

THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right," but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right." Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now, this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six Minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes, fray the edges, nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week 'till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes.

Address me personally—H. F. Morris, Mgr., "1900" Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto.



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answer was most dispassionately delivered.

"Yes, I was in for the affair of the bomb in the Central Market. They found me guilty, though half the anarchists of the Morast perjured themselves on my behalf."

"And yet you only did three weeks?"

"Yes. How do you know?"

"Because I was instrumental in getting the late King to sign the order for your release."

The Red Virgin betrayed astonishment, then anger.

"Why did you do that?" she asked fiercely after a pause.

"Because Grimland prisons are not good places for young women. Also I happened to know you were wanted elsewhere."

The woman shifted uneasily on her seat. "What do you mean, Englander?" she demanded.

"I mean that while you were Karl's guest in the new Model Prison in the outer Ring-strasse a certain Max Holt was drinking a great deal too much of the green poison called 'wormwood.' The family of the Munsters were starving in an attic in the Geier-gasse, and a couple of babies in the Schlaw-weg were getting ridiculously thin on cabbage strainings and cheese-rind."

The weird green eyes were opened in bewilderment.

"The babies are less thin now," she said in a broken voice. "Poor wretches! they will live."

"They will live," said Saunders, "because the Red Virgin begged, borrowed and stole enough pennies to buy the good white milk that Nature gives gratis to mothers, except those who happen to live in the Morast. Look here, Red Virgin," Saunders went on, diving into his pocket and producing a ten-kroner piece, "turn that little bit of gold into bread and milk and coals, and other things more beneficial to human existence than nitro-glycerine bombs."

The woman snatched the coin greedily.

"I can save ten lives with this," she cried excitedly.

Phoebe, who had been listening with riveted attention, produced a twenty-kroner piece from a gold chain purse.

"Save twenty more with this," she said, putting the coin on the table.

The Red Virgin bestowed a penetrating look on Phoebe which thrilled that young lady to the marrow. No word passed her trembling lips, but it was as if her strange soul spoke many things through the medium of her glaucous eyes. The wild anarchist woman seemed for the first time to take in the other's exceptional beauty, her ineffable air of daintiness, her atmosphere of delicately tended fragrance. There was scorn for the beauty, hatred for the wealth, but in some incomprehensible by-way of her spirit there was a flame of love for the heart under the exquisite sables, the woman's heart that gave, even of its abundance, that others might live.

"You see," said Saunders softly, "the angels do not always come to hell to gloat."

The Red Virgin made no reply. Her face was buried in her arms, and her thin, starved body was shaken with deep, tearless sobs.

Saunders rose to leave. Looking round, he perceived that the long chamber was almost empty. Major Lacherberg had gone, taking the bulk of the anarchists with him. He put his hand lightly on the woman's shoulders.

"Hate and Love are things wide apart to most of us," he said, "to you, perhaps, in some inscrutable way, they are the same thing."

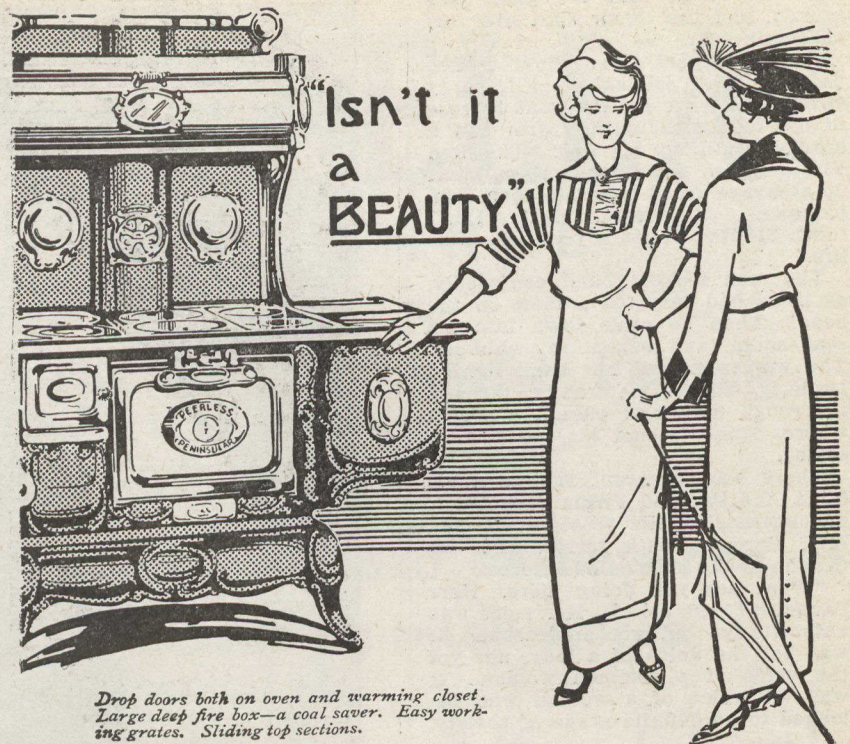
CHAPTER XV.

The "Persian Vaults."

OUTSIDE the "Three Cats" the triangular open space presented a deserted and desolate appearance. The stars had vanished from the heavens, and a whirl of icy particles was descending and gyrating with silent and bitter persistence. After the unwholesome heat of the tavern the sleety whistlings of the night wind struck with an especially penetrating venom.

"A nice climate, Weidenbruck, isn't it?" said Saunders cheerfully.

No one answered him. The



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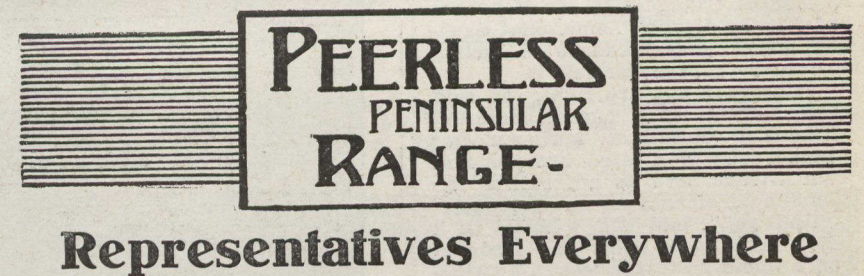
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