



SYNOPSIS.

Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative Henry Wilton, whom he was to assist in an important and mysterious task...

took a seat at his desk and motioned me to another. "I had a little turn," he said, eyeing me nervously; "a vertigo, I believe the doctor called it. Just reach my overcoat pocket there, will you?—the left-hand side. Yes, bring me that flask."

CHAPTER VIII. (Continued).

I moved slowly down, a step at a time, then from over-cautiousness tripped and came down the last three steps at once with the clatter of a four-horse team.



do I understand that I'm not to bid over them?" "You're not to understand anything of the kind," he said, with a little disgust in his tone. "You're to get the stock. You've bought and sold enough to know how to do that. But don't start a boom for the price. Let her go down. Sabe?"

checks. But there was no time to hesitate. I drew a check for the amount, signed Henry Wilton's name and tossed it over to Bockstein. "Just talk it over vit Milder Eppner. He goes on der floor."

on the shelves. They were law-books, California Reports, and the ordinary text-books and form-books of the attorney. All bore on the fly-leaf the name of Horace H. Plymire, but no paper or other indication of ownership could I find.

I wondered idly who this Plymire might be, and pictured to myself some old attorney who had fallen into the hands of Doddridge Knapp, and had, through misfortune, been forced to sell everything for the mess of pottage to keep life in him. But there was small time for musing, and I went out to do Doddridge Knapp's bidding in the stock-gambling whirlpool of Pine street.

It was easy to find Bockstein and Eppner, and there could be no mistaking the prosperity of the firm. The indifference of the clerks to my presence, and the evident contempt with which an order for a hundred shares of something was being taken from an apologetic old gentleman were enough to assure of that.

Bockstein and Eppner were together, evidently consulting over the business to be done. Bockstein was tall and gray-haired, with a stubby gray beard. Eppner was short and a little stooped, with a blue-black mustache, snapping blue-black eyes and strong blue-black dots over his face where his beard struggled vainly against the devastating razor.

"Excellent idea," said I, "for those who know too much or too little." Eppner failed to smile, and could think of nothing to say. I was a little abashed, notwithstanding the tone of haughty indifference I took. I began to feel very young before this machine-like impersonation of the market.

Bockstein relieved the embarrassment of the situation by coming in out of breath, with a brave pretense of having been merely consulting a customer in the next room. "You haf explained to Milder Eppner?" he inquired. "Den all is done. Here is a card to der Board Room. If orders you haf to gif, Eppner vill dake dem on der floor. Zhust gif him der check for margin, and all is vell."

At the end of this harangue I found myself outside the office, with Bockstein's back waddling toward the private room where the partners were to have their last consultation before going to the Board.

My cheek had been honored, then, and Bockstein had assured himself of my solvency. In the rebound from anxiety, I swelled with the pride of a capitalist—on Doddridge Knapp's money.

In the Board Room of the big Exchange the uproar had given me a suggestion that the business of buying and selling stocks was carried on in a somewhat less conventional manner than the trade in groceries. But it had not quite prepared me for the scene in the Exchange.

After a little I was able to discover that the shouts and yells and screams, the shaking of fists, and the waving of arms were merely a more or less energetic method of bidding for stocks; that the ringing of gongs and the bellow of the big man who smiled on the bear-garden from the high desk were merely the audible signs that another stock was being called; and that the brazen-voiced reading of a roll was merely the official announcement of the record of bargain and sale that had been going on before me.

It was my good fortune to make out so much before the purchase of the stocks on my order list was completed. The crisis was at hand in which I must have my wits about me, and be ready to act for myself.

Eppner rushed up and reported the bargains made, handing me a slip with the figures he had paid for the stocks. "Any more orders?" he gasped. He was trembling with excitement and suppressed eagerness for the fray.

VANDERBILT'S LONDON FLAT.

Is on Sixth Floor and Costs Him Some \$13,000 Per Annum. London.—Alfred G. Vanderbilt, whom the English press delight in calling "the richest young man in the world," has taken one of the most "swagger" flats in London. For the privilege of living on the sixth floor overlooking Piccadilly, the famous London thoroughfare, the American millionaire is paying \$10,000 a year. As the rent does not include rates and taxes there is an extra item of expense of about \$3,000 per annum. To the British public \$250 a week looks like a tall price to pay just to keep a flat roof over one's head, but to the scion of the Vanderbilts, with his experience of \$25,000 suites at the Astoria and one of \$60,000 at the new Plaza, it is a mere bagatelle.



Alfred Vanderbilt Lives in These Flats.

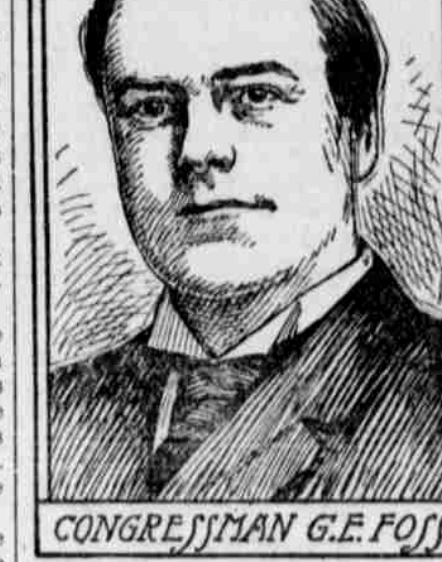
So far as London is concerned the flats in which young Vanderbilt now is settled are the last word in their line. Nothing like them even has been attempted in that part of the world, and the American, with his trans-Atlantic ideas of unlimited expenditure, is the only person who as yet has had the nerve to rent one. They are built on the site of the mansion of the late duke of Cambridge and stand midway between the high class club district and Mayfair, the home of England's "four hundred." Next to them and stretching up Piccadilly to Apsley house, the town residence of the duke of Wellington, which abuts Hyde park, are the several residences occupied by the famous Rothschild family, the kings of finance.

The building in which Vanderbilt has taken up his quarters has a frontage on Piccadilly of almost 70 feet and on Park lane of about 200 feet. It is of gray granite, rather fantastically and ostentatiously ornamented with glazed green brick. There are six flats (over there they have not yet learned the nice distinction between flat and apartment), each one of which contains ten large bedrooms, three bathrooms, a number of smoking, billiard and drawing rooms, cloakrooms, kitchen, halls, boudoirs and a great ball-room. A man without any family with him ought to worry along on that.

MAY SEEK HOPKINS' TOGA.

Friends of Congressman Foss Would Send Him to Senate.

Chicago.—George Edmund Foss, whose friends are urging him to become a candidate for the Re-



CONGRESSMAN G.E. FOSS

publican endorsement for United States senator at the primaries against Senator Albert J. Hopkins and former Senator William E. Mason, has been a member of the lower house of congress since 1895. He represents the Tenth district, extending along the north shore from Irving Park boulevard north to the Wisconsin state line. Mr. Foss is a lawyer and a native of Berkshire, Vt. He was born in 1862, graduated from Harvard university in 1885 and the Union College of Law in 1889 and has practiced in Chicago when not engaged with his duties as congressman. For several sessions he has been chairman of the naval committee, a position of much responsibility in the house.

Suggested by Memorial Day. The heiress sighed and shook her head. "No, Mr. Dalrymple, I cannot marry you," she said. "The only man I ever loved died at—"

A tittering, white-bearded veteran in blue strode past the window, and Dalrymple said: "Yes; that is true." "Indeed! And how did you—ah—find her?" "Miss Sonnet has a marked literary taste."

The same hand (or mouth) that raises the bank rate reduces the day's wage of the workman, by the same movement and at the same time.

Bedmaking. Peddler—Where's your mother, lit the boy? Boy—Upstairs making beds. Peddler—Where's your father? Boy—Out in the garden making beds. Peddler—Is your uncle in? Boy—He's out in the barn bedding the cattle. Peddler—What are you doing? Boy—Well, if you believe what ps and ma say, I'm raising bedlam. And the agent gave it up as a bad job.—Detroit Free Press.



Visitor—Do you find it economical to do your own cooking? Young Wife—Oh, yes; my husband doesn't eat half as much as when we had a cook!

Omaha Directory

MEMO Coffee and Pure Food Goods Western People Sold By All First-Class Dealers Try Them Buy Them PATTON & GALLAGHER CO., Omaha

Courtney's Wholesale and retail dealers in everything for a gentleman's table, including Fine Imported Table Delftware. If there is any little item you are unable to obtain in your home town, write us for prices on same, as we will be sure to have it. Mail orders carefully filled. IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN PURE FOOD PRODUCTS AND TABLE DELICACIES. Telephone 119. GROCERY 547. COURTNEY & CO., Omaha, Neb.

FISHING TACKLE FIRE ARMS and Ammunition, Athletic Supplies, Base Ball, Golf and Tennis Goods of every description. Largest stock of sporting goods in the west. Everything from a fish hook to a motor boat. Write for big free illustrated catalogue. Walter G. Clark Co. 1414 Harney Street Box A63, OMAHA, NEBR.

STACK COVERS SEND FOR CATALOGUE NOW! OMAHA TENT & AWNING CO. OMAHA, NEBR.

E. W. ANSPACH LARGEST COMMISSION SALESMAN OF Horses and Mules at U. S. YARDS, South Omaha, Nebraska. Auctions every Thursday throughout the year. Special Range Horse Sales second and fourth Thursdays each month throughout the season. L. C. GALLUP, Auctioneer.

RUBBER GOODS by mail at cut prices. Send for free catalogue. MYERS-DILLON DRUG CO., OMAHA, NEBR.

Do You Drink Coffee Why put the cheap, rank, bitter flavor of coffee in your stomach when pure GERMAN-AMERICAN COFFEE costs no more? Insist on having it. Your grocer will let you get it.

TAFT'S DENTAL ROOMS 1517 Douglas St., OMAHA, NEBR. Reliable Dentistry at Moderate Prices.

KODAKS = FINISHING Everything for the amateur. Largest wholesale stock in the West. Send for catalogue. Mail orders a specialty. THE ROBERT DEMPSTER CO., Box 1197, Omaha.

CREAM WANTED We are in a position to pay fancy prices for hand selected cream at our station in your town or ship direct to us at Omaha. THE FAIRBANKS ENLARGING CO.

OMAHA WOOL & STORAGE CO. SHIP YOUR WOOL to the Omaha market to get better prices and quick return. Ref. any bank in Omaha.

Steel Culverts Suitable for county roads and town streets. Write for information and prices. SUNDERLAND CULVERT CO., Omaha, Neb. ASK YOUR DEALER ABOUT THE VELIE MERRY BUGGY JOHN DEERE PLOW CO.