


FRIDAY, THE 13th

By Thomas W. Lawson

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CHAPTER VIII.

A number of times during the following year, and finally on the anniversary of the Sands tragedy, Bob carried the Exchange to the verge of panic, only to turn the market and save "the Street" in the end. His profits were fabulous. Already his fortune was estimated to be between two and three hundred millions, one of the largest in the world. His name had become one of terror wherever stocks were dealt in. Wall street had come to regard his every deal, from the moment that he began operations, as inevitably successful. Now and again he would jump into the market when some of the plunging cliques had a bear raid under way, and would put them to rout by buying everything in sight and bidding up prices until it looked as though he intended to do an extraordinary work on the up-side as he was wont to do on the down. At such times he was the idol of the Exchange, which worships the man who puts prices up as it hates him who pulls them down. Once when war news flashed over the wires from Washington and rumor had the cabinet members, senators, and congressmen selling the market short on advance information, when the "Standard Oil" banks had put up money rates to 150 per cent and a crash seemed inevitable, Bob suddenly smashed the loan market by offering to lend one hundred millions at four per cent; and by buying and bidding up prices at the same time, he put the whole Washington crowd and its New York accomplices to disastrous rout and caused them to lose millions.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Bob Brownley threw himself into the Union Pacific crowd first giving an order to a group of his brokers, who jumped for a number of other poles. Almost instantly the panic was stayed and stocks were bounding upward two to five points at a leap. Bob continued buying Union Pacific and his brokers other stocks in unlimited quantities. Nothing like such a quick turn of the market had been seen before. His power to absorb stocks seemed to be boundless. It was estimated that personally and through his brokers he bought over a million shares before he joined me and left the Exchange.

I looked at him in wonderment. "Bob, I cannot understand you," I said at last as we turned out of Broad street into Wall. "It seems as if you work with magic. Everything you touch turns to gold."

He wheeled on me. "Yes, Jim you are right. Gold, heartless, soulless gold. But what is the dross good for? What is it good for to me? To-day I suppose I have made the biggest one-man killing in the history of 'the Street.' I must be an easy twenty-five millions richer in gold than I was this morning, and I had enough then to dam the East river and a good section of the North. But tell me, Jim, tell me, what can it buy in this world that I have not got? I had health and happiness, perfect health, pure happiness, when I did not have a thousand all told. Now I have fifty millions, and I know how to get fifty or five hundred and fifty more any time I care to take them, and I have only physical and mental hell. No beggar in all the world is so poor in happiness as I. Tell me, tell me, Jim, in the name of God, if there is one—for already the game of gold is robbing me of my faith in God—where can I buy a little, just a little happiness with all this cursed yellow dirt? What will it get me in the next world, Jim Randolph, what will it get me? If I had died when I was poor, I think you will agree with me that, if there is a heaven, I should have stood an even chance of getting there. Now on a day like to-day, when you see the results of my work, the results of my handling of unlimited gold, you must agree that if I were taken off I should stand more than an even show of landing in hell where the sulphur is thickest and the flames are hottest."

We were at the entrance of Randolph & Randolph's office as he poured out this terrible torrent of bitterness. He glared at me as a dungeon prisoner might glare at his keeper for his answer to "Where can I find liberty?" I had no words to answer him. As I noted the awful changes in every line of his face, the rigid hardness, the haunted, nervous look of desperation, which seemed a forerunner of madness, I could not see, either, where his millions brought any happiness. His hair, which once was smooth and orderly, hung over his forehead in an unparted mass of tangled curls, and here and there showed of white. Bob Brownley was still handsome, even more fascinating than before the mercury entered his soul, but it was that wild, awful beauty of the caged lion, lashing himself into madness with memories of his lost freedom.

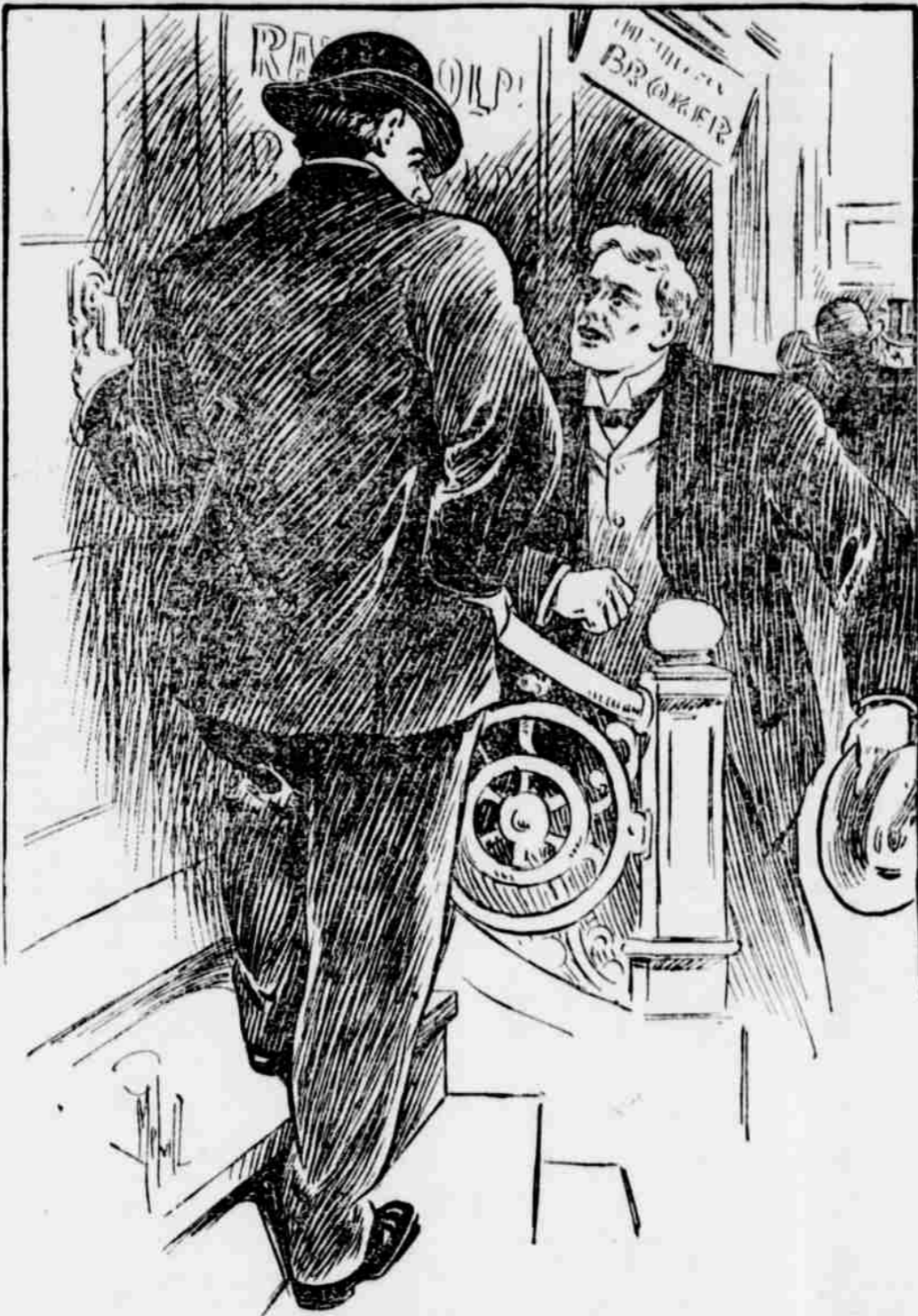
"Jim," he went on, when he saw I could not answer, "I guess you don't know where I can swap the yellow mud for balm of Gilead. I won't bother you with my troubles any longer. I will go up-town and see the little girl whose happiness Tom Reinhart needed in his business. I will go up and show her the pictures in this week's Collier's of the fine hospital for incurables that Reinhart has so generously and nobly built at a cost of two and a half millions! The little girl may think better of Reinhart when she knows that her father's money was put to such good use. Who knows but the great finance king may dedicate it as the 'Judge Lee Sands Home' and carve over the entrance a bas-relief of her father, mother, and sister with Hope, Faith, and Charity coming from the mouths of their hanging severed heads?"

Bob Brownley laughed a horrible ringing laugh as he uttered these awful words. Then he beat his hand down on my shoulders as he said in a hoarse voice, "Jim, but for you I should have had crimps in that jackal philanthropist's soul by now and in the souls of his kind. But never mind. He will keep; he will surely keep until I get to him. Every day he lives he will be fitter for the crimp-

ing. Within the short two years since he finished grilling Judge Sands' soul, he has put himself in better form to appreciate his reward. I see by the press that at last his aristocratic wife has gold-cured Newport of its habit of dating back the name Reinhart to her scullionhood, and it has taken her into the high-instep circle. I read the other day of his daughter's marriage to some English nob, and of the discovery of the ancient Reinhart family tree and crest with the mailed hand and two-edged dirk and the vulture rampant, and the motto, 'Who strikes in the back strikes often.'"

He left me with his laugh still ringing in my ears. I shuddered as I passed under the old black-and-gold sign my uncle and my father had nailed over the office entrance in an age now dead, an age when Wall street men talked of honor and gold, not gold and more gold.

In telling my wife of the day's hap-



"Where Can I Find Liberty?"

penings I could not refrain from giving vent to the feelings that consumed me. "Kate, Bob will surely do something awful one of these days. I can see no hope for him. He grows more and more the madman as he broods over his horrible situation. The whole thing seems incredible to me. Never was a human being in such perpetual living purgatory—unlimited, absolute power on the one hand, unfathomable, never-cool-down hell on the other."

"Jim, how does he do what he does? I cannot make out anything I have read or you have told me, how he creates those panics and makes all that money."

"No one has ever been able to figure it out," I answered. "I understand the stock business, but I cannot for the life of me see how he does it. He has none of the money powers in league with him, that's sure, for in the mood he has been in during the past two years it would be impossible for him to work with them, even if his salvation depended on it. The mention of any of the big 'System' men drives him to a fury. He has to-day made more money than any one man ever made in a day since the world began, and he had only commenced his work when he quit to please me. As I stand in the Exchange and watch him do it, it seems commonplace and simple. Afterward it is beyond my comprehension. At the gait he is going, the Rockefeller, Vanderbilt, and Gould fortunes combined will look tiny in comparison with the one he will have in a few years. It is beyond my power of figuring out, and it gives me a headache every time I try to see through it."

He continued his operations with increasing violence and increasing profits up to the fourth anniversary of the tragedy. On the intervening anniversary I had been compelled by self-interest and fear that he would really pull down the entire Wall street structure, to rush in and fairly drag him off. But with his growing madness my influence was waning. Each raid it was with greater difficulty that I got his ear.

Finally, on the fourth anniversary, in a panic that seemed to be running into something more terrible than any previous, he savagely refused to accede to my appeal, telling me that he would not stop, even if Randolph & Randolph were doomed to go down in the crash. It had become known on the floor that I was the only one who could do anything with him in his frenzies, and my pleading with him in the lobby was watched by the members of the Exchange with triple eyed suspense. When it was clear from his emphatic gestures and raised voice—for he was in a reckless mood from drink and madness and took no pains to disguise his intentions—that I could not prevail upon him, there was a frantic rush for the poles to throw over stocks in advance of him. Suddenly, after I had turned from him in despair, there flashed into my mind an idea. The situation was desperate. I was dealing with a madman, and I decided that I was justified in making this last try. I rushed back to him. "Bob, good-bye," I whispered in his ear, "good-bye. In ten minutes you will get word that Jim Randolph has cut his throat!" He stopped as though I had plunged a knife into him, struck his forehead a resounding blow, and

int; his wild brown eyes came a sickening look of fear.

"Stop, Jim, for God's sake, don't say that to me. My cup is full now. Don't tell me I am to have that crime on my soul." He thought a moment. "I don't know whether you mean it, Jim, but I can take no chances, not for all the money in the world, not even for revenge. Wait here, Jim." He yelled for his brokers, and several rushed to him from different parts of the room. He sent them back into the crowd while he dashed for the Amalgamated-pole. The day was saved.

Presently he came back to me. "Jim, I must have a talk with you. Come over to my office." When we got there he turned the key and stood in front of me. His great eyes looked full into mine. In college days, gazing into their brown depths, by some magic I seemed to see the heroes and heroines of always happy-ending tales, as the child sees enchanted creatures far back in the burning Yule log flames. But there were no joyous beings in the haunted depths of Bob's eyes that day.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NOT AFRAID FOR HERSELF.

Child's Only Thought Was of Damage She Might Do Train.

One day last winter a Vermont girl named Rosa Hines, 14 years old and a farmer's daughter, drew her sled to the crest of a hill half a mile long and then took a slide. Just beyond the foot of the hill are railroad tracks, and as her sled got under motion she saw a train coming. She couldn't stop, and she saw that there must be an accident, so she waved her hood and shouted: "Get out of my way! Get out of my way, or you'll be run over!" The engineer saw the girl waving her hood, even if he didn't hear her words, and he brought a long train of freight cars to a sudden stop just in time to let her shoot by the engine. This is probably the first time in the history of railroading when a girl on a sled was given the right of way over a train. When she was afterwards scolded by her father she naively replied: "Oh, I wasn't scared for myself. I was afraid of bunting the train off the track."

Fine Health in Open Air.

The healthiest persons in the world are gypsies, and they live in the open air, but there is an erroneous idea that gypsies are people who defy the elements to destroy their health. On the contrary, they are very careful, indeed, of their health, even though living out of doors. They never go to bed with the draft blowing over them, but have free circulation around them, yet protected from rain and wind. While sometimes seemingly scantily attired, they always are warmly clothed beneath, wearing warm underclothing. The consumptives who go to places for their health are now living exactly as the gypsies, and because of the disease being considered contagious, they must live in tents. It is here that the efficacy of pure air is being fully demonstrated, for it often effects a cure if the patient is not too weak when the treatment begins.

The Pet Animal Stage.

"Why don't you get you a cat?" asked her woman friend. "You wouldn't be half so lonely if you had some little live animal like that always around." "I haven't come to the animal stage yet, thank heaven," she replied. "When men and women lose all hope of human love they go to the animal kingdom, the men to the dogs, some literally, and the women to the cats; and they are right, perhaps, since faithfulness is to be found mainly among the animals; but as I say, I haven't quite arrived at that stage of the game yet."

Her First Impressions.

"The first impression is the one you should always go by," the little grass widow advised. "I know by experience. I have never yet had a husband that I liked at first sight. He always had to win me. Then, after I had been married awhile, I invariably went back to my first impression of dislike that kept on getting worse and worse till I had to leave him. I shall never marry again," she finished, "unless I fall head over heels in love with him the first minute I meet him."

Girl Friends.

Nell—Did you tell her I couldn't come?
Belle—Yes, and she seemed surprised.
Nell—But didn't you explain to her that I've got the chickenpox?
Belle—Yes, that's what surprised her. She said you were no chicken.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Perfect Feminine Face.

A perfect feminine face should measure exactly five times the width of an eye across the cheek bones. The eye should be exactly two-thirds the eye should be exactly two-thirds width of the mouth and the length of the ear exactly twice that of the eye. The space between the eyes should be exactly the length of one eye.

TO CLEAN SEWING MACHINES.

Care Bestowed on Instrument Will Be Amply Repaid.

Sewing is not half as hard as some people find it if the sewing machine is kept in good running order. When the sewing machine works hard and heavily take the needle and shuttle out and give every joint and bearing a generous bath of gasoline. Of course there should not be a lighted lamp or fire of any kind in the room. Turn the wheels briskly for a few moments to enable the gasoline to penetrate every part and to loosen and wash away the old oil and grime. Then clean it all away. When all the grime and oil has been removed, oil with proper lubricating oil, running the machine for two or three minutes before inserting the needle. Now, with a piece of chamolite skin, wipe away all superfluous oil. It is a pleasure to sew on a machine treated in this manner.

Gingham Cushions.

The odds and ends of a bright gingham can be made into a pretty chair cushion. Cut the pieces in octagon shapes and join with white dress beading. One cushion made in this manner was tufted. The pattern was cut double, the two pieces filled with cotton, lightly basted together, then joined with the beading, which was stitched on the machine. Colored material can be used in the same manner and joined with some bright dress braid. Striped material in red and white can be made into tiny star shapes, with an irregular stripe and finished in the same manner. Pincushions are made of silk, joined with lace insertions through which narrow ribbon is run.

Mother's Vegetable Soup.

Pare, slice the potatoes and turn into the soup kettle with plenty of cold water, add a half an onion sliced and let boil 30 minutes or until the vegetables are tender; a little chopped celery may be used if you have it. Season with salt and pepper, add some good, rich milk or cream and a piece of butter the size of a walnut and a raw spoonful of canned or cold cooked tomatoes. Serve as soon as it comes to a boil.

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