

FRIDAY, THE 13th

By Thomas W. Lawson

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CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

There was a silence, and then I heard an indescribable fluttering rush that told as plainly as sight could have done that a woman had answered her heart's call. Looking up involuntarily, I saw a sight that for a long moment held my eyes as if I had been fascinated. It was Bob bowed forward with his face hidden in his hands and beside him, on her knees, Beulah Sands, her arms about his neck, his head drawn down to her bosom. "Bob, Bob," she said chokingly, "I cannot stand it any longer. My heart is breaking for you. You were so happy when I came into your life, and the happiness is changed to misery and despair, and all for me, a stranger. At first I thought of nothing but father and how to save him, but since that day when those men struck at your heart, I have been filled with, oh! such a longing to tell you, to tell you, Bob—"

"What? Beulah, what? For the love of God, don't stop; tell me, Beulah, tell me." He had not lifted his head. It was buried on her breast, his arms closed around her. She bent her head and laid her beautiful, soft cheek, down which the tears were now streaming, against his brown hair. "Bob, forgive me, but I love you, love you, Bob, as only a woman can love who has never known love before, never known anything but stern duty. Bob, night after night when all have left I have crept into your office and sat in your chair. I have laid my head on your desk and cried and cried until it seemed as though I could not live till morning without hearing you say that you loved me, and that you did not mind the ruin I had brought into your life. I have patted the back of your chair where your dear head had rested. I have covered the arms of your chair, that your strong, brave hands had gripped, with kisses. Night after night I have knelt at your desk and prayed to God to shield you, to protect you from all harm, to brush away the black cloud I brought into your life. I have asked Him to do with me, yes, with my father and mother, anything, anything if only He would bring back to you the happiness I had stolen. Bob, I have suffered, suffered, as only a woman can suffer."

She was sobbing as though her heart would break, sobbing wildly, convulsively, like the little child who in the night comes to its mother's bed to tell of the black goblins that have been pursuing it. Long before she had finished speaking—and it took only a few heart-beats for that rush of words—I had broken the power of the fascination that held me, had turned away my eyes, and tried not to listen. For fear of breaking the spell, I did not dare cross the room to close Beulah's door or to reach the outer door of my office, which was nearer hers than it was to my desk. I waited—through a silence, broken only by Beulah's weeping, that seemed hour-long. Then in Bob's voice came one low sob of joy:

"Beulah, Beulah, my Beulah!"

I realized that he had risen. I rose, too, thinking that now I could close the door. But again I saw a picture that transfixed me. Bob had taken Beulah by both shoulders and he held her off and looked into her eyes long and beseechingly. Never before nor since have I seen upon human face that glorious joy which the old masters sought to get into the faces of their worshippers who, kneeling before Christ, tried to send to Him, through their eyes, their soul's gratitude and love. I stood as one enthralled. Slowly and as reverently as the living lover touches the brow of his dead wife, Bob bent his head and kissed her forehead. Again and again he drew her to him and implanted upon her brow and eyes and lips his kisses. I could not stand the scene any longer. I started to the corridor door, and then, as though for the first time either had known I was within hearing, they turned and stared at me. At last Bob gave a long, deep sigh, then one of those reluctant laughs of happiness yet wet with sobs.

"Well, Jim, dear old Jim, where did you come from? Like all eavesdroppers, you have heard no good of yourself. Own up, Jim, you did not hear a word good or bad about yourself, for it is just coming back to me that we have been selfish, that we have left you entirely out of our business conference."

We all laughed, and Beulah Sands, with her face a bloom of burning blushes, said: "Mr. Randolph, we have not settled what it is best to do about father's affairs."

After a little we did begin to talk business, and finally agreed that Beulah should write her father, wording her letter as carefully as possible, to avoid all direct statements, but showing him that she had made but little headway on the work she had come north to accomplish. Bob was a changed being now; so, too, was Beulah Sands. Both discussed their hopes and fears with a frankness in strange contrast to their former manner. But there was one point on which Bob showed he was holding back. I finally put it to him bluntly: "Bob, are you working out anything that looks like real relief for Miss Sands and her father?"

"I don't know how to answer you, Jim. I can only say I have some ideas, radical ones perhaps, but—well, I am thinking along certain lines."

I saw he was not yet willing to take us into his confidence. We parted,



"Bob, Forgive Me, But I Love You, Love You, Bob."

Bob going along in the cab with Miss Sands.

Two days afterward she sent for us both as soon as we got to the office. "I have this telegram from father—it makes me uneasy: 'Mailed to-day important letter. Answer as soon as you receive.'"

The following afternoon the letter came. It showed Judge Sands in a very nervous, uneasy state. He said he had been living a life of daily terror, as some of his friends, for whose estates he was trustee, had been receiving anonymous letters, advising them to look into the judge's trust affairs; that the Reinhart crowd had been using renewed pressure to make him let go all his Seaboard stock, which they wanted to secure at the low prices to which they had depressed it, in order that they might reorganize and carry out the scheme they had been so long planning. Judge Sands went on to say that the day he was compelled to sell his Seaboard stock he would have to make public an announcement of his condition, as there could be no sale without the court's consent. His closing was:

"My dear daughter, no one knows better than I the almost hopelessness of expecting any relief from your operations. But so hopeless have I become of life, so much am I reliant upon you, my dear child, and eternal hope so springs in all of us when confronted with great necessities, that I have hoped and still hope that you are to be the savior of your family; that you, only a frail child, are through God's marvelous workings to be the one to save the honor of that name we both love more than life; the one to keep the wolf of poverty from that door through which so far has come nothing but the sunshine of prosperity and happiness; the one, my dear Beulah, who is to save your old father from a dishonored grave. Dear child, forgive me for placing upon your weak shoulders the additional burden of knowing I am now helpless and compelled to rely absolutely upon you. After you have read my letter,

If there is no hope, I command you to tell me so at once, for although I am now financially and almost mentally helpless, I am still a Sands, and there has never yet been one of the name who shirked his duty, however stern and painful it might be.

When I handed the letter back to Miss Sands, she said:

"Mr. Randolph, let me tell you and Mr. Brownley a little about my father and our home, that you may see our situation as it is. My father is one of the noblest men that ever lived. I am not the only one who says that—if you were to ask the people of our state to name the one man who had done most for the state as a state, most for her progressive betterment, most for her people high and low, white and black, they would answer, 'Judge Lee Sands.' He has been, and is, the idol of our people. After he was graduated from Harvard, he entered the law office of my grandfather, Senator Robert Lee Sands. Before he was 30 he was in congress and was even then reputed the greatest orator of our state, where orators are so plentiful. He married my mother, his second cousin, Julia Lee, of Richmond, at 25, and from then until the attack of that ruthless money shark, led a life such as a true man would map out for himself if his Maker granted him the privilege. You would have to visit at our home to appreciate my father's character and to understand how terrible this sorrow is to him. Every morning of his life he spends an hour after breakfast with my dear mother, who is a cripple from hip disease. He takes her in his arms and brings her down from her room to

me one morning after receiving a letter from Baltimore to the effect that Seaboard stock and bonds had advanced until his investment showed over 50 per cent. profit. It is not right for us to make this money. No man in America should make over legal rates of interest and a fair profit on an investment, that is, an investment of capital pure and simple, particularly in a transportation company, where every dollar of profit comes from the people who patronize the lines. I have worked it out on every side, and it is not right; it would not be legal if the people, who make the laws for their own betterment, understood their affairs as they should."

"He was always writing to the Wilsons to conduct the affairs of the Seaboard so that there would be remaining each day only profits enough to keep the road up and the wharves in good condition and to pay the annual interest and a fair dividend. And when the Wilsons came to our house to lay before him the offer of Reinhardt and his fellow plunderers to pay enormous profits for the control of the Seaboard, he was indignant and argued with them that the offer was an insult to honest men. It was he who advised the trusteeship control of the Seaboard stock to prevent Reinhardt from securing control. I sat in the library when he talked to the elder Wilson and the directors.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE RICKSHAW AND DANDY.

Primitive Modes of Travel in Hill Country of India.

In the mountain districts of India the principal vehicles of passenger conveyance are the rickshaw and the "dandy," with which Rudyard Kipling has made us familiar. United States Consul Gen. Michael, of Calcutta, writes thus about these vehicles: "The rickshaw is pushed and pulled through the streets and on the roads leading out into the country by four coolies, and the 'dandy' is carried on the shoulders of four and sometimes six coolies. Saddle ponies are also used to some extent but most of the inhabitants and quite all visitors used the rickshaw and 'dandy.' The latter is constructed on the plan of a sleigh box, but longer. A pole is attached fore and aft, which is long enough to give a springy motion when the coolies are walking and trotting. A cross-piece rests on the shoulders of the coolies and is shifted now and then from one shoulder to the other for rest. By the command of the coolie in charge this shift is made simultaneously. As a rule, both the rickshaws and the 'dandies' are heavier than they need to be, and they are generally lacking in finish. Yet these vehicles cost as much as light and strong ones well finished should cost. The writer would like to place alongside of the rickshaws and 'dandies' in use in India some samples manufactured in the United States after designs made by an American designer. The samples would attract orders."

SALT CELLAR OF LONG AGO.

Was Distinctive Mark of Caste in the Middle Ages.

"This is a medieval salt cellar," said the antiquary. "It is huge, it is shaped like a castle, it is solid silver and the price—but what is the use telling the price to you? Very magnificent, eh? In the middle age, you know, the salt cellar was the principal table ornament. Guests sat above or below the salt as they were prominent or the reverse. Where do you think you'd have sat, eh? Queer table manners they had in those days. The fastidious had individual knives, forks and spoons, but the common people ate with their fingers. You helped yourself from the general dish with your own spoon if you had one, but if you were very, very fastidious you licked the spoon clean first. The food was queer—rich, rank food—swans, herons, porpoises, garlic, verjuice, saffron. There was mead and wine in floods and ushers stood about whose duty it was to lead to convenient couches such guests as had dined too well. These ushers, being overworked, were continually striking for more pay. The hours were queer, too. Breakfast, dawn; dinner, ten o'clock; supper, four o'clock in the afternoon."

A Campaign of "Nagging."

By constant nagging at the drabness and dinginess of masculine clothing some attempt is being made to impart a little color to it. Suits of distinct hues, like green and purple, will be urged upon men. With a little more persuasion and perseverance we may even get him in good time into something a trifle more picturesque in design than his present garments. —Lady's Pictorial.

Proof of Power.

The man who is worthy of being a leader of men will never complain of the stupidity of his helpers, of the ingratitude of mankind nor of the inappreciation of the public. These things are all a part of the great game of life and to meet them and not go down before them in discouragement and defeat is the final proof of power.—Elbert Hubbard.

MOSES PLEADING WITH ISRAEL

Sunday School Lesson for Sept. 15, 1907

Specially Prepared for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—Deut. 6: 1-15. Memory verses 4-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Beware lest thou forget the Lord."—Deut. 6: 12.

TIME.—Just before the Israelites crossed the Jordan to enter the Promised Land. A few months after the last lesson. Forty years after the Exodus. According to the margins of our Bibles, B. C. 1481.

PLACE.—The Israelites were encamped in the broad space between the River Jordan and the mountains of Moab, about opposite Jericho, on the eastern bank of the river. This tract has a breadth of four or five miles.

Comment and Suggestive Thought.

Reasons for Loving God supremely.

(1) He is supremely good; he is the sum of all good. He that loves God loves all that is good, and hates all that is evil. (2) He is not only good, but lovable. His goodness is attractive; it is worthy of love. (3) All we have and are we owe to him; and the only way in which we can make any return is to love him and obey him in love. That is all that is ours to give; to withhold it is unutterably mean. (4) "The best thing in man is love, and God wants the best." (5) Such love not only honors God, but elevates man. Love is the most ennobling act of the soul; and the nobler, and higher the object, and the more intense the love, so much the more is the one who thus loves ennobled, purified, enlarged, exalted in nature. (6) In him are found all that ought to move the highest affections of men.

The Foundation of Religion, of Character, of Righteousness, lies in a right heart, a heart that loves God and loves men. No act of goodness without this is true goodness. And men will not long continue to do right toward all without this deeper motive. This love is not national, but individual. Each heart must do the loving, and when all hearts do it the whole nation will have this heart of love.

He that has this love in his heart has the fountain and source of all virtue. It is to the life what the mainspring is to a watch, what a fountain is to a stream, what the soul is to the body, what the two olive trees of Zechariah's vision were to the lamps they fed. This is what faith in Christ brings to the soul.

The one great essential, both for the individual and the state, is a new life in the soul that supremely loves the good and hates the evil. This is the one way to the best life here and hereafter. The state is made up of individuals, and, therefore, if every one had this new life the whole state would be free from its corruptions and crimes. The newspapers would give us the morning news of good deeds, instead of its flood of crimes and wrongs.

Education in Religion and Righteousness.—(7)

"And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children." In every way, by home instruction, and by schools, and by sabbath worship and teaching. "And shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house," etc. The atmosphere of the home shall be full of these truths. Men will speak often of that which is of the greatest interest. Conversation is a marvelous power for culture and training. The events of the day, the deeds of ourselves and of others, can be made the occasion of moral instruction, in a concrete and vivid form. They are to great moral principles what the particles in the air are to the light, which would be generally invisible but for the objects which reflect and disperse it. The home is in its nature a university. It is a large part of the true "university extension" movement.

Family Training is the greatest influence around the young.

Family Religion is the foundation of church, of Sunday school, of religious life, of the whole country's morality and prosperity.

Family Prayers are a great aid to family religion, and the International Lessons for the whole family are one of the greatest helps to this end.

The Family Atmosphere, of religious life, of benevolence, of temperance, of kindness, of intelligence, of bright conversation, is the largest factor in family training.

(8) "Thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand," etc. It was a literal and formal interpretation of this command which led to the use of phylacteries upon the arm and upon the forehead. These are small cubical leather cases, in which are parchments containing four passages of scripture in four columns (Ex. 13: 1-10, 11-16; Deut. 6: 4-9 and 11: 13-21). These are bound upon the arm and between the eyes by leather thongs.

The real meaning of this command is that God's law should be in every deed of the hand, in the sight of the eyes, in the plans of the head. Every part of the daily life should be ruled by God's law. It should never be forgotten.