

took a seat at his desk and motioned

"I had a little turn," he said, eving

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

When he had cleared his throat of

me with a more composed and kindly

"And now to business," said my em-

ployer with decision. "Take down

The King of the Street was himself

once more, and I marveled again at

the quickness and clearness of his

directions. I was to buy one hundred

shares of this stock, sell five hundred

of that stock, buy one thousand of an-

other in blocks of one hundred, and

sell the same in a single block at the

"And the last thing you do," he con-

tinued, "buy every share of Omega

that is offered. There'll be a big

more in the afternoon. Buy it, what-

a big slump. Don't bid for it-don't

keep up the price, you understand-

me to another.

it at a swallow.

expression.

these orders."

last session.

flask.

SYNOPSIS.

Glies 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, and who accompanied Dudley on the ferry boat trip into the city. The remarkable resemblance of the two men is noted and commented on by passengers on the ferry. They see a man with snake eyes, which sends a thrill through Dudley. Wilton postpones an explanation snake eyes, which sends a thrill through Dudley, Wilton postpones an explanation of the strange strand Dudley is to per-Dudley. Wilton postpones an explanation of the strange errand Dudley is to perform, but occurrences cause him to know it is one of no ordinary meaning. Wilton leaves Glies in their room, with instruction to await his return and shoot any one who tries to enter. Outside there is heard shouts and curses and the noise of a quarrot. Henry rushes in and at his request the roommates quickly exchange clothes, and he hurries out again. Hardly has be gone than Glies is startled by a cry of "Holp," and he runs out they are unable to find any trace of a crime. Glies returns to his room and hunts for some evidence that might explain his strange mission. He flueds a man which he endeavers to decipher. Dudley is summoned to the morgue and there finds the dead body of his friend. Henry Wilton, And thus Wilton dies without ever explaining to Dudley the puzziling work he was to perform in San Francisco. In order to discover the secret mission his friend had entrusted to him. Dudley continues his disguise and permits himself to be known as Henry Wilton. Dudley, mistaken for Wilton, is employed by Knapp to assist in a stock brokerage deal. "Dicky" takes the supposed Wilton to Mother Borton's Mother Borton discovers that he is not Wilton. The lights are turned out and a free for all fight follows, Glies Dudley finds himself coseted in a room with Mother Borton who makes a confident of him. He can learn nothing about the mysterious boy further than that it is Tim Terrill and Darby Mecker who are after him. He is told that "Dicky" Nahi is a traitor, playing both hands in the game. Glies finds himself locked in a room. He escapes through a window.

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.

But nobody stirred. Then I glanced through the open door, and was stricken cold with astonishment. The room was empty!

The chairs and tables that a few hours ago I had seen scattered about were gone. There was no sign that the place had been occupied in

months. I stepped into the room that I had seen crowded with eager friends and enemies, eating, drinking, ready for desperate deeds. My step echoed strangely with the echo of an untenanted house. The bar and the shelves

tles and glasses that had filled them. Bewildered and apprehensive, I wondered whether, after all, the events of the night were not a fantastic dream.

behind it were swept clear of the bot-

There was, however, no time to waste in prying into this mystery. By my watch it was close on 9 o'clock, and Doddridge Knapp might even now be making his way to the office where

he had stationed me. The saloon's front doors were locked fast, but the side door that led from the stairway to the street was fastened only with a spring lock, and I swung it open and stepped to the

sidewalk. A load left my spirits as the door closed behind me. The fresh air of the morning was like wine after the close and musty atmosphere I had been

breathing. I hurried along the streets with but a three-minute stop to swallow a cup of coffee and a roll, and once more mounted the stairs to the office and opened the door to Number 15.

The place was in disorder. The books that had been arranged on the desk and shelves were now scattered about in confusion, as though they had been hurriedly examined and thrown aside in a fruitless search. This was a disturbing incident, and I was surprised to discover that the door into the adjoining room was ajar. I pushed it wide open, and started back. Before me stood Doddridge Knapp, his face pale as the face of a corpse, and his eyes staring as though the dead had risen before him.

CHAPTER IX. A Day in the Market.

The King of the Street stood for a moment staring at me with that strange and fearsome gaze. What was there in that dynamic glance that struck a chill to my spirit as though the very fountain of life had been attacked? Was it the manifestation of the powerful will behind that mask? Was It terror or anger that was to be read in the flery eyes that gleamed from beneath those bushy brows, and in the play of the cruel mouth, which from under that yellow-gray mustache

gave back the sign of the Wolf? "Have you any orders, sir?" I asked in as calm a voice as I could command.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said the Wolf slowly, covering his fangs.

If flashed on me that the attack in the Borton den was of his planning, that Terril was his tool, and that he had supposed me dead. It was thus that I could account for his startled gaze and evident discomposure.

"Nine o'clock was the time, you said," I suggested deferentially. "I believe it's a miaute or two past."

"Oh, yes," said Doddridge Knapp, pulling himself together. "Come in

He looked suspiciously at me as he

text-books and form-books of the attorney. All bore on the fly-leaf the could I find.

on the shelves. They were law-books, California Reports, and the ordinary

might be, and pictured to myself some | ket. 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 having been merely consulting a custo keep life in him. But there was tomer in the next room. small time for musing, and I went out to do Doddridge Knapp's bidding in ner?" he inquired. "Den all is done. 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 stein's back waddling toward the which an order for a hundred shares private room where the partners were of something was being taken from an to have their last consultation before apologetic old gentleman were enough | going to the Board. He poured out a small glass of to assure of that.

liquor, and the rich odor of brandy, Bockstein and Eppner were togethrose through the room. Then he took er, evidently consulting over the busia vial from an inside pocket, counted ness to be done. Bockstein was tall anxiety, I swelled with the pride of a a few drops into the glass and drank and gray-haired, with a stubby gray capitalist—on Doddridge beard. Eppner was short and a little stooped, with a blue-black mustache, snapping blue-black eyes and strong the flery liquor, the Wolf turned to marked with the shrewd, money-get- ner than the trade in groceries. But ting visage. I set forth my business.

"You wand to gif a larch order?" said Bockstein, looking over my memoranda. "Do you haf references?"

are customary, you know." He spoke in a high-keyed voice that had irritating suggestions in it.

"Is there any reference better than cash " I asked. The partners looked at each other.

"None," they replied. "How much will secure you on the

order?" block of it thrown on the market, and They named a heavy margin, and the sum total took my heart into my ever the price. There's likely to be mouth. How large a balance I could fore me. draw against I had not the faintest idea. Possibly this was a trap to "If somebody else is snapping it up, swindler attempting to pass worthless

DODDRIDGE KNAPP. HIS FACE PALE AS THE FACE OF A CURPSE"

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 He goes on der floor." start a boom for the price. Let her go down. Sabe?"

"Perfectly," I said. "I think I see

the whole thing.

The King of the Street looked at me with a grim smile.

"Maybe you do, but all the same you'd better keep your money out of this little deal unless you can spare it as well as not. Well, get back to your room. You've got your check-

book all right?" Alone once more I was in despair was involved. I felt convinced that tion of what was going on in the mar-Doddridge Knapp was the mover in ket. the plots that sought my life. He had, I felt sure, believed me dead, and was | pect?" I ventured. startled into fear at my unheralded appearance. Yet why should he trust of his eyes that an unfavorable opinme with his business? I could not ion he had conceived of my judgment doubt that the buying and selling he was deepened by this question. There I knew nothing about the price of amateur. stocks, but I was sure that the orders he had given me involved many thousands of dollars. Yet it might be-the thought struck home to me-that the credit had not been provided for me, going on.' and my checks on the Navada bank

would serve only to land me in jail. The disturbed condition of the books attracted my attention once more, portunities to pick up a good bargain mobile excursion." The volumes were scattered over the now and then." I suggested, as the desk and thrown about the room as blue-black man seemed at a loss for though somebody had been seeking words. for a mislaid document. I looked curiously over them as I replaced them the curt reply.

do I understand that I'm not to bid | 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. "All ridt," said the senior partner.

I knew well enough what was

I felt that there was deep water to be tested by the head of the firm, At last the gong sounded, and the while the junior partner kept me,

Eppner was quick to take my ideas. A few words of explanation and he thousand five hundred shares, over understood perfectly what I wanted.

"You have not bought before?" was an interrogation, not an assertion. "Oh, yes," I said carelessly, "but not through you, I believe."

remembered you."

I thought this might be a favorable of unraveling the tangle in which I opportunity to glean a little informa-

"Are there any good deals in pros-

I could see in the blue-black depths had given to my care were important. was doubtless in it the flavor of the

> "We never advise our customers," was the highkeyed reply. "Certainly not," I replied. "I don't

want advice-merely to know what is

"Excuse me, but I never gossip. It is a rule I make."

"It might interfere with your op-

"We never invest in stocks," was

"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 name of Horace H. Plymire, but no abashed, notwithstanding the tone of paper or other indication of ownership | haughty indifference I took. I began to feel very young before this ma-I wondered idly who this Plymire chine-like impersonation of the mar-

Bockstein relieved the embarrassment of the situation by coming in out of breath, with a brave pretense of

"You haf exblained to Misder Epp-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 barangue I found myself outside the office, with Bock

My check had been honored, then, and Bockstein had assured himself of my solvency. In the rebound from Knapp's money

In the Board Room of the big Exchange the uproar had given me a blue-black dots over his face where suggestion that the business of buyhis beard struggled vainly against the ing and selling stocks was carried on devasting razor. Both were strongly in a somewhat less conventional manit 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, "Yes," echoed Eppner. "References 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 be-

It was my good fortune to make out so much before the purchase of the throw me into jall as a common 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.

"Yes." I shouted above the roar about me. "I want to buy Omega." He gave a look that might have been a warning, if I could have read it; but it was gone with a shrug as though he would say, "Well, it's no

business of mine." "How much?" he asked. "Wait!" He started away at a scream from the front, but returned in a moment. He had bought or sold something, but I had not the least idea what it was,

or which he had done. "It's coming!" he yelled in my ear. The gong rang. There was a confused cry from the man at the big desk. And pandemonium let loose. 'Omega opens at sixty-five," shouted

"Bid sixty," I shouted in reply, "but get all you can, even if you have to pay sixty-five."

Eppner gave a bellow, and skated into a group of fat men, gesticulating violently. The roar increased, if such a thing were possible.

In a minute Eppner was back, perspiring, and I fancied a trifle worried. "They're dropping it on me," he gasped in my ear. "Five hundred at sixty-two and one thousand at sixty. Small lots coming fast and big ones on the way."

"Good! Bid fifty-five, and then fifty, but get them." With a roar he rushed into the

midst of a whirling throng. I saw twenty brokers about him, shouting and threatening. One in his eagerness jumped upon the shoulders of a fat man in front of him, and shook a paper under his nose.

I could make out nothing of what was going on, except that the excitement was tremendous.

Twice Eppner reported to me. The stock was being hammered down Zhust talk it ofer vit Misder Eppner. down stroke by stroke. There was a rush to sell. Fifty-five-fifty-three -fifty, came the price-then by leaps wanted. My financial standing was to forty-five and forty. It was a panic. scene was over.

Eppner reported at the end of the call. He had bought for me twelve ten thousand of them below fifty. The total was frightful. There was half a million dollars to pay when the time for settlement came. It was folly to suppose that my credit at the Nevada "No, no, I think not. I should have was of this size. But I put a bold face on it, gave a check for the figure that Eppner named, and rose.

'Any more orders?" he asked. "Not till afternoon."

As I passed into the street I was astonished at the swift transformation that had come over it. The block about the Exchange was crowded with a tossing throng, hundreds upon hundreds pushing toward its fateful doors. But where cheerfulness and hope had ruled, fear and gloom now vibrated in electric waves before me. The face turned to the pitiless, polished granite front of the great gambling hall were white and drawn, and on them sat Ruin and Despair.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) She Smacked of Books.

"They tell me you kissed Miss Sonnet, the poetess, on yesterday's auto-

"Yes: that is true." "At Gettysburg?" "Indeed! And how did you-ahfind her?" "Miss Sonnet has a marked literary

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



Alfred Vanderbilt Lives in These Flats.

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.

So far as London is concerned the 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 midwhy between the high class club district and Mayfair, the home of Engla i'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 ostentationsly 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-



publican indorsement 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 1863, 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 heiresa sighed and shook her head.

"No, Mr. Dalrymple, I cannot marry you," she said. "The only man I ever loved died at-"

in blue strode past the window, and Dalrymple said:

laugh, he hastened forth, and a moment later Casey's poolroom swallowed him up.

The same band (or mouth) that raises the bank rate reduces the day's wage of the workingman; by the same movement and at the same time.

Bedmaking. Peddler-Where's your mother, lit

tle boy? Boy-Upstairs making beds. Peddler-Where's your father?

Boy-Out in the garden making Peddler-Is your uncle in?

Boy-He's out in the barn bedding the cattle. Peddler-What are you doing?

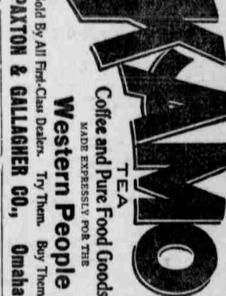
Hoy-Well, if you believe what po and ma say, I'm raising bediam. And the agent gave it up as a bad job.-Detroit Free Press.



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





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