

FRIDAY THE 13th

By Thomas W. Lawson

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

There was a silence, and then I heard an indescribable fluttering rush that told as plainly as sight could have done that a woman had answered her heart's call. Looking up involuntarily, I saw a sight that for a long moment held my eyes as if I had been fascinated. It was Bob bowed forward with his face hidden in his hands and beside him, on her knees, Beulah Sands, her arms about his neck, his head drawn down to her bosom. "Bob, Bob," she said chokingly, "I cannot stand it any longer. My heart is breaking for you. You were so happy when I came into your life, and the happiness is changed to misery and despair, and all for me, a stranger. At first I thought of nothing but father and how to save him, but since that day when those men struck at your heart, I have been filled with, oh! such a longing to tell you, to tell you, Bob—"

"What? Beulah, what? For the love of God, don't stop; tell me, Beulah, tell me." He had not lifted his head. It was buried on her breast, his arms closed around her. She bent her head and laid her beautiful, soft cheek, down which the tears were now streaming, against his brown hair. "Bob, forgive me, but I love you, love you, Bob, as only a woman can love who has never known love before, never known anything but stern duty. Bob, night after night when all have left I have crept into your office and sat in your chair. I have laid my head on your desk and cried and cried until it seemed as though I could not live till morning without hearing you say that you loved me, and that you did not mind the ruin I had brought into your life. I have patted the back of your chair where your dear head had rested. I have covered the arms of your chair, that your strong, brave hands had gripped, with kisses. Night after night I have knelt at your desk and prayed to God to shield you, to protect you from all harm, to brush away the black cloud I brought into your life. I have asked Him to do with me, yes, with my father and mother, anything, anything if only He would bring back to you the happiness I had stolen. Bob, I have suffered, suffered, as only a woman can suffer."

She was sobbing as though her heart would break, sobbing wildly, convulsively, like the little child who in the night comes to its mother's bed to tell of the black goblins that have been pursuing it. Long before she had finished speaking—and it took only a few heart-beats for that rush of words—I had broken the power of the fascination that held me, had turned away my eyes, and tried not to listen. For fear of breaking the spell, I did not dare cross the room to close Beulah's door or to reach the outer door of my office, which was nearer hers than it was to my desk. I waited—through a silence, broken only by Beulah's weeping, that seemed hour-long. Then in Bob's voice came one low sob of joy:

"Beulah, Beulah, my Beulah!" I realized that he had risen. I rose, too, thinking that now I could close the door. But again I saw a picture that transfixed me. Bob had taken Beulah by both shoulders and he held her off and looked into her eyes long and beseechingly. Never before nor since have I seen upon human face that glorious joy which the old masters sought to get into the faces of their worshippers who, kneeling before Christ, tried to send to Him, through their eyes, their soul's gratitude and love. I stood as one enthralled. Slowly and as reverently as the living lover touches the brow of his dead wife, Bob bent his head and kissed her forehead. Again and again he drew her to him and implanted upon her brow and eyes and lips his kisses. I could not stand the scene any longer. I started to the corridor door, and then, as though for the first time either had known I was within hearing, they turned and stared at me. At last Bob gave a long, deep sigh, then one of those reluctant laughs of happiness yet wet with sobs.

"Well, Jim, dear old Jim, where did you come from? Like all eavesdroppers, you have heard no good of yourself. Own up, Jim, you did not hear a word good or bad about yourself, for it is just coming back to me that we have been selfish, that we have left you entirely out of our business conference."

We all laughed, and Beulah Sands, with her face a bloom of burning blushes, said: "Mr. Randolph, we have not settled what it is best to do about father's affairs."

After a little we did begin to talk business, and finally agreed that Beulah should write her father, wording her letter as carefully as possible to avoid all direct statements, but showing him that she had made but little headway on the work she had come north to accomplish. Bob was a changed being now; so, too, was Beulah Sands. Both discussed their hopes and fears with a frankness in strange contrast to their former manner. But there was one point on which Bob showed he was holding back. I finally put it to him bluntly: "Bob, are you working out anything that looks like real relief for Miss Sands and her father?"

"I don't know how to answer you, Jim. I can only say I have some ideas, radical ones perhaps, but—well, I am thinking along certain lines."

I saw he was not yet willing to take us into his confidence. We parted, Bob going along in the cab with Miss Sands.

Two days afterward she sent for us both as soon as we got to the office. "I have this telegram from father—it makes me uneasy: 'Mailed to-day important letter. Answer as soon as you receive.'"

The following afternoon the letter came. It showed Judge Sands in a very nervous, uneasy state. He said he had been living a life of daily terror, as some of his friends, for whose estates he was trustee, had been receiving anonymous letters, advising them to look into the judge's trust affairs; that the Reinhart crowd had been using renewed pressure to make him let go all his Seaboard stock, which they wanted to secure at the low prices to which they had depressed it, in order that they might reorganize and carry out the scheme they had been so long planning. Judge Sands went on to say that the day he was compelled to sell his Seaboard stock he would have to make public an announcement of his condition, as there could be no sale without the court's consent. His closing was:

"My dear daughter, no one knows better than I the almost hopelessness of expecting any relief from your operations. But so hopeless have I become of late, so much am I reliant upon you, my dear child, and eternal hope so springs in all of us when confronted with great necessities, that I have hoped and still hope that you are to be the savior of your family; that you, only a frail child, are through God's marvelous workings to be the one to save the honor of that name we both love more than life; the one to keep the wolf of poverty from that door through which so far has come nothing but the squabbling of prosperity and happiness; the one, my dear Beulah, who is to save your old father from a dishonored grave. Dear child, forgive me for placing upon your weak shoulders the additional burden of knowing I am now helpless and compelled to rely absolutely upon you. After you have read my letter, if there is no hope, I command you to tell me so at once, for although I am now financially and almost mentally helpless, I am still a Sands, and there has never yet been one of the name who shirked his duty, however stern and painful it might be."

When I handed the letter back to Miss Sands, she said:

"Mr. Randolph, let me tell you and Mr. Brownley a little about my father and our home, that you may see our situation as it is. My father is one of the noblest men that ever lived. I am not the only one who says that—if you were to ask the people of our state to name the one man who had done most for the state as a state, most for her progressive betterment, most for her people high and low, white and black, they would answer, 'Judge Lee Sands.' He has been, and is, the idol of our people. After he was graduated from Harvard, he entered the law office of my grandfather, Senator Robert Lee Sands. Before he was 30 he was in congress and was even then reputed the greatest orator of our state, where orators are so plentiful. He married my mother, his second cousin, Julia Lee, of Richmond, at 25, and from then until the attack of that ruthless money shark, led a life such as a true man would map out for himself if his Maker granted him the privilege. You would have to visit at our home to ap-

preciate my father's character and to understand how terrible his sorrow is to him. Every morning of his life he spends an hour after breakfast with my dear mother, who is a cripple from hip disease. He takes her in his arms and brings her down from her room to the library as if she were a child. He then reads to her—and he knows good books as well as he knows his friends. After he takes mother back to her room, he gives an hour to our people, the blacks of the plantation and his white tenants throughout the county. He is a father to them all. He settles all their troubles, big and little. Then for hours he and I go over his business affairs. Every afternoon from four to five he devotes to his estates and the men and women for whom he acts as trustees. He has often said to me: 'We have a clear million of money and property, and that is all any man should have in America. It is all he is entitled to under our form of government. Any more than that an honest man should in one way or another return to the people from whom he has taken it. I never want my family to have more than a million dollars.' When he went into the Seaboard affair, he explained to me that it was to assist the Wilsons—they were old friends, and he acted as their solicitor for years—in building up the south. He discussed with me the right and advisability of putting in the trust funds. He said he considered it his duty to employ them as he did his own in enterprises that would aid the whole people of the south, instead of sending them to the north to be used in Wall street as belting for the 'System' grinder. These fortunes were made in the south by men who loved their section of the country more than they did wealth, and why should they not be employed to benefit that part of the country which their makers and owners loved? I remember vividly how perplexed he was when, at the beginning, the Wilsons would show him

that the investments were returning unusually large profits.

"It is not right, Beulah," he said to me one morning after receiving a letter from Baltimore to the effect that Seaboard stock and bonds had advanced until his investment showed over 50 per cent profit. It is not right for us to make this money. No man in America should make over legal rates of interest and a fair profit on an investment, that is, an investment of capital pure and simple, particularly in a transportation company, where every dollar of profit comes from the people who patronize the lines. I have worked it out on every side, and it is not right; it would not be legal if the people, who make the laws for their own betterment, understood their affairs as they should."

"He was always writing to the Wilsons to conduct the affairs of the Seaboard so that there would be remaining each day only profits enough to keep the road up and the wharves in good condition and to pay the annual interest and a fair dividend. And when the Wilsons came to the annual lay before him the offer of Reinhart and his fellow plunderers to pay enormous profits for the control of the Seaboard, he was indignant and argued with them that the offer was an insult to honest men. It was he who advised the trusteeship control of the Seaboard stock to prevent Reinhart from securing control. I sat in the library when he talked to the elder Wilson and the directors.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



SALT CELLAR OF LONG AGO. Was Distinctive Mark of Caste in the Middle Ages.

"This is a medieval salt cellar," said the antiquary. "It is huge, it is shaped like a castle, it is solid silver and the price—but what is the use telling the price to you? Very magnificent, eh? In the middle age, you know, the salt cellar was the principal table ornament. Guests sat above or below the salt as they were prominent or the reverse. Where do you think you'd have sat, eh? Queer table manners they had in those days. The fastidious

had individual knives, forks and spoons, but the common people ate with their fingers. You helped yourself from the general dish with your own spoon if you had one, but if you were very fastidious you licked the spoon clean first. The food was queer—rich, rank food—swans, herons, porpoises, garlic, verjuice, saffron. There was mead and wine in bowls and ushers stood about whose duty it was to lead to convenient couches. Such guests as had dined too well. These ushers, being overworked, were continually striking for more pay. The hours were queer, too. Breakfast dawn; dinner, ten o'clock; supper, four o'clock in the afternoon."

AN OLD-TIME THANKSGIVING DAY

BY BERTHA E. BUSH

THE parson hath appointed a day of Thanksgiving for this village that the cruel tide of Indian invasion is turned back and our lives are spared," said Mistress Lovejoy Goodwin, bustling into the warm kitchen where her sister-in-law, Mistress Prudence Goodwin sat knitting by the fireplace and her listless daughter, young Mistress Patience Halcomb, bent languidly over the spinning-wheel.

Mistress Prudence made a sign for silence, but it was too late. The face of the pale young widow grew whiter, and without a word she rose and glided away. Mistress Lovejoy looked at her sister-in-law inquiringly.

"Hath she not yet become reconciled to the decree of God?" she asked. Mistress Prudence shook her head. "Nay," she said. "She saith ever that it is not by the decree of God she suffers, but by her own wilfulness. If



Bent Languidly Over the Spinning Wheel.

she had not come away from her husband against his desires—so she saith ever—she would at least have died with him."

"That is wicked repining," said the aunt sententiously. "She ought to be dealt with by the meeting. She should be thankful that her life was spared when her neighbors were taken. Doubtless it was a leading of the Spirit that caused her to come here e'er the savages fell upon Wyoming. She, above all others, surely has reason to be thankful. You should deal with her, sister, and check this untoward spirit," said Mistress Lovejoy sternly. Mistress Prudence sighed.

"I know not rightly how to do it when she is in such sorrow," she said. "She hath ever been a willful and unreasonable child, but a very loving one."

"You have ever spoiled her, and her husband did the same. Perhaps this is a punishment to you both," said Mistress Lovejoy. It was well that an interruption just then broke off the conversation, for a mother, even though she may criticize her child and lament her own way of management, becomes instantly indignant if any one else presumes to say the same thing.

Mistress Patience, a bride of a year, had left her home in Wyoming valley for a visit with her mother in an older settlement. She had begged and pleaded to make this visit with a willful demand that would not be denied. It was an unusual occurrence. The journey through the wilderness was too long and toilsome to think of visits. Most of the mothers who said farewell to daughters going to pioneer homes could hardly expect to see them again. But Mistress Patience—who was anything but patient in spite of her name—would not submit to this state of things. She begged and pleaded until her husband—to whom her lightest wish was law—gave his consent. He was the more ready to do this as there were ugly rumors of alliance between the British Tory forces and the Indians and the settling of Wyoming, standing on a disputed tract, and not so well protected as other regions was peculiarly liable to attack. But Mistress Patience did not know this or she would not have gone. She was very much in love with this grave, middle-aged husband, who treated his young wife like a petted child. Many of the settlers had shaken their heads over Mistress Patience's going. "He ought not to let her do it," they had said. "A wife's duty is to stay with her husband. He ought not to let her go away for a little homesickness."

She had known just how lonely it would be for him after she had gone. "I will only stay a little while. I will come back soon," she had said at the parting, regretful at the last minute for her action. But the savage Indians had come down upon the village of Wyoming and swept it off from the face of the earth. The houses were burnt, the people massacred or carried away captive. Every day brought a fresh story of horror, especially dreadful had been the tale of John Halcomb and 15 companions who had been carried off and sacrificed in a sort of religious ceremony, and it is little wonder that those who watched his widow in her sorrow and remorse feared for her reason.

"She must be roused. She must see people. I would make her go to the Thanksgiving service," said Mistress Lovejoy. She was a notable manager, and her sister-in-law, with all the village, were wont to submit to her sway; and Patience went to the service.

She did not want to go, but she obeyed her mother's wishes. She always obeyed in these days. It was one of the ways in which she was so

strangely different. But she could not put her heart into the service.

"There can never more be a day of thanksgiving for me," she thought drearily, as she sat in her widow's weeds in the square wooden pew.

The long, long prayer was finished. Patience liked the prayer, for in it she could hide her face. It was never too long for her, although a modern church-goer would be aghast at having to listen to even a sermon of such a length. The psalms of rejoicing had been sung. These had been harder to bear. The preacher had settled into his discourse. He had turned his hour-glass, and was already at "thirly."

"God in his providence has exceedingly blessed us in delivering us from danger—he was saying. Patience shuddered. What good was it to her to be delivered since John had perished under the Indian tomahawk!

A figure appeared in the doorway. Such a figure! Gaunt, tattered, wild-eyed, unkempt, barefooted, bleeding—a mere skeleton covered with ragged shreds of garments. It stood in the doorway quivering and motioning strangely.

"Patience! Patience!" it cried. "Tis some crazy exhorter such as used to come and harangue the congregations in my grandfather's time," said Judge Fletcher, whose ancestor had been a judge in the days of the persecution of Anabaptists and Quakers. The tithing-man stalked down the aisle to put out the intruder. Some of the men half rose, but sat down again when they saw that the matter was being attended to. It was a dreadful thing in those days to disturb a meeting. But John Halcomb's widow, unmindful of disturbance, started up at the cry and fairly ran down the aisle.

"It is John! It is John!" she cried.

Never had a religious service in Bethlehem Hill been broken up like this one. The minister stopped in the very middle of his most important sentence. The dreaded tithing-man himself, who bore upon his soul the awful responsibility of every man and woman, boy and girl in the meeting-house, forgot it all and cried out like a frightened boy: "It is a ghost!"

But it was not a ghost. It was John Halcomb himself, safe.

The story of the Indian attack on the village of Wyoming in 1778 is a story of marvelous escapes as well as of torture and massacre. No adventure in it seems more marvelous than that of John Halcomb which is one of the well attested stories of history.

With 15 other captives, John Halcomb had been ranged around a large flat stone while a woman fury called "Queen Esther," who seemed at the head of this ceremony of sacrifice of prisoners, crushed the heads of one after the other with a great stone death maul. Two of the captives suddenly leaped to their feet and dashed into the forest. The Indians pursued them but did not shoot, probably because their plan was to bring them



A Figure Appeared at the Doorway.

back alive and torture them to death. One of the two—and it was John Halcomb—tripped on a vine and rolled down the steep river bank. Then he gave himself up for lost. But the fall, instead of bringing him to death, saved his life. He lodged under the heavy branches of a fallen tree and dashed past it without discovering him. He lay concealed in this lucky hiding place until darkness came. Then wounded, lame, and almost famished, he started out on the journey of escape through the trackless forest infested with hostile Indians that lay between him and Patience. A man less brave of heart would have given up a score of times, but there was so give up to John Halcomb. He might be so weakened that he could only crawl, but he crawled on. Tossing, stumbling, crawling, dragging himself along his painful way by inches and in danger of his life all the way, he covered the tollsome miles and came to make for his wife Patience a real day of Thanksgiving.

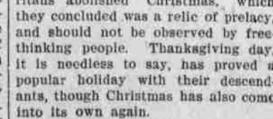
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An American Holiday.

Thanksgiving day is distinctly an American holiday, its origin resting with the Puritans, who first celebrated it in 1621. At the same time the Puritans abolished Christmas, which they concluded was a relic of prelatry, and should not be observed by free-thinking people. Thanksgiving day, it is needless to say, has proved a popular holiday with their descendants, though Christmas has also come into its own again.

Thanksgiving makes our prayers bold and strong and sweet, feeds and enkindles them as with coals of fire.—Luther.

OUR NATIONAL BIRDS.



"May one give us peace in all our States. The other a piece for all our plotters."



THANKSGIVING DAY IS NEAR—HEIGH-HO!

Said Turkey Great to Pumpkin Big: "Long have I been, my friend, King of the barnyard, but my reign must soon come to an end; Thanksgiving Day is near—heigh-ho!" Said Pumpkin Big, "Yes, that is so."

And yet, with you, I'll have to go." Said Turkey Great, "Yes, that is so."

"But still," said Turkey Great, "when cooked, King of the feast I'll be." "And in the pie," said Pumpkin Big, "Will shine my royalty; Our fate might be much worse, you know." And then they both sighed, "That is so."

APPOINTING THE DAY OF THANKSGIVING

PROCLAMATION FROM THE WHITE HOUSE IS ONE OF THE MOST SERIOUS DUTIES THAT DEVOLVE UPON THE PRESIDENT.

The only piece of really pure literature ever officially issued from the White House is the proclamation appointing a day of thanksgiving. All other papers written by the president are business documents, the phraseology of which is technical; but this annual message to the people is always a painstakingly worded and grateful composition. A fairly illustrative example will be found in Mr. Roosevelt's proclamation setting aside the last Thursday of the present month for the Thanksgiving of 1906.

It is the duty of Mr. Loeb (who runs the machinery of the president's business, arranging all his engagements for him) to call Mr. Roosevelt's attention to the fact that Thanksgiving approaches, and to remind him that a proclamation must be written. Of course, it requires considerable time to do this, and so busy a man as the chief executive of the nation might be excusable if he handed over the task to some subordinate, contenting himself with affixing his signature. But custom demands that the work shall be performed by the president himself.

Accordingly, when the proclamation has to be prepared, the president devotes some time to thinking out a new shape in which to put the more or less stereotyped ideas which are to be expressed, and, as he does so, jots down a few memoranda in pencil on a paper pad. Then, touching a buzz-button, he summons one of the dozen stenographers who are always in attendance, and dictates to him carefully the wording of the document. It is short—not more than 400 or 500 words—but daintily and tersely phrased. This, however, is only a rough draft. It is copied in typewritten by the stenographer, with lines twice the ordinary distance apart, so as to be convenient for corrections and interlineations, and in this shape is handed back to Mr. Roosevelt.

At the department of state the proclamation is beautifully engrossed on a great sheet of fine parchment by a clerk highly skilled in this kind of penmanship. It is a considerable task, and occupies some days, at the end of which the document is sent back to the white House to receive the president's signature, and is thereupon returned to the department to be signed by the secretary of state and sealed with the great seal of the United States.

This seal, by the way, is a sort of federal fetich. It is the most sacred of all things that belongs to the government; and no print of it is ever allowed to be given away or sold—though, of course, it is attached to all military and naval commissions, and to various other executive documents. It was made by a New York jeweler at a cost of \$10,000, and is kept in a beautiful rosewood box at the state department. In order that it may be used for stamping the Thanksgiving proclamation, a printed order to that effect must be signed by Mr. Roosevelt.

The department of state is the permanent depository of executive procla-

Thanksgiving Day.

Thanksgiving day should be a culmination and not a contradiction of the ordinary experiences of life. If anyone finds that it requires a special effort to gain the mood that is fitting for the day, it will be evident that the Thanksgiving spirit is an unusual visitor and praise a missing element of daily life. He who habitually restrains his temper is not likely to grow unmanageably angry under stress of sudden temptation. He who "in everything gives thanks" will be in the right mood for Thanksgiving day. The grace of perpetual praise may come like a breath of clear air into our dull days, scattering clouds and letting in the sunlight of cheerfulness. But if we are content to stifle in fog of discontent and dull complaining on the day appointed by the president thanksgiving will seem unnatural. Nor will it come of itself on any ordinary day. It will require a deeper ground than custom or proclamation. It will involve a rearrangement of the order in which we look at life, the habitual practice of thinking first of gifts and only afterwards of deprivations, first of joys and then of sorrows, first of God and only afterward of self.—Cen. gregationalist.

Salt to Preserve Butter. Experiments made by German scientists show that butter keeps best when preserved with from 3 to 5 per cent. of salt. If the proportion of salt is higher than that the results are less satisfactory.

Wonderful Power of Falls. If all the force of the Victoria falls and Niagara could be used, the resulting power would be half as great again as that now produced by all the coal that is burnt.