

Continued From Last Issue

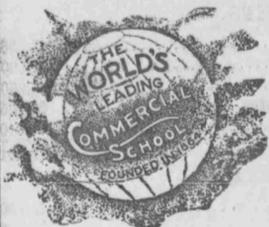
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From Isaac Shelby to J. C. W. Beckham

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The First Time Their Pictures Have Ever Been Published.

FREE

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Fully 100 per cent. better and cost no more than the ordinary kind.

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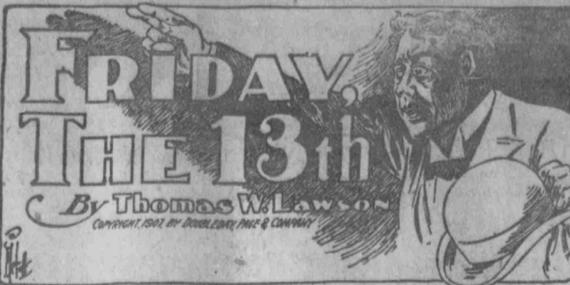
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 Modern city home  
 Beautiful vacant lot

## PLANTERS BANK & TRUST CO.



There is no such word as "neighbor" in the New York city dictionary. It may have been there once, but, if so, it was long ago used as a stake, for the barbed-wire fence of exclusive keep-your-distance-and-we-keep-our-distance-until-we-know-youness. It is told of a minister from the rural districts, an old-fashioned American, who came to New York to take charge of a parish, that he started out to make calls and was seized in the hall of what in civilization would have been his next-door neighbor. He was rushed away to Bellevue for examination as to his sanity. The verdict was: "Insane. Had no letter of introduction and was not in the set."

Shortly after the first anniversary of his wedding Bob gave up his office with Randolph & Randolph and opened one for himself. He explained that he was giving up his commission business to devote all his time to personal trading. With the opening of his new office he again became the most active man on the floor. His trading was intermittent. For weeks he would not be seen at the Exchange or on "the Street." Then he would return and, after executing a series of brilliant trades, which were invariably successful, he would again disappear. He soon became known as the luckiest operator in Wall street, and the beginning of his every new deal was the signal for his fast-growing following to tag on.

From time to time I learned that Beulah Sands was making no real improvement, though in some details she had learned as a child learns.



"Where Can I Find Liberty?"

But there was no indication that she would ever regain her lost mind.

Strange stories of Bob's doings began to seep into my office. For long periods he would disappear. Neither the nurses in charge of his wife, nor his brother, mother, and sisters, for whom he had purchased a mansion a few blocks above his own, would hear a word from him. Then he would return as suddenly as he had disappeared, and his wild eyes and haggard face would tell of a prolonged and desperate soul struggle. He drank often now, a habit he had never before indulged in.

For ten days before the second anniversary of his marriage he had been missing. On the morning of the anniversary he appeared at the Exchange, wild-eyed and dare-devil reckless. The market had been advancing for weeks and was at a high level. Tom Reinhart and his branch of the "System" were waiting for a new fleecing of the public in Union and Northern Pacific. At the stroke of the gong Bob took possession of the Union Pacific pile and in 30 minutes had precipitated a panic by his merciless selling. Our heavy losses heavily integrated in the Pacific, although not in connection with Reinhart and his crowd. As soon as I got word that Bob was the cause of the slaughter, I rushed over to the Exchange and working my way into the crowd, I begged a word with him. He had broken both stocks over 50 points a share and the panic was raging through the room. He glared at me, but finally followed me out into the lobby. At first he would not heed my appeal, but finally he said, "Jim, it is too bad to let up. I had determined to rub this devilish

before the mercury entered his soul, but it was that wild, awful beauty of the caged lion, lashing himself into madness with memories of his lost freedom.

"Jim," he went on, when he saw I could not answer, "I guess you don't know where I can swap the yellow mud for balm of Gilead. I won't bother you with my troubles any longer. I will go up-town and see the little girl whose happiness Tom Reinhart needed in his business. I will go up and show her the pictures in this week's Collier's of the fine hospital for incurables that Reinhart has so generously and nobly built at a cost of two and a half millions! The little girl may think better of Reinhart when she knows that her father's money was put to such good use. Who knows but the great finance king may dedicate it as the 'Judge Lee Sands Home' and carve over the entrance a bas-relief of her father, mother, and sister with Hope, Faith, and Charity coming from the mouths of their hanging severed heads?"

Bob Brownley laughed a horrible ringing laugh as he uttered these awful words. Then he beat his hand down on my shoulders as he said in a hoarse voice, "Jim, but for you I should have had crimps in that jacked philanthropist's soul by now and in the souls of his kind. But never mind. He will keep; he will surely keep until I get to him. Every day he lives he will be fitter for the crimping. Within the short two years since he finished grilling Judge Sands' soul, he has put himself in better form to appreciate his reward. I see by the press that at last his aristocratic wife has gold-cured Newport of its habit of dating back the name Reinhart to her scullionhood, and it has taken her into the high-Instep circle. I read the other day of his daughter's marriage to some English nob, and of the discovery of the ancient Reinhart family tree and crest with the mailed hand and two-edged dirk and the vulture rampant, and the motto, 'Who strikes in the back strikes often.'"

He left me with his laugh still ringing in my ears. I shuddered as I passed under the old black-and-gold sign my uncle and my father had nailed over the office entrance in an age now dead, an age when Wall street men talked of honor and gold, not gold and more gold.

In telling my wife of the day's happenings I could not refrain from giving vent to the feelings that consumed me. "Kate, Bob will surely do something awful one of these days. I can see no hope for him. He grows more and more the madman as he broods over his horrible situation. The whole thing seems incredible to me. Never was a human being in such perpetual living-purgatory—unlimited, absolute power on the one hand, unfathomable, never-cool-down hell on the other."

"Jim, how does he do what he does? I cannot make out anything I have read or you have told me, how he creates those panics and makes all that money."

"No one has ever been able to figure it out," I answered. "I understand the stock business, but I cannot for the life of me see how he does it. He has none of the money powers in league with him, that's sure, for in the mood he has been in during the past two years it would be impossible for him to work with them, even if his salvation depended on it. The mention of any of the big 'System' men drives him to a fury. He has to-day made more money than any one man ever made in a day since the world began, and he had only commenced his work when he quit to please me. As I stand in the Exchange and watch him do it, it seems commonplace and simple. Afterward it is beyond my comprehension. At the gait he is going, the Rockefeller, Vanderbilt, and Gould fortunes combined will look tiny in comparison with the one he will have in a few years. It is beyond my power of figuring out, and it gives me a headache every time I try to see through it."

success of both armies at times when the neighborhood was in control of either force. During the war of 1812 soldiers were recruited in the hotel for Gen. Jackson's army, and there was a jollification and a dance held there when the soldiers returned from the war.

On the 3d day of April, 1813, Roxborough lodge No. 134, Free and Accepted Masons, was organized in Washington hotel, and continued to hold its monthly meetings there until the hotel was abandoned.

It was then transformed into a dwelling and had not many of its original features left to identify it with its interesting past, save the two story and a half quaint stone exterior. But now the building has passed into the hands of W. R. Hoggart, a Philadelphian, whose patriotic sentiment is strong and who has planned to restore it to its original condition and occupy it as a summer residence.

Another historic building of Pennsylvania has been identified and marked by the "Site and Relic Society of Germantown" so that visitors to that city will find a new object of interest. It is the old King of Prussia Inn that has been honored by a tablet in its front wall, and it will be thus identified from several other buildings which were known by the same name. In fact, the name "King of Prussia Inn" has led to frequent inquiries because of the apparently contradictory reports as to its situation, some claiming that it is to be found in West Philadelphia, others in Germantown, and still others in various other suburban places. The truth of the matter is that in the early days of Philadelphia and Germantown history there were several fine hostleries known by this name.

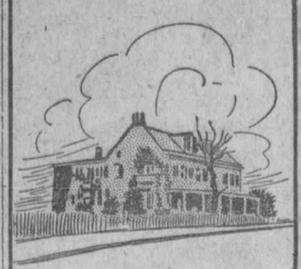
This house, no doubt, like all the others, dates from the time of Frederick the Great, and it is claimed that it is the oldest of the "King of

## AS IT USED TO BE

REVOLUTIONARY HOUSE AT PHILADELPHIA TO BE RESTORED.

Noted Washington Hotel Where Yeomen Used to Talk Over Progress of Revolutionary War Finds a Protector.

Another ancient landmark is to be saved from obliteration and will be restored as nearly as possible to its original condition. This time it is a revolutionary house at Roxborough, a suburb of Philadelphia. In the early days it was known as the Washington hotel and provided a meeting place for the yeomen to gather and discuss the movements of the American and British armies during the revolutionary war. At its bar toasts are said to have been drunk to the



Historic Washington Hotel.

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King of Prussia Inn.

Prussia" inns. It has been stated by some historians that this old house was built about 1740-41, and that it was in 1763, about the time of his later victories, that it was converted into an inn and named King of Prussia in honor of Frederick the Great. But still another historian contends that it was standing, and was used as an inn, much earlier than this, and in telling of the first stage coach with an awning, which was run three times a week from the King of Prussia inn, at Germantown, to the George Inn, at Second and Arch streets, Philadelphia, he states that "long before this, however, it was not impossible to make the trip, for in 1726 the four-wheeled chaise formerly kept by David Evans was kept by Thomas Skelton, living on Chestnut street, near the Three Tuns tavern. Mr. Skelton offered advantageous terms to those who were disposed to make adventurous excursions six miles from the city. Where four persons went together they were allowed the privilege of going to Germantown for 12 shillings and six pence."

**A Haunting Fear.**  
 "Why don't you go to work and save your money?" "It's dangerous," said Plodding Pete, with his accustomed plausibility. "If I keep puttin' money in de bank I might git enough to live on de interest, an' den de fust t'ing I knew I might git tempted to be a molly-coddle."—Washington Star.

### (CONTINUED IN NEXT ISSUE) THREE DEALS.

#### Lafayette Real Estate On Upward Gaude.

Lafayette, Ky., May 15.—Dr. J. J. Ezell has bought Mrs. Bettie Fuqua's farm of 96 acres. The dwelling and a part of the farm are inside the corporate limits of this place. The price paid was \$5,000.

Mr. R. S. Wootton has purchased the store house here, known as the old Fuqua store, of the A. J. Fuqua heirs. Price not stated.

Robt. Southall & Bros., sons of Dr. J. A. Southall, have bought the general merchandise store of E. B. Smith and will continue the business.

#### First Tobacco Planted

E. E. Steger & Son, of Pembroke, planted 6 acres of tobacco yesterday and could have planted more but did not have the ground ready.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Moore, of Owensboro, who had been visiting the family of Mr. F. C. Clardy, returned home yesterday.

Rev. H. C. Biddle, Mrs. A. J. Reeder, Mrs. N. H. Fentress and Misses Clara Braden and Lourine Reeder left yesterday to attend the meeting of the General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian church at Dickson, Tenn.