


FRIDAY, THE 13th

By Thomas W. Lawson

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CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Bob left his wife at his mother's house while he went to Sand Landing to the funeral. After the old judge and his victims had been laid away and the relatives had gathered in the library of the great white Sands mansion, he explained their kinswoman's condition and told them that she was his wife. He insisted upon paying all Judge Sands' debts, over \$500,000 of which was owed to members of the Sands family for whom he had been trustee. Before he went back to his mother's, Bob had turned a great calamity into an occasion for something near rejoicing. Judge Sands and his family were very dear to the people of the section, but his misfortune had threatened such widespread ruin that the unlooked-for recovery of a million and a half was a godsend that made for happiness.

Two days after the funeral Bob's dearest hope fled. He had ordered all things at the Sands plantation put in their every-day condition. Beulah Sands, uncles, aunts and cousins had arranged to welcome her and to try by every means in their power to coax back her lost mind. They assured Bob that barring the absence of Beulah's father, mother, and sister, there would not be a memory-recaller missing. Bob and his wife lauded from the river packet at the foot of the driveway, which led straight from the landing to the vine-covered, white-pillared portico. Bob's agony must have been awful when his wife clasped her hands in childish joy as she exclaimed, "Oh, Bob, what a pretty place!" She gave no sign that she had ever seen the great entrance, through which she had come and gone from her babyhood. Bob took her to the library, to her mother's room, to her own, to the nursery where were the dolls and toys of her childhood, but there came no sign of recognition, nothing but childish pleasure. She looked at her aunts and uncles and the cousins with whom she had spent her life, bewildered at finding so many strangers in the otherwise quiet place. As a last hope they led in her old black foster-mother, who had nursed her in babyhood, who was the companion of her childhood and the pet of her womanhood. There was not a dry eye in the library when she met the old mammy's outburst of joy with the puzzled gaze of the child who does not understand. The grief of the old negress was pitiful as she realized that she was a stranger to her "honey bird." The child seemed perplexed at her grief. It was plain to all that the Sands home meant nothing to the last of the judge's family.

Bob brought her back to New York and besought the aid of the medical experts of America and of the Old World to regain that which had been recalled by its Maker. The doctors were fascinated with this new phase of mind blight, for in some particulars Beulah's case was unlike any known instances, but none gave hope. All agreed that some wire connecting heart and brain had burned out when the cruel "System" threw on a voltage beyond the wire's capacity to transmit. All agreed that the woman-child wife would never grow older unless through some mental eruption beyond human power to produce. Some of the medical men pointed to one possibility, but that one was too terrible for Bob to entertain.

The first anniversary of their marriage found Bob and his wife settled in their new Fifth avenue mansion. He had bought and torn down two old houses between Forty-second and Forty-third streets and had erected a palace, the inside of which was unique among all New York's unusual structures. The first and second floors were all that refined taste and unlimited expenditure of money could produce. Nothing on those splendid floors told of the strange things above. A sedate luxury pervaded the drawing-rooms, library, and dining-room. Bob said to me, in taking me through them, "Some day, Jim, Beulah may recover, may come back to me, and I want to have everything as she would wish, everything as she would have had it if the curse had never come." The third floor was Beulah's. A child's dainty bedroom; two nurses' rooms adjoining; a nursery, with a child's small schoolroom and a big playroom, with dolls and doll houses, child's toys of every description in abandon, as though their owner were in fact but a few years old. Across the hall were three offices, exact duplicates of mine, Bob's, and Beulah Sands' at Randolph & Randolph's. When I first

saw them it was with difficulty that I brought myself to realize that I was not where the gruesome happenings of a year before had taken place. Bob had reproduced to the minutest details our down-town workshop. Standing in the door of Beulah Sands' office I faced the flat desk at which she had sat the afternoon when I first saw that hideous result of the work of the "System." I could almost see the little gray figure holding the afternoon paper. In horror my eyes sought the floor at the side of the chair in search of Bob's agonized face and uplifted hands. As I stood for the first time in the middle of Bob's handiwork, I seemed to hear again those awful groans.

"Jim," Bob said, "I have a haunting idea that some day Beulah will wake and look around and think she has been but a few minutes asleep. If she should, she must have nothing to disabuse her mind until we break the news to her. I have instructed



"Good Bob Has Come Back to Play with Beulah."

her nurses, one or the other of whom never loses sight of her night or day, to win her to the habit of spending her time at her old desk; I have told them always to be prepared for her awakening, and when it comes they are instantly to shut off the rest of the floor and house until I can get to her. Here comes Beulah now."

Out of the nursery came a laughing, happy child-woman. In spite of her finely developed, womanly figure, which had lost nothing of its wonderful beauty, and the exquisite face and golden-brown hair and great blue eyes, which were as fascinating as on the day she first entered the offices of Randolph & Randolph; in spite of the close-fitting gray gown with dainty turned-over lace collar, I could hardly bring myself to believe that she was anything but a young child. With an eager look and a happy laugh she went to Bob and throwing her arms about his neck, covered his face with kisses.

"Good Bob has come back to play with Beulah," she said, "she knew he would. They told Beulah Bob had gone away to the woods to gather pretty flowers. Beulah knew if Bob had gone to the woods he would have taken Beulah with him. Now Bob must play school with Beulah." She sat at her desk and opened her child's school-book. With mock severity she said, "Bob, c-a-t. What does it spell?" For half an hour Bob sat and played scholar and teacher by turns with all the patience of a fond father. With difficulty I kept back the tears the sad sight brought to my eyes.

For the first year of Bob's marriage we saw but little of him at the office. The Exchange saw less. He had wan-

dered in upon the floor two or three times, but did no business and seemed to take but little interest.

"The Street" knew Bob had married the daughter of Judge Lee Sands, the victim of Tom Reinhart's cold-blooded Seaboard Air Line deal. Otherwise it knew nothing of the affair. His friends never met his wife. Occasionally they would pass the Brownley carriage on the avenue or in the park and, taking it for granted that the beautiful woman was Mrs. Brownley, they thought Bob a lucky fellow. It seemed quite natural that his wife should choose seclusion after the awful tragedy at her home in Virginia. But they could not understand why, with such cause for mourning, the exquisite figure beside Bob in the victoria should always be garbed in gray. After a while it was whispered that there was something wrong in Bob's household. Then his friends and acquaintances ceased to whisper or to think of his affairs. With all New York's bad points—and they are as plentiful as her church spires and charity bazaars—she has one offsetting virtue. If a dweller in her midst chooses to let New York alone, New York is willing to reciprocate. In her most crowded fashionable districts a person may come and go for a lifetime, and none in the block in which he dwells will know when his coming and going ceases. When a New Yorker reads in his newspaper of the man who lives next door to him, "murdered and his body discovered by the gas man" or the tax collector, the butcher or the baker, as the case may be, he never thinks he may have been remiss in his neighborly duties.

There is no such word as "neigh-

periods he would disappear. Neither the nurses in charge of his wife, nor his brother, mother, and sisters, for whom he had purchased a mansion a few blocks above his own, would hear a word from him. Then he would return as suddenly as he had disappeared, and his wild eyes and haggard face would tell of a prolonged and desperate soul struggle. He drank often now, a habit he had never before indulged in.

For ten days before the second anniversary of his marriage he had been missing. On the morning of the anniversary he appeared at the Exchange, wild-eyed and dare-devil reckless. The market had been advancing for weeks and was at a high level. Tom Reinhart and his branch of the "System" were working out a new fleecing of the public in Union and Northern Pacific. At the strike of the gong Bob took possession of the Union Pacific pole and in 30 minutes had precipitated a panic by his merciless selling. Our house was heavily interested in the Pacific, although not in connection with Reinhart and his crowd. As soon as I got word that Bob was the cause of the slaughter, I rushed over to the Exchange and working my way into the crowd, I begged a word with him. He had broken both stocks over 50 points a share and the panic was raging through the room. He glared at me, but finally followed me out into the lobby. At first he would not heed my appeal, but finally he said, "Jim, it is too bad to let up. I had determined to rub this devilish institution off the map, but if it really is a case of injury to the house, it's my opportunity to do something for you who have done so much for me, so here goes."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WORKED HIS OWN REDEMPTION.

Future Held Greatness for Young Man of Character.

A New York judge gave his son a thousand dollars, telling him to go to college and graduate. The son returned at the end of freshman year without a dollar and with several ugly habits. At the close of the vacation the judge told his son that he had done all he could for him. If he had wasted the money that was to have taken him through college, he might as well leave home and make his own way in the world. It was a rude awakening for the young man, but he knew that his father was right. And so strong was the good influence of his upright father that he did leave home to go to work in downright earnest. He went back to college, made his way through, graduated at the head of his class, studied law, became governor of the state of New York, entered the cabinet of the president of the United States and made a record for himself. It was William H. Seward.

Value of the Thumb.

"Solomon says thumbs up," because the thumb is said to be worth fully one-third the entire value of the hand. The different fingers are far from having all the same value before the eyes of the law. Much of the importance among them is the thumb, for without it the hand no longer is a pincers but merely a claw. The French court allows in damages 15 to 35 per cent. value for the right and ten to 15 per cent. for the left thumb. The Austrian schedule gives from 15 per cent. for the left to 35 per cent. for the right. In Germany 20 to 28 per cent., and even as high as 33.3 per cent., has been awarded. The percentage is based on 100 as the total value of the hand, industriously speaking, before the accident.

A Dog Worth Knowing.

Two years ago a boy 14 years old named Edward Sweeney, living at Opelika, Ala., was followed home by a small dog. The animal was bobbled and squint-eyed and by no means good looking, and the boy was laughed at for having him around. Within a week, however, the dog brought home a five-dollar bill in his mouth. The next week he brought a silver dollar. Then he brought a pocket knife, and followed that with a dollar bill. There has hardly been a week in these two years that the dog has not found something. He makes it his business to hunt the streets and highways, and often travels a distance of 30 miles. Up to the present date he has found and brought home \$38 in cash, besides many useful things.

Company Breeds Appetite.

"I think the reason you can eat so little and live," said the woman who eats to the woman who doesn't, "is because you are by yourself so much. Now, I am different. I work in a room with a lot of people. They absorb my vitality to such an extent that I am hungry all the time. Regularly I eat breakfast, lunch and dinner and sometimes when I go to the theater I have a supper afterward. Yes, I suppose it is a good deal cheaper to be by yourself."

Finger Nails.

White spots in the nails are usually due to imperfect circulation of the blood and nervousness, and these, again, are due to wrong living. Live right, and the spots will disappear.

WHAT IS PE-RU-NA?

Is it a Catarrh Remedy, or a Tonic, or is it Both?

Some people call Peruna a great tonic. Others refer to Peruna as a great catarrh remedy.

Which of these people are right? Is it more proper to call Peruna a catarrh remedy than to call it a tonic?

Our reply is, that Peruna is both a tonic and a catarrh remedy. Indeed, there can be no effectual catarrh remedy that is not also a tonic.

In order to thoroughly relieve any case of catarrh, a remedy must not only have a specific action on the mucous membranes affected by the catarrh, but it must have a general tonic action on the nervous system.

Catarrh, even in persons who are otherwise strong, is a weakened condition of some mucous membrane. There must be something to strengthen the circulation, to give tone to the arteries, and to raise the vital forces.

Perhaps no vegetable remedy in the world has attracted so much attention from medical writers as HYDRASTIS CANADENSIS. The wonderful efficacy of this herb has been recognized many years, and is growing in its hold upon the medical profession. When joined with CUBEBS and COPAIBA a trio of medical agents is formed in Peruna which constitutes a specific remedy for catarrh that in the present state of medical progress cannot be improved upon. This action, reinforced by such renowned tonics as COLLINSONIA CANADENSIS, CORYDALIS FORMOSA and CEDRON SEED, ought to make this compound an ideal remedy for catarrh in all its stages and locations in the body.

From a theoretical standpoint, therefore, Peruna is beyond criticism. The use of Peruna, confirms this opinion. Numberless testimonials from every quarter of the earth furnish ample evidence that this judgment is not over enthusiastic. When practical experience confirms a well-grounded theory the result is a truth that cannot be shaken.

Old Coins Discovered.

Workmen in demolishing the old smelter house of the first United States mint, on Seventh street, Philadelphia, have uncovered a number of relics of the early days of the republic. These relics consist of a number of foreign and domestic coins, dating as far back as 1793. Some of the interesting finds are a number of test coins that were experimented with by the officials in the olden times. These coins are similar to Chinese money, each containing a hole in the center that was filled with various kinds of metal to bring up the value of the coin.

Fair Warning.

"Well, I see that slim girls will be the style this winter," remarked the harmless idiot.

"Yes," responded his sister, "and if any of my girl friends suddenly get slender over night I don't want you to ask any fool questions. Hear me?"—Pittsburg Post.

The Way of It.

Stella: How do you know Jack is going to propose?

Bella—His speech leaked the last time I was with him.—N. Y. Sun.

