



# THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE CASE" and "THE BROTHERS"

## DANGER SIGNALS.

At that time I did not myself go over the bills before the legislature of those states in which I had interests. I trusted that work to my lawyers—and, like every man who ever absolutely trusted an important division of his affairs to another, I was severely punished. One morning my eye happened to light upon a minor paragraph in a newspaper—a list of the "small bills yesterday approved by the governor." In the list was one "defining the power of sundry commissions." Those words seemed to me somehow to spell "Joker." But why did I call up my lawyers to ask them about it? It's a mystery to me. All I know is that, busy as I was, something inside me compelled me to drop everything else and hunt that "Joker" down.

I got Saxe—then senior partner in Browne, Saxe & Einstein—on the phone, and said: "Just see and tell me, will you, what is the bill defining the power of sundry commissions—the bill the governor signed yesterday?"

"Certainly, Mr. Blacklock," came the answer. My nerves are, and always have been, on the watch for the looks and the tones and the gestures that are just a shade off the natural; and I feel that I do Saxe no injustice when I say his tone was, not a shade, but a full color, off the natural. So I was prepared for what he said when he returned to the telephone. "I'm sorry, Mr. Blacklock, but we seem unable to lay our hands on that bill at this moment."

"Why not?" said I, in the tone that makes an employe jump as if a whip-lash had cut him on the calves. He had jumped all right, as his voice showed. "It's not in our file," said he. "It's house bill No. 427, and it's apparently not here."

"The hell you say!" I exclaimed. "I really can't explain," he pleaded, and the frightened whine confirmed my suspicion. "I guess not," said I, making the words significant and suggestive. "And you're in my pay to look after such matters! You'll have to explain, if this turns out to be serious."

"Apparently our file of bills is complete except that one," he went on. "I suppose it was lost in the mail, and I very stupidly didn't notice the gap in the numbers."

"Stupid isn't the word I'd use," said I, with a laugh that wasn't of the kind that cheers. And I rang off and asked for the state capitol on the "long distance."

Before I got my connection Saxe, whose office was only two blocks away, came flustering in. "The boy has been discharged, Mr. Blacklock," he began.

"What boy?" said I. "The boy in charge of the bill file—the boy whose business it was to keep the file complete?"

"Send him to me, you damned scoundrel," said I. "I'll give him a job. What do you take me for anyway? And what kind of a cowardly bound are you to disgrace an innocent boy as a cover for your own crooked work?"

"Really, Mr. Blacklock, this is most extraordinary," he expostulated. "Extraordinary? I call it criminal," I retorted. "Listen to me. You look after the legislation calendars for me, and for Langdon, and for Roebuck, and for Melville, and for half a dozen others of the biggest financiers in the country. It's the most important work you do for us. Yet you, as shrewd and careful a lawyer as there is at the bar, want me to believe you trusted that work to a boy? If you did, you're a damn fool. If you didn't, you're a damn scoundrel. There's no more doubt in my mind than in yours which of those horns has you sticking on it."

no outlet now to any market, except the outlets the coal crowd owned?

As soon as I had thought the situation out in all its bearings, I realized that there was no escape for me now, that whatever chance to escape I might have had was closed by my uncovering to Saxe and kicking him. But I did not regret; it was worth the money it would cost me. Besides, I thought I saw how I could later on turn it to good account. A sensible man never makes fatal errors. What- ever he does is at least experience, and can also be used to advantage. If Napoleon hadn't been half dead at Waterloo, I don't doubt he would have used its disaster as a means to a great victory.

When I walked into Mowbray Langdon's office, I was like a thoroughbred exercising on a clear frosty morning; and my smile was as fresh as the flower in my buttonhole. I thrust out my hand at him. "I congratulate you," said I.

He took the proffered hand with a questioning look. "On what?" said he. It is hard to tell from his face what is going on in his head, but I think I guessed right when I decided that Saxe hadn't yet warned him.

"I have just found out from Saxe," I pursued, "about the canal bill." "What canal bill?" he asked. "That puzzled look was a mistake, Langdon," said I, laughing at him. "When you don't know anything about



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a matter, you look merely blank. You overdid it; you've given yourself away."

He shrugged his shoulders. "As you please," said he. As you please was his favorite expression; a stereotyped irony, for in dealing with him, things were never as you pleased, but always as he pleased.

"Next time you want to dig a mine under anybody," I went on, "don't hire Saxe. Really I feel sorry for you—to have such a clever scheme messed by such an ass."

"If you don't mind, I'd like to know what you're talking about," said he, with his patient, bored look.

"As you and Roebuck own the governor, I know your little law ends my little canal."

"I assisted. And I decided that my sharp talk to Roebuck had set them to estimating my value to them."

"Sam Elerly," Langdon presently remarked, "tell me he's campaigning hard for you at the Travelers. I hope you'll make it. We're rather a slow crowd; a few men like you might stir things up."

"I am always more than willing to give credit for good sense and good motives. It was not vanity, but this disposition to credit others with sincerity and sense, that led me to believe him, both as to the coal matter and as to the Travelers club."

"Thanks, Langdon," I said; and that he might look no further for my motive, I added: "I want to get into that club which as the winner of a race wants the medal that belongs to him. I've built myself up into a rich man, into one of the powers in finance, and I feel I'm entitled to recognition."

"Excuse me!" exclaimed I. "It'd turn her head. She'd go clean crazy. She'd plunge in up to her neck—and not being used to these waters, she'd make a show of herself, and probably drown, dragging me down with her, if possible."

"Sam laughed. 'Keep out of marriage, Matt,' he advised, not so obtrusively to my real point as he wanted me to believe. 'I know the kind of girl you've got in mind. She'd marry you for your money, and she'd never appreciate you. She'd see in you only the lack of the things she's been taught to lay stress on.'"

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It is possible that, if I had thought of such a devilish device, I might have tried it—is not all fair in love? But there was no need for my cunningly my brains to carry that particular titillation on my way to what I had fixed my will upon. Brownell Elerly came to me of his own accord. I suppose the Elerlys must have talked me over in the family circle. However this may be, my acquaintance with her father began with Sam's asking me to lunch with him. "The governor has heard me talk of you so much," said he, "that he is anxious to meet you."

"I offered to help him, and I did help him. Is there any one, knowing anything of the facts of life, who will censure me when I admit that I—with deliberation—simply tided him over, did not make for him and present to him a fortune? What chance should I have had, if I had been so absurdly generous to a man who deserved nothing but punishment for his selfish and bigoted mode of life? I took away his worst burdens; but I left him more than he could carry without my help. And it was not until he had appealed in vain to all his social friends to relieve him of the necessity of my aid, not until he realized that I was his only hope of escaping a sharp come-down from luxury to very modest comfort in a flat somewhere—not until then did his wife send me an invitation to dinner. And I had not so much as hinted that I wanted it."

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ing Uncle Sam in an honorable capacity and learning to fight the big game and handle the mechanism of the big ship. Then, the four years being completed, the honorably discharged man comes home, with five hundred to a thousand dollars in his pocket, if he has cared to save his money. He knows that he can return to the service if he wishes and in the event of war he will be needed.

The past week (ending November 17th), about forty discharged men arrived in Omaha from the battleship Wisconsin, which has just returned to the Puget Sound Naval Station from the Asiatic Station. A fine, robust, self-respecting lot of men they appear to be. The Wisconsin was to be placed out of commission this week to receive repairs to boilers and decks. She is expected to be repaired and recommissioned in time to be sent around to Jamestown for the Naval Review next April, which will necessitate fast work at the Puget Sound Navy Yard.

## FRANKS OF WILD ELEPHANTS.

Terrorize Districts in India and Destroy Life and Property.

Wild elephants terrorize whole districts in India, killing men, women and children and destroying houses, granaries and fields. A year ago a woman and her two children were sleeping in their hut. One of the children heard a noise at the granary and woke the mother. The sound of the human voices from the house enraged the invading elephants, one of which charged the house, broke it down and killed the woman and one child. The remaining child escaped by hiding. At another time a woman was working at a ford. An elephant walked out of the forest and wished to cross the stream at the ford. As the woman was in his way he picked her up, winding his trunk around her body, the end of it coming over her face and nose. Then he placed the woman gently, as so gently as he could, at one side of the path. He did not mean to hurt her but nevertheless he broke her nose and one rib by the compression of his trunk. Again, an elephant found a mother and baby in a granary which it was demolishing. With its huge foot it crushed the baby in its cradle, but picking up the mother, lifted her out of the house unharmed, placed her on the ground and then went on rummaging for grain.

## BOLD SCHEME THAT WON.

Scotsmen Both Got Drink but Mental Strain Great.

Two Scotsmen with a thirst counted up their joint possessions and found that they could just cover the price of a drink of whisky. They went into the nearest saloon, and ordered the one drink, Sandy putting down the money for the same. Then arose a discussion as to how it could be disposed of to the best advantage of both. Being Scotsmen, it was no Alphonse and Gaston discussion. Each was disposed to stand on his own rights, while at the same time admitting the claim of the other.

At the critical moment a stranger entered the saloon. With a wink of his eye at his companion, Sandy turned to the newcomer and said: "Will you have a drink with us?"

Supposing that the other had drank before his entrance, the stranger said heartily, "I will," and emptied the glass.

Then was an uncertain pause for a moment and then the third man said: "Come on boys, and have one on me." They had it. As they went out Sandy wiped his mouth and said: "See, mon, it worked."

"Yes," was the reply, "but oh! what a risk!"—Philadelphia Record.

## The Throne of Thunder.

Mungo Man Lobeh, the thirteenth, or place of thunder, as the natives call it, the peak of Kameurus, as the whites call it, is the highest point on the western side of the African continent. The first view the voyager gets of it who, coming from the northward, has been coasting for weeks along low shores and up the stagnant rivers, fringed with mangrove swamp, is a thing no man can ever forget. Suddenly, right up out of the sea, the great mountains rises to its 12,760 feet, while close at hand, to westward, towers the lovely island mass of Fernando Po to its 10,190 feet, and great as is its first charm, every time you see it it becomes greater, although it is never the same. Five times I have been in the beautiful bay at its foot and have never seen it twice alike. Sometimes it is wreathed with indigo black tornado clouds, sometimes standing out hard and clear, as though made of metal, and sometimes softly gorgeous, with green, gold, purple and pink vapors tinted by the sunset.—London Mail.

## A Trying Reform.

A Presbyterian clergyman of New York with two popular daughters has discovered a new way to end the visits of their beaux at a seemingly hour, a plan which might appeal to lay families as well. For a number of years good rations, short enlistments, safe chances against persecution, and chances for promotion to commissioned rank all unite in making the lot of our bluejackets superior, not only to that of other navies, but to that of the average store mechanic or tradesman.

This contentment is most apparent to those who visit our vessels of war and have the opportunity of dealing at first hand with enlisted men. It is, of course, only a ship's lawyer a mere 'Abram's man,' who will give his own ship a bad name. But grumbling is, after all, a cherished privilege of sailors, and should anything appear to be wrong one may be certain it will find a voice somewhere."

Many of the young men of this section have home interests that prevent them from making the navy their life work. The four years enlistment gives them a chance to see something of the world and its people, to mingle and compete with other young men from all over the United States—there are over 500 men on the newest ships—and to do all this, while serving.

Glandular Swellings. Here is a remedy for goiter and glandular swellings: Glycerinated iodine lotion—iodide of potassium, two drams; distilled water, one pint; glycerine (pure), one ounce. Dissolve the iodine in the water, then add the glycerine. Apply with antiseptic gauze or fine linen.

## Material for Music Strings

Source of Supply—Great Amount Required to Meet Demand.

"One of the most generally accepted, but mistaken, ideas that is entertained by the people of this country," said S. R. Huyett, American traveling representative of a foreign manufacturer of gut strings, "is that strings used on musical instruments are manufactured from catgut. If that were true, the cats in this world would have been exterminated many years ago in supplying the market with material for musical instrument strings."

"The fact is that they are manufactured from the intestines of sheep, and in obtaining enough raw material even from these animals the manufacturers at times find difficulty. 'The only string made from the intestines of the feline is that used for surgical purposes—for sewing up wounds. One would be amazed to know that there are millions of musical instrument strings used in North America alone, and just think where the tabernacle would be if they had to supply the consumption!'"

"Another amazing thing is that there are over 700 different grades of musical instrument strings. The demand for strings in North America is increasing every year, especially in the south and in Mexico. There are more guitar strings sold in Mexico than any other kind, but through the south the banjo string still holds its own, despite the fact that every year has marked slight, but gradual falling off in the demand. The harp is becoming more popular, and there is a good demand for strings for this instrument."—Kansas City Journal.

## Woman Kills Big Grizzly Bear.

Trinidad, Col.—On the Duling ranch in Stoneval, a large grizzly bear was shot and killed by Mrs. Duling, wife of the county commissioner, a few days ago. Mrs. Duling was alone on the ranch and was riding about looking after stock when she saw the bear eating a heifer it had killed. Mrs. Duling had a Winchester and promptly killed the grizzly. She is known as a remarkably nerve woman and during her many years residence in the Stoneval has killed several bears, at one time saving her husband from what seemed sure death, when he was attacked by a female grizzly he had wounded. Mrs. Duling killed the bear when it was within a few feet of her husband.

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