

**CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.**

"Jim, you gave me an awful scare," he said brokenly. "Don't ever do it again. I have little left to live for. To be sure I have some feeling for mother, Fred, and sisters. But for you I have a love second only to that I should have felt for Beulah had I been allowed to have her. The thought, Jim, that I had wrecked your life, with all you have to live for, would have been the last straw. My life is purgatory. Beulah is only an ever-present curse to me—a ghost that rends my heart and soul, one minute with a blind frenzy to revenge her wrongs, the next with an icy remorse that I have not already done so. If I did not have her, perhaps in time I could forget; perhaps I might lay out some scheme to help poor devils whose poverty makes life unendurable, and with the millions I have taken from the main shaft of hell I might do things that would at least bring quiet to my soul; but it is impossible with the living corpse of Beulah before me every minute and that devil machinery whirling in my brain all the time the song, 'Revenge her and her father, revenge yourself.' It is impossible to give it up, Jim. I must have revenge. I must stop this machinery that is smashing up more American hearts and souls each year than all the rest of earth's grinders combined. Every day I delay I become more fiendish in my desires. Jim, don't think I do not know that I have literally turned into a fiend. Whenever of late I see myself in the mirror, I shudder. When I think of what I was when your father stood up in his office and started us in this heart-shrivelling, soul-calculating business, and what I am now, I cannot keep the madness down except with rum. You know what it means for me to say this, me who started with all the pride of a Brownley; but it is so, Jim. The other night I went home with my soul frozen with thoughts of the past and with my brain ablaze with rum, intending to end it all. I got out my revolver, and woke Beulah, but as I said, 'Bob is going to kill Beulah and himself,' she laughed that sweet child's laugh and clapping her hands said, 'Bob is so good to play with Beulah,' and then I thought of that devil Reinhart and the other fiends of the 'System' being left to continue their work unhindered and I could not do it. I must have revenge; I must smash that heart-crushing machinery. Then I can go, and take Beulah with me. Now, Jim, let us have it clearly understood once and for all."

Remorse and softness were past; he was the Indian again. "I am going to wreck that hell-annex some day, and that some day will be the next time I start in. Don't argue with me, don't misunderstand me. To-day you stopped me. I don't know whether you meant what you threatened; I don't care now. It is just as well that I stopped, for the 'System's' machine will be there whenever I start in again. It loses nothing of its fiendishness, none of its destructive powers by grinding, but on the contrary, as you know, it increases its speed every day it runs. Now, Jim Randolph, I want to tell you that you must get yours and the house's affairs in such shape that you won't be hurt when I go into that human rat-pit the next time, for when I come from it the New York Stock Exchange and the 'System' will have had their spines unjointed. Yes, and I'll have their hearts out, too. Neither will ever be able to take from the American people their savings and their manhood and womanhood and give them in exchange unadulterated torment. I am going to be fair with you, Jim; this is the last time I will discuss the subject. After this you must take your chance with the rest of those who have to do with the cursed business. When I strike again, none will be spared. I will wreck 'the Street,' and the innocent will go down with the guilty, if they have any stocks on hand at that time."

"My power, Jim, is unlimited; nothing can stay it. I am not going to explain any further. You have seen me work. You must know that my power is greater than the 'System's,' and you and I and 'the Street' have always known that the 'System' is more powerful than the government, more powerful than are the courts, legislatures, congress, and the president of the United States combined, that it absolutely controls the foundation on which they rest—the money of the nation. But my power is greater, a thousand, yes, a million times greater

than theirs. Jim, they say that I have made more money than any man in the world. They say that I have five hundred millions of dollars, but the fools don't keep track of my movements. They only know that I have pulled five hundred millions from my open whirls, the ones they have had an opportunity to keep tab on. But I tell you that I have made even more in my secret deals than the amount they have seen me take. I have had my agents with my capital in every deal, every steal the 'System' has rigged up. The world has been throwing up its hands in horror because Carnegie, the blacksmith of Pittsburg, pulled off three hundred millions of swag in the Steel hold-up—yes, swag, Jim. Don't scowl as though you wanted to read me a lecture on the coarseness of my language. I have learned to call this game of ours by its right name. It is not business enterprise with earned profits as results, but



"When I Strike in Again, Don't Attempt to Stay Me, for It Will Do No Good."

pulled-off tricks with bags of loot—black-jack swag—for their end. "I got away with three hundred millions when Steel slumped from 105 to 50 and from 50 to 8, and no one knew I'd made a dollar. You and 'the Street' read every morning last year the 'guesses' as to who could be rounding up hundreds of millions on the slump. The papers and the market letters one morning said it was Standard Oil; the next, that it was Morgan; then it was Frick, Schwab, Gates, and so on down through the list. Of course, none of them denied; it is capital to all these knights of the road to be making millions in the minds of the world, even though they never get any of the money. Dick Turpin and Jonathan Wild never were fonder of having the daring hold-ups that other highwaymen perpetrated laid to their doors, than are these modern bandits of being credited with ruthless deeds, that they did not commit. But Jim, 'twas I who sold Pennsylvania every morning for a year, while the selling was explained by the press as 'Cassatt cutting down Gould's telegraph poles. Gould and old man Rockefeller selling Pennsylvania to get even.' Jim Randolph, I have to-day a billion dollars, not the Rockefeller or Carnegie kind, but a real billion. If I had no other power but the power to call to-morrow for that billion in cash, it would be sufficient to lay in waste the financial world before to-morrow night. You are welcome, Jim, to any part of that billion, and the more you take the happier you will make me, but when I strike in again, don't attempt to stay me, for it will do no good."

Shortly after this talk Bob left for Europe with Beulah. A great German expert on brain disorders had held out hope that a six month's treatment at his sanitarium in Berlin might aid in restoring her mind. They returned the following August. The trip had been fruitless. It was plain to me that Bob was the same hopelessly desperate man as when he left, more hopeless, more desperate if anything than when he warned me of his determination.

When he left for Europe "the Street" breathed more freely, and as time went by and there was no sign of his confidence-disturbing influence in the market, the "System" began to bring out its deferred deals. Times were ripe for setting up the most wildly inflated stock lamb-shearing traps. It had been advertised throughout the world that Tom Reinhart, now a two-hundred-time millionaire, was to consolidate his and many other enterprises into one gigantic trust with twelve billions of capital. His Union and Southern Pacific railroads, his Southern lines, together with his steamship company and lead, iron, and copper mines, were to be merged with the steel, traction, gas, and other enterprises he owned jointly with "Standard Oil." Some of the railroads owned by Rockefeller and his pals, in which Reinhart had no part, were to go in too, and with these was to unite that mother hog of them all, "Standard Oil" itself. The trust was to be an enormous company, the like of which had until then not even been dreamed of by the most daring stock manipulators. The "System's" banks,

the Stock Exchange or "the Street." Shortly after the listing of the "People Be Damned," as "the Street" had dubbed the new trust, he began to show up at his office regularly. This was the condition of affairs when Fred Brownley called me up on the telephone, as I related at the beginning of my story which I did not realize I had been so long in telling.

My thoughts had been chasing each other with lightning-like rapidity back over the last five years and the 15 before them, and each thought deepened the black mist over my present mental vision. In the midst of my reflections my telephone rang again.

"Mr. Randolph, for Heaven's sake have you done nothing yet?" It was Fred Brownley's voice. "Things are frightful here. Bob's brokers are selling stocks at five and ten thousand-lot clips. Barry Conant is leading Reinhart's forces. It is said he has the pool's protection order in Anti-People's and that it is unlimited, but Bob has the Reinhart crowd pretty badly scared. Swan has just finished giving Conant a hundred thousand off the reel in 10,000 lots, and he told me a moment ago he was going to get Bob himself to face Barry Conant. They're down 20 points on the average, although they haven't let Anti-People's break an eighth yet. They have it pegged at 106, but there is an ugly rumor just in that Bob, under cover of a general attack, is unloading Anti-People's on to the Reinhart wing for Rogers and Rockefeller, and the rumor is getting in its work. Even Barry Conant is growing a bit anxious. The latest talk is that Reinhart is borrowing hundreds of millions on Anti-People's, and that his loans are being called in all directions. Do you know Reinhart is at his place in Virginia and cannot get here before to-morrow night? If Bob breaks through Anti-People's peg, it will be the worst crash yet."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**DIDN'T THINK HELP NEEDED.**  
Simple if Fisherman Had Heard of the Wonders of Science.

H. G. Wells, the novelist, spoke at a Boston club about the wonders of modern invention. "So thick and fast," he said, "these new inventions come, life grows rather confusing for plain and simple folk. There was an old fisherman rowing in his boat one day when an automobile canoe sprung a leak near him and immediately sank. To the indignation of the canoe's occupants, the old man paid no heed to them, but rowed calmly on his way, puffing an old clay pipe. However, the wrecked canoeists managed to swim to him, and as they clambered into his boat one spluttered angrily: 'Confound you, why didn't you lend us a hand? Didn't you see we were sinking?' The old man took his pipe out of his mouth and stared at them in astonishment. 'Blest if I didn't think ye wuz one o' them new-fangled submarines,' he said."

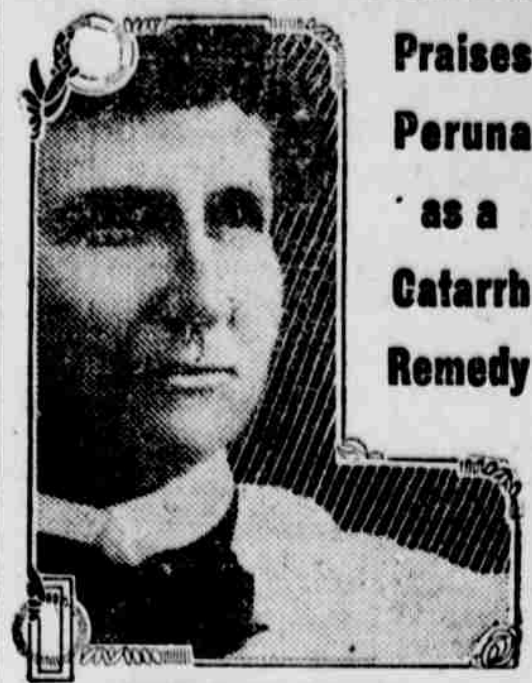
**Extravagance in Dress.**  
Very few persons outside of the glittering circle of our enormously rich families, who constitute what is referred to as "the best society," can understand how any young woman in this or any other country can spend upon her wardrobe such vast amounts of money as are expended by the daughters of some of these families. The history of the world does not show such reckless extravagance in the way of dress. Nor, for the matter of that, does the history of the world show so riotous a use of money as that practiced by our very rich in their strictly social diversions. Happy is the lot of the man or woman who is not tempted to such foolish indulgences, which take the edge from life's real joy!

**Good Enough for the Dog.**  
Bobby's mother was often distressed by her small son's lapses from correct speech, all the more because his reports from school were always so good. "Bobby," she said, plaintively, one day, "why do you keep telling Major to 'set up' when you know 'sit up' is what you should say?" "Oh, well, mother," Bobby answered hastily, "of course I have lots of grammar, but I don't like to waste it on Major when he doesn't know the difference, being a dog."—Youth's Companion.

**Good at Figures.**  
A lawyer in a seaport town advertised for an office boy. A lad applied for the situation who had hitherto been employed in the local fish market. The boy, on being asked if he was a good writer, answered in the affirmative. "And can you do mental arithmetic?" "I think so, sir." "Well, what would 36 pounds of salmon at one-half-cent a pound be?" "Bad, sir," was the quick reply.

**'Twas Ever Thus.**  
"I thought you called up information for the number," said he. "Why did you quit and ring off?" "Information had either dropped dead suddenly or gone off to dinner with a friend," she replied. "I waited and waited and waited, and all I could hear was some blooming phonograph playing away."

**A TALENTED WRITER**



Praises Peruna as a Catarrh Remedy

MRS. E. M. TINNEY

Mrs. E. M. Tinney, story writer, 325 E. Nueva St., San Antonio, Tex., writes: "During 1901 I suffered from nasal catarrh, which various other remedies failed to relieve. Six bottles of Peruna, which I took, entirely cured me, the catarrh disappearing and never returning. I therefore cheerfully recommend Peruna to all similarly afflicted."

Mrs. Ellen Nagle, 414 4th street, Green Bay, Wis., writes: "I have often heard Peruna praised and it is more widely known here than any other medicine, but I never knew what a splendid medicine it really was until a few weeks ago when I caught a bad cold which settled all over me. The doctor wanted to prescribe, but I told him I was going to try Peruna and sent for a bottle and tried it. I felt much better the next morning and within five days I had not a trace of any lameness or any cough. I consider it the finest cough remedy."

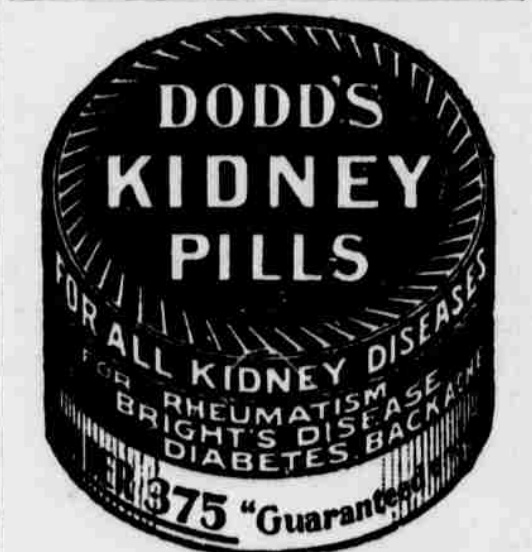
**PERUNA TABLETS.**—Some people prefer to take tablets, rather than to take medicine in a fluid form. Such people can obtain Peruna tablets, which represent the solid medicinal ingredients of Peruna.

**Her New Hat.**  
"I believe Maude is weakening in her championship of the Audubon movement against bird plumage hat trimming."  
"What makes you think so?"  
"I notice in public, especially at the theater, she is showing the white feather."

**Slightly Mixed.**  
"How did Henry get along when he had to testify in court, Mrs. Mixer?"  
"He got along good enough till the lawyer tangled him all up with one of them air long hyperdemic questions."

Lewis' Single Binder costs more than other 5c cigars. Smokers know why. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

A girl never likes to be kissed unless she says she doesn't.



**SICK HEADACHE**

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.** Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.** Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. *Brewster* REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

**FREE** To convince any woman that Paxtine Antiseptic will improve her health and do all we claim for it. We will send her absolutely free a large trial box of Paxtine with book of instructions and genuine testimonials. Send your name and address on a postal card.

**PAXTINE** cleanses and heals mucous membrane affections, such as nasal catarrh, pelvic catarrh and inflammation caused by feminine ills; sore eyes, sore throat and mouth, by direct local treatment. Its curative power over these troubles is extraordinary and gives immediate relief. Thousands of women are using and recommending it every day. 50 cents at druggists or by mail. Remember, however, IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY IT. THE R. PAXTON CO., Boston, Mass.