

PERIWINKLE HOUSE

By OPIE READ

bered him, and her black velvet eyes flashed dark in astonishment.

"How could I when never have I seen you? You must mistake me. No."

"I saw you on the boat, at the ball at the St. Louis," Drace said. "But come to think of it, I know that it would be vanity on my part to believe that you have seen me."

"No, it would not be vanity," pleasantly she contradicted him, shaking her head, her cloud of hair.

"We have do not be vain, but I did not see you. I am so sorry. You sorry, too, ha?"

She laughed, and Drace thought that never till that moment had he heard music in its sweetest purity. Then Boyce and Shottle returned, panting—Shottle to disappear again in pursuit of his vanished vehicle.

"Sir, I thank you most heartily for your assistance," said Boyce, grasping Drace's hand. "My name is Boyce—Rupert Boyce. May I—"

"Mine, sir, is Virgil Drace," responded that young man. "I am only too glad to have been of help. I'm afraid, however, you'll have to finish your journey on foot. May I have the pleasure of walking with you?"

This suggestion, however, Boyce declined. And although Drace insisted as far as the bounds of courtesy would permit, both Boyce and the girl evaded consent. And they left him standing thunderstruck on the street corner—for the girl had said, giving him her hand again in parting: "I thank you once more for your help, Mr. Drace. I hope I may see you again some time. My name is Nadine la Vitte, and I am often in New Orleans."

Drace passed an uneasy night, his mind torn by his suspicion that Nadine la Vitte was the daughter of old Stepho. And when Liberty came to his room next morning, eager for praise and reward, the truth came out. Nadine was indeed the daughter of old Stepho; Liberty had overheard enough while disguised as the cabman to confirm that. But where she lived in New Orleans, Liberty had failed to learn; he had planned to drive them home, but the runaway of the cab horse had sent that plan a-gley.

CHAPTER IV

Now more than ever was Drace resolved to find where the girl lived, to find old Stepho, to—What would he do when he found them? He was bent on revenge upon his father's murderers, on solving the secret of that buried money; yet he was in love with that arch-scoffend's daughter. Or was he? He must find her, make sure. And he said as much to Shottle.

"There are some things that can't be done by mere determination," said Shottle, his mind on filling a flush.

"No, but judgment ought to be the master and director of determination. I tell you what we'll do. This afternoon we'll take the French quarter by streets and knock at every door."

That afternoon they set out on their quest. But the scheme of knocking at every door soon seemed foolish and impertinent. They decided to halt only in front of habitations that seemed to invite inquiry, consult their instinct; and as repeated failure blunted instinct dull, hope became a critic, without creative adventure, and advised a return to the hotel. Then they thought that night would be a fitter time. They might catch sight of the girl or Boyce at the theater.

They went to one, and from a stage box gazed through rent glasses at every face. Not there. They went out, walked a short distance, talking not of disappointment but of hope, and turned into a narrow and dimly lighted street. Suddenly there broke the noise of a rising tumult, yells and



Some One Gave Him an Old Carbine and Another Gave Drace a Cavalry Saber.

gunshots. And over walls and from dark recesses came pouring excited men. Drace and Shottle found themselves in the midst of a mob, surging toward another mob rushing into an open space where torches discovered a band of executioners hanging some poor wretch to the limb of a tree.

Where there were no houses, the garden walls were too high to offer a means of escape, and as they could not fight their way back, Drace and Shottle were swept onward. Torches flared, and all sorts of weapons were

revealed in the pitiful yellow light—old muskets, swords, pistols with brass barrels from ancient Spanish armories, clubs and pikes that might have served Cromwell. Some of the men looked respectable, others desperate; they were of many nationalities, all ungentlemanly and excited.

"What's it all about?" Drace inquired of a bare-headed old man who panted beside him.

"The carpet-bag devils. They hang a citizen."

"We are on the right side, anyway," Shottle cried. "Give me a gun—give me something."

Some one gave him an old carbine, and another gave Drace a cavalry saber. The man from the North grasped it, feeling that he was to fight the scoundrels that cast discredit and reproach upon his native state.

At this time of man's madness nature could not restrain the introduction of her own grim humor. Dogs gathered in the open space between the bands of advancing rioters, and fought, howling, the victims of wounds without cause.

Not many shots were fired. The authorities made a criminal of the citizen who carried a gun or concealed it in his house. It was a hand-to-hand strife, the breaking of heads, the cutting of throats. A big, red-shirted negro with razor gleaming in the smoky light made a grab at Drace, who had just room enough to leap back and strike with his saber; but the agile negro dodged, the blow was caught by a brick wall and the blade was broken off at the handle. But with the hit, a boxing glove of steel. Drace knocked the negro down and then passed over his body, striking right and left, pushing onward to the front, where the jagged ranks saw-toothed one into the other.

The struggle now was to save the hanging man, who, without fall enough to break his neck, was strung up to strangle. Drace was the first man to fight his way to him. He dropped his steel boxing glove, grabbed out his knife, leaped up, caught hold of the limb of the tree with one hand and cut the man down.

Catching up his weapon, he was about to mix in the fight again when the sharp scream of a woman caught and held him for a moment. He glanced hurriedly about; at various windows were lights and silhouetted figures of onlookers. But as if drawn by some lodestone instinct his eyes went to a second-story window just beyond the tree; and there, in the strong light of a lamp just behind her, he saw again the face of the barbaric rose maid, Nadine la Vitte.

Instantly he whirled and strove to fight his way to a gate which he saw in the wall before the house. But now came a new cry and a scramble for safety. A troop of United States cavalry came sweeping the thoroughfare from curb to curb, their drawn sabers flashing, the aroused anger of Uncle Sam rebuking a riot. Not to run was to be trampled to death, but Drace stood an instant to look about for Shottle. He could not find him, however, and he had to seek his own safety, for the cavalry were near, spreading out upon the sidewalk.

With divers others, he stood not upon the order of his going but ran back down the street and then hurried down a side street out of the path of the troopers. There he waited until the tumult had subsided—perhaps an hour. Then he made his way back to the scene of the riot.

The house at the window of which he thought he had glimpsed the face of Nadine la Vitte was now dark. But in spite of the curious glances of sundry loiterers, Drace took a careful survey of it and of the three oak trees in front—even felt their bark to familiarize himself with them. At the corner he sought the name of the street, on the lamp, but the glass had been broken, leaving only a red "L" and the fragments and "e." But no matter—he would know where to turn, would know the house when abreast of it.

Now Drace hastened toward the St. Charles. The streets were quiet. But a wagon rattled by, and he saw that it was filled with wounded men. He thought of Shottle and his spirit was oppressed with sorrow. Shottle's escape must have been impossible, and tomorrow they would take his body, throw it into some oozy hole and cover it with mud.

In the lobby of the St. Charles men stood in groups, talking of the fall in the price of cotton. The riot, which to Drace had meant so much, was not even known, so accustomed was the town to scenes of violence. Drace asked the clerk if Shottle had come in. No; his key was in the box. Then Drace thought that surely Liberty must be dead or wounded, hauled away to suffer. He went forth again, to the department of police, to the cavalry barracks, but nothing could be learned. Then in his room he set sorrowing over his friend and yet thrilled with a selfish happiness, for he had found the barbaric rosemaid. He went to bed, tossed, slept, dreamed in a mingling of distress and gladness, and awoke. Shottle was standing in the room.

"Thank the Lord!" cried Drace, and sprang out of bed.

"That's what I say, friend Virgil. But you will please address me as Colonel Shottle. I am a free man. Here!"

He held forth an envelope; opening it, Drace took out a hundred-dollar banknote.

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"I beg your pardon, Colonel; but what does this mean?"

Shottle sat down and crossed his long legs. He took out a cigar and lighted it.

"Virgil, I fought as long as I thought it was of advantage. The old carbine I had wouldn't shoot, and I want to tell you that mauling darky heads with a piece of iron is hard work. I looked about for you but couldn't find you, and knowing that you knew how to take care of yourself, I began to sniff for a way to get out, found a hole in a wall, ducked through and scooted. That was all natural enough. Anybody could have done that. But now comes the inspirational part. I got around into Royal street and met a steamboat captain who asked me to have a drink, and I needed it, for I had been hard at work."

"So I went in with him. And then up I hops to a gambling house with the money you'd paid me for introducing you to Nadine la Vitte. The poker tables were full, so I nipped in modestly at the faro-bank. That's not a very swift game, but sometimes it is as sure as buying houses and lots, if you've got the patience. I invested cautiously till about daylight, cashed in exactly two hundred, and here I am as refreshed as a horse grazing on clover."

"Colonel, I congratulate you!" said Drace.

The two breakfasted together, and then Drace set out to find, again the house at the scene of the riot—the house at the window of which he had seen the face of Nadine la Vitte. At length he found himself in the side street where he had taken refuge the night before, and turning out of this he came to the tree from the limb of which he had cut down the half-strangled victim of the mob. There opposite was the house and there was the window at which he had seen Nadine's face; but across the window, boards had been nailed! The other windows, too, and the doors, were nailed up; the place was deserted. Could that face at the window have been only a creature of his imagination?

An old negro in nondescript livery came down the walk from a house a few doors away. He might have been footman to a baron. But when Drace spoke to him, the dignified change in his countenance appeared to alter even the aspect of his attire; and now he might have been usher to a governor. This quick change had been brought about by his intuitive discovery that Drace was a man of consequence.

"Do you know anything about the people who lived across the street?" Drace asked.

"Wall, no sah; da wus po' folks, sah."

"Then you don't know where they went?"

"No sah. My 'p'loyment is ter look after folks ob er higher 'd'ition, sah. An den ter preach on Sunday."

"Oh, you are a preacher."

"Called, sah, wid er blast from de trumpet."

"Does your church ever need money?" In a moment he lost his dignity.

"Yasuh, he said, when Drace had swept him with a greenback, "I reckon dey done moved away. There was er kind of rumpus last night. And I reckon they-all thought it wasn't no place for dem no mo'; dey lef' mighty sudden-like, uhly dis maw'nin'."

And that was all Drace could learn; no one in the vicinity would admit that they knew them or their destination. Disliking to call too much attention to himself, Drace walked away heavy-hearted. For a long time he wandered the streets. He came to the levee, and the French market. He went into the old St. Louis cemetery, and looked upon the novel sight of bodies sepulchered in a wall with doors like a furnace. These compartments, he learned, were rented by the month to the poor; and a short tenancy it was for many a son and daughter of penury answering Eternity's call, for when the grim agent failed to collect the pittance promised by sorrow, the shrouded renter was evicted—an old Spanish custom, Drace was told.

Recalled by these grim surroundings to the purpose that had brought him to the South, Drace now determined to give himself wholly to his quest for Stepho la Vitte. He returned to the hotel, and found Shottle nervous in a cloud of smoke. The floor was covered with burned matches and the stubs of cigars.

"Lib, I'm crushed," announced Drace. "So am I. But how does it happen that the dust-cart drove over you too?"

"Nadine is gone. The place is nailed up."

"That's tough, all right. But what are you going to do about it? Are you going to come to your puritanic senses and give the whole thing up, or do you expect—"

"I expect to fulfill my sacred mission. I must find Stepho la Vitte."

Shottle got up and shook hands with his friend. He swore that he would make the search the aim of his life. "Suppose you hire me by the day," he suggested. "A man does better work by the day. He always has fresh stimulus every time the sun rises."

"Very well—ten dollars a day."

"That's liberal, Virgil, and I'll take it. And let's get old Josh to help us. He is more or less acquainted with Stepho's habits."

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Boulware of Fulton spent Tuesday in Mexico.

Miss Dorothy Worrell is visiting at the Kappa Alpha Theta House in Columbia.

Mrs. M. R. Wise is home from St. Louis where she has been assisting the Democratic State Committee in the campaign.

CHAPTER V

An hour later Drace and Shottle returned to their hotel after a ceremonious visit with Colonel Josh. The Colonel knew of Stepho, had indeed met him once, and he promised to make discreet inquiries that should without fail disclose the creole's whereabouts.

Hardly had Drace reached his room, however, before a visitor was shown in—a visitor who introduced himself as an agent of the New Orleans police department and who had a most distressing communication to make:

It was known that Mr. Drace and his friend had taken part in a recent riot. Mr. Drace was one of the leaders, had severely wounded more than one man, and without cause, being from the North, just arrived, and having no possible interest in the city. However, he was to be treated with more of lenity than would rhyme with his crime, for instead of punishment he was only to be banished, along with his friend. A steamboat, the Bumblebee, bound northward, would leave next morning. The chief of police would give Mr. Drace and his friend failed to register among the passengers.

With scarcely twelve hours left in which to find Stepho la Vitte, Drace paced the streets in a agony of anxiety, making a hundred plans to find Stepho or to outfit the New Orleans officials and prolong his stay, but all in vain.

Colonel Josh did not appear, but he seemed to have embarked upon the quest, for when the distracted Drace called at his quarters about midnight the old fellow was still absent. Dawn brought Drace back again, for all his other endeavors had been unsuccessful, and but two hours remained before the Bumblebee's departure.

Routed out of bed, the Colonel kept Drace waiting a full half hour before he put in an appearance. Then, however, he offered a faint ray of hope. He had discovered that a certain Frenchman, a wine dealer, living at an address he produced scrawled on paper, was reported to be an intimate of Stepho. Possibly from him Mr. Drace might—

Drace hurriedly explained the decree which had banished him; then he "presented" the Colonel with a check on account, asked him to convey his respects to Miss Lucy and took his departure.

On his way to the Frenchman's he stopped at the hotel, where he found Shottle strapping up their baggage—and a police official paying an informal but suggestive call. An hour's grace remained. Drace paid his score at the desk, sent his baggage to the boat and then, summoning a cab, drove off with Shottle to the house of the Frenchman.

It proved to be a mean abode, both wretched and dwelling. Drace knocked eagerly. A small man, his moustache dyed, came to the door, blinking.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I am a friend of Mr. la Vitte, and—"

"Pardon, monsieur, but you do not look like him, ze friend."

"But I am. And I came with word that will be of advantage to him. The police are after him—"

"Aw, he know zat. Monsieur would trouble himself for nothing. Good morning."

"Just a moment, please. You have no need to look on me with suspicion. I am his friend—and—"

"If you his friend," interrupted the man, "you know he gone—to Europe, on steamer to France."

Drace was about to abandon the man in despair when Shottle, who had been staring at a case of wine which stood by the door ticketed and sealed for shipment, suddenly interrupted.

"Ah," he cried, "can this be the

"Zat is Ze Private Stock!" He snarled, famous Chateau Yquem?" And brushing past the Frenchman, he leaned over as if to examine the bottle. With a cry, the wine merchant shoved him rudely away. "Zat is ze private stock," he snarled. "He is not for sale. I am not yet open for business, sirs. Good morning."

Shottle grasped Drace's arm and drew him away. A cart had halted outside, and as they entered their cab they saw the carter shouldering the case of wine and bearing toward his vehicle.

The Dangerous Lie. Every lie, great or small, is the brink of a precipice, the depth of which nothing but omniscience can fathom.—C. Reade.

Flight. A timid person is frightened before a danger; a coward during the time; and a courageous person afterward.—Richter.

The Christian. A Christian is God Almighty's gentleman.—J. C. Hare.

Cure for Unhappiness. I will walk abroad; old griefs shall be forgotten today; for the air is cool and still, and the hills are high and stretch away to heaven; and with the dew I can wash the fever from my forehead; and then I shall be unhappy no longer.—De Quincy.

Resemblance. The average man resembles a whale; he no sooner gets on top than he begins to blow.

Mason Guthrie has gone to Kansas City to accept a position with the Kansas City Power Company.

J. E. Sullivan of Moberly was in Mexico on business Wednesday.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

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LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 12

JESUS THE GREAT TEACHER

LESSON TEXT—Luke 5:27-32.

GOLDEN TEXT—As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.—Luke 6:31.

REFERENCE MATERIAL—Matt. 6:1-16; John 22: 458, 746; Col. 2:3.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Jesus Teaching Us to Love Everybody.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Living by the Golden Rule.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—The Golden Rule in Everyday Life.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Jesus Teaching Us How to Live To-gether.

1. Characteristics of the Subjects of the Kingdom (vv. 20-26).

Only those who are subjects of the Kingdom know what blessedness is. The spiritual experience of the subjects of the Kingdom are marked by the following steps:

1. Poverty of Spirit (v. 20). This means consciousness of one's lost condition and worthlessness. It is spiritual bankruptcy. It means to come to the end of self and to show sorrow for sins.

2. Hunger for Righteousness (v. 21). The one who has come to know his poverty desires the true righteousness of Christ.

3. Weeping Because of His Lack (v. 21). This is the godly sorrow which worketh repentance (II Cor. 7:10). Those who thus sorrow are assured that they shall laugh.

4. Treatment Which the Subjects of the Kingdom May Expect (vv. 22, 23). When the subjects of the Kingdom become like the King they imitate the hatred, contempt and persecution of the world. Those who pass through this for Christ's sake should rejoice, for there is great reward laid up for them.

11. The Governing Principles of the Kingdom (vv. 27-33).

1. Love Your Enemies (v. 27). To love friends is easy, but to love enemies is only possible to those who have been made partakers of the divine nature.

2. Do Good to Those Who Hate You (v. 27). Love acts according to its own nature. Enmity only stimulates love to act in harmony with its own laws.

3. Bless Them That Curse You (v. 28). Injury by words is hard to let go unchallenged.

4. Pray for Them Which Despitefully Use You (v. 28). Christ's own example is the best commentary on this precept (Luke 23:34; cf. Acts 7:60).

5. Patiently Endure Wrong and Injury (v. 29). The Christian is not to bristle up in defense of his rights, but rather to suffer insult, injury and even loss. This should not be pressed so far that evildoers can go unchecked. It expresses the law which should govern individual action.

6. Give to Every One That Asketh (v. 30). This does not necessarily mean that the thing asked for should be given. We should give to every one that asketh, but not necessarily the thing asked for.

7. Do as You Wish to Be Done By (v. 31). This is called the "Golden Rule." If men were to live by this rule the labor problem would be solved. An end would be put to war, international relations would be peacefully adjusted and all profiteering in business would end.

8. Be Merciful (v. 36). The mercy of the Heavenly Father is the grand example.

9. Ceaseless Judgment Condemned (v. 37). We should not seek out the evil in others for our satisfaction.

10. Danger of Following False Teachers (v. 39). The one who does not know God and the way to heaven will lead others to ruin. Happily, we have the Scriptures, and the Holy Spirit is ready to make their meaning known, so there is no excuse.

11. Those Who Reprove Others Should Strive to Live Blameless Lives (vv. 31-46). It is easy to see others' faults, but hard to see our own.

12. The Sin of Profession Without Fruits (v. 40). The one who professes a life and fellowship with God should practice the principles which reveal the nature of God.

13. The Judgment to Be Applied to the Subjects of the Kingdom (vv. 47-49).

1. The one who hears and does the sayings of Christ the King shall be as secure as the house built upon the solid rock. The storms of the judgment cannot destroy him, for the Rock of Ages is immovable.

2. The one who hears and does not the sayings of Christ shall be overwhelmed in the judgment and go down to utter ruin and destruction.

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English City on the Move. Greenwich, London, is said to have "drifted" half a mile towards the equator in eighteen years.

FORMER CITY EDITOR OF THE LEDGER WRITES FROM LONDON

The following in the New York Daily Mail was written by Miss Mary Margaret McBride a former City editor of the Ledger, who is in England writing special articles for her paper:

LONDON, Today.—The carpet sweepers at my hotel came from Michigan. I have a strange fondness for seeing them in the hall.

I wish the hotel people had also imported some Michigan steam heating. There's distinctly winter tang to the air, and only fireplaces for alleviating it. It seems that some of the newer and extremely American hotels have steam though.

I asked my adviser, a transplanted American, why Stella and I shouldn't go to one of those instead of remaining at the dignified hostelry where we now freeze in regal splendor.

"It's the address," he told me ominously. "You need an address. With an address you can do anything. Without you can do nothing!"

This is only my second day in England, but already I know something of the servant and housing problems. To the American mind there doesn't seem to be much of a servant problem since a maid must give a mistress a whole month's notice if she contemplates leaving. But this, I am told, works both ways—the law insisting that the mistresses give the maid the same warning. Either delinquent forfeits a month's pay to the other.

One excellent woman pays her cook an equivalent of \$15 a month. The same woman also pays \$50 a month rent for a house with a garden and garage—Eight in London, mind you. London housewives talk about servants constantly now, though I am told they considered it rather low before the war. They also write letters to the London "Times" about their maids. And the maids answer sometimes—which must be interesting as giving both sides to a moot question.

RECEIVES RADIO MESSAGES. Harry Scott, who has a home constructed Radio outfit, one tube detector, has received messages from 62 radiophone broadcasting stations including Denver, Schenectady, N. Y., New York, N. Y., Anacosta, D. C., Salt Lake, Utah and Los Angeles Calif., 1500 miles. He also received election returns from all parts of the United States.

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