



THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COST" and "THE BROTHERS"

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

"If anything disagreeable should be said or done this evening here," she said, "I want you to promise me that you'll restrain yourself, and not say or do any of those things that make me—that jar on me. You understand?"

"I am always myself," replied "I can't be anybody else."

"But you are—several different kinds of self," she insisted. "And please—this evening don't be that kind. It's coming into your eyes and chin now."

"I had lifted my head and looked round, probably much like the leader of a horned herd at the scent of danger."

"Is this better?" said I, trying to look the thoughts I had no difficulty in getting to the fore whenever my eyes were on her.

Her smile rewarded me. But it disappeared, gave place to a look of nervous alarm, or rather, bustling, of skirts in the hall—there was war in the very sound, and I felt it. Mrs. Ellersly appeared, bearing her husband as a dejected trailer, and my eyes firmly coupled. She acknowledged my salutation with a stiff-necked nod, ignored my extended hand. I saw that she wished to impress upon me that she was a very different person indeed, but while my ideas of what constitutes a lady were at that time somewhat befogged by my snobbishness, she failed dimly. She looked just what she was—a mean, bad-tempered woman, in a towering rage.

"You have forced me, Mr. Blacklock," said she, and then I knew for just what purpose that voice of hers was best adapted to meet me. You know what I should have preferred to write. Mr. Ellersly had brought to his ears matters in connection with your private life that make it imperative that you discontinue your visits here."

"My private life, ma'am?" I repeated. "I was not aware that I had a private life."

"Anita, leave us alone with Mr. Blacklock," commanded her mother.

The girl hesitated, bent her head, and with a cowed look went slowly toward the door. There she paused, and with what seemed a great effort, lifted her head and gazed at me. I ever came rightly to interpret her look I don't know, but I said: "Miss Ellersly, I've the right to insist that you stay." I saw she was going to obey me, and before Mrs. Ellersly could repeat her order I said: "Now, madam, if any one accuses me of having done anything that would cause you to exclude a man from your house, I am ready for the liar and his lie."

As I spoke I was searching the weak, laid face of her husband for an explanation. Their pretense of outraged morality I rejected at once—it was absurd. Neither up town nor down, nor anywhere else, had I done anything that any one could regard as a breach of the code of a man of the world. Then, reasoned, they must have found some one else to help them out of their financial troubles—some one who, perhaps, has made this insult to me the price, or part, of the price, of his generosity. Who? Who hates me? In instant answer, up before my mind flashed a picture of Tom Langdon and Sam Ellersly arm in arm entering Lewis' office. Tom Langdon wishes me good-bye, and Mrs. Ellersly says, "I, too, he is the man she was confessing to me about—these were my swift conclusions."

"We do not care to discuss the matter, sir," Mrs. Ellersly was replying, her tone indicating that it was not fit to discuss. And this was the woman I had hardly been able to treat civilly, so nauseating were her fawnings and flatterings!

"So!" I said, ignoring her and opening my batteries full upon the old man. "You are taking orders from Mowbray Langdon. Why?"

As I spoke, I was wondering that there had been some change in Anita. I looked at her. With startled eyes and lips apart, she was advancing toward me.

"Anita, leave the room!" cried Mrs. Ellersly harshly, panic under the command in her tones.

I felt rather than saw my advantage, and pressed it.

"You see what they are doing, Miss Ellersly," said I, and she passed her hand over her eyes, let her face appear again. In it there was an energy of repulsion that ought to have seemed exaggerated to me, but knowing nothing of the true situation, I said: "Oh—it is loathsome!" And her eyes blazed upon her mother.

"Loathsome," I echoed, dashing at my opportunity. "If you are not merely a chattel and a decoy if there is any womanhood, any self-respect in you, you will keep faith with me."

"Anita!" cried Mrs. Ellersly. "Go to your room!"

I had, once or twice before, heard a tone as repulsive as female divinity, but I had never heard it from a slave. I looked at Anita. I expect-

"I think I must be out of my mind," said Anita. "But, if you try to keep me here, I shall tell him all—"

Her voice suggested that she was about to go hysterics. I gently urged her forward. There was some sort of woman's wrap in the hall. I put it around her. Before she—or I—realized it, she was in my waiting electric.

"Up town," I said to my man. She tried to get out.

"Oh, what have I done! What am I doing! she cried, her countenance awed. "Let me out—please!"

"You are going with me," said I, entering and closing the door. I saw the door of the Ellersly mansion opening, saw old Ellersly, hunched and distracted, scuttling down the steps. "Go ahead—fast!" I called to my man.

And the electric was rushing up the avenue, with the bell ringing for crossings incessantly. She huddled away from me into the corner of the seal, sobbing hysterically. I knew that to touch her would be fatal—or to speak. So I waited.

XXI.

MOST UNGENTLEMANNY.

As we neared the upper end of the park, I told my chauffeur, through the tube, to water and go slowly. When- ever a lamp flashed in at us, I had a glimpse of her progress toward composure—now she was drying her eyes with the bit of lace she called a handkerchief; now her bare arms were up and with graceful fingers she was arranging her hair; now she was striding and still, and soft, fluffy material with which her wrap was edged drawn close about her throat. I shifted to threesome seat, for my nerves warned me that I could not long control myself, if I stayed on where her garments were touching me.

I looked away from her for the pleasure of looking at her again, of realizing that my overwrought senses were not cheating me. Yes, there she was, in all the luster of that magnetic beauty I can not think of even now

Illinois State News

Recent Happenings of Interest in the Various Cities and Towns.

L. H. KERRICK FOUND DEAD.

Well Known Stockman and President of University Trustees.

Bloomington.—L. H. Kerrick, one of the leading stockmen of Illinois and a trustee of the University of Illinois, was found dead in bed. He had returned the evening before from Campaign, where he was honored by election to the presidency of the trustees of the University of Illinois.

Mr. Kerrick was born in Franklin county, Ind., in 1846. The family removed to Woodford county this state, one hundred and twenty-seventh street.

"The wise plan, the only wise plan," said I, not so calm as she must have thought me. "Is to go to my partner's house and send for a minister."

"Not tonight," she replied nervously. "Take me to my partner's house to-morrow we can discuss what to do and how to do it."

"Tonight," I persisted. "We must be married to-night. No more uncertainty and indecision, no weakness. Let us begin bravely, Anita."

"To-morrow," she said. "But not tonight. I must think it over."

"To-night," I repeated. "To-morrow will not be its own problems. This is to-night's."



L. H. Kerrick.

In 1866, Mr. Kerrick was graduated from Illinois Wesleyan university here. For one year he was principal of the model school, which was the forerunner of the preparatory department. In 1867 he accompanied the famous Prof. John W. Powell upon an exploring trip to the Rocky mountains. Immediately after his graduation Mr. Kerrick commenced the study of law, and was admitted to practice in 1868. In 1871 he was elected on the Republican ticket to the Illinois legislature.

Mr. Kerrick was compelled to give up the law on account of ill health, and was advised to engage in farming. He soon became widely known on account of his success in scientific farming and stock breeding, and his far-famed Black Angus cattle have been a feature at the international stock show in Chicago for 25 years.

Court of Honor to Pay.

Tasoca.—The first term of circuit court opened here with Judge Philbrick on the bench. The first trial to come up was the case of Mrs. Johanna Kennedy against the court of honor which she asked the judge to annul. Now I see that I didn't."

"Another reason why we're not going to your uncle's," said I.

She went forward so that I could see her face. "I can't marry you," she said. "I feel humble toward you, for having misled you. But it is better that you—and I—should have found out now than too late."

"It is too late—too late to go back."

"Would you wish to marry a woman who does not love you, who loves some one else, and who tells you so and wishes to marry another? And I tried to concentrate enough scorn into her voice to hide her fear."

"I would," said I. "And I shall I'll not desert you, Anita, when your courage and strength shall fail. I will come to you on safety."

"I tell you I can't marry you," she cried, between appeal and command. "There are reasons—I may not tell you. But if I might, you would—would take me to my uncle's. I can't marry you!"

"That is what conventionality bids you say now," I replied. And then I gathered myself together, and in a tone that made me hate myself as I heard it, I added slowly, each word sharp and distinct: "But what will conventionality bid you say to-morrow morning, when I shall see you in the street? A brave woman, after a night in this brougham?"

I could not see her, for she fell back into the darkness as sharply as if I had struck her. But I could feel the effect of my words upon her.

Full fifteen minutes of that frightful silence before she said: "I will go where you wish, and I will do it in a tone that makes me wince as I recall it."

I called my partner's address up through the tube. Again that frightful silence. Then she was trying to shake back the sob. A few words I caught: "They have broken my will—they have broken my will."

My partner lived in a big, gray-stone house that stood in the Hudson and the Palisades. It was, in the main, a reproduction of a French chateau, and such changes as the architect had made in his mood were not severely disfiguring, though amusing.

Dowie Named His Successor.

Chicago.—John Alexander Dowie's will is to remain a secret until the man he named before death to succeed him as Elijah III, accepts or refuses the post.

This decision was reached when the will was read to the executors and it became known that the first apostle had named his successor in the instrument. Who the man is that has been entrusted with Dowie's name and titles as to his identity.

Tax Collector's Good Record.

Taylorville.—The first time in the history of Christian county, a township tax collector has been enabled to collect every cent of the tax charged. This record was made by Charles A. Pittenger, of Greenwood township. His report is as follows: Charged, \$9,576.40; collected, \$9,576.40; commission, \$191.53.

Illinois Man Has Record.

Chicago.—The world's indoor record for the pole vault went to smash when Grear, of Illinois university, cleared the bar at 11 feet 7 1/2 inches at the track meet of the central association of the Amateur Athletic union. The former record was 11 feet 5 1/2 inches, made by Leroy Samson, of Indiana university.

Military Tract Teachers Organize.

Galesburg.—The school superintendents and principals of the military tract, organized here, electing Alfred Bayless of the Macomb State Normal school president and Mrs. Yeomans, the Henderson county superintendent, secretary.

Grief Causes Attempt at Suicide.

Pana.—Despondent because of the death of his six-year-old daughter, D. M. Smith cut his throat with a true and is in a critical condition. His daughter died a few days ago, since which time he has been crazed with grief.

Former Mayor Re-nominated.

Danville.—In the Republican primary Mayor John H. Lowman was re-nominated in a three-cornered race against W. F. Baum, a druggist, and S. W. Dixon, a lawyer.

QUARRER ENDS IN KILLING.

John Collier Shoots His Father-in-Law at Pana, Ill.

Pana.—John Collier shot and killed his father-in-law, Alphonso Jolly, as the result of a quarrel. It is alleged that Collier abused his wife, and Jolly caused a warrant to be issued for his arrest. The trial was set for March 12, but Jolly and Collier settled the case, because while the jury was out the cost and withdrew the suit. Jolly went to the home of his daughter to talk over the matter and after a few heated words Collier shot Jolly. Collier was hurried to Taylorville for safe keeping.

JURORS WHO DRANK ARE FINED.

Light Penalty Imposed on Men Who Slipped Out to Saloon.

Paris.—Judge Thompson, of the circuit court, fined Jurors Conery and Williams \$18 each, the amount of their fee for jury service, for contempt, because while the jury was out all night in a \$10,000 damage suit against the Big Four road, they slipped out of a courthouse window and got drinks at saloons. They pleaded that they had drunk and the court was convinced that they did not know the gravity of their offense.

Gambling Causes Downfall.

Decatur.—Officers, local and elsewhere, are still looking for Lee Brown, the element man who slipped out after a long period of several checks. Up to the present there is no clear as to Brown's whereabouts and with the good start he has, there is little chance of his being intercepted. It is reported that Brown gambled freely and to this fact is ascribed his downfall. If he is caught he will probably be given the limit as regards penal punishment, as the brother-in-law is sure to be prohibitive in the statement that he will push the matter to the end.

Jurors Drew Big Sum.

Peoria.—The grand jury, which made its famous grafting report, was an expensive luxury, but much good and lasting work was accomplished. It is probable that the expense of the grand jury will be saved over many times at each session of the board of supervisors, for now that their attention has been brought to the true no more foolishness. The total cost of the jury was about \$2,000.

Baby Laughs as Mother Burns.

Kewanee.—Mrs. William W. Mulligan, aged 22, while sleeping with her two-year-old child, was aroused by the smothering of a light lamp burning in the room. The lamp exploded, setting fire to her clothing. Mrs. Mulligan was fatally injured and the husband in bed clapped his hands at the fiery spectacle, which it thought was for its amusement. Mrs. Mulligan died at the hospital.

Offers Reward for Murderer.

Springfield.—Gov. Denen has issued a proclamation offering a reward of \$100 for the apprehension and arrest and conviction of David Ray, a negro, charged with murder. Ray is accused of having shot and killed John Johnson on August 18, 1904, at Joppe, in Massac county. He made his escape, and the efforts of the authorities to locate him have so far proved vain.

Good Work for Y. M. C. A.

Kewanee.—March 14 was boosters' day for the Young Men's Christian association here, and the efforts to raise six months' dues from 300 to 600 proved successful. The city was divided into sections, which were assigned to committees, and bulletins in the business district noted the hourly progress. The activities of the factories here whenever 50 new members were secured.

Hurt in Sewer Crawl.

Chicago.—Sixteen tunnel miners narrowly escaped being buried alive in the collapse of a portion of the Lawrence avenue intercepting sewer. Six were killed and the bottom of the brick sewer conduit under tons of dirt, timbers and bricks and were seriously injured, two almost drowned in lashing water, and all 16 were bruised and cut.

Coal Miner Injured.

Pana.—Homer Diblock was seriously injured at the Penwell mine. He was engaged in pulling a chain when in some manner it was pulled and throwing him against a car with such force as to crush the head very badly. He is not expected to survive.

Boy Who Shot Companion Is Held.

Vandalia.—Albert Depew, the 12-year-old boy who shot and killed his companion, Frank Hicke, aged 14, was given a preliminary hearing here and was bound over to the grand jury. Depew claims he did not know the gun was loaded.

Killed by Machine Belt.

Centralia.—Samuel Andreck, brother of Alderman Isaac Andreck, of this city, was killed by being caught by a large belt in the Sandoval Glass works.



"I GENTLY URGED HER FORWARD."

Her voice gained strength and her manner courage as she spoke; at the end she was meeting her mother's gaze without flinching. My eyes had had separate as—alone with me—mine—mine! And my heart dilated with pride. But a moment later came a sense of humility. Her beauty intoxicated me, but her youth, her innocence, so fragile for such rough hands as mine, averted and humbled me.

"I must be very gentle," said I to myself. "I have promised that she shall never regret that she has not kept my promise! She is mine, but only to preserve and protect."

And that idea of responsibility in possession was new to me—was to have far-reaching consequences. Now that I think of it, I believe it changed the whole course of my life.

She was leaning forward, her elbow on the casement of the open window of the brougham her cheek against the pane; the moonlight was glistening on her round, firm forehead and on her serious face. "How far, far away from—everything it seems here!" she said, her voice to that soft, dead light, "and how beautiful it is! Then, addressing the moon and the shadows of the trees rather than me: "I wish I could go on and on—and never return to that old country."

"I wish we could," said I.

My tone was low, but she started, drew back into the brougham, became an outline in the deep shadow. In another mood that might have seemed me. Just then it hurt me so deeply that to remember it today is to feel a faint ache in the scar of the lone-headed wound. My face was not hidden as was hers; go, perhaps, she

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