

WOLF-COLLED

BY ASHLEY WILCOIT

CHAPTER VIII. (Continued.)

me with a more composed and kindly expression.

"And now to business," said my employer with decision. "Take down these orders."

The King of the Street was himself once more, and I marvelled 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 another in blocks of one hundred, and sell the same in a single block at the last session.

"And the last thing you do," he continued, "must be to buy one hundred shares of that stock which I have just ordered. It is offered. There will be a big block of it thrown on the market, and more in the afternoon. Buy it whatever the price. There's likely to be a big slump. Don't bid for it—don't keep up the price, you understand—'but set it."

"If somebody else is snapping it up, do I understand that I am to bid over them?"

"You're not to understand anything of the kind," he said, with a slight 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 start a boom for the price. Let her go down. Selected one hundred shares."

I felt that there was deep water ahead.

"Perfectly," I said. "I think I see the whole thing. I'll be back in five minutes. The King of the Street looked at me with a grim smile.

"Maybe you do, but all the same

I moved slowly down a step at a time, then from over the door I 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 any way.

I stepped into the room that I had seen crowded with eager friends and comrades, eating, drinking, ready to sacrifice their lives. My eyes looked strangely with the echo of an unattended house. The bar and the shelves behind it were swept clear of the bottles and glasses that had filled them. Bewildered and apprehensive, I wondered whether, after all, the events of the night were not a fantastic dream.

There was, however, no time to waste in trying into this mystery. By which it was clear that the King of the Street 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 loud lead my spirits as the door closed behind me. The fresh air of the morning was like the after-breeze of a storm, and the atmosphere I had been breathing.

I hurried along the streets with 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 10.

The place was in disorder. The books that had been arranged on the desk and shelves were now scattered about in confusion, as if 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 that 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 feroceous glance" that 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 fiery eyes that gleamed from beneath those bushy eyebrows 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?" I asked in an eagerness 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 Burton den was of his planning, that I would be his tool, and that he had supposed the death of the King of the Street would account for his startled gaze and evident discomposure.

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

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

He looked suspiciously at me as he took a seat at his desk and motioned me to another.

"I had a little turn," he said, "going me nervously." "The vertigo," he said the doctor called it. "Just reach my overcoat pocket there, will you?" "The hand slide. Yes, bring me that slide."

He poured out a small glass of liquor, and the rich odor of brandy flowed through the room. Then he took a slip from an inside pocket, counted a few drops into the glass and drank it at a swallow.

When he had cleared his throat of the Ferry House, the Wolf turned to

stood, with a blue-black mustache, snapping his black eyes at me, and his hand struggled vainly against the devastating rain. Both were strongly marked with the shrewdness of the trading-viper. "I set forth my business. 'You want to get a lire order,'" he said. Bockstein, looking over my shoulder, "Yes," echoed Epper. "References are customary, you know." He spoke in a high keyed voice that had in it a ringing suggestion of the "Wolf."

"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?'"

"They named a heavy margin, and the sum total took my heart into my mouth. How large a balance I could draw against I had not the faintest idea. Possibly this was a trap to throw me into jail as a common swindler attempting to pass worthless checks. But there was no time to hesitate. I drew a check for the amount, signed Henry Wilson's name, and tossed it over to Bockstein.

"All right," said the senior partner. "That talk it did it. Mister Epper. He goes on the floor."

I knew well enough what was wanted. My financial standing was to be tested by the head of the firm, while the junior partner kept me amused.

Epper was quick to take my ideas. A few words of explanation and he understood perfectly what I wanted.

"You have not bought before?"

"Oh, yes," I said carelessly, "but not through you, I believe."

"No, no, I think not. I should have remembered you."

I thought this might be a favorable opportunity to glean a little information of what was going on in the market.

"Are there any good deals in prospect?" I ventured.

I could see in the blue-black depths of his eyes that an unfavorable opinion he had conceived of my judgment was denoted by this question. There

was doubtless in it the flavor of the answer.

"I never advise our customers," was the high keyed reply.

"Certainly not," I replied. "I don't want advice—merely to know what my 'Excuse me, but I never gossip. It is a rule I make."

"It might interfere with your operations," he said, "but as well be in the provinces. Practically they are not in the provinces. They are not inhibited by Londoners in the true sense, but people who from accident or necessity have brought within the metropolitan area and who would be just as happy miles away. Their atmosphere is not metropolitan. They are not of the center. They are on the fringe."

What is why London has so little local pride is a cogent of suburbs, each with its separate narrow interests, grouped around a little city, whose citizens are too busy to enter into any comparison to no attention for local affairs. How can civic patriotism be expected from a man who spends all

his weekends at a house in the country, the spring on the Riviera, the winter in Scotland, and the summer in London? London is to him only an incident with boundaries probably smaller even than those which I have just mentioned.

The real Londoners are those who would not consider life worth living anywhere else. The real London is in its own right, where the city is found the interests which all their lives. Hundreds of thousands of suburbs have never seen a picture in the paper of the great gates of the Abbey, could not tell St. Paul's from the Abbey or distinguish between St. James' and Grosvenor Square. For that reason, few real Londoners know anything about the regions on the fringe.

The immensity of London is the constant subject of lawless comment. It is the littleness of London which astonishes me. London World.

Women Go Half Rates.

Women, because they eat so much less, only pay half rates in the more crowded of Sweden's hotels.

SOME ROYAL EXILES

KINGS AND QUEENS WHO ARE WITHOUT THRONES.

Probably Most Picturesque of Them All is Don Carlos, Who Asserts His Right to Rule in Spain.

France has a goodly crop of royal exiles and pretenders to the throne of France. The most prominent of these is Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid, a pathetic figure, reminding one very forcibly of the "tragedy of kings." First, in 1830, came the overthrow of her husband, Napoleon III, and her flight to England. Worse followed in the death of her husband and son, and today this unhappy royal is a fugitive from the law, and most touchingly all Europe, quietly awaits the great call.

Within a couple of hours' railway journey from Paris, at a station at Valenciennes, lives another French royal exile, the Duc d'Orleans, chief claimant to the throne of France. His sister, Princess Louise and Prince, was recently married to Prince Charles of Bourbon, whose sister escaped miraculously with her life from the guillotine's scythe. Her grandfather was King Louis Philippe, the last of the line to reign in France, who signed an act of abdication in favor of her brother, Napoleon III, Paris, father of the present Duc d'Orleans.

How the revolution changed France from a monarchy to a republic, the schoolboy knows, and not only the duke this prevented from wearing a crown, but by the expulsion of the Bourbons, he was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment if he sets his foot in France. This act forbids the soil of that country to the direct heirs of the Bourbons, who have resigned.

For this reason Prince Victor Napoleon, who claims the Bonaparte succession and is styled Napoleon IV, has his headquarters in Brussels. His father's name was Count Napoleon III, husband of the ex-Empress Eugenie. Napoleon III died in 1871, and his son, Louis Napoleon, was killed in the Zulu campaign of 1879, and thus Joseph Charles Bonaparte, father of Prince Victor, became the head of the house of Bonaparte, and his son became heir of the Bonapartid hopes. But the act of 1876 excluded them both from the throne of France. Prince Victor, however, his father died in 1891—still hopes to reign in the country of his birth, and reminds his party of his father's ambition by sending them signed photographs of himself.

And then there is the most picturesque of the royal exiles, the Duke of France—Don Carlos, duke of Madrid, who considers that by strict right of heredity he should also be king of Spain. He claims to be Carlos VII, the rightful king of Spain and the Indies, by virtue of his descent from Don Carlos, brother of King Ferdinand VII, of Spain, who died in 1808, and also claims to be King Carlos XI of France and Navarre, since the death of Louis, Comte de Chambord in 1837, when the entire line of the house of Bourbon became extinct. On account of the latter claim he has been expelled from the throne of Spain, and he has not pursued his claim to the throne of Spain quite so actively as he did in the '70s, when, after the triumphant capture of the city, he managed to dislodge his adherents from their strongholds in the north of the country. Like the Duc d'Orleans, Don Carlos has a large following, and that he hopes, through his son, Don Jaime, who is an officer in the Russian army, to yet gain those royal rights which are said to belong to his family.

In Paris lives Queen Natalie of Serbia, who of the murdered King, King Alexander, who died in 1903, and her father, Prince George of Lussignan, who claims to be King of Romania, Cyprus and Jerusalem. He traces his descent from the famous knight, Guy de Lusignan, who became King of Jerusalem in 1187. There is a little likelihood of the prince "coming into his own," but in the meantime he has designed two attractive decorations, the Order of Mount Sinai and the Order of St. Melanthe, which he confers with some solemnity upon persons of whom he approves.

The Princess Eugenie Clotilde is another claimant to a throne with a particularly long pedigree. She traces it to the Emperor Constantine. We know, I think, that she is a candidate for the throne of Greece in 1863, when the powers selected her father, King George, as king.

Portugal, too, has its pretenders in Don Miguel II, whose father fought bravely for the crown early in the nineteenth century. The crown is also claimed by Prince Pedro d'Alcantara, who considers that he is also the rightful emperor of Brazil.

What Drew Him to It.

"My poor, unfortunate man," said the Salvation Army captain, to the disreputable-looking creature of a man. "You say you want to join us?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is your heart and soul in this request?"

"It is."

"Do you feel drawn our way by an irresistible power?"

"I heard dia was de place to get a good 'easy livin'."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Full of Scratches.

"What has been done in being, sergeant?" gasped Officer O'Toole, as he rolled over and over the sidewalk with a groan.

"Hold on to him," shouted Sergeant Baumgarten, as he sent in the call for the wagon. "He was a fence."

"He was a fence?"

"Dad, from 't looks up the hands he must be a back-yard fence."

He Couldn't Eat It.

Ben's Benham—A tramp stole one of my pies today.

Benham—Wonder what he will do with it.—Harpers' Weekly.

PAT'S MIND WAS LOGICAL.

Quick to See One Strong Point as to Victim's Identity.

Previously to entering the railroad yards an abled-bodied loafer picked up a small, glittering object from the sidewalk and, without examining it very closely, planned it to his coat, saying the Philadelphia Ledger. Three minutes later he exhibited with a slight moving freight train, was buried against a post and picked up fastenings.

The train dispatcher, notified by telephone, called on Patrick Doyle, the yardmaster's assistant, and said, "You'd better search his pockets. Doyle's final report to me is, notify his friends and report to me."

A few moments later the report came: "There's not a line of writing on that coat," but we've identified him," said Patrick, "but we've identified him by the badge on his coat. He is a Lady Macaboe."

THE GREAT MAN'S OCCUPATION.

Nothing Very Serious in His Mind Just at That Moment.

The multi-millionaire was being shaved. As he lay back in his chair, the impression that his grave gave him was that he was in deep study.

"I whispered one of a barber shop to look up a water a dollar against a toothpick that he is thinking of railroad mergers."

"No," said another, "he is thinking about the fact that he will stand in Paris, father of the present Duc d'Orleans."

"But he is pondering over the rebate system," echoed a third.

"I'll ask him."

Waiting over to the chair, he said politely: "Beg your pardon, sir, but to settle an argument, would you kindly tell us what inquiry question you are studying over?"

The multi-millionaire turned his serene face around and smiled. "I was just studying two dies doing handspans on the ceiling," he chuckled, and the trio of guessers looked so sheepish they failed to hear what he had just called to them.

BABY'S ITCHING HUMOR.

Nothing Would Help Him—Mother Almost in Despair—Omer Quick Cure to Cuticura.

"Several months ago, my little boy began to break out with itching spots. It was just studying two dies doing handspans on the ceiling," he chuckled, and the trio of guessers looked so sheepish they failed to hear what he had just called to them.

REVISSED HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Revising may be made by proxy (on certain conditions) by the father, mother, brother, sister or other interested person. The regulations are being revised and the new regulations will be published in the near future. They are being revised and the new regulations will be published in the near future.

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Some of the choicest lands for grain growing, stock raising and mixed farming in the new West. The Government has been very liberal in the amount of land granted for settlement under the Homestead Regulations.

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I have been in the roofing business for 40 years and they call me the "Pioneer." I have been in no other business.

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I have been in the roofing business for 40 years and they call me the "Pioneer." I have been in no other business.

"I know the roofing business; have made a scientific, practical study of it, and at the head of my company, of which I am proud, I have also made a success of my business. The result has been two brands—Torpedo and Wolverine. The red granite kind, which are the very best brands of roofing on the market today at any price, stick into this asphalt for evermore. You can easily understand why they will stick a great deal better than the roof, smooth little pebbles, which you want and why you cannot afford to buy any other.

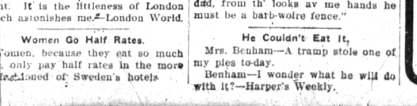
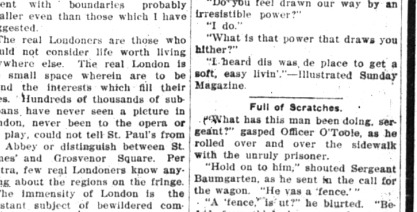
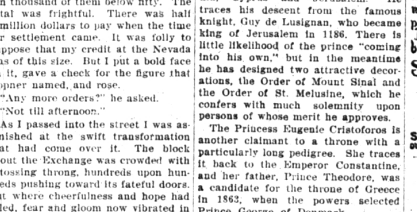
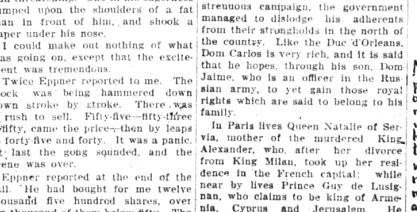
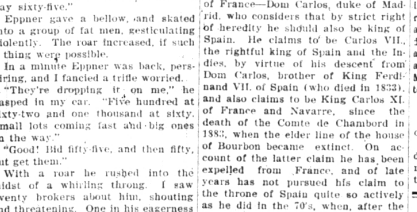
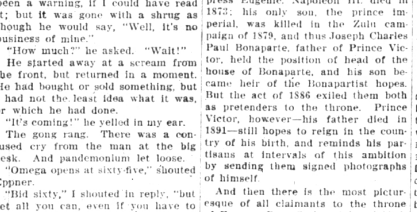
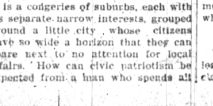
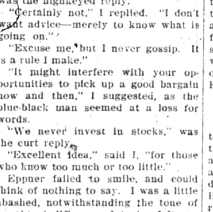
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We have a liberal proposition to make to you, and no matter how much you know about some other roofing you should get our particulars and sharp edges and get our proposition. It means a saving.

This roofing is made of crushed, irregularly shaped granite particles put on two layers of asphalt felt cemented together. These particles of quarry granite have sharp points and sharp edges and give the roof the trimmings consisted of galvanized iron nails and cement in a case with the roll to lay the roll.

Give us all the information you can about the roof, and we will tell you something that will interest you. WRITE US TODAY.

H. M. REYNOLDS, Pres.
H. M. REYNOLDS ROOFING CO., Dept. A, Grand Rapids, Mich.



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For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulcers, catarrhs, irregular menstruation, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, nervous prostration, etc.

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