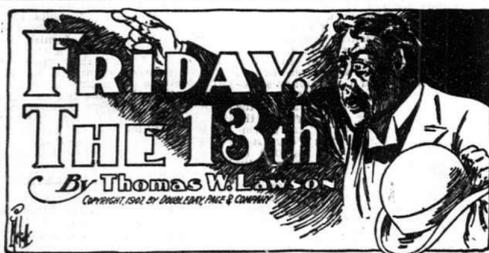


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FRAY THE BULL

By Thomas W. Law

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SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I—Bob Browney creates a panic in Wall street. He is a friend of Miss Sands, Randolph & Randolph, bankers and brokers. Browney and Randolph had gone to college together and entered the employ of Randolph's father at the close of college days. Browney is a Virginian by birth. Beulah Sands, daughter of an old Virginia house, calls on Browney and tells him her father has been practically ruined by the stock operations of Randolph and Randolph. She asks for employment in the office that she may have an opportunity to better understand how her money is being used. She is a purely Wall street gambler, but in the buying and selling of legitimate securities. Browney agrees to help her. She falls in love with her.

Chapter II—Browney plunges into a sugar stock. He uses the money of Miss Sands, his own and in addition is backed heavily by the Randolphs. His coup seems successful, and he tells Miss Sands she has cleared \$1,000,000. 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 it falls the price of the earnings and much of the capital of both Miss Sands and herself. A pretty little secretary, who is in the office when Bob attempts to tell her the terrible truth of their fall, Browney takes a trip to Virginia.

Chapter IV—Beulah Sands and Bob become engaged. Randolph wants to loan her father the money he needs to get back on his feet. Bob figures on how to beat Wall street at its own game. Sugar takes another sensational spurt upward, but Browney keeps out.

Chapter V—The "bulls" toss sugar to record breaking points. Barry Conant, for the "system," pushes prices up and a wonderful clear-up is promised when the exchange closes on Thursday, November 12. Sugar opens higher Friday morning, November 13. When the price has advanced all Browney steps into the pit and begins to sell. He sells every share "the system" brokers will take, and sends 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 dishonesty connected with the money he has made for her, and he cannot honestly answer "no." He leaves her to think it out. When he returns to New York and reads the exciting headlines of a newspaper extra announcing that her father, while temporarily insane, had killed his wife, Beulah Sands had gone crazy.

Chapter VII—Bob Browney marries Beulah, instead of Beulah Sands, and takes her to Virginia. The sight of the old home does not restore her reason, and he returns with her to New York and builds a palace for his bride, one floor of which is designed especially for her. He begins plunging on the "street" and adds millions to his now great fortune. He always opposes the "system." His every appearance on the floor of the exchange is a panic condition. When the time after time he has "the street" seemingly at his mercy, but relents before the great crash comes.

Chapter VIII—Browney proposes to brew Wall street. In the midst of a panic he has created Randolph threatens to commit suicide if he does not stop. He stops, but assures his friend that it is the last time he will stop, that the next time he will begin the "street" and the "bulls" trust "Browney bears" the "Next Peoples' Trust" prices down, down, down.

Chapter IX—When the whole street is on the verge of a crash he desists and tells them a few plain truths, and how a panic can be created by almost any one with nerve.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

A sullen growl rose from the gamblers. Robert Browney glared down his defiance.

"Let me show you the impossibility of preventing a future panic, or anyone's doing what he damn well pleases any number of times during the past five years. All the capital required to work my invention is nerve and desperation, or nerve without desperation. It is well known to you that there are at all times exchange members who will commit any crime, barring, perhaps, murder, to gain millions. Your members have from time to time shown nerve and desperation enough to embezzle, raise certificates, give bogus checks, counterfeit stocks and bonds, and this for gain of less than millions, and when detection was probable. All these are criminal offenses and their detection is sure to bring disgrace and state prison. Yet members of this exchange desperate enough to take the chance, when confronted with loss of fortune and open bankruptcy, have always been found with nerve enough to attempt the crime.

"There are at all times exchange members who will commit any crime, barring, perhaps, murder, to gain millions. That you may see that my successors will surely come from your midst from time to time during the future existence of the exchange, I will enumerate the different classes of members who will follow in my footsteps.

"First, the 'In God We Trust' schemer who is of the 'System' type, but who is outside the magic circle. A man of this class will reason: I know scores of men, who stand high on the 'Street' and in the world, who have tens of millions that have been siphoned by 'System' tricks, if not by legal crimes. If I perform this trick of Browney's, the trick of selling short until a panic is produced, I shall make millions and none will be the wiser. For all I know, many of the multi-millionaires whom I have seen produce panics and who were applauded by the 'Street' and the press for their ability and daring, and whose standing, business and social, is now the highest, were only doing this same thing, and having been successful, they have never been detected or suspected. But even suppose I fail, which can only be through some extraordinary accident happening while I am engaged in the act, I shall have done no crime, and, in fact, shall have done no one any great moral wrong, for if I fail to carry out my contract to deliver the

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The incident which was destined to produce this unusual picture through a flow of blood, had its origin in an invitation which Manassas Sorrells extended to his neighbor, Jace Burleson, to join him on a hunt. Burleson, who is one of the most prominent and wealthy business men in western North Carolina, and who has, since the day he received that invitation, been elected to the state senate of North Carolina, from his district, accepted the invitation, after having been repeatedly assured by Sorrells that the latter knew where they could find several coveys of birds on his lands. This was in last October, Burleson and Sorrells agreed upon a date for the hunt, and on that day Burleson went off to the home of Sorrells to be his guest, taking along his gun and dogs. He was very fond of hunting, and especially liked shooting birds on the wing, and he anticipated a delightful experience in the fields nearby, but had scarcely any luck to speak of. The two men returned to the house for dinner, Burleson little dreaming that a net had been set for him and that he was to be the real game of the hunt. After dinner had been served—and it was one of the best that the mountains afford, carrying out the idea of generous mountain hospitality—Sorrells suggested to Burleson that he must be much fatigued after the morning tramp through the fields without any game to relieve the feeling of fatigue, and Burleson admitted that he was a bit tired, not being accustomed to hunt regularly. Sorrells then suggested

Miscellaneous Reading.

BLACKMAIL IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Remarkable Story From Western North Carolina.

Bristol, Tenn., May 26.—A few days ago the press dispatches told a brief story of a double tragedy near Altapass, in the mountains of Mitchell county, North Carolina. It was stated that Deputy Sheriff Buchanan was shot and killed by a man named "Paul," and that "Paul" in turn was shot and killed by a friend of the deputy sheriff.

This appeared to be all there was of the story, perhaps a case of hate and revenge, or simply another mountain tragedy, with the shedding of blood for no cause except for the satisfaction of a disposition to be king bully among the mountaineers.

But the facts in this case reveal an entirely different story and uncover a chapter of perfidy that is indeed a rare specimen among the usually frank and sincere people of the southern mountains, and which not only ended in disgrace for one family, but sent an innocent young man of high respectability to an untimely grave.

It was not "Paul," as was announced in the press dispatches, who killed the deputy sheriff, but Manassas Sorrells, a mountaineer of more than ordinary pretensions, who had a diabolical plan of robbery, in which it appears his wife was his willing partner, leading her aid in a manner that was as disgraceful as it was shameful.

Lived in Good Style.

Sorrells, who had the reputation of being a man of bad principle, nevertheless lived in good style and in an apparent state of high respectability at his home near the village of Spruce Pine. His wife—now his widow—is described as a rather handsome and shapely woman, who was ready to do her part in the ruse of silk garments, and who seemed to make a special effort to be attractive, especially when gentlemen guests were in the home. No one in the community, no matter how they may have regarded Sorrells and his family, appeared to suspect even such a thing as the remotest probability that Sorrells and his wife had conceived a plan of blackmailing the same community in which they lived, for as many as may have been victims of such a scheme had cause to keep it a secret, and it was that silence was preserved through many years, it may have been, of extortion in which the wives of a woman were the winning card. But now that the circumstances have come to light, this appears to have been the purpose of the woman's fancy attire and the daintiness that marked the decorations of her home. And now that the whole scheme has been exposed, and Mrs. Sorrells is in jail at Bakersville, N. C., the answer to the bench warrant against her with such a high regard for her as has been indicated in the foregoing, and her husband's lips are sealed in death as the result of the Altapass tragedy, she is said to have confessed at the preliminary trial that she had been guilty of luring men into her home for the purpose of extorting money from them.

Through a double tragedy of the bloodiest nature, in which guilt and innocence "bit the dust" together, now looms up that back to Sorrells, the pretensions of Sorrells and his attractive wife, and his attempt to hold up unsuspecting men and rob them of thousands of dollars through a cunning that has never before had its like in the mountains.

Facts Vouched For.

The facts as revealed in this case are vouched for by a reputable traveling man of this city and by relatives of Senator Jace Burleson, who was a victim of the dainty garments and bewitching smiles of Mrs. Sorrells. Senator Burleson, already given by his testimony in the sensational scandal and it is to the effect that Sorrells and his wife robbed him of \$2,000 cash as the price of silence at the conclusion of a successful effort to entrap him.

The Bristol traveling man who relates the inside facts of the tragedy near Altapass, was in western North Carolina at the time it was enacted, and is acquainted with Senator Burleson and others of the more prominent people involved in the case. This man, who saw the bodies of the two victims of the double tragedy, the picture presented in the life