red sea route to the Indian Ocean. The British refuse to list the Baghdad railway securities. So Germany is sore and she is looking everywhere for a pretext to butt in and seize some territory.

So Morocco has become once more the scene of Germany's impatience. She has a great question. It is a question to go back to the Algeiras conference of 1905 to properly understand the present pretext of Germany. The Algeiras conference was given police powers in nearly all of Morocco except a strip on the north of the Rif mountains. The Rif is a strip of land which has been under the limited authority over the wild Rif tribes. It will be recalled that there were riots in Barcelona three years ago because of the military defeat inflicted by the Spaniards by the French. Since then Spain has been strengthening her position by means of fortifications and non-combat troops. The Rif and France has not been any too pleased at Spanish activity.

France, however, was given far the largest contract by the Algeiras conference. It meant that France must protect all foreign interests in one of the most turbulent nations in the world, in which tribal chiefs and governors of provinces are all powerful and ever ready to plunder each other.

The traditional policy of Morocco has been one of isolation from the world. The natives are fanatical Christians, and merely tolerate Jews. All Christians were slaves in Morocco up to 1814, and piracy was not abandoned until 1817. The export of cereals and many other articles has already been prohibited.

The area of the country is 234,000 square miles—nearly as large as New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and New Jersey combined. The population is estimated at 8,000,000 and the largest city is Fez—the capital—with 130,000 people. The city of Morocco comes next with 50,000, Tangier, 20,000 and Mequinez, 25,000.

The internal trouble, or rebellion, which has led to the present condition of affairs in Morocco, began in Mequinez about five years ago after Mulai Hafid had defeated his brother, Sultani Abdul Aziz, and was proclaimed sultan. Mulai Hafid had been governor of the province of Mequinez, and the people of that province especially resented the domination of Christian influence in the affairs of the government.

The hatred of the people was especially aroused against France, and they expected the new sultan to at

## DOWNFALL OF COTTON BULLS.

Many Men Have Tried to Corner the Market, But Nature Has Fooled Them.

Various big bulls have dominated the cotton market for the last ten years. Conditions have favored them nearly every season. They have manipulated prices and had manufacturers almost at their mercy. They engineered corners and squeezes, tied up immense stocks of raw material and played hob with the textile industry. They held the whole body of the people as had to pay the bill, for the price of cotton goods has increased 100 per cent or more. There were many indications that the reign of the cotton bulls would be continued through this year. On account of the high prices for raw cotton in recent years the acreage planted this season was immense—the biggest on record. The crop got a moderate start and then got various reverses. It rained too much in the Atlantic part of the cotton belt, and it did not rain at all in Texas, where nearly one-third of the crop is grown. The storerooms of the world were