

FRIDAY, THE 13th

By Thomas W. Lawson
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CHAPTER III.—Continued.

The sacredness of the scene made me feel like an intruder, and I started to leave the room. But in a moment Beulah Sands was her usual self and, turning to me, she said: "Mr. Randolph, please forget what you have seen. For an instant, as I saw Mr. Brownley's awful misery, I thought of nothing but what he had done for me, what he had tried to do for my father, what a penalty he has paid. From what you said when you left and the fact that I got no word from either of you, I feared the worst and did not dare look at the tape; I simply waited and hoped and—prayed. Yes, I prayed as my mother taught me I should pray whenever I was helpless and could do nothing myself. And I felt that God would not let the noble work of two such men be overthrown by those you were battling with. In the midst of a calmness that I took for a good omen, you came. Can you blame me for forgetting myself? Mr. Brownley," the voice was now calm and self-controlled, "tell me what you have done. Where do we stand?" "There is little to tell," Bob answered. "Camemeyer and Standard Oil have taken me into camp as they would take a stuck pig. They have made a monkeyfied ass out of me, and we are ruined, and I have caused Mr. Randolph a heavy loss. Roughly, I figure that of your four hundred thousand capital and the million four hundred thousand profit you had this morning, only your capital remains."

Wishing to spare Bob, I interrupted and myself gave the girl briefly the details of what had happened. She listened intently and seemed to take in all the trickery of the "System" masters; seemed to see just what it meant to us and to her. But she made no comment, showed by no outward sign that she suffered. As soon as I was through she turned to Bob, who had stood with his eyes fastened upon her face, as though somewhere out of its soft beauty must come an assurance that this was all a bad dream.

"Mr. Brownley," she said, "let us figure up just where we stand, so that we may know what to do to recoup. You have said so many times, since I have been here, that Wall street is magic land; that no man may tell 24 hours ahead what will happen to him. You have said it so many times that I believe it. We know that this morning we were at the goal, that we were millions ahead, and all from 24 hours' effort. We have yet almost three months left, and I do not see why we have not just as much chance as we had day before yesterday. Yes, and more, because we know more now. Next time we will include the dividend cuts and the senate duplicity in our figuring."

We both dumbly stared in wondering admiration at this marvellous woman. Was it possible that a girl could have such nerve, such courage? Or had woman's hope, so persistent where her loved ones are concerned, made Beulah Sands blind to the awfulness of the situation? As I looked at her I could not doubt that she fully realized our position, that she was really suffering more than either of us, that she was only acting to ease Bob's anguish. Bob brought out his memoranda, and in half an hour we had the figures. The total loss was nearly three millions. As Beulah Sands' 20,000 shares had cost less than ours and Bob figured to leave her capital of \$400,000 intact, we felt some comfort. Beulah Sands had watched the figuring with the keenness of an expert, and when Bob announced the final figures, which showed that she still had what she started with, she drew the sheet containing the totals to her. "I was willing to accept your assistance," she said, "when the deal promised a profit to all of us, because I appreciated your goodness and knew how much it would hurt your feelings if I were churlish about the division; but now that we all lose I must stand my fair share; I must." She said this in a way that we both knew precluded the possibility of argument. "We owned together 150,000 shares. I was to have had the profits on 20,000 shares. Our total loss is \$2,775,000, of which I must bear my just proportion. Mr. Brownley, you will see that \$370,000 is charged to my account. I shall have \$30,000 left. If our cause is as just as we think, God in His goodness will make this ample for our purposes."

Though Bob and I were in despair at her determination to strip herself of what Bob had worked so hard to accumulate, we could not help feeling a reverence for her faith and her sturdy independence. She now showed

us in her delicate way that she wished to be alone; as we went she held out her hand to Bob. "Mr. Brownley, please, for the sake of the work we have to do, look on the bright side of this calamity, for it has a bright side. You wanted me to send word to my father that we were about to grasp victory. Think if we had sent it—then you will know that God is good, even when we think He is chastening us beyond endurance."

Bob took me into his office. "Jim, you see what a woman can do, and we are taught women are the weaker sex. Now listen to what you must do. Accept my notes for the whole loss, less one hundred thousand which I have to my credit, and which I will pay on account. I won't listen to any objection. The deal was mine; you came in only to help us out, and I ought never to have tempted you. If I remain in my present busted condition, the notes will be blank paper. Therefore you do me no harm in taking them. If I



should strike it rich, I should never feel like a man until I made up the loss."

It was no use arguing with him in his inflexible mood, so I took his demand notes for \$2,405,000. I begged him to go home with me to dinner, but he insisted that he could not face my wife with his last night's break still fresh in her mind. Next day he did not turn up. Along in the afternoon I received a telegram from him, saying that he was on his way to Virginia, that he needed a rest and would be back in a week. I was worried, nervous. It takes until the next day and the day after, and the week after that, to get down to the deepest misery of an upset such as we had been through. I did not feel easy with Bob out of sight while he was sounding for a new footing. I went to Beulah Sands in hope we might talk over the affair, but when I told her that Bob was to be gone for a week and that I was uneasy, she said in her calm, confident manner: "I don't think there is anything to worry about, Mr. Randolph. Mr. Brownley is too much of a man to allow an affair of dollars to do anything more than annoy him. He will be back all the better for his rest."

CHAPTER IV.

The following week Bob returned to the office. He had not changed, and yet he had changed greatly. Rest had apparently done much for him. His color was good, his step elastic as of old, and his head was thrown back as if he were buckled up for the fray and wanted all to know it. Yet there was something in the eye, in the setness of the jaw, in the hair-trigger calm, yet fiercely savage grip in which he closed

his strong hands on the arms of his chair, that told me more plainly than words that this was not the optimistic, soft-hearted Bob Brownley I had known and loved. I could not help feeling that if I had been a leader of the Russian terrorists, and this man who now sat before me had come to my ken when I was selecting bomb-throwers, I should have seized upon him of all men as the one to stalk the czar or his marked minions. Surely the iron that had entered Bob's soul a week before had affected his whole being. I think Beulah Sands had some such thoughts. For I saw a shadow of perplexity cross her broad, low forehead after her first meeting with him, a shadow that had not been there before.

For days after Bob's return I saw little of him. I think Beulah Sands saw less. During stock exchange hours he spent most of his time on the floor, but he executed few of our orders. He merely looked them over and handed them out to his assistants. As far as I could learn, he spent much of his time there yesterday through hope's graveyards, a not uncommon pastime for active exchange members whose first through specials have been open-switched by the "System" towerman. So strong had become this habit of going about from pole to pole with bent head and a far-off gaze that his few members began to humor and respect it. They all knew that Bob had gone up against the Sugar panic hard. No one knew how hard, but all guessed from his changed appearance and habits that it must have been a bone-smashing blow. Nothing so quickly and so deeply stirs a stock ex-

come without me, but I knew it was Bob she wanted to see, and I felt that the best thing I could do for them was to leave them alone. So I made some excuse for a moment's delay at my desk telling Bob to go into her office, and promising to follow shortly. He went in, leaving the door partly open. I think that from the moment he entered the room both of them utterly forgot my existence. From her desk Beulah could not see me, and Bob sat so that his back was half toward me. "I dislike to trouble you about my account," I heard her begin in a voice a trifle uneven, "but as I must go back to father Christmas week, I wanted to get your advice as to the advisability of writing him that, though there is still a chance for doing wonders, I do not think we shall be able to save him. Of course I won't put it in just that blunt way, but it seems to me I should begin to prepare him for the blow. I have not talked over any more plunging with you, Mr. Brownley, since the unlucky one in Sugar, and—"

"Miss Sands, I understand what you mean," Bob broke in, "and I should apologize for not having consulted with you about your business affairs. The fact is, I have not been quite clear as to the best thing to do. I hope you don't think I have forgotten. Never for a moment since I took charge of your affairs have I forgotten my promise to see that they were kept active. Truly I have been trying to think out some successful plunge, but—but—there was a hoarseness in his voice—"I have not had my old confidence in myself since that day in Sugar when I killed your hopes and destroyed the chance of saving your father—no, I have not had that confidence a man must have in himself to win at this game."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GETS VENOM FROM BEES.

The bees were in a glass bottle, buzzing fiercely. They rested on a very fine wire netting and below the netting was a transparent fluid. Every little while the chemist stirred them up with a toothpick and their wrath redoubled. "I am extracting their venom," said the man. "I am making them sting everything in sight. The venom drops down through the netting into that liquid, which is alcohol, and I make medicine of it. These angry bees, in a word, are assisting me to make medicine. 'Bees' venom—'apis,' as it is called—is a very good remedy for gout, rheumatism, cancer and a dozen other ailments."

Where the "Brave" Excelled.
Bloodthirsty, vindictive, treacherous, crafty, scornful of suffering, brave unto death when at bay, more cunning than the fox and of infinite patience on the trail, the Indian has proven more than a match for the white in the jungle. It is certain that more whites than savages have perished in forest fighting. But in set battle the redman is without steadfastness and perseverance. The least reverse disheartens him. After the first mad rush his purpose wanes and the slightest check is apt to dispirit his capricious mind.—Outing Magazine.

Hindoo Likes Many Clocks.
The Hindoo places a clock in his room, not because he ever desires to know what the hour is, but because a clock is a foreign curiosity. Instead, therefore of contenting himself with one good clock, he will have, perhaps, a dozen in one room. These clocks are signs of his wealth, but they do not add to his comfort, for he is so indifferent to time that he measures it by the number of bamboo lengths the sun has traveled about the horizon.

Mysteries of Feminine Attire.
The toilet of woman never, even in its most obvious details, comes within the understanding of man. He may admire, appreciate, or adore a woman's dress, but he never for a moment understands it. Few, indeed, are the mysteries which this age of advertisement has left to us, but the time happily is not yet when the ordinary plain man can gauge fine distinctions of chiffon or crepe de chine.—Vanity Fair.

Diet for Dyspeptics.
Although many people eat too much there are some dyspeptics who do not eat enough. Constipation is sometimes due to too concentrated food. In such cases a larger bulk is needed in the intestines. Spinach is excellent for this purpose.

Furnishing a House.
One of the most agreeable features of modern life is the pleasure and enthusiasm which is shown in the furnishing of the present-day house.—London Bystander.

A Sherlock Holmes.
"You are angry, madam." "How do you know? You have just come in." "I met your best friend leaving the house in a new and stunning costume."

Not in His Line.
"Do you think Hamlet was mad?" inquired the critic. "Sir," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, "I am an actor, not an alienist."

THE BRAZEN SERPENT

Sunday School Lesson for Sept. 8, 1907
Specially Prepared for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—Numbers 21:9. Memory verse 9.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have eternal life."—John 3:14-15.

TIME.—More than 38 years after our last lesson, Aaron died on the first day of the fifth month (July-August) of the fortieth year since leaving Egypt (Num. 33:38). The fiery serpents attacked the people a few weeks later, in September (B. C. 1452, according to the common chronology).

PLACE.—Aaron died at Mount Hor, on the border of the Edom range, along the eastern border of the Arabah. The serpents were in the great deep and broad valley called the Arabah, south of the Dead sea, and extending to the eastern arm of the Red sea.

Comment and Suggestive Thought.

We left the Israelites, in our last lesson, at Kadesh Barnea, on the border of the south land of Palestine and the northern border of the great desert of Paran. They had refused, through fear and unbelief, to go up and take possession of their inheritance, and were condemned to remain in the desert for 38 years longer, till all over 20 years of age had died. They arrived at Kadesh about a year and three months after the exodus, and left it nine months before taking possession of Canaan. During these years "Kadesh was probably their central nucleus or rendezvous. They would naturally change their locality from time to time, like the Bedouins of all ages, but still cherishing the hope of eventually becoming possessors of the land of promise. Meantime they are not to be conceived as dwelling, in their intervals of repose, in a compact camp, which the nature of the country forbade to such an immense multitude, but as expatiating in bands, here and there, over the adjacent country, still having the tabernacle as the center and the rendezvous to which they would return."—Bush. Some of these wanderings are given in Num. 33:19-36, extending as far south as Ezlon Geber on the eastern arm of the Red sea (1 Kings 9:26).

Some of the events recorded during his period are: 1. Korah's Rebellion (Numbers 16), which grew out of the long delay and disappointed hopes. 2. Aaron's rod budded (Numbers 17) to prove that Aaron was the divinely chosen high priest. 3. The death of Miriam, the sister of Moses (Num. 20:1). 4. Water from the rock at Meribah and the sin of Moses that kept him from entering the promised land (Num. 20:2-13).

"And the people spake against God, and against Moses." Their bitter feelings grew so strong that they were expressed in words. Their former murmurings at Kadesh had been treated leniently, and water had been supplied, apparently at their angry demand. They seem to have interpreted the miracle there as an instance of mercy in spite of their wicked course, but as a response to it; and they therefore now repeated the experiment of insurrection.

Thus the Israelites tempted God (1 Cor. 10:9; Heb. 3:9). They put his patience and forbearance to the test, and did all they could to make him give them up as hopeless.

The Fiery Serpents of Sin.—No better emblem of the results of sin could have been given to the Israelites, or to us. "The true, peculiar, pernicious, fiery serpents were their murmuring disposition and complaints against Jehovah."—Lange. Sin is like a fiery serpent, often beautiful in appearance, and secret in its approach. But the effects are pains that only fire can express.

Repentance and Salvation.—Vs. 7-9. Confession. V. 7. "We have sinned." The evil effects of sin made them feel conscious of their sin and its greatness. The real evil is the sin, and not the punishment. But it is only by the punishment that men realize the evil of sin itself.

"Against the Lord, and against thee." All crimes against man are sins against God. And all sins against God work wrong to man.

"And Moses prayed for the people," expressing their desires and feelings. There is real power in intercessory prayer. Their praying made it wise and safe to give blessings that would have been an injury to those who had not the spirit of prayer. One of the objects of the punishment was to turn their hearts to God.

The Cure.—Note in what a peculiar and yet blessed way the prayer was answered; not by removing the serpents, as they probably expected, but by a way that healed their souls as well as their bodies. So Paul's "thorn in the flesh" was not removed, but God's grace was made to abound as a blessed fruit growing on that stem.

As the sin and punishment of the Israelites were the fruits of unbelief, the true method of help was first to restore faith and then healing.