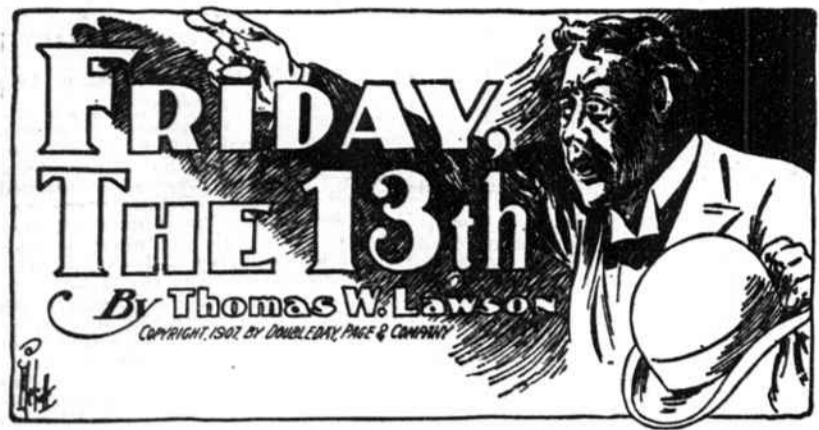


L. M. GRIST'S SONS, Publishers.

ESTABLISHED 1855.



FRIDAY THE 13th

By Thomas W. Lamb

SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I—Bob Brownley creates a panic in Wall street. He is a friend of Jim Randolph of Randolph & Randolph, bankers and brokers. Brownley and Randolph had gone to college together and entered the employ of Randolph's father at the close of college days. Brownley is a Virginian by birth. Beulah Sands, daughter of an old Virginia house, calls on Brownley in Wall street. Her father has been practically ruined by the stock operations of Reinhart. She hopes to utilize her own money in Wall street in retrieving her father's fortunes. Brownley's condition becomes known, and asks for employment in the office that she may have an opportunity to better understand how her money is invested. She does not want it used in a purely Wall street gamble, but in the buying and selling of legitimate securities. Brownley agrees to help her, and falls in love with her.

Chapter II—Brownley plunges in sugar stock. He uses the money of Miss Sands, his own and in addition is backed heavily by the Randolph millions. His coup seems successful, and he tells Miss Sands that she has cleared \$1,800,000. But the market had not closed.

Chapter III—Barry Conant, head broker for Standard Oil and sugar interests, suddenly begins to sell "sugar." In the midst of a panic he breaks the market and with its fall carries away the earnings and much of the capital of both Miss Sands and himself. A pretty love scene occurs between the two at the office. Barry Conant promises to tell her the terrible truth of their fall. Brownley takes a trip to Virginia.

Chapter IV—Beulah Sands and Bob become engaged. Randolph wants to loan her father the money to meet his obligations. She refuses. Bob figures game. Sugar takes another sensational spurt upward, but Brownley keeps out.

Chapter V—The "bulls" toss sugar to record breaking point. The "street" goes wild. Barry Conant, for the "system," pushes prices up and up, and he wonderful clean-up is promised when the exchange closes, Thursday, November 13. Sugar opens higher Friday morning, November 13. When the price had passed all bounds Brownley steps into the pit and begins to sell. He sells every share "the system" brokers will take, and pounds the price down and down until failures are of momentary occurrence, and "the system" has lost millions. He has made millions for Beulah Sands and her father.

Chapter VI—Beulah Sands insists upon being assured that there is no dishonor connected with the money he has made for her, and he cannot honestly answer "no." He leaves her to think it out.



"Good Bob Has Come Back to Play with Beulah."

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

I had dropped into a seat a few feet away. Both were too much occupied with their own thoughts to notice me or any one else. I could not overhear their conversation, but long afterward, when I mentioned our old stenographer, Bessie Brown, to Bob, he told me of the incident at the Battery. Her husband, after their marriage, had become infected with the stock-gambling microbe, the microbe that gnaws into its victim's mind and gnaws at the retreating form of the sub-cellular pit change of the big stock exchange. From then on a week before he had been sent to prison for theft, and that morning she had turned into the street by her landlord. I saw Bob take from his pocket his memorandum-book, write something upon a leaf, tear it out and hand it to the woman, touch his hat, and before she could stop him, stride away. I saw her look at the paper, clap her hands to her forehead, look at the paper again and at the retreating form of Bob Brownley. Then I saw her, yes, there in the old Battery park, in the drizzling rain and under the eyes of all, drop upon her knees in prayer. How long she prayed I do not know. I only know that as I followed Bob I looked back and the woman was still upon her knees. I thought at the time how queer and unnatural the whole thing seemed. Later, I learned to know that nothing is queer and

Beulah Sands was a dead woman; not dead in body, but in soul; the magic spell had fit her. 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 other 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."

"Barry 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 curtain which 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 athen pail 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, and 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 best 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 last 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, asleep." Together we rose over our sleeping loved and friend, and 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 wafled 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 an age. At last his magnificent physique, his unpolished blood and 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." He 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 himself; that memory of the happenings of the day had not fled in his sleep. He rose to his full height, his head went up, and his shoulders back, but only from habit and for an instant. Then he folded his hands and to his breast and dropped his head to his shoulder. He sobbed like a child, with the corpse of his child.

"Why, Bob, my Bob, is this the way you treat your Beulah when she's left you to sleep so your beautiful eyes would be pretty for the wedding? Is this the way to act before this kind of a man who has come to take us to the church? Naughty, naughty Bob."

I looked at her, at Bob, in horror. I was beginning to realize the absolute deadness of this woman. From the first look I had known that her mind had fled, but knowledge is not always realization. She did not even know who I was. Her mind was dead to all but the man she loved, the man who through all those long days of her suffering she had silently worshipped. To all but him she was newborn.

At the sound of "wedding," "church," Bob's head slowly rose from her shoulder. I saw his decision of the uselessness of opposing it, and sick at heart and horrified, I listened as he said in a voice now calm and soothing as that of a father to his child: "Yes, Beulah, my darling; I have slept too long. Bob has been naughty, but we will make up for lost time. Get your hat and cloak and we'll hurry to the church, or we will have tea."

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, even of her mind. I must take her with her back to herself, or to make her new world a happy one—a happy one for her."

To be Continued.

FRESH START FOR BAD BOYS.

State Trying Farming to Cure Juvenile Delinquents.

On a fourteen hundred acre tract of land twelve miles outside of Rochester, the state of New York according to a Rochester letter, is trying a new plan for dealing with bad boys. This is the site of the new state agricultural and industrial school, to which juvenile delinquents between the ages of nine and sixteen are committed.

The school in this city, which was formerly called the State Industrial school, has not yet been abandoned, as all the cottages at the new site have not been completed. About three hundred boys are now living at the new site and it is expected that the remaining two hundred will be sent there in the course of a month.

Miscellaneous Reading.

ANNEXED BY A RIVER.

Boundary Line of Iowa and Nebraska Shifted by the Current.

The Missouri River has been making trouble again, says a Lincoln, Neb., correspondent of the Chicago Chronicle, and as a result the Iowa and Nebraska legislatures were asked to negotiate a swap of land so that the river may again be the actual boundary line between the states.

School children are taught that Iowa bordered the west by the Missouri river. The maps bear out this statement, but the mapmakers have not been on the ground lately. If they had they would have discovered that in the last year the Missouri has been busy adding some of the state of Iowa to its west bank and a part of the state of Nebraska to its east bank.

Every few days the river forsakes a part of its old channel and seeks a new one. Four years ago Nebraska and South Dakota had a lot of reconstructing of the state line, and Nebraska lost several hundred citizens and some fifty farms, but came near getting the city of Yankton in return. A little time before that Nebraska and Missouri got into the Federal supreme court over a question of jurisdiction over an island in the river opposite Nemaha county, Neb. The river cut off a section of the county and made an island of it, placing it close to the state of Missouri. The newly made islanders protested against being so suddenly transformed into Missourians and persisted in voting in Nebraska.

Within the last year changes in the river's course have transferred a lot of Iowa land in what was once known as the East Omaha bottoms to the Nebraska side, while other changes a little further south have transferred a part of Sapp county, Neb., to Iowa. As a result the children in each section have to be taught that Iowa is a part of which they are not legally a part and are unable to take advantage of the free schools on the other side of the river, toward the support of which they pay taxes. Land titles are also mixed, and as there is a conflict of jurisdiction, it is becoming a sort of no man's land for criminals.

Flowers on Stamps.

Japan and Newfoundland are the only countries which have given recognition to the floral kingdom in the stamp. In fact, stamps, says the Boston Transcript, Trees have been portrayed upon stamps by many countries, especially those situated in the tropics, but it is only on the stamps of Newfoundland and Japan that a flower appears. The chrysanthemum, the national flower of Japan, is given a conspicuous place upon all the postage stamps issued by the government, and upon many of the denominations it occupies the central portion of the stamp. For nearly ten years from 1857 to 1866, a conspicuous feature of the stamps of Newfoundland was a bouquet of thistle blossoms within the center of a delicately engraved background. This issue of stamps is exceedingly popular with collectors and is known as "the thistle issue."

Japan is the only country which has ever issued a wedding postage stamp. Seven years ago, when the heir apparent was married, a special stamp in honor of the event was issued by order of the emperor. This stamp is nearly twice as large as our own and red in color. With a large oval is shown a table, around which sit the bride and bridegroom, with cups of sake. On each corner of the table are branches of pine, the evergreens signifying long life to the young couple. Upon the table cover are depicted several cranes, which are said to be typical of 1,000 years of existence. This is the only stamp issued by the Japanese government which does not have the denomination in both Japanese and English.

Belgium lays claim to an odd type of postage stamp. Many people in Belgium are opposed to sending or receiving letters on Sunday. In recognition of this sentiment the Belgian government ordered that a new issue of stamps be made. This "Sunday" stamp is longer than the regular issues and the bottom portion is perforated, forming a sort of a coupon a third of an inch deep. On this coupon is an inscription to the effect that the letter to which it is attached shall not be delivered on Sunday. In affixing a stamp to a letter, if the writer desires that the communication shall be delivered immediately, even though it shall arrive on Sunday he tears off the coupon and affixes the main part of the stamp.

A Dog Cemetery—On the occasion of a lawsuit brought by a man who cut a hole in the fence of a dog cemetery, there are already 4,000 "graves" in the cemetery. Some of them, leased for a long term, have cost as much as \$2,000. The lowest price paid for any concession is \$5, and the expenses for the most discreet burial are \$25.

Visitors to the cemetery pay 50 cents to see the entrance fee. On the way to the cemetery, they read, "On another, 'Here Lies Black, Killed by a Civilized Slave.' The above victim, explains the keeper, died at the hands of an indignant congrege."

Another marble slab, mounted on a cement rock, contains the following: "I am the entrance fee. On the way to the cemetery, they read, 'On another, 'Here Lies Black, Killed by a Civilized Slave.' The above victim, explains the keeper, died at the hands of an indignant congrege."

ARTEMUS WARD, SHOWMAN.

Anecdote of the Humorist on the Platform.

In the closing years of the war between the states the writer was a member of a get rich quick company that was formed in Trenton, N. J. The plan adopted was to hire the most popular lecturer, pay them their regular fees and incidental expenses and then divide the big profits. The first and last lecturer the company engaged was Charles F. Brown, more popularly known as Artemus ward, showman.

Having notified the manager of the combination that his charge was \$50, without anything in the way of expenses, the engagement was made and Artemus Ward was to lecture in Trenton on a certain night. The days intervening were spent by the members of the company by forecasting the enormous receipts to be divided among them after paying all debts incurred.

When I met Brown at the station and we were riding to the hotel I handed him an envelope containing his fee. He declined to take it saying:

"Wait till you see how you come out. I don't believe you will have much of a crowd and I don't want you to lose too heavily."

The chivalry of this, so different from the usual lecturer, became manifest when we found the hall only half filled. Many of those present were deadheads. One of the firm had become scared when he peeped in the door and he slipped out and corraled several scores of his friends, whom he passed into the hall.

Having introduced the lecturer, I seated myself in a chair behind him and looked disgruntled. Those who may have heard "Sixty Minutes in Africa" will recall that from the beginning to the end there is no reference whatever to the Dark Continent. The lecture was made up of quaint sayings, anecdotes and the odd quips for which Artemus Ward was noted.

He had not spoken more than fifteen minutes from his manuscript when he begged the indulgence of his hearers, saying he had been traveling so much over the country that he was worn out and would have to sit down and rest for a brief while. He hoped he would be able to finish what he had to say.

He caused a shiver to run down the spine of each member of our firm by promising that if he found himself unable to go on the admission fee would be returned to the audience. The deadheads looked expectant and happy.

I sprang from my chair, poured out a glass of water and placed it on the stand in front of Brown. He paid not the least attention, but went on and completed his lecture in the best manner, while knowing grins appeared on the faces of his listeners.

"I hope you weren't offended," he said, by way of apology when he was through. "That, you know, is a part of the show. I am a little apprehensive since I made a clergyman so mad that I thought he would swear at me. The education of the boys is also looked after. The instruction in the common school branches is given by teachers who go to the cottages. One teacher has two cottages, going to one in the morning and the other in the afternoon. The work done is very largely individual.

The school has not been established without meeting with some criticism. Some have characterized it as folly to attempt to care for delinquent boys, whom the critics refer to as convicts, on a farm in the open country. Another criticism made was that the state was going into the business of farming, having the work done by boys instead of hired men.

In discussing the matter recently Prof. Franklin H. Briggs, superintendent of the school, said that seventy of the all save five had either been captured or returned voluntarily. As a matter of fact most of the boys could probably have gone if they had so desired, for there is nothing but the surveillance of the supervisor and matron to stop them; and there is a railroad only a few hundred feet away, which might be considered as a temptation for boys to slip away. The boys realize, however, that they are pretty well off at the school.

The most severe punishment that can be inflicted is deprivation of the privilege of visits and correspondence with friends, or participation in games, which include baseball in summer, football in autumn and coasting in winter.

American born boys form the great majority of those committed to the institution. This is the case in most inland cities. Only about 5 per cent of the boys are foreign born.

The school takes boys between the ages of 12 and 15 who are convicted of any offense and boys from 9 to 12 who commit felonies.

The average term of detention at the school is one year, but a few boys succeed in winning their parole in months. Boys after their discharge are required to report to a parole officer for two years.

Of the 267 who were committed in 1906 191 were sentenced for stealing, 34 for burglary, 17 for disorderly conduct, 32 for being ungovernable and 33 for vagrancy. The other offenses included everything from arson to truancy. The boys ranged in ages as follows: Under 10 years, 5; under 11, 4; under 12, 5; under 13, 44; under 14, 11; under 15, 70; under 16, 98.

Forty one of the boys were fatherless, 33 were motherless and 21 were both fatherless and motherless. The parents of 34 others were separated. Fifty-four of the boys had brothers already in the school. The fathers of 42 had been arrested, and the fathers of 70 others were intemperate, and the father of another was in the alms house. The mother of one had been arrested, the mother of 2 are in the alms house and the mothers of 4 are intemperate.

The board of managers of the school has asked the legislature for an appropriation of \$150,000 for the maintenance of the school for the ensuing year, besides which another \$100,000 is required to complete the buildings, etc. The total cost of maintenance last year was \$158,944, or \$292 for each lad.

Dutchmen drink more coffee than any other people. Each person consumes seventeen pounds yearly.

Handkerchief to her eyes. Guarded inquiry told him that she had a son killed at the capture of Fort Pillow.

From that time forward Brown omitted the reference, as he did everything that he thought might sadden the heart of any of his listeners.

He went on the platform simply for the money that was in it for him. It was a trial to stand before a crowd and talk in his inimitable fashion, but it was a greater trial to be poor, and he used every legitimate means of earning higher wages. Bonner, of the Ledger, offered him a handsome salary for a weekly lecture.

"I needed the money badly," he said, "and the offer was tempting, but I wasn't fool enough to let Artemus Ward try to grind out of me a few dollars. To column each week would have resulted in the direst straits and would have ruined forever what little reputation I had made."

He was given an editorial situation on Vanity Fair, in which for a time his letters first appeared. Only one issue of that paper ever paid expenses—the one that described in a poetical way the visit of the Prince of Wales to this country in 1860. Brown told me his method of formulating his letters.

"I wait till some fancy strikes me, which by and by is followed by another. When there are half a dozen or so I put them to paper. I may write two letters the same week and then a month or more may go by without my formulating a paragraph.

"You can see from this what a fatal thing it would have been for me to bind myself to write a weekly paper, no matter how high the price paid. For instance, a little while struck me the other day. It was to refer to a person as having 'Auburn (Sling Sling) hair—that is, cut short.' I'll work into one of my letters, after several others come to me."

But, so far as is known, this conceit was never put into print by the quaint humorist, and it is therefore at the disposal of any one who can make use of it.

When writing those letters Brown would laugh and chuckle to himself, sitting with one leg thrown over the arm of his chair, while between sessions he jabbed the blade of his pocket knife into the wood. When it was finished he was as delighted as a boy with a new trinket.

His spirits would overflow until perhaps when he retired to his room late at night. Then he would lock his door and pace the floor for hours, a victim to his horror of death, so great at times that he almost sank into a collapse. He must have known that the seeds of consumption were within his frame and that but a few years were left to him.

Brown was a genuine wit and humorist. Some of his best things never appeared in print.

His deftness in twisting and handling words was unapproachable. He was the only American that ever lived whose spelling was really laughable. Josh Billings and others have spelled incorrectly, but without the slightest approach to humor. I recall Brown's dating of one of his letters, "On to the Wing, June 131860," his "puzzled" was "puzzled," his "abashed," "I'll" and scores of that style whose appearance brought a smile to the reader.

When the writer complimented him on his ability thus to handle words he replied that he was ashamed of it. That the humor should be independent of such aids, as he maintained, was undoubtedly true, but no other writer was such a genius in that special line.

When I protested he replied that his reformation would be gradual, but it was already under way. It will be remembered that the orthography of his last writings was beyond criticism, but his powers were waning, and his productions were much inferior to his earlier letters, adding little or nothing to the fame of one of the most genuine of American humorists.

Greenwich.

In the year 1875 King Charles II, of England, founded the royal observatory at Greenwich, in order that astronomical observations might be made for the assistance of sailors.

The history of the observatory has been the history of chronology and of the practical side of astronomy. Its work and its standards have become distinctly international. The meridian of Greenwich now determines the longitude of the world.

This great scientific institution is threatened with serious danger from the jamming of the engines in a new power station which the London county council has been erecting. In reply to a suggestion that the observatory be moved to another place, where it will be free from vibration, Prof. H. H. Turner has pointed out some of the objections.

Science is constantly growing more accurate, and new sources of error are constantly discovered. Any day may disclose facts which will make necessary a revision of present calculations.

So long as all the data of the earlier computations remain, this can be done; but if the future demands correlated facts which are not now recorded, the case will be different. A change in the location of the observatory would not only involve an immense amount of work in making new calculations, but it would forever close the door against going back and gathering such neglected facts as the science of the future may demand.

In a recently published report of the Indian survey it is noted that Peshawar, through errors in the original survey, has been placed 1,000 feet too far north.

"At present the errors cause no inconvenience," says the report, "but if our triangulation ever comes to be connected with Russia's, the overlap will amount to a half-mile or more, because Russia is projecting her triangulation on too small a spheroid, just as we are doing. The two surveys will then have different values of latitude for every boundary pillar."

Here is a practical illustration; an international boundary question resting on scientific accuracy.—Youth's Companion.

There's a heap of money spent pretending it's benevolence when it's good policy.

There is never a job so difficult that plenty of people are not willing to tackle it; stepmothers are numerous enough to prove that.