



THE DELUGE

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COST" etc

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CHAPTER XIV—Continued.
I stared at me without flinching. I suppose," she said satirically, "wonder why I—why you are related to me. Haven't you learned that I may have been made in a factory, I'm not a physical coward, I'm not a bully and threaten."

"I put my hand strongly on her shoulder—taunts and jeers do not hurt me," she said. "What did you do?" I repeated. "You put your hand off me," she continued. "What did you mean?" I repeated. "Don't be afraid to answer," she said. "I was very young—so the taunt was not so bitter. I was about to tell you, but when you began to make me feel."

"I took advantage of this to extricate myself from the awkward position in which she had put me—I put my hand from her shoulder. She was going to leave," she answered. "I forgot that you are my wife," she said. "I am not your wife," was her answer, and if she had not looked so pale, there in the moonlight all I could not have held myself back so incoherent was the tone and simplicity of ever being able to win the she make me feel.

"You are my wife and you will stay with me," I reiterated, my brain in a whirl. "I am not your wife," was her answer, and if she had not looked so pale, there in the moonlight all I could not have held myself back so incoherent was the tone and simplicity of ever being able to win the she make me feel.

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"I have asked Alva to stop with me here for a few days," she said formally. "Alva!" said I, much surprised. She had not asked one of her own friends; she had asked a girl she had met less than two days before, and that girl my partner's daughter.

"She was here yesterday morning," Anita explained. And I now wondered how much Alva there was in Anita's firm stand against her parents. "Why don't you take her down to our place on Long Island?" said I, most carefully concealing my delight—for Alva near her meant a friend of mine and an advocate and example of real womanhood near her. "Everything's ready for you there and I'm going to be busy the next few days—busy day and night."

She reflected. "Very well," she assented presently. And she gave me a puzzled glance she thought I did not see—as if she were wondering whether her enemy was not hiding new and deeper guile under an apparently harmless suggestion. "Then I'll not see you again for several days," said I, most businesslike. "If you want anything, there will be Mosen out at the stables where he can't annoy you. Or you can get me on the long distance. Good-by. Good luck."

And I nodded carelessly and friendly to her, and went away, enjoying the pleasure of having startled her into visible astonishment. "There's a better game than icy hostility, you very young, young lady," said I to myself, "and that game is friendly indifference."

Alva would be with her. So she was secure for the present and my mind was free for "finance." At that time the two most powerful men in finance were Galloway and Roebuck. In Spain I once saw a fight between a bull and a tiger—or,

representing the coal, despite Roebuck's earnest assurances to Galloway that the combine was purely defensive, and was really concerned only with the labor question, Galloway, a great manufacturer, or, rather, a huge lever of the taxes of dividends and interest upon manufacturing enterprises, could not but be uneasy.

Before I rose that morning I had a tentative plan for stirring him to action. I was elaborating it on the way down town in my electric. It shows how badly Anita was crippling my brain, that not until I was almost at my office did it occur to me: "That was a tremendous luxury Roebuck indulged his conscience in last night. It isn't like him to forewarn a man, even when he's sure he can't escape. Though his prayers were hot in his mouth, still, it's strange he didn't try to fool me. In fact, it's suspicious. In fact—"

Suspicious? The instant the idea was fairly before my mind, I knew I had let his canting fool me once more. I entered my offices, feeling that the blow had already fallen; and I was surprised, but not relieved, when I found everything calm. "But fall it will within an hour or so—before I can move to avert it," said I to myself.

And fall it did. At eleven o'clock, just as I was setting out to make my first move toward heating old Galloway's heels for the war-path, Joe came in with the news: "A general lock-out's declared in the coal regions. The operators have stolen a march on the men who, so they allege, were secretly getting ready to strike. By night every coal road will be tied up and every mine shut down."

Joe knew our coal interests were heavy, but he did not dream his news meant that before the day was over we would be bankrupt and not able to pay fifteen cents on the dollar. However, he knew enough to throw him into a fever of fright. He watched my calmness with terror. "Coal stocks are dropping like a thermometer in a cold wave," he said, like a fireman at a sleeper in a burning house.

"Naturally," said I, unruffled, apparently. "What can we do about it?" "We must do something!" he exclaimed. "Yes, we must," I admitted. "For instance, we must keep cool, especially when two or three dozen people are watching us. Also, you must attend to your usual routine."

"What are you going to do?" he cried. "For God's sake, Matt, don't keep me in suspense!" "Go to your desk," I commanded. And he quieted down and went. I hadn't been schooling him in the fire drill for fifteen years in vain.

I went up the street and into the great banking and brokerage house of Galloway and Company. I made my way through the small army of guards, behind which the old beast of prey was entrenched, and into his private den. There he sat, at a small, plain table, in the middle of the room without any article of furniture in it but his table and his chair. On the table was a small inkstand, perfectly clean, a steel pen equally clean, on the rest attached to it. And that was all—not a letter, not a scrap of paper, not a sign of work or of intention to work. It might have been the desk of a man who did nothing; in fact, it was the desk of a man who had so much to do that his only hope of escape from being overwhelmed was to despatch and clear away each matter the instant it was presented to him. Many things could be read from the powerful form, bolt upright in that stiff chair, and from the cynical, masterful old face. But to me the chief quality there revealed was that quality of qualities, decision—the greatest power a man can have, except only courage. And old James Galloway had both.

He pierced me with his blue eyes, keen as a youth's, though his face was seamed with scars of seventy tumultuous years. He extended toward me over the table his broad, stony white hand—the hand of a builder, of a constructive genius. "How are you, Blacklock?" said he. "What can I do for you?" He just touched my hand before dropping it, and resumed that idol-like pose. But although there was only repose and deliberation in his manner, and not a suggestion of haste, I, like every one who came into that room and that presence, had a sense of an interminable procession behind me, a procession of men who must be seen by this master-mover that they might submit important and pressing affairs to him for decision. It was unnecessary for him to tell any one to be brief and pointed.

"I shall have to go to the wall to-day," said I, taking a paper from my pocket, "unless you save me. Here is a statement of my assets and liabilities. I call to your attention my Coal holdings. I was one of the eight men whom Roebuck got round him for the new combine—it is a secret, but I assume you know all about it."

"He laid the paper before him, put on his nose-glasses and looked at it. (To be Continued.)

Didn't Hurt. "The ladies of our congregation," said the minister's little boy, "are very fond of me. A good many of 'em gave pa some slippers on his birthday—"

"I thought your pa always used a slipper to spank you with."

"That's just it. The slippers the ladies gave him are the soft kind that's made out of wool."

Zebra Would Be Useful. Of all wild animals the zebra would be most useful to man if domesticated. It is not liable to horse fever or tsetse fly.

NEWS SUMMARY

The drivers and stablemen employed at the wholesale beef packing houses in New York City are on strike. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Webster and their baby were burned to death at Rochester, Ind., by a fire resulting from a gasoline explosion.

A hostler and sixty-two horses including Effie K and Atwood, 2:12, trotters, were burned to death in a lively stable fire at Massillon, Ohio. Owing to money stringency New York City has been obliged to raise the rate of interest on the bonds it offered for sale from 4 to 4½ per cent.

Wheat rose four cents at Toronto on the 22nd, as a result of reports of frosts in northwestern Canada. The damage, however, is regarded as light. Fred Kersters, aged 11, refused to jump from a burning house at Lacrosse, Wis., and was burned to death in sight of his mother and a large crowd.

In a free gun fight near the fair grounds at Harberville, Ky., two men were fatally shot and three other persons, including a woman, badly wounded. Floods which are believed to be the heaviest that have been experienced for years are reported from central Japan. Some villages have been completely submerged.

Two miners were stabbed to death in the street of Coaldale, Pa., by unknown men believed to be members of the "Black Hand" society, which is active in that section. The attorney general of Texas has begun suit against the International Harvester Company, alleging violations of Texas anti-trust law and demands penalties of \$1,100,000.

J. C. Broughton, a stationary engineer, was killed at Roosevelt dam, near Phoenix, Arizona, by a falling derrick. Broughton is the second man to be killed during the construction of the dam. King Charles has granted amnesty to all implicated in the recent Agrarian revolt with the exception of 200 priests and those already sentenced for murders. The number released is \$,000.

Eighteen-year-old James Compton, son of a prominent resident of Santa Cruz, Cal., has been arrested charged with burglary in the first degree. Young Compton has confessed to a series of burglaries. The assembly at Pretoria has authorized the purchase of the Cullinan diamond, valued at one million dollars, to present to King Edward as a testimonial of appreciation for the bestowal of a constitution.

The World says that more than 2,000 New Yorkers, some of whom are ranking millionaires, have sold their automobiles within the last few weeks. The dealers have attributed the sales to the so-called rich man's panic in Wall street. Ambassador Reid unveiled a tablet in the ancient Salisbury cathedral at Salisbury, England, last week, in memory of the twenty-eight victims, mostly American, who were killed in the derailing a year ago of the American line boat train.

George Carnie and his sister Marion have been jailed at Staten Island charged with conspiring to kill a brother-in-law in order to secure \$1,500 life insurance. It is stated Carnie admitted his guilt, but protested that his sister was innocent. Ben McCann, while felling a tree at Dirigo sawmill, near Castella, Cal., was caught by a falling tree, knocked over on a saw and his head and face were badly crushed and his arm, leg and body cut and torn by the saw. It is feared he will die.

Julius F. Eller has been arrested at Syracuse, N. Y., and held for return to Alamosa, Colo., where it is alleged he stole \$2,000 in money orders from the Rio Grande railroad. Eller declared he was duped by a friend and got none of the plunder. Frances Von Bredow, daughter of Senator Newlands of Nevada, and wife of Lieutenant Leopold Von Bredow, of the Cuirassiers of the Guard, formerly attaché of the German embassy at Washington, died in Berlin on the 22d after a long illness.

The government troops under the command of Elmerani, the uncle of the sultan of Morocco, have been defeated by tribesmen. Elmerani retreated in the direction of Alcazar. Elmerani's defeat means there is danger of the hill tribes looting Alcazar. In desperation, John Fox, alias George Wagner, who is wanted in Suisun, Cal., for grand larceny, jumped through a window of a rapidly moving train, about 100 miles north of Los Angeles, and escaped. Although handcuffed, he made the leap without injuring himself.

Russia, awakening from the stupor in which the war with Japan left her, is planning to establish at Vladivostok a fortified seaport and naval depot on the Pacific even stronger than Port Arthur, with a new military railway far from Japanese interference as a feeder and support. A new orchard pest, the brown bay moth, the caterpillar which feeds on the prune leaf, has made its appearance in quite large numbers at San Jose, Cal. This is a native insect and as it has three different kinds of parasites that feed upon it no great damage is apprehended.

Paul C. Barth, recently deposed as mayor of Louisville, shot and killed himself on the 21st. Since the ousting of Barth's administration by the court of appeals the acts of ex-city officials has been subjected to severe scrutiny, but nothing was found reflecting personally on Barth.

NORTHWEST NOTES

A Greek laborer who has been working on a section gang for the Southern Pacific at Verdi, Nevada, was struck by a train and fearfully mangled. Russell, the 14-year-old son of J. F. Allen, a well-known ranchman of the Clark's Fork country near Cody, Wyo., was kicked to death by a horse last week.

The five-year-old son of William George of Laramie, fell from a wagon and the wheel ran over his head, tearing the scalp loose and removing one ear entirely. Somewhere in the desert near Mt. Brougher a meteorite fell one night last week. The fall was seen by hundreds in Tonopah, and a search may be made for it.

John Luther, a ranchman living near Laramie, is quite ill at the hospital in Laramie with ptomaine poisoning, believed to have been received from eating canned tomatoes. During the progress of a race war between Greek and Italian employes at Bucktown, Colo., Joseph Musago was shot in the head and is now at the hospital in a serious condition.

Through the accidental discharge of a pump shotgun, Mrs. Nellie Rockel, a member of a hunting party, was shot and instantly killed about twelve miles east of Denver, in Adams county. During a fight over a game of billiards at Billings, Mont., Joe Lawson struck Charles Fisher, knocking him against the wall and breaking his neck. Lawson is in jail awaiting trial.

Mrs. W. B. Howard, wife of a prominent resident of Jansen, Colo., is in a critical condition at her home as the result of a shock from a bolt of lightning which struck their home during a storm. Eddie Harriman, Jr., the 20-year-old son of E. H. Harriman, the railroad magnate, recently fired an engine the entire distance from Laramie to Rawlins and unaided succeeded in getting in on the dot.

Perry Roberts, living near Laramie, is in a hospital undergoing treatment for broken ribs, one of the bones puncturing his lung. He fell from a load of lumber and the wheels of the wagon ran over him. Francis H. Cook, a Spokane pioneer, has secured a patent on a device for transferring the mail and baggage of railway passengers to and from moving trains without stopping at stations or stacking speed.

W. M. Brown, Wells-Fargo agent at Tallac, Lake Tahoe, Nevada, has departed for parts unknown and it is also asserted that he took several thousand dollars of the company's money with him. While attempting to steal ducks from the ranch of W. A. Wilsey, near Reno, Nevada, a young man whose name the police have been unable to obtain, was shot in the back and quite painfully wounded by Wilsey.

B. F. Caldwell, a forest ranger at Pinedale, Wyo., for several years, has resigned because he could not consistently carry out the orders of his superiors and do justice to the stockmen and small settlers. Because he had been notified by the mayor to get out of town, coupled with the fact that his sweetheart had gone back on him, Oscar Jones, a well-known man of Las Animas, Colo., sent a bullet through his brain.

The plumbers of Butte have won their strike, the master plumbers finally acceding to the demand of the union for \$5 a day. The plumbers have been receiving \$7 a day, for which sum they struck several months ago. Joe Lafleur, a typical bad man, was killed by Deputy Sheriff Emerson at Arwood, Nevada, while resisting arrest. Lafleur attacked the deputy with a knife, stabbing him in the shoulder, and was shot by the officer.

Freeman Charles of Council Bluffs, Ia., who is visiting at Piedmont, Wyo., while hunting accidentally shot himself in the left foot, inflicting a painful but not dangerous wound. Two toes will probably be amputated. By the bursting of a steam pipe at the 60-foot level of the shaft on the Nevada Smelter & Mines Corporation's Tybo property, at Tonopah, J. Jensen, J. M. Savage and Frank A. Woodward were so horribly scalded that they may die.

Jennie Galloway, a negress, accused of attempting to blackmail Frank Vorhes, a prominent merchant of Colorado Springs, by threatening to abduct his children if he did not give her \$100, has been bound over to the district court. Falling from a sixty-foot windmill and for almost four days lying on the ground helpless, with both legs broken and unable to summon assistance, was the experience of Thomas Rafferty, an elderly farmer, who lives near Fort Morgan, Colo.

A party of Rock Springs people will make an attempt to climb Fremont's peak, the highest mountain in Wyoming. They have taken along ropes, hooks and other mountain-climbing paraphernalia, and expect to succeed in scaling the snow-capped heights. Enraged from a slap in the face, W. W. Wilson, a drilman who has been employed by the Utah Const-uction at Chilcoot, Nevada, shot and almost instantly killed James "Slim" Moore, a construction foreman who has been employed on the Western Pacific at Winnemucca.

Deputy Constable George Glendon, who shot and killed R. E. H. Mammell, a mining engineer, in the redoubt district of Goldfield, has been held to the district court by Justice of the Peace Henley on this charge of murder. He immediately followed a verdict rendered by a coroner's jury.

THE WEAK STRAND.

No sane creature, not even a sane bulldog, will fight simply from love of fighting. When a man is attacked, he may be sure he has excited either fear or cupidity, or both. As far as I could see, it was absurd that cupidity was inciting Langdon and Roebuck against me. I hadn't enough to



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tempt them. Thus, I was forced to conclude that I must possess a strength of which I was unaware, and which stirred even Roebuck's fears. But what could it be?

Besides Langdon and Roebuck and me there were six principals in the proposed Coal combine, three of them richer and more influential in finance than even Langdon, all of them except possibly Dykeman, the lawyer, or navigating officer of the combine, more formidable figures than I. Yet none of these men was being assailed. "Why am I singled out?" I asked myself, and I felt that if I could answer, I should find I had the means wholly or partly to defeat them. But I could not explain to my satisfaction even Langdon's activities against me. I felt that Anita was somehow, in part at least, the cause; but, even so, how had he succeeded in convincing Roebuck that I must be clipped and plucked into a grumbling?

"It must have something to do with the Manasquale mines," I decided. "I thought I had given over my control of them, but somehow I must still have a control that makes me too powerful for Roebuck to be at ease so long as I am afoot and armed. And I resolved to take my lawyers and search the whole Manasquale transaction—to explore it from attic to underneath the cellar flooring. "We'll go through it," said I, "like ferrets through a ship's hold." As I was finishing breakfast, Anita came in. She had evidently slept well, and in. She had evidently slept well, and in. She had evidently slept well, and in.

I regarded that as ominous. At her age, a crisis means little sleep until a decision has been reached. I rose, but her manner warned me not to advance and try to shake hands with her.

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