

# The Devil

By FERENC MOLNAR

Dramatized by OLIVER HERFORD  
Adapted by JOSEPH O'BRIEN

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## CHAPTER XI

OLGA'S expression of rage and pain over her three months' imprisonment in a chair and her subsequent flight into the studio, seemed to clear the atmosphere of his oppressive burden of evil, however, and Karl jumped to his feet. He made a few turns up and down the studio and then changed his velvet studio jacket for a grey and black and white suit of the latest fashion. A brisk walk through the snow and gathering darkness revived him, and he turned back to the studio with a clearer brain. His old servant, Heinrich, met him at the door.

"Master, the gentleman has returned and is dressing," the old man said in an awestruck whisper. "I think he is a devil," he added vindictively. Heinrich had been terrified when Millar, returning to the studio in Karl's absence, had taken possession with the utmost coolness of Karl's guest chamber and proceeded to change to the evening clothes which had been sent to him there from the tailor's. Unwilling to meet the man again, Karl hurried into his own room and locked the door. He did not emerge again until long after Millar had completed his dressing and had left the studio.

Karl tried desperately to drive thoughts of Olga from his mind. But the terrible flame of passion which had grown from the tiny, buried spark of love that lurked in his heart, under the molting of the devil, tortured him. He could hardly keep himself from rushing off to Olga's house in advance of the ball to beg her not to proceed with her design of bringing him and Elsa together, to tell her that he loved her and that in all the world there lived no other man for him. Desperately at last he remembered his promise to see Mila, and he hurried out and made his way to the tattered little building in which she lived, hoping there to find forgetfulness. But go where he would the haunting image of the cynical smile, that even, persistent voice, the insidious suggestions of Millar, the devil, followed him and would not be shaken off.

In a state of mind even more desperate than that of Karl, Olga went some with Herman. Their journey was as silent as their carriage was silent. Herman was absorbed in contemplation of the information Millar had given him regarding business affairs in Russia, in which he was heavily interested. Olga was torn by conflicting emotions. The man had roused in her the dormant love for Karl which she believed loved forever. She could not deny to herself now, as she had denied for six years, that she loved him. She knew now that during those six years it had been to Karl, not to Herman, that she had turned for sympathy, for understanding, and the knowledge maddened her.

Deep in her heart Olga exalted today before every other virtue, and the duty of a loyal wife before every other duty. She could feel now the crumbling away of all her principles, her convictions, the ideals she had cherished. She had believed for six years that she had given to Herman every bit of her love and loyalty, and now she was forced to the self confession that she had lived a lie even to herself. She loved Karl.

But, away from Millar's influence, the resolve that she would yet battle with and overcome the terrible impulses he had aroused. She would go ahead with the ball. She would bring Karl and Elsa together. She would make the artist love the beautiful, accomplished girl who she herself had selected for his bride. She would make him happy; make them both happy, even if it meant that she must crush out her own hopes of happiness in doing so.

"That is a very remarkable man, that friend of Karl's," Herman said after they had driven some time in silence. "Yes. He is very disagreeable," Olga replied.

"Oh, I don't think so," Herman protested. "To me he seemed very agreeable. Where does he come from? He seems to have been everywhere and to know everybody."

"And everything," assented Olga wearily. "I cannot tell you anything about him. Karl met him a year ago at Monte Carlo."

"I am glad you persuaded him to come tonight," Herman said. "He is going to give me information that will be of great value to me."

Olga was on the point of telling Herman all about the terrible sermon the stranger had preached to them, of his wicked insinuations and of her terrible dread, but she checked herself. Herman seemed fascinated by Millar, and she could not bring herself to talk to him now. They continued the ride in silence until home was reached.

Herman and Olga occupied one of the finest residences in Park lane. It had been built by a wealthy nobleman and completed with a princely disregard for expenditure. It stood in the center of a considerable park, surrounded by trees and gardens. Preparations were already going forward for the ball when Herman and Olga reached home. Decorators were putting the finishing touches on the magnificent ballroom. Florists were banking ferns and potted plants along the stairs and halls. All was bustle and preparation. Herman delightedly went forward and examined every detail of the work. Olga, who ordinarily would have taken the same keen interest in the preparations, turned wearily away and went to her own room. She stood alone under the plea of a headache and did not again appear until the guests began to arrive in the evening.

"You look very beautiful, my dear," Herman said to her when she entered the drawing room.

to feel uncomfortable as Millar looked slowly from one to the other of them. One or two assented conversation, and his outburst, insolent replies sent them scurrying from the room. In a few moments only he and Elsa remained in the apartment. From the adjoining ballroom the sound of dancing and bright laughter, Millar looked at Elsa.

"Are you not surprised that I did not go also?" she asked. "You offended me, you know, but I stayed because I want to talk with you."

"How charming!" Millar said, with feigned enthusiasm. "Perhaps you know my nickname—Saucy Elsa?" she said the girl warningly. "Oh, yes."

"Then you should know that your Chesterfieldian manners embarrass me," Elsa said impatiently as Millar looked at her. "I have selected you to deliver a most impudent message to that crowd in there because you are so perfectly impudent."

"I am entirely at your disposal, mademoiselle."

"How can I be impudent, though, when you are so polite to me?" she cried petulantly. "Shall we end the conversation, then?"

"Oh, no; not yet," Elsa cried, embarrassed. Then she went on, with determination. "When you came in here you said I was the girl they were going to throw into Karl's arms."

"I did."

"But you did not say that I am the girl who permits herself to be thrown into Karl's arms. Am I right?"

"Yes."

"Please sit down," Elsa went on, recovering her self-poise, which the baffling politeness of Millar had disturbed. He declined the chair with a gesture, but she insisted.

"I feel much more commanding when I stand, and I want every advantage," she said. "I want to set you right, and it will be much easier when you sit down and I stand."

Smiling, Millar sat down and looked up at her expectantly. Slightly confused, she went on:

"I don't want people making fun of me before my face. I know everything. Do I make myself clear? You

are kind enough to mention the subject, and I shall delegate to you the mission of explaining the true facts to those dumplings."

She grew quiet, and her cheeks flushed. Millar looked at her admiringly as he said:

"Your confidence does me great honor."

"As a rule, I don't take these people seriously," the girl hurried on. "I have no more interest in them or their opinions than I have in last week's newspapers. But I want them all to know that they have not fooled me into marrying Karl. And you all want me to marry him—myself all want to know me into his arms."

"Pardon me," Millar interrupted. But she went on unheeding: "Don't you think I can see through your transparent schemes? But I'll marry him just the same, if he'll have me. Do you understand? I'll marry him."

"I do not think you will," Millar said quickly. "I tell you I am going to be Karl's wife," Elsa cried, with emphasis. "Now that you have grasped me with your confidence," Millar said, rising. "I feel that I may be quite frank with you. This marriage cannot take place."

He pointed to the chair he had vacated and smiled.

"Now, you sit down, because I am going to get you right," he said. Wonderingly, Elsa obeyed. Millar called a servant who was passing and said:

"You will find a small red leather case in my overcoat pocket. Bring it here."

The servant went out, and he continued to Elsa:

"I know the reason of this marriage, but you—you don't know the reason, or?"

"Or what?"

"Or you don't want to know; hence you are about to consent."

"Consent to what?" Elsa cried. "Don't beat around the bush. That is what I am trying to avoid. I am about to consent to become the wife of a man who loves another woman, and, what is more, I intend to go on with this other woman everything he should bring to his wife—love, sympathy, enthusiasm, everything. You see, you did not know me."

Millar was unmoved by her vehement declaration. As the servant re-entered the room and handed him a small red leather case he said:

"I did not think this subject could excite you to such a degree of rage. I don't want any one laughing at me," Elsa protested. "I want them all to understand that I know quite well the way I am going and that I go that

way I know, and yet I consent to be his wife."

"Why?" Millar asked, opening his little satchel. "Because—because—I—I love him," the girl answered and began to sob. Millar smiled wickedly as he took from the case a small face handkerchief and held it toward Elsa.

"Fardon me; I always carry this with me," he said. "It is my weeping bag. In it is everything a woman needs for weeping."

Elsa sobbed and dabbed at her eyes with the handkerchief, not noticing that the man was amused.

"I love him," she declared. "And take this also," Millar said, handing her a little mirror, then a powder puff and a tiny stick of rouge. Elsa could not help smiling through her tears at the absurdity of it as he looked again before her. He was a young, saucy girl. Now I am a nervous old woman. What shall I do?"

"Whatever you do you must not be discouraged. You must fight—attack the enemy. But first of all you must be pretty."

"I shall try," Elsa said dejectedly. "You must show that woman your teeth. Of course it is hard for a young girl to fight a woman," Millar went on. "You don't possess so many weapons as a married woman who knows love already—who may I say something improper?"

"Please do," she said, her sauciness returning, as she held her hands before her eyes and looked at him through her fingers.

"A woman who knows all about love that you have yet to learn."

"I understand," she said. "But don't mind that. Listen. There is not much sentiment in me, but I am a man, and I tell you, little girl, you possess the weapon that will deal the deathblow to the most attractive, the most experienced woman in the world. That weapon is parity."

"Should I listen to all this?" Elsa asked.

"I shall begin to find his task difficult. His attention wandered to Olga. "Disappointments! Well, yes, who has not been disappointed?"

Elsa observed his growing inattention, his efforts to concentrate his thoughts on their talk, his futile looking, and she turned from him coldly. Meanwhile Millar and Olga were having a conversation in which Olga was being torn on the rack of her jealous emotions.

Millar had brought her into the ante-room to show her Karl making love to Elsa. Every circumstance favored his design. Olga at first was disposed to withdraw when she saw them.

"Don't you think we should leave the young people together?" she said.



"DON'T YOU THINK WE SHOULD LEAVE THE YOUNG PEOPLE TOGETHER?"

Millar's cynical smile overspread his face, and he turned away, well satisfied with the progress he was making. "Excuse me," he murmured. "I must say good evening to our hostess." And he stole quietly out.

The two young people did not notice him. They sat down very close to each other, Karl leaning forward and looking into the big blue eyes of the girl. Elsa gave a glance at the disappearing figure of Millar.

"I am awfully glad to be alone with you, Elsa," Karl said. "You are the one natural thing in the field, artificial atmosphere. Don't you feel warm?"

"Yes, as if some hot breeze were blowing through this room. It stifles me."

"You never spoke like that before," Karl said.

"This creek was toward the ballroom and he did not see Millar usher Olga into the room. The man had brought Olga that she might witness the fulfillment of her plan and that he might triumph in her jealousy and further thwart them. Elsa saw them come in and sent themselves across the room."

"There is Olga," she said, and she, too, is jealous. "Don't you want to speak to her?"

"I have seen her," Karl replied without turning around. "I would rather talk with you. It's far more interesting."

"They are talking about us," Elsa said warningly as she saw Olga and Millar look toward them.

"Oh, what of it?" Karl exclaimed impatiently. "Let us be glad we are together. I am just beginning to know you, Elsa."

"Why do you look around then?" Elsa asked.

"Am I looking around?" Karl asked. "I wasn't aware of it."

But even as he spoke he could not help furtively glancing around to see what Millar and Olga were doing. He remembered the man's declaration in the studio that afternoon, and he distrusted and feared him. He was beginning to hate him.

By a sheer effort of will he forced himself to turn to Elsa. He resolved that he would talk to her; that he would make love to her; that he would marry her and banish from his heart those hateful emotions which Millar had aroused. He leaned forward and spoke of love to the girl in low tones, while Elsa, with color coming and going in her face, listened and watched the woman she knew for her rival.

"Our first love usually is our last love—our last love always is the first," Karl said.

"I don't know," Elsa cried demurely. "I have never been in love, although I was disappointed twice," she added gayly.

Karl was beginning to find his task difficult. His attention wandered to Olga.

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PROBATE NOTICE. Notice of Settlement of Final Account. In the Superior Court of the State of Washington, for Thurston County.

Notice is hereby given that Ellen T. McCabe, executrix with will annexed of the estate of Thomas Conboy, deceased, has tendered and presented for settlement, and filed in the Superior Court of Thurston County, State of Washington, a true and correct account of such executor, and that Monday, the 18th day of January, 1909, at 10 o'clock A. M. at the Court room of said Superior Court, in the city of Olympia, in said Thurston County, has been duly appointed as final account, at which time and place any person interested in said estate may appear and file exceptions in writing to the said final account and contest the same.

Witness, the Hon. John R. Mitchell, Judge of said Superior Court, and the seal of said Court, at the city of Olympia, this 10th day of December, A. D. 1908. W. M. STANLEY, County Clerk and Clerk of the Superior Court.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. In the Superior Court of the State of Washington, for Thurston County. In the matter of the estate of Mud Bay Tom, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of Mud Bay Tom, deceased, and that all persons having claims against the said estate, must present the same to the undersigned, at his office, in the city of Olympia, on or before the 30th day of January, 1909, at 10 o'clock A. M. The undersigned, at his office, at 316 Main street, Olympia, Washington, will receive claims against the said estate.

T. M. VANCE, Puyallup, Wash. Attorney for Administrator. Date of first publication, Jan. 1, 1909. 5t.

NOTICE OF TAX COLLECTION. Notice is hereby given that the tax rolls for the year 1908 have been turned over to me as County Treasurer of Thurston County, Washington, with the County Auditor's certificate and warrant for collection, and that on the first Monday of February, 1909, I will proceed, according to law, to collect the taxes thereon and thereon appearing as assessed against the persons and real estate therein mentioned.

Dated at Olympia, Washington, this 31st day of December, 1908. FRED. SCHOMBER, Treasurer of Thurston County, Wash. First publication Jan. 1, 1909. 5t.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. In the Superior Court of the State of Washington, for Thurston County. In the matter of the estate of Wenzel Greul, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Anna Greul, the undersigned, has been duly appointed executrix of the estate of Wenzel Greul, deceased, by the said Superior Court. All persons having claims against the said estate, or his estate, are hereby notified to present them, with the necessary vouchers, within one year after the 8th day of January, 1909, the date of this notice, to such executrix, at her residence, No. 109 Franklin street, in the city of Olympia, county of Thurston, State of Washington. ANNA GREUL, Executrix of the estate of Wenzel Greul, deceased. DANIEL GAWY, attorney for said estate. Date of first publication, Jan. 8, 1909. 5t.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. In the Superior Court of the State of Washington, for Thurston County. In the matter of the estate of John Worcelin, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Herman Schmitt, was on the 24th day of December, 1908, appointed by the said court executor of the estate of John Worcelin, deceased. All creditors having claims against the said John Worcelin or his estate, are hereby given notice to present their said claims against the said estate within one year after the date of the first publication of this notice, to-wit, the 8th day of January, 1909, to the undersigned, administrator with the will annexed of the said estate, at his residence, E. N. Steele, in said city of Olympia, Washington, in the office of the business of the said estate.

HERMAN SCHMITT, Administrator with the will annexed. Date of first publication, Jan. 8, 1909. 5t.

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