

# FRIDAY, THE 13th

By Thomas W. Lawson  
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## CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

"Men of Wall street, it is impossible to prevent the repetition of those acts by which in five years I have accumulated a billion dollars, impossible so long as a short sale or a repurchase and resale, is allowed. When short sales, and repurchases and resales, are made impossible, stock speculation will be dead. When stock speculation is dead, the people can no longer be robbed by the 'System.' In leaving you, the exchange, and stock-gambling forever, as I shall when I leave this platform, I will say from the depth of a heart that has been broken, from the profundity of a soul that has been withered by the 'System's' poison, with a full sense of my responsibility to my fellow-man and to my God, that I advise every one of you to do what I have done and to do it quickly, before the doing of it by others shall have made it impossible, before the doing of it by others shall have blown up the whole stock-gambling structure. In accepting my advice you can quiet your conscience, those of you who have any, with this argument: 'If I start, I am sure of success. If I succeed, no one will be the wiser. The millions I secure I will take from men who took them from others, and who would take mine. The more I and others take, the sooner will come the day when the stock-gambling structure will fall.'

"The day on which the stock-gambling structure falls is the day for which all honest men and women should pray."

Bob Brownley paused and let his eyes sweep his dumfounded audience. There was not a murmur. The crowd was speechless.

Again his eyes swept the room. Then he slowly raised his right hand with fist clenched, as though about to deal a blow.

"Men of Wall street"—his voice was now deep and solemn—"to show that Robert Brownley knew what was fitting for the last day of his career, he has revealed to you the trick—and more.

"Many of you are desperate. Many of you by to-morrow will be ruined. The time of all times for such to put my trick in practice is now. The victim of victims is ready for the experiment. I am he. I have a billion dollars. With this billion dollars I am able to buy 10,000,000 shares of the leading stocks and to pay for them, even though after I have bought they fall a hundred dollars a share. Here is your chance to prevent your ruin, your chance to retrieve your fortune, your chance to secure revenge upon me, the one who has robbed you."

He paused only long enough for his astounding advice to connect with his listeners' now keenly sensitive nerve centers; then deep and clear rang out, "Barry Conant." The wiry form of Bob's old antagonist leaped to the rostrum.

"I authorize you to buy any part of 10,000,000 shares of the leading stocks at any price up to 50 points above the present market. There is my check-book signed in blank, and I authorize you to use it up to a billion dollars, and I agree to have in bank to-morrow sufficient funds to meet any checks you draw. You have failed to-day for seven millions, and, therefore, cannot trade, but I herewith announce that I will pay all the indebtedness of Barry Conant and his house. Therefore he is now in good standing." Bob had kept his eye on the great clock; as the last word passed his lips, the president's gavel descended.

With a mighty rush the gamblers leaped for the different poles. Barry Conant with lightning rapidity gave his orders to 20 of his assistants, who, when Bob Brownley called for Conant, had gathered around their chief. In less than a minute the dollar-battle of the age was on, a battle such as no man had ever seen before. It required no supernatural wisdom for any man on the floor to see that Bob Brownley's seed had fallen in superheated soil, that his until now secret hellfire was about to be tested. It needed no expert in the mystic art of deciphering the wall hieroglyphics of Old Hag Fate to see that the hands on the clock of the "System" were approaching 12. It needed no ear trained to hear human heart and soul beats to detect the approaching sound of onrushing doom to the stock-gambling structure. The deafening roar of the brokers that had broken the stillness following Robert Brownley's fateful speech had awakened echoes that threatened to shake down the exchange walls. The surging mob on the outside was roaring

like a million hungry lions in an Arabian run at slaughter time.

## CHAPTER X.

The instant after the gong sounded Bob Brownley was alone on the floor at the foot of the president's desk. His form was swaying like a reed on the edge of the cyclone's path. I jumped to his side. His brother, who had during Bob's harangue been vainly endeavoring to beat his way through the crowd, was there first. "For God's sake, Bob, hear me. Word came from your house half an hour ago of the miracle: Beulah has awakened to her past. Her mind is clear; the nurses are frantic for you to come to her."

He got no further. With a mad yell and a bound, like a tortured bull that sees the arena walls go down, Bob rushed out through the nearest door, which, I thanked God, was a side one

as I hung to the sides. Thank God, that usually crowded thoroughfare was free from vehicles as far up as I could see, on beyond the Astor house. What could it mean? Was that divinity which 'tis said protects the drunkard and the idiot about to aid the mad rush of this love-frenzied creature to his long-lost but newly returned dear one? I heard the frantic clang of gongs, and as we shot by the World building, I saw ahead of us two plunging automobiles filled with men. 'Twas from them the gong clamor sounded. As we drew nearer I saw that these were the cars of the fire chiefs answering a call. I thanked God again and again as I yelled into Bob's ear, "For Beulah's sake, Bob, don't pass; if you do, we'll run into a blockade. If we keep in the rear they'll clear our way, and we may get to her alive." I do not know whether he heard, but he held the machine in the rear of the other cars and did not try to pass. Away we went on our mad rush through crowded Broadway. At Union Square we lost our way-clearers. As our automobile jumped across Fourteenth street into Fourth avenue, Bob must have opened her up to the last notch, for she seemed to leap through the air. We sent two wagons crashing across the sidewalks into the buildings. Cries of rage arose above the din of the machine, and seemed to follow in our wake. Bob was dead to all we passed. His entire being seemed set on what was ahead. I knew he was an expert in the handling of the automobile, for since his misfortune, automobiling with Beulah Sands had been his favorite pastime, but who

wedged in between a car and a dray. It had not stopped when Bob was off and up the avenue like a hound on the end-in-sight trail. I was after him while the astonished bystanders stared in wonder. As we neared Bob's house I could see people on the stoop. I heard Bob's secretary shout, "Thank God, Mr. Brownley, you have come. She is in the office. I found her there, quiet and recovered. She did not ask a question. She said, 'Tell Mr. Brownley when he comes that I should like to see him.' Then she ordered me to get the afternoon paper. I handed it to her an hour ago. I think she believes herself in her old office. I shut off the floor as you instructed. I did not dare go to her for fear she would ask questions. I have"—but Bob was up the stairs two and three steps at a time.

My breath was almost gone and it took me minutes to get to the second floor. My feet touched the top stair, when, O God! that sound! For five long years I had been trying to get it out of my ears, but now more guttural, more agonized than before, it broke upon my tortured senses. I did not need to seek its direction. With a bound I was at the threshold of Beulah Sands-Brownley's office. In that brief time the groans had stilled. For one instant I closed my eyes, for the very atmosphere of that hall moaned and groaned death. I opened them. Yes, I knew it. There at the desk was the beautiful gray-clad figure of five years ago. There the two arms resting on the desk. There the two beautiful hands holding the open paper, but the eyes, those marvellous gray-blue doors to an immortal soul—they were closed forever. The exquisitely beautiful face was cold and white and peaceful. Beulah Sands was dead. The bellhounds of the "System" had overtaken its maimed and hunted victim; it had added her beautiful heart to the bags and barrels and hogsheds stored away in its big "business-is-business" safe-deposit vaults. My eyes in sick pity sought the form of my old schoolmate, my college chum, my partner, my friend, the man I loved. He was on his knees. His agonized face was turned to his wife. His clasped hands had been raised in an awful, heart-crushing prayer as his Maker touched the bell. Bob Brownley's great brown eyes were closed, his clasped hands had dropped against his wife's head, and in dropping had unloosed the glorious golden-brown waves until in fond abandon they had coiled around his arms and brow as though she for whom he had sacrificed all was shielding his beloved head from the chills and dark mists of the black river that laps the brink of the eternal rest. The "System" had skewered Robert Brownley's heart, too. I staggered to his side. As I touched his now fast-fading brow my eyes fell upon the great black headlines spread across the top of the paper that Beulah Sands had been reading when the all-kind God had cut her bonds:

### FRIDAY, THE THIRTEENTH.

And beneath in one column:

#### TERRIBLE TRAGEDY IN VIRGINIA.

The Richest Man in the State, Thomas Reinhart, Multi-millionaire, while Temporarily Insane from the Loss of His Wife and Daughter, and of His Enormous Fortune, Which Was Shattered in To-day's Awful Panic, Cut His Throat. His death was instantaneous.

In another column:

#### Robert Brownley Creates the Most Awful Panic in History and Spreads Wreck and Ruin Throughout the Civilized World.

THE END.

#### Where He Saw a Crowd.

Uncle Constantine, from Fishkill Landing, was in town recently, for the first time in 30 years, according to the New York Times. His relatives were industrious in showing him the sights, but it was extremely difficult to get him to express surprise at anything. He even made disparaging comments, now and then, upon what he saw, and drew comparisons favorable to his own town. One afternoon they attended a crowded performance at the circus. "Uncle Constantine," asked his niece, "did you ever see such a number of people gathered together before?" "Well," said the old man slowly, as his eye ran critically over the thousands that filled the garden, "I don't know as I ever did in a buildin', but I have to a bush-meetin'!"

#### Easily Explained.

Her name was Marjorie and she was the sweetest child in the world, with all a child's wonderful thirst for the most out-of-the-way information. She had asked her mother to explain to her what wireless telegraphy was. Marjorie had often heard her father talking of wireless telegraphy, and she wanted to know all about it. So her mother tried to make it clear and explained how there were two long sticks standing high up in the air a very long way from each other, and how a message was sent from the one stick and—"Oh, I know," broke in Marjorie, "then God hears and tells the other people."



Beulah Sands Was Dead.

leading to the street where the crowd was thickest. He cast a wild look around. His eyes lighted on an empty automobile whose chauffeur had deserted to the crowd. It was the work or a second to crank it; of another to jump into the front seat. Quick as had been his movement, I was behind him in the rear seat. With a bound the great machine leaped through the crowd.

"In the name of Christ, Bob, be careful," I yelled, as he hurled the iron monster through the throng, scattering it to the right and left as the mower scatters the sheaves in the wheat fields. Some were crushed beneath its wheels. Bob Brownley heard not their screams, heard not the curses of those who escaped. He was on his feet, his body crouched low over the steering wheel, which he grasped in his vice-like hands. His hatless head was thrust far out, as though it strove to get to Beulah Sands ahead of his body. His teeth were set, and as I had jumped into the machine I had noted that his eyes were those of a maniac, who saw sanity just ahead if he could but get to it in time. His ears were deaf not only to the howl of the terrified throng and the curses of the teamsters who frantically pulled their horses to the curb, but to my warnings as well. He swung the machine around the corner at New street and into Wall as though it had been the broadest boulevard in the park. He took Wall street at a bound I was sure would land us through the fence into Trinity's churchyard. But no. Again he turned the corner, throwing the Juggernaut on its outside wheels from Wall street into Broadway as the crowd on the sidewalk held their breath in horror. I, too, was on my feet, but crouching

The Worst Was Yet to Come. A southern pulpit orator, one Sunday morning, was describing the experience of the prodigal son. In his endeavor to impress his hearers with the shame and remorse that this young man felt and his desire to cast away his wicked doings, he spoke thus: "Dis young man got to thinking about his meanness and his misery, and he tuk off his coat and frowned it away. And den he tuk off his vest and frowned dat away. And den he tuk off his shirt and frowned dat away too. And den he come to hisself."

### NIGHT SWEATS, NO APPETITE, USED PE-RU-NA.



MRS. LIZZIE LOHR, 1155 W. 13th St., Chicago, Ill., writes:

"I take pleasure in writing you these few lines, thinking there may be other women suffering the same as I did. I had my complaints for over a year. **night sweats** all winter and **no appetite**. I was **run-down** so far that I had to sit down to do my cooking, I was so weak.

"I tried many different medicines and doctors also. Nothing seemed to do me any good. The doctors wanted to operate on me.

"At last I wrote to Dr. Hartman. I told him just exactly how I was, and he told me what ailed me and how I should take Peruna.

"I did as he told me for four months, and **now I am all cured**.

"No one can tell how thankful I am to him, as I had given up all hopes of ever getting well again.

"I am a widow and the mother of six small children who depend on my support. I work all day and seldom get tired.

"I took five bottles of Peruna in all. Any woman wishing to know more about my case may write to me and I will gladly tell all about it.

"I thank Dr. Hartman for what he has done for me."

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