The Devil

By FERENC MOLNAR

Dramatized by OLIVER HERFORD
Adapted by JOSEPH O'BRIEN

Copyright, 1908, by HENRY W. SAVAGE

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued

"It is this—do not fight. You were not made to fight."

"Why not?" she demanded, with spirit. "Am I not brave and clever?"

"Yes, brave and clever," Millar retorted cynically, looking at her with the smile that made her want to weep.

In spite of her resolve to fight she was on the verge of tears. She sat at a table, shrinking from the sinister figure before her. Millar inspired her with a nameless terror, and it was almost against her will that she listened.

"Let me tell you what you must do," he said, sitting down in front of her. "Do you know what you should do?"

"I don't like to have you sit in judgment on me this way," she protested. "You question me as if you were a judge."

"No, it is not that, but you answer as if you were a prisoner. Now, little Elsa, stand up and listen. You know that Karl is in love with Olga."

"Yes, I know it. It is the only thing I do know."

"Then you should give Karl up."

"I can't give him up."

"You must learn."

"How? From whom shall I learn?"

"Let me see. I think I have here the very person," Millar said.

He walked over and opened the hall door.

"Mimi, come in here and wait; it is warmer," he called.

To the amazement of Elsa the shrinking little model came in, hesitating on the threshold. She wore a red woolen jersey over her bodice that fitted her tightly and made her look very slight and shivering. She looked with wide open eyes at the beautiful girl and dropped a courtesy as she sat in the seat Millar drew out for her. Elsa nodded at her in silence, and Millar, after watching them a few seconds with a smile of amusement, walked out of the room, whistling softly. Mimi was the first to break the silence, squirming under Elsa's direct scrutiny.

"Madame is waiting for the artist?"

"Yes," Elsa replied shortly.

"So am I," Mimi said, adding with engaging frankness: "He went on a spree last night. When he does that he always sleeps late."

Elsa was embarrassed, and there was another interval of silence. Then Mimi asked:

"Is madame to have her portrait painted?"

"Yes."

"I know all those who come here to be painted," Mimi went on. "This is quite like home to me. I am his model. I don't have to pay for my portraits. Madame has a splendid profile."

"Please do not call me madame," Elsa said impatiently. "I am miss, like yourself."

"I beg your pardon," Mimi said. "I am not madame, either. My name is Mimi."

"My name is Elsa."

"Oh, I know. I have heard of you. You are very rich as well as very beautiful. I know what it means to be rich. Once our family was well off, and I did not have to work as a model."

"I am sorry you have been unfortunate," Elsa said.

"But I have heard much of you," the girl went on. She was now tremendously interested in this beautiful woman, whose coming, she believed, meant that she would no longer be Karl's model. "You see, I know all the things that go on here. I look out for the artist's laundry and sew his buttons on, and I almost know his thoughts."

"And do they interest you?"

"Oh, yes, but it will not be so any more."

"Why not?"

"Because he is to be married, because you have come, and he will not need me."

"Why not? He will still paint. He must have models."

"Yes, but it will not be the same, and I will not come any more."

"Do you like M. Karl?"

"Very much."

"Does he paint you now?"

"Ah, no; nothing but landscapes."

"Then you did not come as a model today?" Elsa asked.

"I come always as a model. If the artist does not treat me as such it is not my fault."

She noticed that Elsa looked offended and went on hurriedly, apologetically:

"Please, if I offend you I will be quiet. But you seem to be so nice. If I were you and you were the model I should not be angry with you."

Elsa was touched by the pathos in Mimi's eyes.

"Pardon me. I am very, very sorry if I have hurt you!" she cried impulsively. "Let us be friends."

"Yes, let's!" Mimi cried. "You can talk to me about everything. I am not a bad sort, but I have known him for a long while. I was crying when I went away yesterday, and he felt sorry for me. He came to the house on his way to the ball last night in his evening clothes, but I would not see him. It must be finished."

"Was he fond of you?"

"I liked him very much," Mimi replied simply.

"And now?"

"Ah, now it is different. If a man wants to have another sweetheart, what can we do? It is like the railway. The train comes in and goes, and the little station must wait until another train comes."

"And are you going to wait for another train? You were fond of him and can speak like that?"

"I was fond of him," Mimi said, "but I am not silly enough to believe it will last just because I wanted it to last. I knew when it started that I should have to give him up some day. I have learned that. I shall forget him and hope that he and you will be happy."

Mimi's tears came unrestrainedly now, and as she looked for her handkerchief Elsa picked up Millar's weeping satchel where he had left it on the table and gave it to the model. Mimi dabbed vigorously at her streaming eyes.

"I am glad that I met you here," she said when she could control her voice. "I shall be clever today and not see him at all. I will go away now and never come back. What time is it?"

"It is 3 o'clock," Elsa said, looking at her watch.

"Then I must go. Another artist in the next block expects me to pose for him, and his laundress comes at 3. He is very clever."

She stood up and looked around the room at the things on the walls—her own pictures, the place that seemed like home to her. She sobbed as she started toward the door.

"Goodby, miss," she said.

Elsa looked after her as she went out. Then she looked around the room and was seized with panic.

"Mimi, Mimi!" she called out.

The model did not return. Elsa seized her hat and fled, just as Millar entered from the adjoining room. His chuckle of satanic amusement reached her as she hurried from the house.

CHAPTER XX.

MILLAR'S sardonic face was wreathed in smiles as he looked after the two young girls, each of whom carried from his hateful presence a bruised heart.

With Mimi it was the fate of a child of the underworld—something to which she was pathetically resigned. With her there was no struggle. She knew that when she ceased to charm she must go her way and find another man, a master rather than a sweetheart.

Elsa could not have told herself what fear made her fly from the studio after Mimi, but she feared that she was also doomed to give up the hope of her heart. It was her first cruel disappointment, but Mimi had made her see that she was beaten, and, in spite of her earlier resolution to fight, she saw that fighting would bring only unhappiness. She hurried to her waiting carriage and was driven home, where she locked herself in her room to weep alone.

And Millar, the sinister being, ever at hand with his insidiously evil suggestions, chuckled as he watched them go. He threw himself into a chair and rang the bell for Heinrich. The old servant entered rebelliously, but, trained to habits of obedience, he could not give expression to his feeling of hatred and distrust of his master's strange visitor. As for Millar, he even seemed to find something amusing in the old man's obvious aversion.

"Bring me tea and brandy," he ordered peremptorily.

"Yes, sir."

"Is your master up?"

"Yes, sir."

"Has any one seen him this morning?"

"No, sir. Mme. Hoffmann's maid was here three times."

"What for?" Millar demanded quickly.

"She wished to know when Mme. Hoffmann might see M. Karl. I told her I had strict orders not to call him before 3 o'clock."

Millar looked at his watch and saw that it was a few minutes after 3 o'clock.

"Humph! We shall have another visitor shortly," he muttered. "I think I begin to see the completion of my work. It shall be this afternoon. Get my tea," he added to Heinrich, "and serve it in the studio."

The old man went out. Millar paced slowly up and down the floor, looking at his watch until he heard the door bell ring.

"The beautiful Olga," he said, stepping softly from the reception room into the studio and leaving the way clear for Olga.

She was admitted by Heinrich. She hurried into the room, looked wildly about her and sank into a seat. For a moment she could not speak.

All night and all day, since Millar's shadow hovered about her fainting form in her own home, she had been torn by the emotions raised by the letter. It was a confession she had never meant to make. She dreaded the thought of Karl ever seeing it.

"Is M. Karl at home?" she asked as Heinrich waited respectfully.

"Yes, madame."

"He said he could not be seen until 3 o'clock. It is now after 3 and I see him?"

"If you will wait a few minutes longer, madame, I will tell him that you are here."

Heinrich started toward the studio.

"One moment," Olga called after him. "Has any one seen M. Karl today?"

"No, madame."

"Has he received no letter?"

"No, madame."

"Thank God!" she exclaimed fervently. "Go, Heinrich, tell him I am in a great hurry and must see him at once."

"I am afraid, madame, you will have to wait a few minutes for M. Karl to dress," Heinrich said. "Shall I tell Dr. Millar you are here?"

"Who?" Olga cried, springing up in dread.

"Dr. Millar, the gentleman who was here yesterday," Heinrich said.

"Is he with your master?" Olga cried in fright.

"Yes, madame."

"O God, am I too late? Tell me, did you see Dr. Millar give a letter to your master?"

"He may have done so, madame. I cannot remember."

Olga walked nervously up and down the room, while Heinrich waited, sympathizing at her distress. The old man was mystified, but he felt that Millar was to blame for the grief which his young master's beautiful visitor showed.

"It may not be too late," Olga cried to herself. Then she said to Heinrich: "Please tell Dr. Millar to come down. Do not tell him who is here; simply say a lady wishes to see him at once."

"Yes, madame."

Heinrich withdrew, leaving Olga, with clinched hands and twitching features, walking up and down the room. It was thus Millar saw her as he entered, with his cynical smile, at which she shuddered.

"You are the lady who wished to see me at once?" he asked, with his most polite bow. "I am honored, madame."

"Yes, I sent for you," Olga said, not knowing how to begin.

"And what may I do for you?"

"Please tell me quickly—I am trembling, did you"—

"Yes, dear lady, I delivered your letter."

Olga sank into her chair and covered her face with her hands, while dry, tearless sobs shook her body. Millar looked at her unmoved, and as Heinrich entered with the tea tray he turned coolly to the old servant.

"Put that tea here," he said, indicating a table near Olga. "And the brandy. Thank you. You may go."

He poured himself a cup of tea and began to sip it, looking the while at the terrified woman before him.

It was the moment of Millar's complete triumph, and he gloated over Olga as she sat there, her trembling hands covering her face, much as a large cat gloats over a mouse helpless beneath his paws. He lied deliberately about the letter, which even then reposed in the inside pocket of his immaculate frock coat. But he reserved that for a final coup. He knew that Olga, believing Karl was in possession of the letter, would yield to the inevitable; that she would again confess her love, even to Karl himself, and that only a miracle of resolution and faith and strength could save the two young people from the abyss of dishonor and unhappiness into which he was about to plunge them.

He sipped his tea in silence. Several moments elapsed before Olga was able to control herself. Then she asked, without looking at Millar, and her voice was dry with pain:

"Did—did Karl read the letter?"

"Oh, yes," Millar said, with another sip of tea.

"O God, too late!" she cried.

Millar arose and stood behind Olga's chair, leaning over her and speaking in a soft, low voice.

"After he read the letter he buried his face in his pillow and wept," he said.

"He wept?"

"Yes; he wept with joy. I do not like men who weep."

Olga did not heed his flippancy. She looked up at him imploringly.

"I did not want him to get that letter," she said. "I came to ask him to give it back to me unopened. I am too late."

"It is not you who are too late. It was I who was too early," Millar said deprecatingly.

"Oh, is this life really a serious matter," Olga exclaimed, "when everything can depend upon one's getting here a few moments before or a few minutes after 3 o'clock?"

"That is it exactly," Millar said. "We should not take it so seriously."

Olga looked thoughtfully away from him and said to herself softly:

"He wept."

"From joy," Millar repeated after her, in the same soft voice.

"I am afraid to speak to him, and yet I must." Olga cried, starting up. "I would like to go far, far away, but I cannot. Something seems to hold me here. I cannot, cannot go. What will become of me?"

"You will be very happy and will make Karl very happy," Millar said.

Heinrich entered and took the tea things.

"M. Karl will be down in a moment," he said.

Olga clasped her hands tragically and turned an imploring face on Millar, who started for the studio door.

"Goodby," he said; "I will leave you to speak to Karl alone."

"Please don't go," Olga implored. "I can hardly remain under the circumstances," he said.

He knew that to further his design Karl and Olga should meet quite alone. He would see to it that even old Heinrich did not interrupt them until Olga had repeated her confession of love and the hour of the letter had been revealed. Then he would reappear, with the letter, and they might read it together.

Olga knew that her own frail feminine heart would give way if she were left alone to meet Karl. Evil as she believed Millar to be, yet she dreaded his going now.

"I am afraid to be alone with him," she said. "Won't you please stay?"

"But if I stay how could you speak to Karl about the letter?" Millar asked. "And you must say something about it, you know. I would only be in the way."

Olga weakened and began to pace the floor again.

"Well, I shall be quite frank with him," she said. "I shall be honest. I shall ask him for the last time"—

Karl's voice was heard in his own room calling to Heinrich.

"He is coming," Millar said. "I will leave you."

"Please don't go very far away," Olga implored.

"I shall be here," Millar said, going to a small anteroom adjoining the studio. "If you need me, call."

He stepped within the other room and closed the door softly. Olga stood, her hands gripping the back of her chair, waiting.

CHAPTER XXI.

KARL entered the reception room and stood for an instant, looking at Olga. He showed that he, too, had suffered during the night. His face was white and drawn. When he saw Olga standing there a mute statue of despair he was filled with pity for her and self abasement. He stepped quickly to her side, caught her hands and kissed them passionately.

"I ought to go down on my knees and beg your pardon for my conduct last night, Olga," he said.

She turned to him quickly, yielding her hands to him, leaning toward him, speaking eagerly.

"Speak very low. He is in there," she said, pointing to the anteroom where Millar was hiding. "Let us be brief, Karl. I have been very foolish, but I could not control myself. After what happened I wanted to know. I wanted to feel that you loved me as I thought you did, as I hoped you did day and night, every minute."

"Olga!" he exclaimed rapturously.

He was not prepared for this. He feared that he had offended her, and her impulsive declaration swept him from his feet. He watched her face eagerly, hungrily, as she went on, talking very rapidly and making no effort to disengage her hands, which he held clasped to his breast.

"Everything has changed since yesterday, Karl. But let us try to repeat what we said then. Let us shake hands honorably. Let us try to be strong and keep our promises, as we have kept them so long, Karl. If I have been bold and frivolous it was only because I wanted to know what you thought of me; nothing else. But I am afraid I have been punished too much."

Her passion swept her along as she was swayed alternately by love of Karl and the inner impulse to flee from him. But the sweetness of knowing that she was loved, of feeling her hands clasped in his, after all her years of self repression broke down her resolution.

"I fear it is too late, Karl. My strength is gone. My will is lost. We have gone back six years. Karl, I love you."

The last words she whispered with infinite tenderness, and her head fell on his breast. Hysterically they clasped each other in their arms and, half laughing, half sobbing, looked into each other's eyes. Karl leaned over her, murmuring his love and kissing her eyes and hair.

"Be careful; he is in there," Olga warned him finally, again pointing at the door behind which their evil spirit lurked. Then she whispered shyly:

"Did my letter surprise you?"

"Letter?" Karl asked, astonished. "What letter, dear heart?"

"Karl, I understand you wish to be discreet," Olga said reproachfully, "but it is my first letter, and I am not ashamed. Let us be honest. I am not afraid. I love you. When I wrote that letter I hardly knew what I was doing, and I must confess I felt ashamed at first. But I am no longer ashamed now; I am proud. Sometimes women do not write what they want, Karl, but they always want what they write. Karl, I would like to read that letter over again in your arms."

That letter meant much to Olga. It was her only love letter. She had never written to Karl before except in the conventional boy and girl fashion, when she did not know how to express love. Her correspondence with Herman had always been of the most perfunctory sort. Never before had she poured out her soul as she did in this letter. Now she wanted to see what she had written, to read it over with the man for whom it was intended.

It was with a shock of pain that she beheld Karl's indifference, and she was amazed when he added:

"I received no letter from you, Olga."

"What! How can you say so? Was not a letter delivered to you this morning?"

"I assure you that I did not receive any letter from you," Karl said earnestly.

The realization of Millar's trick was like a blow in the face of Olga. She saw now how he had deliberately lied to her in order that she would certainly repeat her confession of love to Karl. In what a bold, forward, disloyal attitude she had been placed! Her first impulse was of anger, and she ran toward the anteroom.

"Doctor! Dr. Millar!" she called wildly.

The door opened noiselessly, and Millar stood bowing on the threshold.

"My letter!" Olga stammered.

FOR A MOMENT THE SHADOW LINGERED ABOVE HER AND FADED.

"Madame, I beg a thousand pardons," Millar said suavely. "My only excuse is that some letters are better undelivered."

He drew from the inner pocket of his coat a letter and, with a smile and a sweeping bow, handed it to Karl.

"However, I can now make reparation," he said.

Karl took the letter, looking wonderingly from Olga to Millar. He held it an instant in his hand and was about to open it when Olga cried:

"Karl, tear the letter up!"

Karl instantly obeyed her, tearing the envelope into small pieces.

"Now burn it," Olga said.

He stepped over to the fireplace and threw the bits of paper on the glowing coals. They started up in a little flame and were quickly reduced to ashes.

CHAPTER XXII.

OLGA was terrified at the trick Millar had played upon her and at its results. She looked in fear from him to Karl.

"Who is this man?" she asked.

Karl could not answer her. The same question was echoing in his heart.

Who was this man, this personification of evil? Ever there were his insidious wiles to compromise, cajole, trick and betray them. He could not tell. He only knew that he loathed him and that he would drive him out.

"Are you going now?" he demanded as Millar stood looking at them, with his evil smile.

Millar took the question in the most natural way, disregarding the purposely offensive tone in which Karl spoke.

"Yes, I am; I must," he said half regretfully. "My train leaves in half an hour. Again permit me to beg a thousand pardons. Could I have foreseen the anguish that was to follow my failure to deliver madame's letter nothing in the world could have"—

Karl interrupted him rudely, determined that he should not beguile them again and that he should not speak of Olga or the letter as a thing of importance.

"You should know that the letter contained only a conventional message," he said.

Millar looked at Olga, and his smile grew broad as she hung her head and blushed. Who should know better than he the confession which she had written and which was now destroyed?

"It was quite conventional, I am sure," he said cynically.

"You will miss your train," Karl said, with studied insolence. "Heinrich, help the doctor on with his coat.

"A thousand thanks," the imperturbable Millar said. "Madame, goodby, and once more I beg a thousand pardons."

Neither Olga nor Karl spoke to him as he walked to the door, looked back at them, bowed low again and chuckled as the door closed after him.

Olga turned quickly to Karl and held out her hands.

"He is gone. I am glad. But, Karl, I would give a year of my life if he had delivered my letter to you."

"Why? Tell me what you wrote," he asked eagerly.

"I wrote all the things I told you a few moments ago, Karl. You know it all now."

She went over to the grate and looked sadly into the ashes.

"My first love letter," she said softly. "Oh, Karl, it was my confession of my love for you. I would like to read it over again with you, and then we might forget. I don't want to be afraid. I want to be strong, to be happy. If I only had that letter now!"

Karl took her hands in his and comforted her.

"Never mind it, Olga. It has served its purpose. It has taught us ourselves, our hearts."

"It has taught us that we must be strong, brave and true," Olga declared warmly.

They stood thus, looking into each other's eyes sanely, clearly, each ready to renounce. The door of the studio opened, and Millar stood before them again, holding in his extended hand a letter.

"I beg a thousand pardons again," he said. "I find I gave Karl an old tailor's bill instead of madame's letter."

Olga eagerly took the letter, opened it and recognized her own handwriting.

"My letter, Karl," she exclaimed.

Both bent over the letter, reading it eagerly, while Millar slipped quietly out of the studio—out of their lives. Olga looked up from their reading.

"I am glad that I wrote it, Karl," she said. "Now we will burn it."

Together they watched it glow brightly into flame and fall into gray ashes.

"That is our love begun and ended, Karl," Olga said quietly. "It was wrong, and now we realize it, don't we? And now, dear boy, you are coming with me."

"Where?" Karl asked.

"I am going to take you to Elsa," Olga answered.

With a feeling of elation Karl called Heinrich and was helped into his overcoat. He bent respectfully and kissed Olga's hand as they walked out of the studio together.

THE END.

Franklin's Epitaph.

After Franklin's death an epitaph written by himself when twenty-three years of age was found among his papers. Though it was not chiseled upon his tomb, we may quote it here:

The body of
B. FRANKLIN,
Printer,
Like the cover of an old book,
its contents torn out,
and stripped of its lettering and gilding,
lies here, food for worms.
But the work shall not be wholly lost,
for it will, as he believed, appear once more
in a new and more perfect edition,
corrected and amended
by the Author.
He was born January 17, 1706.
Died 17 , B. F.

DIED

At his home on West Eighth street, in Eugene this morning, Jan. 15, 1909, at 7:30 o'clock, after a short illness of pneumonia, Carl Schaefer, aged 34 years, 6 months and 18 days.

He was born in Germany and came to this country 12 years ago tomorrow. He came to Eugene from Minnesota eight years ago and has resided here since, being employed by the Chambers Hardware Co. the most of the time. He was married five years ago, his wife and three children—two boys and a girl—surviving him. Besides these he leaves a brother, Christian Schaefer, here, two sisters and a half-brother in Germany. Deceased was an industrious and honest citizen and will be greatly missed by his many friends and acquaintances. The funeral will be held at Gordon's undertaking parlors Sunday, at 2 p. m., with interment in the Masonic cemetery. All friends wishing to view the remains are requested to call at the parlors between 1 and 2 o'clock.

WILLIAMS' CARBOLIC SALVE WITH ARNICA and WITCH HAZEL

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, tetter, chapped hands and all skin eruptions. Guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Sold by Lion Drug Company.

M. G. Pillette, of Vida, was in the city over night.

Miss A. M. Smith made a professional visit to Junction City today.

HANDS CRACKED RAW AND SCALY

Itched and Burned Terribly—Arms Affected, Too—Could Not Move Thumbs Without Flesh Cracking—Sleep and Work Often Impossible—Was Fairly Worn Out.

CUTICURA SOON CURED HIS FEARFUL ECZEMA

"About a year ago an itching humor began to appear around the back of my hand. It started in to spread, and pretty soon it covered both my hands and got up over my wrists and even up to the elbows. The itching and burning were terrible. My hands got all scaly and when I scratched, as I was doing a good part of the time, the surface would be covered with blisters and then get raw. The eczema got so bad in around the pit of my thumbs that I could not move the thumbs without deep cracks appearing. I went to my doctor, but his medicine could only stop the itching and did not seem to heal my hands up at all. At night I suffered so fearfully that I could not sleep, often lying awake until well toward morning, then waking up still tired. I am a chef and steward by trade and I had to give up my place, as my hands were so terrible to look at that they did not like to have me around about the food. I could not bear to touch them with water, but when I positively had to get my hands clean I would rub them with oil.

"This sort of business went on for three months and I kept trying zinc and tar ointments and such remedies with no particular benefit. I did not know what to do, for I was fairly worn out. For a long time several friends kept asking me why I didn't use Cuticura and at last I thought I would. First I got the Cuticura Soap, then Cuticura Ointment and at last Cuticura Resolvent. I put the Cuticura Ointment on at night, covering my hands with light cotton gloves. In the morning the inside of the gloves would be lined with scales, sometimes half as long as your finger, leaving nice healed places where the scales had been. In a month I was cured and have kept so now for nine months. My hands and arms are perfectly clear of all traces of eczema and I think I am well rid of it. (Signed) Walter E. Cox, 16 Somerset St., Boston, Mass., Sept. 25, 1908."

Cuticura Remedies are sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, Mass. Mailed Free, Cuticura Book on Skin Diseases

MICRO

ITCHING SCALP DANDRUFF AND FALLING HAIR

are but outward signs of the evil done in secret by myriads of dandruff germs sapping the life blood of the hair. Micro kills the parasite, soothes the itching scalp, gives lustre to the hair and stops it falling out. A single application gives relief and proves its worth. Save your hair before too late. Micro prevents baldness. It is a delightful dressing for the hair, free from grease and sticky oils.

Ask your druggist for free booklet.

HOYT CHEMICAL CO.
PORTLAND, OREGON

Watch the Wagon

The Boyd Tea wagon calls at your door with freshly roasted coffee. Thoroughly aged while green. No young grassy coffees. A rich, mellow flavor—you'll notice the difference when you taste it—ripe and savory—an ambrosial fullness of flavor that belongs exclusively to an aged coffee, freshly roasted.

COUNTRY AND CITY ROUTES

"Watch for the Wagon"

BOYD TEA CO.

Portland, Oregon Walla Walla, Wash.

P. S.—If you have not seen our wagon salesman, send your address and we will have him call.

STONE'S HEAVE DROPS

Greatest known remedy for heaves
Highland, Or., Oct. 31, 1902—
This is to certify that I gave my mare one bottle of "Stone's Heave Drops" and cured her of heaves. This was last winter and she has not been affected since.—G. Wallace
DR. S. C. STONE, Salem, Or.
For sale by all druggists.

$1.00