

# The LASH of CIRCUMSTANCE

by HARRY IRVING GREENE  
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**SYNOPSIS.**  
A miserly millionaire, who had amassed a fortune of \$40,000,000, died, leaving his estate to his only son, Bruce. Bruce, who had been a playboy, was now a miserly millionaire. He had a hundred men who worked for him, and he was a miserly millionaire. He had a hundred men who worked for him, and he was a miserly millionaire. He had a hundred men who worked for him, and he was a miserly millionaire.

**CHAPTER II—(Continued.)**

I happened to meet Bruce one day at our lunch. It was Saturday afternoon and my work was finished for the week. He came into the room where I sat and dropped heavily on a seat beside me. His appearance was that of a man who had been through a great deal. His eyes were heavy as if with a great weariness, and his hands were shaking. He had been through a great deal. His eyes were heavy as if with a great weariness, and his hands were shaking. He had been through a great deal.

"What is it, Bruce?" I cried sharply. He blotted the perspiration from his face and answered me hoarse as a crow.  
"It is all up. They have wiped me out clean as a whistle. Had everything I could rake and scrape on my stock, and she has gone straight to the bottommost pit of inferno. And I was forty thousand to the good and was going to quit for good at fifty thousand and marry her. He burst into tears. "And I can't marry her, for I am ruined, busted, blown up, shot to pieces. If any one should give me an automobile I couldn't raise the money to fill its tires." His head dropped forward, and wiping his eyes he sat with chest heaving. I looked at him.

"How much did it sink?" I asked sharply after a moment. He waved his hands helplessly.  
"It didn't sink; it didn't take time to do that. It just plunged, dived, and—dropped like a ton of lead in a vacuum. I was wiped out before I could yell 'keno' and crook a finger. The miserable shame of it! Ass respectable! Fool unmentionable! Ass respectable! Ass! Idiot! Fool!" He looked at me in silence. Presently his voice came again, this time angrily.  
"That stock is only temporarily inflated, and is bound to come crashing down before the count. It is that damnable published lie that caused the panic, and the scare will be over in 24 hours when the truth is known. If I only had \$10,000 more I could get back in good shape in no time. But I can't beg, borrow or steal a cent of that sum. I'm an alley-cat, free-lunch paper who can't sell his soul because old Nick won't get it anyway free gratis. There's our dear Uncle Abner sitting up there in his den this very minute, plowing his fingers and nose through \$40,000 that he has just collected in currency. I was up to see him in a dying effort to get him to give me, but he only grinned at me, the bales of yellow backs until I started to yell and had to run away in a panic. He got upon the table and with his anger banged the table with a metal object which he had just clenched in his fist.

"I've simply got to get ten thousand for a month or two, I tell you, and I'm going to do it." Then suddenly subsiding he turned to me in a pleading importunity. "You couldn't give me anything in the shape of an advance, could you, old man?"  
The pathos of the appeal touched me, but I shook my head. "No, Bruce, I can give you nothing to speculate on," I replied quietly. He got up and with a despairing shrug of his shoulders, nodded a hurried goodby and slipped off on what was doubtless some desperate quest. I saw no good in attempting to detain him and therefore made no effort to call him back. Thoughts of what he had told me, and the exclusion of all news, and I knew that Clare would be deep into her own heart. And she was a miserable shame, too. Forty thousand dollars was a magnificent sum only twenty-eight years old, and she could climb that high again. The suddenness of the catastrophe shocked me. For an instant I pondered over it deeply, then, taking my own departure home.

Uncle Abner was still nosing around his stacks of currency as I glanced up at me quickly. I opened the door, then, ignoring the thousand dollar bill he was holding in his hand, I began talking to it.  
"Look at me, you beauty. Of course you don't know how I got you, but I'm going to tell you. I schemed you days and laid awake for you. I sweat for you and I set my teeth for you and denied myself for you, and finally I got you. You led me around because I had my soul in you. Because you are the concentration of stored energy. All I have to do is turn you loose in the world and you'll be in my chair and watch, in

go ahead, young millionaire. But I will charge you for your breakfast here, anyway. Don't you forget that."  
"I will be home at nine o'clock, the usual Sunday breakfast hour," I returned in a untroubled tone. He snorted and rang off without deigning to reply further, and I hung up the receiver with the feeling that I had done my part towards a reconciliation. For the present at least, the matter must rest where it was. Then calling up the hotel office and leaving an order for them to awaken me at seven o'clock, I locked the door and turned out the light.

At the ringing of the call bell the next morning at the hour I had designated, I arose and began my toilet. I had slept but little, and that little was more like the semi-consciousness which comes from exhaustion rather than the slumber of repose. I felt unrefreshed, despondent, self-angry. Nor was my appearance in the glass satisfactory as I ran my eyes over my reflection. I had little desire for breakfast, but inasmuch as I had told Uncle Abner that I would be present at that occasion, I paid my bill and took a car homeward. The morning was a midsummer dream. The foliage had been bathed by a night shower and the air was perfumed with the incense of growing green things. As I passed up the walk among the oaks I could not but realize how beautiful the grounds were despite their unkemptness, and that it would cost me a pang after all to leave this place permanently should my quarrel with its owner develop to that acute stage. For it was under these trees that I had passed so many pleasant hours with Clare, or wandering through the marble halls of my air castles. Mrs. Tebbets admitted me upon my summons; but no sooner had I entered the sleepy halls than my fondness for the place vanished in the old depression which always came upon me as I viewed their loneliness. It was like passing into a vault, cheerless, gloomy, the echoes mocking my footsteps. I went straight to my own room. The door was closed between where I was and my uncle's apartment, and I stood listening. Usually he was up and could be heard pattering about before this, but now all was silence beyond. I opened the door that separated our quarters and stepped forward. But on the threshold I stopped with my eyes sweeping the scene that lay before me.

The room was in a state of disorder. Everywhere was to be seen the hand of violence. Bureau drawers had been ransacked and left yawning; the bed was a twisted tangle of sheets and crumpled pillows; clothing was scattered about the floor. But what was more startling than anything else was the condition of the iron safe. Its combination had been shattered by some powerful explosive and its door, standing wide open, revealed its looted interior. With the sweat starting from my forehead I rushed forward.  
I inspected it with a glance. No money remained in it, but the papers looked as though they had not been disturbed beyond a general overhauling. I swept my eyes about the room and under the bed. No glimpse of my uncle rewarded me and I ran from the room with loud calls for Mrs. Tebbets. It was her custom not to disturb us of Sunday mornings until she announced breakfast, and that she knew nothing of the condition of affairs in the upper part of the house had been evidenced by her ordinary demeanor as she admitted me. From room to room of the upper story I went in rapid search of the missing one, and at last, in one of the dark closets I found him and dragged him forth. He was bound hand and foot, and I bent over him and shook him. He seemed to be rather more unconscious than otherwise, but he certainly was alive.  
Puffing up the stairs in response to

"Bruce," I said after a moment. He opened his eyes and looked at me vacantly, but made no reply. In a general way I attempted to console him, but he only shook his head in silence, and finding my efforts unavailing I finally abandoned them. Ordering a mild decoction for myself, I touched his glass and drank to the hope that better times might soon be on the wing. He emptied his glass without reply, and sank back into his dejected posture. Five minutes later he seemed to be half asleep, and I determined to take him bodily in hand. Not wishing to have him seen in that condition by any friends who might chance to enter, I shook him into a semblance of life. Then making him take my arm, I assisted him into the open air. Darkness had already fallen and the lights of the skyscrapers were beginning to sparkle. He lurched heavily against me, and seeing that his condition was rapidly becoming hopeless, I signaled a cab, opened the door and thrust him inside. He fell upon the seat, muttering some address to which he wished to be taken and I turned to the Jehu who was propping him up.

"He will be all right in a couple of hours. At present he is not feeling particularly well and should be taken care of," I said significantly. The other nodded his understanding. Then with brief instructions for him to handle his charge right side up with care, I turned away as he picked up the reins.  
I formulated my own plans for the evening. In my then state of mind, I did not care to exert myself, preferring to go where I could sit quietly and be entertained by others. I decided upon the theater. A block further on I happened across a banking acquaintance, who, upon my invitation, joined me. At the end of the performance we emerged. It was now in the neighborhood of 11 o'clock, and, shaking hands, we parted for the night.

Having thrown down my key to the house, I decided to stay downtown until morning. Crossing the street, I entered the Pacific hotel. I knew the clerk at the desk, and saluting him by name, I asked him to assign me to a room a few floors up and fronting on the alley, such a location being quieter in the early morning hours than a room facing the street. He gave me the key and a bell boy immediately showed me to my number.  
Not being accustomed to retiring before 12, I was not in the least sleepy. Leaving the light burning, I threw myself upon the bed as scene by scene I ran the film of the events of the day before my mental eyes. And so deeply did I become engrossed in this that when I aroused myself and looked at my watch it was after midnight. I arose and stood before the mirror, searching my own face keenly, my mind still reverting to my quarrel with my uncle and the probable future consequences. While I did not imagine that in his present state of mind he would be particularly concerned as to where I was, I resolved to call him up and advise him of my whereabouts. It did not seem that it could do any harm, and undoubtedly it was good policy to try and conciliate him now that we had given full vent to our spleen. Going to the wall telephone, I asked for his number, and a moment later heard his querulous voice over the wire as he demanded to know who it was that called him at that hour. I answered him with the quietness I always strove to employ except upon rare occasions when I for the moment lost command of myself. I wished him well and told him where I was and that I had decided to remain downtown for the night. His answering sentences exploded in my ear like distant firecrackers.

"That's right. Just like you. Spending your money for hotel bills when you have a better bed at home. And I suppose you will pay those pirates a dollar for your breakfast. All right, go ahead, young millionaire. But I will charge you for your breakfast here, anyway. Don't you forget that."  
"I will be home at nine o'clock, the usual Sunday breakfast hour," I returned in a untroubled tone. He snorted and rang off without deigning to reply further, and I hung up the receiver with the feeling that I had done my part towards a reconciliation. For the present at least, the matter must rest where it was. Then calling up the hotel office and leaving an order for them to awaken me at seven o'clock, I locked the door and turned out the light.

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my cries, Mrs. Tebbets reached me just as I had finished my hasty diagnosis. I immediately removed a handkerchief which had been tied around my mouth, slashed the cords which bound him, and together we carried him to my room and placed him upon the bed. I tore open his night garment and examined him superficially, but could discover no marks of physical violence save about the throat. There it was red and puffy. Mrs. Tebbets, in a hysterical excitement, was useless as an assistant, and hastening to the telephone I called up first Doctor Courtney, our family physician, and then the nearest police station. After that I went back to the victim.

He was breathing more freely now that the handkerchief had been removed, and presently his eyes opened and he stared at me. When I spoke to him, however, he did not answer. Having done everything for him that I could think of for the moment, I sat down upon the edge of the bed to await the arrival of those whom I had summoned.  
**CHAPTER III.**  
Doctor Courtney arrived first. Up the drive he came whirling in his light electric runabout, and darting through the door which the housekeeper held wide for him, was by the patient's side in a few seconds. Together we made a thorough examination of the reviving man. The physician tested his temperature, his heart and reflexes, afterward addressing me concisely.  
"It is nothing serious. There is no permanent injury and he will be all right as soon as he recovers from the shock. He seems to have been severely choked, but there was no chloroform or other drug administered." He gave the patient a stimulant, and I was much relieved to see my uncle respond to it favorably as the patrol wagon arrived. A moment later a group of officers piloted by Mrs. Tebbets swarmed into the room. In a few words I explained to them the condition of affairs as I had found them, and in two and three they went trooping over the house from top to bottom in a survey of the safe, the doors and shutters and other things of interest to them. Then they came back to us. Uncle Abner by this time was able to speak in a low voice, and the captain, seating himself, demanded that he be told all that the puffed one knew of the affair. Still speaking with more or less difficulty, Uncle Abner addressed us.  
"I was sound asleep. The room was very dark and I knew of nothing unusual until I awoke and found myself plied to the bed by a heavy man. He was choking me and pressing my arms to helplessness beneath his knees. I attempted to struggle, but could do little more than squirm beneath his strength. He used a good deal of force, and in a few moments my senses left me. I knew nothing more until I awoke and found myself in some dark hole. I rolled about a little, and from the closeness of the walls to each other knew it was a closet. There was a handkerchief in my mouth and I could not call for help. Anyway it would have been useless, for there was nobody else on the premises but Mrs. Tebbets, and I knew if she should awake and attempt to come to my assistance or give the alarm my assailants would do something to render her helpless if they had not already done so. Therefore I desisted attempting to make a noise. After awhile I must have lost my senses again, for all is blank to me from them up to the time I awoke here a few moments ago. I do not believe that more than one man had hold of me, as I heard nothing to indicate that he had companions. He may have had, however, for I could see nothing in the darkness. I do not believe that I am hurt very much, but I am considerably exhausted and

feel pretty well battered up. He used me pretty rough, and I thought he was going to kill me. I am rather old and not very strong, you know, and cannot stand as much as I could once upon a time. I could not identify the man if I saw him by daylight, but I heard him cough in a peculiar way as he was choking me."  
He stopped speaking and the ghost of his old foxlike smile came creeping out of the corners of his mouth. "But I will bet he did not get much, the infernal villain. Everything of value was locked up in the old strong box. You may be sure I took good care to that."  
We at the bedside shot significant glances from one to another in the silence. I disliked to break the news of his loss to him, not knowing what kind of a scene he would make, but decided I might as well do so now as at any other time. "They got what ever money was in the safe, uncle," I said. "They blew the combination into old junk and cleaned out the currency to the last cent." He uttered a gasp and tried to sit up, but the physician pushed him back upon the pillow.  
"Burglarized the safe! Got all the money!" he yelled, hoarsely, his eyes rolling upward so that the whites were to be seen. The expression upon his face was a ghastly reflection of the shock to his soul, and despite his miserliness I felt sorry for him as I grasped one twitching hand. His cheeks turned to the yellowish white of a fish's belly as he straightened out to his full length with a groan that was horrifying in its death mimicry.  
**(TO BE CONTINUED.)**

**A Real One.**  
"I was once retained in a case in a down state village where I had known most of the inhabitants ever since I was a child," says Attorney George B. Harris. "In examining some of the witnesses I forgot myself and used their given names. The judge interrupted me.  
"Mr. Harris, he said, I believe it would be more dignified to address these witnesses by their surnames."  
"I apologized to the court and reformed—temporarily. A little later, an awkward, slovenly farmer was called to the stand. I was well acquainted with the chap—so was everybody else in the room.  
"Now, Rube," I began.  
"Wait a moment," called the judge. He leaned over and took a good look at the witness. Then he turned to me and added:  
"You may proceed, sir; I see no reason why the witness should not be called Rube."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



At Last in One of the Dark Closets I Found Him.

**PULLED IN DIFFERENT WAYS**  
Ordinary Man on the Street Some-what Puzzled by Seeming Business Contradictions.  
"Life is full of contradictions." "Yes?"  
"For instance, about six months ago a life insurance agent got after me, and hounded me nearly to death. I told him at the start that I had all the insurance I was able to carry, but he kept right on trying to persuade me that I needed more and, finally, in sheer desperation, I consented to take out another policy. Then the company's doctor began trying in every way he could think of to make it impossible for me to get the insurance. He acted as if I was voluntarily trying to beat the company in some way, and when I failed to pass the examination both he and the agent appeared to think I had wronged them by taking up their time."  
"That's nearly as bad as my case. Several months ago representatives of a piano house got after me for the purpose of persuading me to buy a piano on the installment plan. Just to get rid of them I at last agreed to buy. Now they've got a corps of men out trying to dig up proof that I never could or would pay for the piano if they were to let me have it. Business 's a great thing."

**All Very True, But—**  
Fond Father—Yes, Johnny, when the millennium is come the lamb can lie down with the lion in perfect safety.  
Little Johnny (doubtfully)—I s'pose that's so, but I'd rather be the lion, just the same.

**TIED DOWN.**  
A dyspepsia veteran who writes from one of England's charming rural homes to tell how she won victory in her 20 years' fight, naturally exults in her triumph over the tea and coffee habit:  
"I feel it a duty to tell you," she says, "how much good Postum has done me. I am grateful, but also desire to let others who may be suffering as I did, know of the delightful method by which I was relieved."  
"I had suffered for 20 years from dyspepsia, and the giddiness that usually accompanies that painful ailment, and which frequently prostrated me. I never drank much coffee, and cocoa and even milk did not agree with my impaired digestion, so I used tea, exclusively, till about a year ago, when I found in a package of Grape-Nuts the little book, 'The Road to Wellville.'"  
"After a careful reading of the booklet I was curious to try Postum and sent for a package. I enjoyed it from the first, and at once gave up tea in its favor."  
"I began to feel better very soon. My giddiness left me after the first few days' use of Postum, and my stomach became stronger so rapidly that it was not long till I was able (as I still am) to take milk and many other articles of food of which I was formerly compelled to deny myself. I have proved the truth of your statement that Postum 'makes good, red blood.'"  
"I have become very enthusiastic over the merits of my new table beverage, and during the past few months, have conducted a Postum propaganda among my neighbors which has brought benefit to many, and I shall continue to tell my friends of the 'better way' in which I rejoice." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.  
Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."  
Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

**Why the Stamps Don't Stick.**  
Postmaster-General Hitchcock is receiving complaints from all sections of the country that the glue on stamps is worthless and that they will not stick.  
According to officials of the department, the glue is damaged by water bugs that nibble it off the stamps. The Washington postoffice is infested with these insects, and, as many stamps are kept ready for sale on desks and in drawers, the bugs have easy access to them. The department has no scheme for combating the bugs. Insecticides, if placed in the glue, must poison people who moisten stamps with their tongues.

**He Knew It.**  
"Is there any money in this business that you are trying to promote?"  
"There certainly is."  
"How do you know?"  
"Why, I myself put in a lot."

**His Age.**  
"You don't mean to say she is going to marry that man? Why, he is old enough to be her father."  
"Yes—but still young enough to be her errand boy."

"Tom, How Many of These Beauties Have You Saved Up?"

## PO-MO-NA WILL CURE IF TUBERCULOSIS IS CURABLE

At first indications of lung or throat trouble PO-MO-NA will give relief and build up the system.  
Every day we receive testimonials to the good results of PO-MO-NA. It perfects the system and relieves all hacking coughs—Consumption can not live in a healthy body.  
This is the system PO-MO-NA was produced to effect.  
It aids digestion, nutrition and assimilation, thereby necessarily expelling all tuberculosis germs. This treatment has been so successful that we become more enthused as to our discovery every day.  
Read what the cashier of a National Bank says:

Gallatin, Tenn.,  
Dec. 14, 1909.

Home Medicine Company,  
Nashville, Tenn.

In June, 1909, I had a severe attack of LaGrippe which left me with a very annoying cough.  
This cough continued to grow more aggravated each time I would take cold, until I coughed almost incessantly. Would cough so much at night that I did not get sufficient sleep. This fall I began to expectorate so frequently, and so copiously that it grew into a little anxiety on my part, as to the final result. Dr. A. W. Lamar of Nashville, came into the bank one day less than two weeks since, and told me he would send me two bottles of your remedy PO-MO-NA. I have taken not quite both bottles, and I rarely cough, sleep all night, and my appetite is much improved. I shall continue to take this remedy until entirely relieved, as I feel confident that a very little more of PO-MO-NA will effect a perfect cure. If by the use of what I have to say, you believe that you can help any one annoyed as I have been, you are at liberty to make use of this statement in any way it will best serve this end.  
William Hall.

On sale by all druggists.

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