



By Thomas Wilson

CHAPTER I—Continued.

"Well, sir, I should feel much better if I could go over there into the apartment and smash it out for myself. You see if I could win out alone and pay back the rent price, and then make a pile for myself, if you fell later like giving me another chance to come into the firm, then I should not be laying my self open to the charge of being a mere pensioner on your friendship. You know well I mean, sir, and won't think I am filled with any low-down pride, but if you will, let me have the price of a stock exchange seat on my note, and will give me the chance when I get the hang of the ropes, to handle some of the firm's orders, I shall be just as much beholden to you and Jim, sir, as shall be a lot better myself."

"I knew what Bob meant; so did father, and we were glad enough to do what he asked, father insisting on making the seat price in the form of a present, after explaining that what a foundation stock exchange rule prohibited an applicant from borrowing the seat price. Four years after Bob Browley entered the stock exchange he had paid back the forty thousand, with interest, and not only had a snug fifty thousand for his credit on Randolph & Randolph's books, but was sending home six thousand a year while living up to it as he jokingly put it. "An honest man's notch," I may say in passing, that a Wall Street man's notch would make three six thousand, yearly earnings cast an un-

"Jim If Those Microbes Ever Get Unleashed, There'll be Mischief to Pay on the Floor."

certain shadow at Christmas time. Bob was the favorite of the exchange, but he had been the pet at school and at college, and had his hand full of business 300 days in the year. Besides Randolph & Randolph's confidential confidants, he had the chief orders of two of the heavy plunging cliques. I had just passed my thirty-second birthday when my kind old six years' dead died. For the previous six years I had been getting ready for that event; that is, I had grown accustomed to hearing my father say: "Jim, don't let my grass grow getting the base of every branch of our business, but when anything happens that will be a disturbance in the Street in regard to Randolph & Randolph's affairs, I want to let the world know as soon as possible that after I am gone our business will run as it always has. So I will write you my directorships in those companies where we have interests and gradually put you into my different trusteeships."

Thus at that different trusteeships of a rattle in our affairs and none of the stocks known as "The Randolph's" flattered a point because that, to the financial world, momentous event, I inherited all of father's fortune other than four millions, which he divided up among relatives and charities, and took command of a business worth an income of two millions and a half a year. I was more than willing to get into the firm. "Not yet, Jim," he replied. "I've got my seat and about a hundred thousand capital, and I want to feel that I am free to kick my heels until I have raked together an even million all of my own making; then I'll settle down with you old man, and hold my hands off the plow, and if some good girl happens along about that time—well, then, I'll be an ivy-covered old for mine."

He laughed, and I laughed too. Bob was looked upon by all his friends as a case of womanly luck. His woman, young or old, who had in fact, crossed Bob's orbit had had that fascination, delicious to all women, in the presence of...

A WONDERFUL GAIN.

It was a beautiful July Saturday noon and Bob and I had just "packed up" for the day preparatory to leaving Mr. Randolph's office, as he had stepped out of his office one of the clerks announced that a lady had come in and had particularly asked to see Mr. Browley.

"Who the deuce can she be coming to see on Saturday, just when all alive men are at the races, and the heat and dirt of business for food and the good air of all outdoors?" growled Bob. "He said, 'Show her in.'"

"Another minute and he had his answer." "Mr. Browley?" She waited an instant to make sure she was the Virgin.

"I am Leah Sands, of Sande Landing, Virginia. Your people know me. I was your schoolmate, probably well enough for you to give me a nod." "Of the Judge Lee Sands?" asked Bob, as he held out his hand.

"I am Judge Lee Sands' oldest daughter, and I have heard of you. I have heard of you, of those mellow, rippling voices that start the imagination on a chase for a mocking bird, only to find it in the next breath, or the brookfall in quest of the frog and watercress that are its eddies and swirls. I have heard of you in the southern accent that nibbled off the corners and edges of certain words, and I have heard of you mistaking myself together, that gave me this lucid penetration—however that may be, it was the most yesterday-to-morrow thing I ever heard of."

"Before I grew fully conscious of the exquisite beauty of the girl, this voice of hers spelled its way into my brain like the breath of some hauntingly oriental essence. Nature, environment, the security of a perfect marriage have ever combined to constitute my joy to my life, and as I stood silent, like one dumb, absorbing the details of the loveliness of this young stranger who had so suddenly swept into my life, I understood that there was a woman intended to enlighten me who could not understand that I was a man."

"I had there no been Katherine Blair, your mother—Katherine Blair Randolph, who filled the world as the Monday August sun fills the old-fashioned wall with nesting warblers and birds in this interval, looking back at the past, and asking the question—who knows but that I too might have drifted from my nest, and become a bird of prey, like blood and floated into the deep waters?"

"I mean, the cynic's scoff, is in the eye of the beholder, or it is in the vision—more product of lineament, point of view, desire—but Leah Sands was beyond me, beyond evil, superior to all analysis, a definite, the evening star against the twilight sky. In height medium, girlish, but with a figure finely modeled, she charmingly full and rounded, with every perfection of proportion except suggestion of "plumpness." The head, surrounded by wavy curls of dark golden hair, rested on neck that would have seemed short had it slender column sprung less graciously from the lovely neck, and the shoulders beneath it was on the face, however, and finally on the eyes that once glances inevitably hovered about the face, and the nose of either of the full cheeks, catering laughing protest against the sad dog's that brought slightly down the corners of a mouth too large perhaps to beauty, if the coral curve of the lips had been less exquisitely perfect. The straight, thin nostrils now the broad forehead, the square, full jaw almost as low as the points where they come beneath the ears as at the chin, suggested dignified resolve coupled with a power of pure, rare, and woman. The combination of forehead, jaw, and nose was seldom seen. The head was crowned by a mass of wavy, surely have driven him to the tennis field for his profession. But the greatest glory of Leah Sands was her eyes, full of smiles and tears and sprightly and passion; one instant, frankly southern, the next, the face of a blonde Madonna; the next, seen through the extraordinary, long, jet-black, wavy hair, they were, finely penciled black brows, they were, coquetted, altered. I afterward found much of this girl's purely physical fascination lay in this strange blending of English features with an dusky taint, though the abiding quality of her charm was surely in an exaltation of spirit and soul, that she might make the dustiest commoner as the stork looking at Bob in my office that long ago noon, gracefully at ease in a chair, and with a more graceful and urban air her head, and she was very exquisite; exceedingly dainty, and, though southern in her manners, very unlike the typically brunette girl who comes out of Dixie land.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Invariably seized, if they were able, a red dot, as near as possible, as possible, for the difficult part of deceiving duck from the pool to the netted pipe.

"Pillgrim's Progress" on Stage. A dramatic version of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" has been presented at the Imperial Theatre, London. The ten scenes, which are said to have been finely staged, were acted in a most impressive manner, and the whole production was a great success.

Each Had Wedding Present. Mutual Surprise in Confidences Following Marriage. Last Christmas a middle-aged tinplate worker married a widow whose acquaintance he had made but a few weeks before while working some little distance away from his home.

Bill Nye was long with. Bill Nye when a young man once made an engagement with a lady friend of his to take her driving on a Sunday afternoon. The fact that she came, but at the lively stable all the horses were taken out save one old, shabby, exceedingly poor horse.

Medicine of Bamboo Sap. In India the sap of the bamboo tree is used for medicinal purposes. "Talasah," or "banasah," is sold in all Indian bazaars, as it has a medicinal action on the system.

Children Showed It. Effect of Their Warm Drink in the Morning. "A year ago I was a wreck from coffee drinking and was on the point of giving up my position in the school room because of nervousness."

Don't Sneeze Your Head Off. Kyan's Cold Capsule will cure you of colds instantly. At All Drug Stores.

There's a Reason. Read the famous little "Health Classic," the "Book to Wellville," in page.

ALMOST FELT ENVY PANGS.

It was the greatest telephone news item according to the annual report of the New England Telephone & Telegraph Company. Every day in New England there is an average of 25,000 telephone conversations in Boston there is a phone for every 12 persons.

Shake Into Your Shoes. Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes comfortable. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address: A. S. Omsted, Ltd., New York, N. Y.

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Advertisement for Kidney Pills, featuring a bottle illustration and text: "It is motive alone that gives character to the actions of men and pure motive is in the deed not in the event. Be not one whose eye regards reward—Kresshna."

Advertisement for Sick Headache, featuring a bottle illustration and text: "Positive Relief. These Little Pills. They also relieve neuralgia, indigestion and tooth aches. A perfect remedy for all ailments. Dr. J. C. Williams, Boston, Mass. Price, 25c per bottle. Wholesale, 10c per dozen."

Advertisement for Motherhood, featuring a woman's portrait and text: "The first requisite of a good mother is a healthy and alert mind. The experience of maternity should be approached with careful physical preparation. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a good physical condition transmitter for children the blessings of a good constitution."

Advertisement for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, featuring a woman's portrait and text: "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standby of American mothers in preparing for childbirth. It is a safe and reliable preparation for all ailments of women."

Advertisement for New Wheat Lands in the Canadian West, featuring a map and text: "5,000 additional miles of railway this year have opened up large areas of fertile land. The Government of Canada is offering 60 acres free to every settler."

Advertisement for We Cure Piles, featuring a diagram of the human body and text: "We cure piles of all kinds. No matter how long standing, we will cure you. No pain, no expense. Write for our free booklet. Dr. Burselen & Burselen, 1033 Monroe St., Grand Rapids, Michigan."

Advertisement for Don't Push, featuring a horse illustration and text: "The horse can draw the load without help, if you reduce friction to almost nothing by applying Mica-Axle Grease."

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Advertisement for Patents, featuring text: "Patents of all kinds. We will secure for you the best protection. Write for our free booklet. The H. Faxon Co., Boston, Mass."