THE [illegible]

By Thomas W. Lawson

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CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Bob's face showed unspeakable terror and entreaty; the eyes were bursting from their sockets and were riveted on hers as those of a man in a dungeon might be fixed upon an approaching specter of one whom he had murdered. His chest rose and fell, as though trying to burst some unseen bonds that were crushing out his life. With every breath would come the awful groan that had first brought me to him. Beulah Sands had half turned her face until her eyes gazed into Bob's with a sweet, childish perplexity. I looked at her, surprised that one whom I had always seen so intelligently masterful should be passive in the face of such anguish. Then, horror of horrors! I saw that there was something missing from her great blue eyes. I looked; gasped. Could it possibly be? With a bound I was at her side. I gazed again into those eyes which that morning had been all that was intelligent, all that was godlike, all that was human. Their soul, their life was gone. Beulah Sands was a dead woman; not dead in body, but in soul; the magic spark had fled. She was but an empty shell—a woman of living flesh and blood; but the citadel of life was empty, the mind was gone. What had been a woman was but a child. I passed my hand across my now damp forehead. I closed my eyes and opened them again. Bob's figure, with clasped, uplifted hands, and bursting eyes, was still there. There still resounded through the room the awful guttural groans. Beulah Sands smiled, the smile of an infant in the cradle. She took one beautiful hand from the paper and passed it over Bob's bronzed cheek, just as the infant touches its mother's face with its chubby fingers. In my horror I almost expected to hear the purling of a babe. My eyes in their perplexity must have wandered from her face, for I suddenly became aware of a great black head-line spread across the top of the paper that she had been reading:

"FRIDAY, THE 13TH."

And beneath in one of the columns:

"TERRIBLE TRAGEDY IN VIRGINIA"

"The Most Prominent Citizen of the State, ex-United States Senator and Ex-Governor, Judge Lee Sands of Sands Landing, While Temporarily Insane from the Loss of His Fortune and Millions of the Funds for Which He Was Trustee, Cut the Throat of His Invalid Wife, His Daughter's, and Then His Own. All Three Died Instantly."

In another column:

"Robert Brownley Creates the Most Disastrous Panic in the History of Wall Street and Spreads Wreck and Ruin Throughout the Country."

A hideous picture seared its every light and shade on my mind, through my heart, into all my soul. A frenzied-finance harvest scene with its gory crop; in the center one living-dead, part of the picture, yet the ghost left to haunt the painters, one of whom was already covering before the black and bloody canvas.

Well did the world-artist who wrote over the door of the madhouse: "Man can suffer only to the limit, then he shall know peace," understand the wondrous wisdom of his God. Beulah Sands had gone beyond her limit and was at peace.

The awful groaning stopped, and an ashen pallor spread over Bob Brownley's face. Before I could catch him he rolled backward upon the floor as dead. Bob Brownley, too, had gone beyond his limit. I bent over him and lifted his head, while the sweet woman-child knelt and covered his face with kisses, calling in a voice like that of a tiny girl speaking to her doll: "Bob, my Bob, wake up, wake up; your Beulah wants you." As I placed my hand upon Bob's heart and felt its beats grow stronger, as I listened to Beulah Sands' childish voice, joyfully confident as it called upon the one thing left of her old world, some of my terror passed. In its place came a great, mellowing sense of God's marvelous wisdom. I thought gratefully of my mother's always ready argument that the law of laws, of God's and nature, is that of compensation. I had allowed Bob's head to sink until it rested in Beulah's lap, and from his calm and steady breathing I could see that he had safely passed a crisis, that at least he was not in the clutches of death, as I had at first feared.

Bob slept. Beulah Sands ceased her calling and with a smile raised her fingers to her lips and softly said: "Hush, my Bob's asleep." Together we held vigil over our sleeping lover and friend, she with the happiness of a child who had no fear of the awakening, I with a silent terror of what would come next. I had seen one mind wafted to the unknown that day. Was it to have a companion to cheer and solace it on its far journey to the great beyond? How long we waited Bob's awakening I could not tell. The clock's hands said an hour; it seemed to me an age. At last his magnificent physique, his unpoisoned blood and splendid brain pulled him through to his new world of mind and heart torture. His eyelids lifted. He looked at me, then at Beulah Sands, with eyes so sad, so awful in their perplexed mournfulness, that I almost wished they had never opened, or had opened to let me see the childlike look that now shone from the girl's. His gaze finally rested on her and his lips murmured "Beulah."

"There, Bob, I thought you would know it was time to wake up." She bent over and kissed him on the eyes again with the loving ardor a child bestows upon its pets.

He slowly rose to his feet. I could see from his eyes and the shudder that went over him as he caught sight of the paper on the desk that he was to the last that he had been robbed by means of dice loaded by man, but when Fate pressed the button he saw that his man-made hell was but a feeble imitation, and—was satisfied, as whoever knows the game of life is satisfied, because—he must be. Bob's strong head bowed, his iron will bent, and meekly his soul murmured: "Thy will be done."

That night he married Beulah Sands. The minister who united the grown-up man and the woman who was as a new-born babe saw nothing extraordinary in the match. He murmured to me, who acted as best man to the groom, maid of honor to the bride, and father and mother to both: "We see strange sights, we ministers of the great city, Mr. Randolph. The sweet little lady appears to be a trifle scared." My explanation that she and Mr. Brownley were the awful survivors of the awful tragedies of the day was shattered. He was satisfied when he got no other response to his question: "Do you take this man to be your wedded husband?" than a sweet childish smile as she snuggled closer to Bob.

Bob and his bride went south to his mother and sisters the next day. He left to me the settlement of his trades. He instructed me to set aside $2,000,000 profits for Beulah Sands-Brownley, and insisted that I pay from the balance the notes he had given me a few weeks before. There remained something over $5,000,000 for himself.

The leading Wall street paper, in its preaching on the panic, wound up with:

"Wall street has lived through many black Fridays. Some of them have been thirteenth-of-the-month Fridays, but no Friday yet marked from the calendar, no Saturday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday yet garnered to the store-house of the past was ever more jubilantly welcomed by his Satanic Majesty than yesterday. We pray Heaven no coming day may be ordained to go against yesterday's record for ingenious cruelty and awful destruction. It is rumored that Mr. Brownley of Randolph & Randolph, either for himself or his clients cleared $25,000,000 of profit. We believe that this estimate is low. The losses coming through Robert Brownley's terrible onslaught must have run over $500,000,000. Wall street and the country will do well to take the moral of yesterday's market to their hearts. It is this: The concentration of wealth in the hands of a few Americans is a menace to our financial structure. It is the unanimous opinion of 'the Street' that Robert Brownley could never have succeeded in battering down the price of sugar in the very teeth of the Camemeyer and Standard Oil support as he did yesterday, without a cash backing of from $50,000,000 to $100,000,000. If a vast aggregation of money owners deliberately place themselves behind an onslaught such as was so successfully made yesterday, why can that slaughter not be repeated at any time, on any stock, and against the support of any backing?"

When I read this and listened to talk along the same lines, I was puzzled. I could not for the life of me see where Bob Brownley could have got five to ten millions' backing for such a raid, much less fifty to a hundred. Yet I was forced to confess that he must have had some tremendous backing; else how could he have done what I had seen him do?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

My Eyes Wandering from Her, I Saw the Headline: Friday, the 13th.

lost time. Get your hat and cloak and we'll hurry to the church, or we will be late."

With a laugh of joy she followed him to the closet where hung the little gray turban and the pretty gray jacket. He took them from their peg and gave them to her.

"Not a word, Jim," he bade me. "In the name of God and all our friendship, not a word. Beulah Sands will be my wife as soon as I can find a minister to marry us. It is best, best. It is right. It is as God would have it, or I am not capable of knowing right from wrong. Anyway, it is what will be. She has no father, no mother, no sister, no one to protect and shield her. The system has robbed her of all in life, even of herself, of everything, Jim, but me. I must try to win her back to herself, or to make her new world a happy one—a happy one for her."

CHAPTER VII.

An old gambler whose life had been spent listening to the rattle of the drop-in-bound-out little roulette ball, was told by a fellow victim, as his last dollar went to the relentless tiger's maw, that the keeper's foot was upon an electric button which enabled him to make the ball drop where his

Cling to Ancient Rites.

Moroccans Still Offer Sacrifices to Propitiate the Powerful.

A strange custom still exists here, that of sacrificing live animals to propitiate those in power. An instance of it occurred the other day when three ragged women, veiled, dirty and poverty stricken, came staggering up the hill to the flagstaff which stands in the middle of our camp, half pushing, half carrying two sheep bound and helpless. At the foot of our banner staff they laid the beasts down and sticking a knife into their throats left them there to die by slow inches. No cries, no wailing, they huddled together and sat motionless awaiting Allah's will. The interpreter interviewed them and discovered that they were the wives of a Moor whom the new Kaid had imprisoned for the usual sin—the ownership of riches. This brigand plundered everything and turned the women out to starve. Hearing of the approach of a Bashador, a friend, no doubt, of our lord the sultan, they came to offer sacrifice that he might have pity on them. Alas! nothing can be done, the Kaid is all powerful, even the sultan is helpless. Sometimes a bullock is hamstrung on our road. Strange to say the sacrificed animal cannot be used for food by the petitioners, but our escorts profit and drag off the carcasses with happy grins.—National Review.

THIRST WAS FIRST THOUGHT.

Familiar Sound Cause of Young Man's Bad Break.

John C. Risley of Detroit, at the New York convention of the International Society of Hotel and Restaurant Employes—a convention notable for its condemnation of the tipping system—said to a reporter:

"The public thinks that we waiters get rich off our tips. The public is very ignorant in this matter. When I think of its dense ignorance I am reminded of a political meeting I attended last April. There was a chap at this meeting who knew nothing of parliamentary procedure, and, besides that, he was half full. Well, in the course of the meeting there was a lot of excitement and shouting. It grew worse and worse. The chairman, in the end, had to hammer on the table and yell:

"'Order! Order!'

"'Beer for me,' said the ignorant young man."

VERY BAD FORM OF ECZEMA.

Suffered Three Years—Physicians Did No Good—Perfectly Well After Using Cuticura Remedies.

"I take great pleasure in informing you that I was a sufferer of eczema in a very bad form for the past three years. I consulted and treated with a number of physicians in Chicago, but to no avail. I commenced using the Cuticura Remedies, consisting of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills, three months ago, and to-day I am perfectly well, the disease having left me entirely. I cannot recommend the Cuticura Remedies too highly to anyone suffering with the disease that I have had. Mrs. Florence E. Atwood, 18 Crilly Place, Chicago, Ill., October 2, 1905. Witness: L. S. Berger."

Stopped "Seeing Things."

Enthusiastic Nature Lover (to Reformed Tramp)—Ah, my friend, how well you must know the face of nature, and know it in all its moods. Have you ever seen the sun sinking in such a glare of glory that it swallows up the whole horizon with its passionate fire? Have you seen the mist gliding like a specter down the shrinking hillside, or the pale moon struggling to shake off the grip of the ragged storm cloud?

Reformed Tramp—No, sir; not since I signed the pledge.

An Inherited Tendency.

A Cleveland society woman gave a party to nine friends of her young son, aged six. To add to the pleasure of the occasion she had the ices frozen in the form of a hen and ten chickens. Each child was allowed to select his chicken as it was served. Finally she came to the son of a prominent politician.

"Which chicky will you have, Bertie?" she asked.

"If you please, Mrs. H., I think I'll take the mamma hen," was the polite reply.—Lippincott's.

Impudence of Hoi Polloi.

A noted English artist was standing at the edge of the road, waiting for his horse, and he was dressed in his usual peculiar style—mustard-colored riding suit, vivid waistcoat and bright red tie. A man, who had evidently been reveling, happened to lurch round the corner of the street. He stared at the famous artist for a minute in silence, then he clapped his cap and asked in a tone of deep commiseration, "Beg pardon, guv'nor, was you in mournin' for anybody?"

No Peace Conference.

"Are you going to strike, ma?" asked the little boy, as he tremblingly gazed upon the uplifted shingle.

"That's just what I'm going to do."

"Can't we arbitrate, ma, before you strike?"

"I am just going to arbitrate," she said, as the shingle descended and raised a cloud of dust from the seat of a pair of pantaloons—"I am just going to arbitrate, my son, and this shingle is the board of arbitration."

Golf Player Lightning's Victim.

During a thunderstorm near Glasgow a golf player named George Hargrie was struck and killed by lightning, which ripped off his clothing, including his boots, and extracted all his teeth. It made a hole three feet deep where he had been standing.

In Self-Defense.

Gabriel—Say, what did you let that pestiferous party in for?

St. Peter (wearily)—He used to be an insurance agent and I either had to let him in or be talked to death.

BAD DREAMS

Frequently Due to Coffee Drinking.

One of the common symptoms of coffee poisoning is the bad dreams that spoil what should be restful sleep. A man who found the reason says:

"Formerly I was a slave to coffee. I was like a morphine fiend, could not sleep at night, would roll and toss in my bed and when I did get to sleep was disturbed by dreams and hobgoblins, would wake up with headaches and feel bad all day, so nervous I could not attend to business. My writing looked like bird tracks, I had sour belchings from the stomach, indigestion, heartburn and palpitation of the heart, constipation, irregularity of the kidneys, etc.

"Indeed, I began to feel I had all the troubles that human flesh could suffer, but when a friend advised me to leave off coffee I felt as if he had insulted me. I could not bear the idea, it had such a hold on me and I refused to believe it the cause.

"But it turned out that no advice was ever given at a more needed time for I finally consented to try Postum and with the going of coffee and the coming of Postum all my troubles have gone and health has returned. I eat and sleep well now, nerves steadied down and I write a fair hand (as you can see), can attend to business again and rejoice that I am free from the monster coffee."

Ten days' trial of Postum in place of coffee will bring sound, restful, refreshing sleep. "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. Some physicians call it "a little health classic."

WHAT THE WOMEN WORE.

Of Course the Story Teller Didn't Really Mean Just That.

A gentleman recently returned from that quiet little Maryland resort, Ocean City, has a tale to tell of conditions that are really sensational. And the worst of it was that he did not know they were sensational at all. He was out calling the other evening, and the conversation started with the shirtwaist man, who, the returned wanderer said, was to be found in great quantities at the summer resort. Then he told about the habit everybody down there had contracted of going without hats. This is the way he told it to an interested company:

"You see everybody down there going about just the same. The men never wear coats; they go about in just their shirts and trousers, and the women are just like them."

President Castro's Conceit.

Many stories have been told of Cipriano Castro, president of Venezuela, and of his monumental conceit. During the Russo-Japanese war the fall of Port Arthur was being explained to him.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed. "With 500 Venezuelans I could have taken it in four days."

"With a thousand, in one day, your excellency," said the diplomatic representative of a European power.

Castro was so pleased at what was intended to be sarcasm that, it is said, the diplomat succeeded next day in securing satisfaction of a claim that his government had been vainly pressing for years.

A Different Loaf.

"Why," exclaimed little Johnny, when he heard his father telling about somebody who was looking after the loaves and fishes, "that's just what mamma says about Uncle Henry!"

"Says about Uncle Henry?" repeated his father, in astonishment. "What do you mean?"

"Why, pa, don't you know," said Johnny, "mamma says Uncle Henry only loafs and fishes."

Horrible Example.

"My dear," said Mrs. Strongmind, "I want you to accompany me to the town hall to-morrow evening."

"What for?" queried the meek and lowly other half of the combine.

"I am to lecture on the 'Dark Side of Married Life,'" explained Mrs. S., "and I want you to sit on the platform and pose as one of the illustrations."

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The situation that has not its duty, its ideal, was never yet occupied by man.—Carlyle.

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Due Process of Law.

At the time of the famous Eastman trial in Cambridge, Mass., two Irishmen, standing on a street corner, were overheard discussing the trial. One of them was trying to enlighten the other concerning a jury.

"Bedad!" he explained. "You're arristed. Thin if ye gets th' shmartest lawyer, ye're innicint; but if th' other man gets th' best lawyer, ye're guilty."—Life.

Places of Interest Neglected.

Two of the most attractive places for instruction in New York city are the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the American Museum of Natural History, yet there are thousands of residents of New York who have never been in them, and more than half of their daily visitors are strangers in the city.

Few Runaways in New York.

Although New York is a "hitching postless" city there are fewer runaway horses in its streets than in the average city of one-tenth of its population.

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