

# The Long Lane's Turning

—BY—  
**Hallie Erminie Rives**  
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(Continued From Our Last Issue.)  
Looking back upon that day, Sevier was often to wonder whether, indeed, he had missed fate's purpose, and blinded by a personal ambition, had set its plan at naught. For that instant's decision was to prove the key to a series of fateful doings which bore him on, irresistibly, into a line of action from which, deliberately, he must have shrunk.

It was not until the convention had adjourned for an hour's recess that Harry could escape from the congratulations that poured upon him where he sat. While he spoke, the sense of mastery had possessed him; now he was feeling the inevitable revulsion.

"Good heavens!" fumed Brent, impatiently. "We'll never get out at this rate. Let's try the other door." Harry turned with him, seeking a way thru the diminishing crowd. Then, abruptly he stopped. Near at hand, her face turned toward him, was Echo.

"You have been gone a year," she said, in a low, uneven voice.

Harry's very thought seemed suspended. "Is it—so long?" he answered.

He scarcely knew what he said; the reply was a conventional phrase to fill the moment's need out at this rate.

To Echo, however, in the tremulous gladness that had filled her at the knowledge of his return, the reply was like a blow in the face. She turned away, and the next moment the eddying crowd had come between.

On the hurrying pavement Brent dropped his hand on Sevier's shoulder. "I'm not going to congratulate the new party. I'm off to write my editorial while it's red hot. You'll come back for the other session, I suppose. They're liable to nominate tonight."

"No," replied Harry. "I must get away from the crowd somewhere." Brent caught the lassitude of his tone. "Better walk yourself tired," he counseled, "and then turn in. You'll be all right tomorrow."

For a time Sevier walked aimlessly, choosing the less frequented thoroughfares, alone at last to think. Thru the long, fading afternoon he walked on and on, past the outskirts of the city, on into the peaceful willow-green quiet of the river, where he had often fished as a boy.

Under the evening sky he turned cityward again, still painfully absorbed with his thoughts—a dark tangle of anguish and doubt and longing.

As he neared his house speeding urchins were crying newspaper extras. He let himself into his apartment and wearily switched on the lights. A penciled note, with the superscription in Brent's hand, lay on the table. He took it up and opened it.

Then suddenly he gave an inarticulate cry of amazement—of actual fright. He was staring at this message, written an hour before:

"You were nominated for governor on the first ballot at 8 o'clock."

"If I only knew!" That was Echo's mental cry in the days that followed. "If I only knew whether Harry cared for me any longer!"

Thru the months of the early summer the question sat incarnate by Echo's side. By night and by day it never left her. She had no confidant, could have none. From this trouble

her father himself was barred.

As time wore on, and her father threw himself again into the work of the political campaign, she was usually more alone than ever. There were few of those old hours when she had been used to sit with him in the dusky library; for this room had become, gradually, the habitual meeting place of the leaders. Occasionally Harry took part in these gatherings—not often, for he was now away during long periods, speaking in various parts of the state.

Most of all that sustained her spirits in this period were her talks with Brent. Day after day, in trenchant editorials, he preached the gospel of the new party, and many times he swung his long legs down the avenue for a cup of tea at Midfields.

And so the months passed till there remained but a fortnight before election day, and so deeply had Echo's imagination entered into the great issue, so intimately were all her thoughts engaged with Harry's success, that even the dread of Craig's recovery, even the pain and puzzle of her heart, were thrust into the background.

That evening she sat at the piano in the drawing room, when her maid brought her a letter. It was from a friend in Paris. She opened and read it thru to the postscript on the last page.

The evening papers have a telegram from Budapest, about Mr. Craig. He left the hospital there yesterday. The operation was completely successful."

CHAPTER XII  
The Mended Road

Dr. Ivany, the great Hungarian specialist, refastened the light bandage upon his patient's head with a look of satisfaction.

"But yes," he said, in his concise French, "it goes well. I release you from my care, Monsieur. One thing, however, you must remember. No excitement. No anger. Otherwise—the thickest hemorrhage in the affected area—and all my surgery could not undo the damage again."

Six weeks later Craig was talking to Treadwell in the latter's office. "So you think it incredible, then?" Treadwell's glasses, as Craig was veiled, as he replied, dryly:

"I am considering the evidence as you present it, that's all. Mr. Henry Sevier, a reputable and well-known resident of this place, a year ago gave for a vacation."

"In disguise," interrupted Craig. Treadwell shook his head. "There is no evidence of that—it is mere allegation. He had arranged for the losing of his office, had told his clerk, in fact, that he was going abroad. The same night, at midnight, in your house—200 miles away and in another state—a man is arrested, one of a gang of burglars. There were all the usual earmarks—open safe, black mask, an attempt at escape, with the shooting of yourself thrown in."

"I identified him an hour later, as soon as I regained consciousness." "As the man who had shot you—yes. The burglar," pursued Treadwell, "is tried. He is unknown to the local police. He refuses to tell his name. Naturally! After a period he escapes, as jail-birds will, and is not apprehended. Some months afterward, Mr. Henry Sevier returns from his vacation and resumes his popular career. He is just now in the public eye—very much so, indeed. Do you seriously believe a claim that the two men are identical will hold water?"

Craig had been staring at him from under his shaggy brows. Anger was seething in his brain at the suspicion he felt was lurking behind the other's matter-of-fact logic. "Then you believe I am the victim of hallucination?" he asked, with forceful calmness.

"Frankly," said Treadwell, "I think for you to allege such a thing openly would, at the very least, make you seem ridiculous. You've had a shock—a brain injury. You've been thru a long period of mental illness, culminating in a major operation! Don't you realize—"

Craig struck his fist upon the table and his teeth snapped together. "I'll drag him in the mud! Every man and woman in these two states—yes, and in a dozen more!—shall know him for a scoundrel and a robber! He dares to run for governor, does he? The damned hypocrite! He shall lie and rot with a chain and ball on his leg! He—"

He stopped. A needed stab of pain had darted, like a bee's sting, thru his brow, and there flashed to him suddenly the warning of the surgeon on the day he had left the hospital in Budapest: "The thickest hemorrhage in the affected area and all my surgery could not undo—"

He stood still an instant, breathing heavily.

Treadwell was looking at him curiously. "What do you intend to do?" he asked.

"I am going to the penitentiary; the physical record of the prisoner is there. I presume you would call that evidence?"

"The best—if the measurements proved identical with Sevier's. I dare say he would be willing to submit to the test," Treadwell added, thoughtfully. "—and then?"

"The election is day after tomorrow. I shall wait till the polls have closed before I show him up. A convict, or one who has served a penal term, under the state constitution, can hold no office of public trust. I am advised that the new ticket is likely to win. The trust's candidate will be next in the running, and with Sevier out, must be declared elected. Where will Sevier receive the returns?"

"At Midfields, I imagine," Treadwell replied. "It's the committee headquarters. Governor Eveland of your state is to be a guest there, I hear. He's very much interested in this campaign, being something of a reformer himself."

"So much the better! The governor himself shall ask for the warrant for Sevier's arrest. We will go there that evening."

"We?" repeated Treadwell.

"Yes. You will come with me—as my attorney."

"But I don't approve the step!" protested the other. "I consider the whole affair preposterous!"

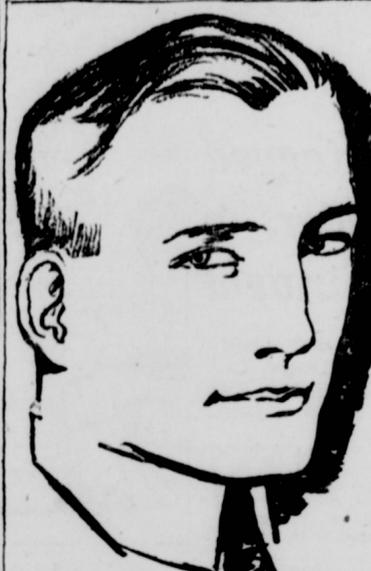
"I am under the impression," retorted Craig, darkly, "that you are still under my retainer—not Sevier's."

Treadwell flushed. "If you put it in that way I shall, of course, accompany you. But you have my legal

## EGG CHAMP



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There's no joy in the glad season to those who can hardly breathe

Just as the happy springtime is about to bud forth with all its joyful message of nature's wonderful changes, there comes a discordant note to those afflicted with Catarrh, for just at this season while the system is undergoing a thorough renovation, any physical infirmity becomes more aggravated and pronounced.

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Nature acts with thoroughness. She will tolerate no half-way measures. She insists upon eradicating all impurities, and is not content to have them merely hidden from view.

Nature's remedy for the treatment of Catarrh is S. S. S., which has been so successfully used for this ailment for the past fifty years. Made from the roots and herbs of recognized medicinal value, gathered direct from the forests, this fine old remedy stands unique in the annals of medicine, because its therapeutic value is in such strict accord with the laws of nature.

You should lose no time, therefore, in taking advantage of this excellent season to get nature's assistance in cleansing your system of Catarrh. Begin at once to take a thorough course of S. S. S., which will act directly upon the millions of tiny Catarrh germs that infest your blood, and give direct, rational results by eliminating them from your system. S. S. S. is sold at all drugstores.

For free expert medical advice regarding your own case, write fully to Chief Medical Adviser, 175 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga.



"I have been trying for twenty long years to find a medicine that would overcome my troubles, but my efforts failed me completely until I commenced taking Tanlac," was the remarkable statement made recently by Mrs. Alice McCluskey, residing at No. 66 Park street, Lewiston, Me., a well-known and most highly respected woman of that city.

"I just feel like I would give the wind to most everyone who suffers as I did and tell them about this medicine. If I could only have gotten Tanlac twenty years ago it would have saved me a lot of suffering and money."

"My principal trouble was indigestion, and for many years I could not eat meat or pastries for I would always suffer afterward. I would most always have a distressed feeling after eating and nothing seemed to agree with me. Then, to add to the rest of my suffering, I contracted rheumatism in my shoulders and hips and the awful pains I suffered can never be told in words! This trouble finally got so bad I could hardly walk and my arms pained me so I could scarcely raise my hands to my head. I even had to give up my housework and was hardly able to get around at all."

"You can imagine how happy I was when, after taking only a few bottles of Tanlac, I found such a wonderful improvement in my condition! Why, it was just the medicine I needed all the time and I continued taking it until now I am perfectly well again. I can truthfully say that I am enjoying as good health now as I ever had in all my life. I have gained about 14 pounds in weight and can again do all my housework without the least trouble. I don't get tired like I did and after doing my work I can get out and walk for blocks and feel just fine when I get back home. I earnestly advise everyone who suffers as I did to take Tanlac."

Tanlac is sold in Seattle by Bartell Drug Stores under the personal direction of a special Tanlac representative.—Advertisement.

ON WITH THE DANCE TO THE RIVER'S END

board—would make the fellow tractable, and he could take him with him on parole.

The door opened and a turnkey entered, a figure in striped clothes with him.

"Here's your man, Mr. Craig," said the warden.

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

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