

# FRIDAY, THE 13th

By Thomas W. Lawson

## CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"I agree with you, Ike. If I had the steering of this killing, I don't think I would take any chance of tempting them to dump and grab the profits by carrying it much over 200. But you can't tell what 'Cam' and those four-eyed dentists at 25 Broadway will do."

"Yes, put der iss anudder t'ing, Cho, dat makes me sit up unt plink about her goin' ofer two hundred. Tomorrow's Friday der t'irteenth."

"Of course, Ike, that is something to be reckoned with, and every man on the floor and in the street as well has his eye on it. Friday, the 13th, would break the best bull market ever under way. You and I know that, Ike, and the dope shows it, too, but you have got to stack this up against it on this trip: No man on the floor knows what Friday, the 13th, means better than Barry Conant. He has worked it to the queen's taste many a time. Why, Barry would not eat today for fear the food would get stuck in his windpipe. He's never left the pole for a minute; but suppose, Ike, Barry had tipped off 'Cam' that all the boys will let go their fliers, and most of them will take one on the short side over to-night for a superstitious drop at the opening; and suppose 'Cam' has told him to take them all into camp and give her a rafter-scraper at the opening, where would old Friday, 13th, land on tomorrow's dope-sheets? Bring up the average, wouldn't it, for five years to come? I tell you, Ike, she's too deep for me this run, and I'm goin' to let her alone and pay for the turkey out of loan commissions or stick to plain work-day food."

"Zame here, Cho. Say, Cho, haf you noticed Pop Prownlee to-day? He has frozen to deh fringe off dat Sugar crowd ess t'ough some von hat nipped 'is scarf-pin unt he vos layin' for him as he game out. He hasn't made a trade to-day unt yet he sticks like a stamp-tax. I ben keeping my eyes on him for I t'ought he hat somedung up 'is sleeve dat might raise tust ven he tropt id. I dink Parry has hat deh same tear. He never loses sight of him, yet Pop hasn't made a trade to-day, unt here id iss 20 minutes of der glose unt dere is Parry in deh center again whooping her up ofer two hundred unt four."

## CHAPTER V.

Thursday, November 12, was a memorable day in Wall street. As the gong pealed its the-game's-closed-till-another-day, the myriad of tortured souls that are supposed to haunt the treacherous bogs and quicksands of the great exchange, where lie their earthly hopes, must have prayed with renewed earnestness for its destruction before the morrow. Never had the stock exchange folded its tents with surer confidence of continuing its victorious march. Sugar advanced with record-breaking total sales to 297½ and the final half-hour carried the whole list of stocks up with it. In that time some of the railroads jumped ten points. Sugar closed at the very top amid great excitement, with Barry Conant taking all offered. During the last 30 minutes it had become evident to all that the board-room traders and plungers, together with many of the semi-professional gamblers, who operated through commission houses, were selling out their stock and going short over the opening of the Wall street hoodoo-day, Friday, the 13th of the month. But it was also evident, with the heavy selling at the close and stiffness of the price, which had never wavered as block after block was thrown on the market, that some powerful interest as well had taken cognizance of the fact that the morrow was hoodoo-day. At the close, most of the sellers, had they been granted another five minutes, would have repurchased, even at a loss, what they had sold, for it looked as though they had sold themselves into a trap. Their anxiety was intensified by the publication, a few minutes later, of this item:

"Barry Conant in coming from the Sugar crowd after the close remarked to a fellow broker: 'By three o'clock tomorrow, the 13th, will have a new meaning to Wall street.' This was interpreted as pointing to a terrific jump in Sugar to-morrow."

"The street" knew that the news bureau that sent out this item was friendly to Barry Conant and the "system," and that it would print nothing displeasing to them. Therefore, this must be a foreword of the coming

harvest of the bulls and the slaughter of the bears.

Others than Ike Bloomenstern remarked upon the fact that Bob Brownley had hung close to the Sugar-pole all day, but when the close had come and gone without his having anything to do with the Sugar skyrockets, he dropped out of his fellow-brokers' minds. Wall street has no use for any but the "doer." The poet and the mooner would be no more secure from interruption in the center of the Sahara than in Wall street between ten and three o'clock. Some sage has said that the human mind, like the well-bucket, can carry only its fill. The Wall street mind always has its fill of budding dollars. In consequence, there is never room for those other interests that enter the normal mind.

Friday, the 13th of November, drifted over Manhattan island in a drear drizzle of marrow-chilling haze, which



"To-morrow's Friday der T'irteenth."

just missed being rain—one of those New York days that give a hesitating suicide renewed courage to cut the mortal coil. By ten o'clock it had settled down on the stock exchange and its surrounding infernos with a clamminess that damped the spirits of the most rampant bulls. No class in the world is so susceptible to atmospheric conditions as stock-gamblers. Many a stout-hearted one has been known to postpone the inauguration of a long-planned coup merely because the air filled his blood with the dank chill of superstition. Because of the expected Sugar pyrotechnics, stock exchange members had gathered early; the brokers' offices were overcrowded before ten; the morning papers, not only in New York but in Boston, Philadelphia and other centers, were filled with stories of the big rise that was to take place in Sugar. The knowing ones saw the ear-marks of the "system's" press-agent in these stories; and they knew that this industrious institution had not sat up the night before because of insomnia. All the signs pointed to a killing, and a terrific one—pointed so plainly that the bears and Sugar shorts found no hope in the atmosphere of the date.

Bob had not been near the office the afternoon before, and as he had not come in by five minutes to ten, I decided to go over to the exchange and see if he were going to mix up in the baiting of the Sugar bears. I had no specific reasons for thinking he was interested, except his recent queer actions, particularly his hanging to the Sugar-pole, yet doing nothing, the day before. But it is one of the best established traditions of stock-gamblers that when an operator has been bitten by a rabid stock he is invariably attracted to it every tize afterward that it shows

signs of frothing. More than all, I had one of those strong nowhere-born-nowhere-cradled intuitions common to those living in the stock-gambling world, which made me feel the creepy shadow of coming events.

As on that day a few weeks before, the crowd was at the Sugar pole, but its alignment was different. There in the center were Barry Conant and his trusted lieutenants, but no opposing rival. None of those hundreds of brokers showed that desperate resolve to do or die that is born of a necessity. They were there to buy or sell, but not to put up a life or death, on-me-depends-the-result fight. Those who were long of stock could easily be distinguished by their expressions of joy from the shorts, who had seen the handwriting on the wall and were filled with uncertainty, fear, terror. The demeanor of Barry Conant and his lieutenants expressed confidence; they were going to do what they were there to do. They showed by their tight-buttoned coats, and squared shoulders that they expected lots of rush, push and haul work, but apparently they anticipated no last-ditch fighting. The gong pealed and the crowd of brokers sprang at one another, but only for blood, not flesh, bone, heart and soul; just blood. The first price on Sugar was 211 for 3,000 shares. Some one sold it in a block. Barry Conant bought it. It did not require three eyes to see that the seller was one of his lieutenants. This meant what is known as a "wash" sale, a fictitious one arranged in advance between two brokers to establish the basis for the trades that are to follow—one of

an echo, it sounded through the hall: "Sold." It was Bob. He had worked his way to the center of the crowd and stood in front of Barry Conant. He was not the Bob who had taken Barry Conant's gaff that afternoon a few weeks before. I never saw him cooler, calmer, more self-possessed. He was the incarnation of confident power. A cold, cynical smile played around the corners of his mouth as he looked down upon his opponent.

The effect upon Barry Conant was different from that of Bob's last bid on the day when Beulah Sands' hopes went skyward in dust. It did not rouse in him the wild, furious desire for the onslaught that he showed then, but seemed to quicken his alert, prolific mind to exercise all its cunning. I think that in that one moment Barry Conant recalled his suspicions of the day before, when he had wondered what Bob's presence in the crowd meant, and that he saw again the picture of Bob on the day when he himself had ditched Bob's treasure-train. He hesitated for just the fraction of a second, while he waved with lightning-like rapidity a set of finger signals to his lieutenants. Then he squared himself for the encounter. "25 for 5,000." Cold, cold as the voice of a condemning judge rang Bob's "Sold." "25 for 5,000." "Sold." "25 for 5,000." "Sold." Their eyes were fixed upon each other, in Barry's a defiant glare, in Bob's mingled pity and contempt. The rest of the brokers hushed their own bids and offers until it could have truthfully been said that the floor of the stock exchange was quiet, an almost unheard-of thing in like circumstances. Again Barry Conant's voice, "25 for 5,000." "Sold." "25 for 5,000." "Sold." Barry Conant had met his master.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## TAKING NO MORE CHANCES.

Keepers Had Special Cartridges For Poor Marksman.

Dr. Seward Webb at a dinner at Shelburne Farms, his great Vermont estate, said of a certain poor marksman: "Visiting his English brother-in-law, he shot the head keeper in the leg the first morning he tried pheasant shooting. The man limped away cursing horribly. Next day he had wretched luck, though the wounded head keeper without malice had assigned him to a fairly good place. Bang, bang, bang, went his gun every few seconds, but not a bird fell before it. He was much embarrassed. It seemed, too, that at each of his misses the under keepers smiled at one another oddly. Finally his cartridges gave out. He hurried to the nearest keeper and demanded more. 'There ain't no more, sir,' the man answered. 'No more?' Nonsense. Why, you've got at least 1,000 in that box.' The keeper flushed and stammered: 'Ah, but them ain't for you, sir. They're for another gent. They've got shot in 'em, sir.'"

## HIS DUTY AS HE SAW IT.

Had Been Told to Carry Out the Provisions, and He Wanted Them.

The widow of a village grocer was industriously placing the large, rosy-cheeked apples on the top of the diminutive shriveled ones in the barrel when Farmer Giles entered the establishment, according to the Rochester Herald. "I want that tub o' butter," he said, "an' those hams, and that lot o' sugar, and—" The shopkeeper rubbed her hands together with delight. "Yes, sir," she beamed, "delighted to serve you, I'm sure. And what else may I supply you with?" "Well," went on Mr. Giles, "there's all them bottles of tomato sauce, and them boxes o' biscuits an'—an' all that other stuff," he concluded, vaguely, sweeping his hand around the shop. "Good gracious!" exclaimed the widow, now rather alarmed, "whatever do you want with all them goods?" "I dunno, I'm sure," was the farmer's puzzled reply, but I'm the executor of your late husband's will, an' the lawyer's just told me it's my duty to carry out the provisions. So come on, I've got three carts waitin' outside!"

## Women of Yezzo.

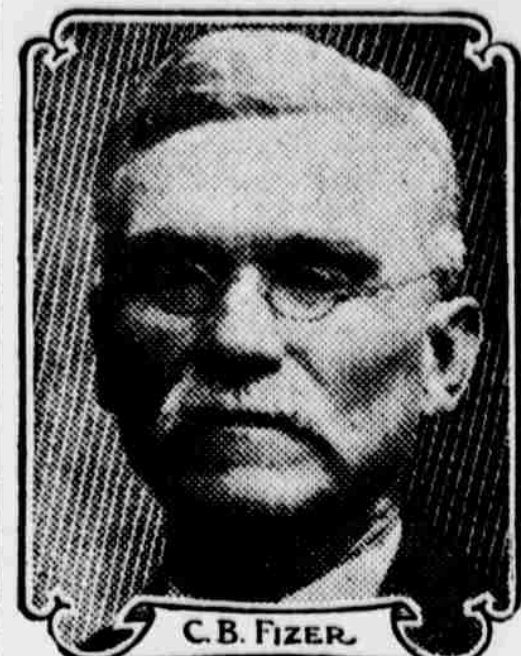
The women of the Island of Yezzo, whence it is supposed came the original inhabitants of Japan, have a very peculiar custom of making up their faces to look as though they have mustaches. These women are called Ainus, and upon the upper lip of each Ainu belle is tattooed something that resembles a long, flowing mustache. To possess an artistically tattooed ornament of this kind marks a woman as especially attractive and her chances of making a good matrimonial alliance are very small if she is not thus adorned. As a matter of fact, the men of the island choose their spouses more for the beauty of this tattooed design than the grace of form or charm of feature.

## Odoriferous London.

Every great city is characterized by certain odors of its own. The smell of London suggests hansom cabs, smoke, asphalt, lucifer matches, church hassocks and Virginia pipe tobacco, animated by a whiff of the sea and punctuated by coal tar—London Academy.

## KIDNEY TROUBLE

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C. B. FIZER.

MR. C. B. FIZER, Mt. Sterling, Ky., writes:

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"I had not been well for about four years. I had kidney trouble, and, in fact, felt badly nearly all the time."

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"I feel that Peruna and Manalin cured me and made a different woman of me altogether. I bless the day I picked up the little book and read of your Peruna."

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