


FRIDAY, The 13th

By Thomas W. Lawson
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CHAPTER I.—Continued.

This girl who came into our office that July Saturday, just in time to interfere with the outing Bob Brownley and I had laid out, and who was destined to divert my chum's heretofore smooth-flowing river of existence and turn it into an alternation of roaring rushes and deadly calms, was truly the most exquisite creature one could conceive of. I know my thought must have been Bob's, too, for his eyes were riveted on her face. She dropped the black lashes like a veil as she went on:

"Mr. Brownley, I have just come from Sands Landing. I am very anxious to talk with you on a business matter. I have brought a letter to you from my father. If you have other engagements I can wait until Monday, although," and the black veiling lashes lifted, showing the half-laughing, half-pathetic eyes, "I wanted much to lay my business before you at the earliest minute possible."

There was a faint touch of appeal in the charming voice as she spoke that was irresistible, and we were both willing to forget we had lunch waiting us on the Tribesman.

"Step into my office, Miss Sands, and all my time is yours," said Bob, as he opened the door between his office and mine. After I had sent a note to my wife, saying we might be delayed for an hour or two, I settled down to wait for Bob in the general office, and it was a long wait. Thirty minutes went into an hour and an hour into two before Bob and Miss Sands came out. After he had put her in a cab for her hotel, he said in a tone curiously intent: "Jim, I have got to talk with you, got to get some of your good advice. Suppose we hustle along to the yacht and after lunch you tell Kate we have some business to go over. I don't want to keep that girl waiting any longer than possible for an answer I cannot give until I get your ideas." After lunch, on the bow end of the upper deck Bob relieved himself. Relieved is the word, for from the minute he had put Miss Sands into the carriage until then, it was evident even to my wife that his thoughts were anywhere but upon our outing.

"Jim," he began in a voice that shook in spite of his efforts to make it sound calm, "there is no disguising the fact that I am mightily worked up about this matter, and I want to do everything possible for this girl. No need of my telling you how sacred we have got to keep what she has just let me into. You'll see as I go along that it is sacred, and I know you will look at it as I do. Miss Sands must be helped out of her trouble.

"Judge Lee Sands, her father, is the head of the old Sands family of Virginia. The Virginia Sands don't take off their bonnets to another family in this country, or elsewhere, for that matter, for anything that really counts. They have had brains, learning, money and fixed position since Virginia was first settled. They are the best people of our state. It is a cross-road saying in Virginia that a Sands of Sands Landing can go to the bench, the United States senate, the house, or the governor's chair for the starting, and nearly all of the men folks have held one or all of these honors for generations. The present judge has held them all. I don't know him personally, although my people and his have been thick from away back. Sands Landing on the James is some 50 miles above our home. The judge, Beulah Sands' father, is close on to 70, and I have heard mother and father say is a stalwart, a Virginia stalwart. Being rich—that is, what we Virginians call rich, a million or so—he has been very active in affairs, and I knew before his daughter told me, that he was the trustee for about all the best estates in our part of the country. It seems from what she tells, that of late he has been very active in developing our coal mines and railroads, and that particularly he took a prominent hand in the Seaboard Air Line. You know the road, for your father was a director, and I think the house has been prominent in its banking affairs. Now, Jim, this poor girl, who, it seems, has recently been acting as the judge's secretary, has just learned that that coup of Reinhart and his crowd has completely ruined her father. The decline has swamped his own fortune, and, what is worse, a million to a million and a half of his trust funds as well, and the old judge—well, you and I can understand his position. Yet I do not know that you just can, either, for you do not quite understand our Virginia life and the kind of revered position a man like Judge Sands occupies.

You would have to know that to understand fully his present purgatory and the terrible position of this daughter, for it seems that since he began to get into deep water he has been relying upon her for courage and ideas. From our talk I gather she has a wonderful store of up-to-date business notions, and I am convinced from what she lays out that the judge's affairs are hopeless, and, Jim, when that old man goes down it will be a smash that will shake our state in more ways than one.

"Up to now the girl has stood up to the blow like a man and has been able to steady the judge until he presents an exterior that holds down suspicion as to his real financial condition, although she says Reinhart and his Baltimore lawyer, from the ruthless way they put on the screws to shake out his holdings in the Air Line, must have a line on it that the judge is overboard. The old gentleman can keep things going for six months



Bob was slipping the shackles of that fiery, romantic, southern passion.

longer without jeopardizing any of the remaining trust funds, of which he has some two millions, and while his wife, who is an invalid, knows the judge is in some trouble, she does not suspect his real position. His daughter says that when the blow came, that day of the panic, when Reinhart jammed the stock out of sight and scuttled her father's bankers and partners in the road, the Wilsons of Baltimore, she had a frightful struggle to keep her father from going insane. She told me that for three days and nights she kept him locked in their rooms at their hotel in Baltimore, to prevent him from hunting Reinhart and his lawyer Rettybone and killing them both, but that at last she got him calmed down and together they have been planning.

"Jim, it was tough to sit there and listen to the schemes to recoup that this old gentleman and this girl, for she is only 21, have tried to hatch up. The tears actually rolled down my cheeks as I listened; I couldn't help it; you couldn't either, Jim. But at last out of all the plans considered, they found only one that had a tint of hope in it, and the serious mention of even that one, Jim, in any but present circumstances, would make you think we were dealing with lunatics. But the girl has succeeded in making me think it worth trying. Yes, Jim, she has, and I have told her so, and I hope to God that that hard-headed horse-sense of yours will not make you sit down on it."

Bob Brownley had got to his feet; he was slipping the shackles of that fiery, romantic, southern passion that years in college and Wall street had taught him to keep prisoner. His eyes were flashing sparks. His nostrils vibrated like a deer buck's in the autumn woods. He faced me with his hands clinched.

"Jim Randolph," he went on, "as I

listened to that girl's story of the terrible cruelty and devilish treachery practiced by the human hyenas you and I associate with, human hyenas who, when in search of dirty dollars—the only thing they know anything about—put to shame the real beasts of the wilds—when I listened, I tell you that I felt it would not give me a twinge of conscience to put a ball through that slick scoundrel Reinhart. Yes, and that hired cur of his, too, who prostitutes a good family name and position, and an inherited ability the Almighty intended for more honest uses than the trapping of victims on whose purses his gutter-born master has set lecherous eyes. And, Jim, as I listened, a troop of old friends invaded my memory—friends whom I have not seen since before I went to Harvard, friends with whom I spent many a happy hour in my old Virginia home, friends born of my imagination, stalwart, rugged crusaders, who carried the sword and the cross and the banner inscribed 'For Honor and for God.' Old friends who would troop into my boyhood and trumpet, 'Bob, don't forget, when you're a man, that the goal is honor, and the code: Do unto your neighbor as you would have your neighbor do unto you. Don't forget that millions is the crest of the groundlings.' And, Jim, I thought my friends looked at me with reproachful eyes, as they said, 'You are well on the road, Bob Brownley, and in time your heart and soul will bear the hall-mark of the snaky S on the two upright bars, and you will be but a frenzied fellow in the Dirty Dollar army.' Jim, Jim Randolph, as I listened to that agonizing tale of the changing of that

fast cooling, and that it would only be a question of minutes until Bob would be his clear-headed self.

"Now, what is it she wants you to do?" I persisted. "Is it a case of money, of our trying to tide her father over?"

"Nothing of the kind, Jim. You don't know the proud Virginia blood. Neither that girl nor her father would accept money help from any one. They would go to smash and the grave first."

He paused and then continued impressively:

"This is how she puts it. She and her father have raked together her different legacies and turned them into cash, a matter of \$60,000, and she got him to consent to let her come up here to see if during the next six months she might not, in a few desperate plunges in the market, run it up to enough to at least regain the trust funds. Yes, I know it is a wild idea. I told her so at the beginning, but there was no need; she knew it, for she is not only bright, but she has the best idea of business I ever knew a woman to have. But it is their only chance, Jim, and while I listened to her argument I came around to her way of thinking."

"But how did she happen to come to you with this extraordinary scheme?" I interrupted.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHY BOB WAS ANNOYED.

Emptying of Golf Bag Made Embarrassing Situation.

Young Harwood's Cousin Evelyn had invited him down to her country place to stop over the holidays. He arrived just before dinner, to find that he had left his golf clubs behind him. It was most exasperating; but his cousin comforted him somewhat by promptly offering the use of her clubs. The next day he started early for the links with Evelyn's husband, but in an hour he was back again. "Were the clubs so bad?" she inquired; "couldn't you finish the game?" He answered shortly that he had not cared to finish the game—of course there was nothing the matter with the clubs. When Evelyn's husband came home for luncheon at noon she questioned him. "What's wrong with Bob, Henry?" she asked; "didn't the game go smoothly?" Her husband chuckled. "It was your clubs," he explained. "I don't wonder he isn't happy. He was preparing to 'tee off' at the hole in front of the clubhouse, with a lot of girls on the veranda watching him. He picked up your bag of clubs to take out the 'driver,' but it was caught in some way, and he turned the bag upside down to shake it loose. The driver tumbled out then, and with it came your false fringe, your powder puff, your green veil, and that little ivory handglass you carry around. Do you wonder his feelings are somewhat bruised?"—Harper's Magazine.

MADE HIS RECORD CLEAN.

Driver Had Missed One Rock and Had to Go Back.

Some years ago Gen. Miles started to drive from Red Lodge, Mont., to Cody, Wyo., to see his friend, Buffalo Bill. The road was rough, and the reckless driving of the man holding the lines made it seem rougher, but the Indian fighter compressed his lips and clung to the seat without complaint. When near Cody the general suddenly prodded the driver in the back with his walking stick and said curtly: "Driver, turn around." "What?" exclaimed the astonished driver. "Do as I tell you," commanded Miles. So the man turned the horses about and started back to Red Lodge. "Now turn here," ordered Miles, after they had driven a few yards. Convinced that his distinguished passenger had suddenly lost his mind, the driver turned about once more and started for Cody. "There!" exclaimed Miles, in a tone of satisfaction, as the side wheels struck a stone and he bounded into the air. "You hit it! Now, driver, you can go back to Red Lodge and tell them that you drove 75 miles and never missed a rock. You've hit them, every one."

Concrete Work in Mines.

The newest innovation that has taken place in the method of working a coal mine is the substitution of concrete for the mine timbering. The experiments along this line are being made by the Reading Coal company at Shamokin, Pa. A plant for the manufacture of these cement props will be erected at the North Franklin colliery, Trevorton, from which place the new style of "timbering" will be sent to all the other collieries. The Reading company has spent considerable time and money in determining the best method for preserving mine timbers, and the present step seems to indicate that in the future cement will replace wooden props.

Women have all the virtues of priests and all the vices of tyrants.—G. K. Chesterton in the London News.

THE TABERNACLE

Sunday School Lesson for Aug. 4, 1907
Specially Prepared for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—Exodus 40:1-13, 34-38. Memory verses 34, 35.
GOLDEN TEXT.—"Then a cloud covered the tent of the congregation and the glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle."—Exodus 40:34.

TIME.—The work on the tabernacle was begun in the seventh month from the Exodus, and completed during the remainder of the year. The tabernacle was dedicated on the first day of the year, on the first of Abib (called also Nisan), B. C. 1490—the latter part of March or early in April.

PLACE.—The plain, Er-Rahab, at the foot of Mount Sinai. The wilderness.
SCRIPTURAL REFERENCES.—History of the Tabernacle.—Ex. 25:9, 40; Heb. 8:5; Ex. 40:17-33; Num. 2:17; Josh. 18:1; 1 Sam. 21:1-6; 1 Chron. 16:39; 2 Chron. 13:6; 5:5 compared with 1:3, 5, 6 and 1 Kings 8:4. Figurative Meaning of the Tabernacle.—2 Cor. 5:1; Heb. 8:2-6; 9:1-12; 2 Pet. 1:13; Rev. 21:3.

Comment and Suggestive Thought.

The Tabernacle (vs. 1, 2.) There are not a few difficulties in the way of obtaining an accurate idea of the form and construction of the tabernacle, from the descriptions given; as is usual in all attempts to realize a description. Even the form of so simple a thing as the golden candlestick it was impossible to copy in brass from the description given till the model was found in the triumphal arch of Titus at Rome pictured among the treasures he brought from Jerusalem after its destruction.

Spiritual Meaning of the Tabernacle.—At all times there is need of visible expressions and manifestations of the unseen spiritual things to help even the most educated, cultured, and holy men to realize the unseen God and character and life. So through nature we understand God and keep him in mind, as nearly all we know of the sun is revealed to us by the reflection of its rays on material particles in the air. So the institutions of religion are "the shadow of heavenly things" (Heb. 8: 5.) Still more were these institutions necessary in the early education of man. So the great churches and cathedrals of the ages when few could read and write are filled with pictures and carvings of the Bible story.

It taught the gradual progress of the soul toward God; step by step we move Godward and heavenward, each stage more precious as we draw near to him. There is a fourfold teaching of the gradual education. (1) The movement is from the camp to the priests' square, then to the court of the tabernacle, to the holy place, to the Holy of Holies. (2) The progression is from the bronze of the outer court, to the silver of the tent, to the gold of its candlestick and altar. (3) From the linen curtains of the outer court to the embroidery of its portieres, to the tapestry of the curtains of the tent. (4) From the symbolism of the furniture of the court and of the tent, as described below.

The Ark of the Testimony or witness, containing the tables of the law, the covenant between God and man, and the witness to the obedience of man. The ark was a chest of shittim wood, overlaid with gold within and without, three feet nine inches long, two feet three inches broad and deep. Over it was the mercy seat of gold, upon which were the cherubim, perhaps "a symbolical representation of the redeemed." This was the central object of the tabernacle, the place of God's presence, reached only by a heart that loves and obeys God's law, and through his loving mercy in forgiving and cleansing.

The altar symbolized the need of sacrifice for sin, for some atoning power.

The Laver (v. 7.) symbolized the necessity of moral cleansing before one can enter the Holy Place. "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow."

The Candlestick (v. 4.) symbolized the true, sanctified people of God, letting their light shine, themselves fed by the spirit of God, the source of all light.

The Table of Shewbread (v. 4.) Opposite, on the north side, to the right, as one faced the Holy of Holies, was a goldplated table on which were placed the twelve loaves of bread in two golden dishes. It was three feet long, 18 inches broad, and 27 inches high.

God's Visible Presence (vs. 34, 38).—The shining cloud came to show that God was with them, a consuming fire to the wrong-doer, but a Glory and Guide, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

The Golden Altar of Incense (v. 6) stood just before the entrance to the Holy of Holies. It was 18 inches square and three feet high. The fragrance of incense, its preciousness, and its beautiful clouds rising to heaven make it a suitable symbol for prayer and thanksgiving, the means of communion with God. After the experiences typified by these objects, one can meet God in the Holy of Holies and live according to the laws of his covenant, as near to heaven as it is possible to be on earth.