

Friday the 13th

Thomas W Lawson.

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"Step into my office, Miss Sands, and all my time is yours," said Bob, as he opened the door between his office and mine. After I had sent a note to my wife, saying we might be delayed for an hour or two, I settled down to wait for Bob in the general office, and it was a long wait. Thirty minutes went into an hour and an hour into two before Bob and Miss Sands came out. After he had put her in a cab for her hotel, he said in a tone curiously intent: "Jim, I have got to talk with you, got to get some of your good advice. Suppose we hustle along to the yacht and after lunch you tell Kate we have some business to go over. I don't want to keep that girl waiting any longer than possible for an answer I cannot give until I get your ideas." After lunch, on the bow end of the upper deck Bob relieved himself. Relieved is the word, for from the minute he had put Miss Sands into the carriage until then, it was evident even to my wife that his thoughts were anywhere but upon our outing.

"Jim," he began in a voice that shook in spite of his efforts to make it sound calm, "there is no disguising the fact that I am nightly worked up about this matter, and I want to do everything possible for this girl. No need of my telling you how sacred we have got to keep what she has just let me into. You'll see as I go along that it is sacred, and I know you will look at it as I do. Miss Sands must be helped out of her trouble.

"Judge Lee Sands, her father, is the head of the old Sands family of Virginia. The Virginia Sands don't take off their bonnets to another family in this country, or elsewhere, for that matter, for anything that really counts. They have had brains, learning, money and fixed position since Virginia was first settled. They are the best people of our state. It is a cross-road saying in Virginia that a Sands of Sands Landing can go to the bench, the United States senate, the house, or the governor's chair for the starting, and nearly all of the men folks have held one or all of these honors for generations. The present judge has held them all. I don't know him personally, although my people and his have been thick from away back. Sands Landing on the James is some 50 miles above our home. The judge, Beulah Sands' father, is close on to 70, and I have heard mother and father say is a stalwart, a Virginia stalwart. Being rich—that is, what we Virginians call rich, a million or so—he has been very active in affairs, and I knew before his daughter told me, that he was the trustee for about all the best estates in our part of the country. It seems from what she tells, that of late he has been very active in developing our coal mines and railroads, and that particularly he took a prominent hand in the Seaboard Air Line. You know the road, for your father was a director, and I think the house has been prominent in its banking affairs. Now, Jim, this poor girl, who, it seems, has recently been acting as the judge's secretary, has just learned that that coup of Reinhart and his crowd has completely ruined her father. The decline has swamped his own fortune, and, what is worse, a million to a million and a half of his trust funds as well, and the old judge—well, you and I can understand his position. 'Yet I do not know that you just can, either, for you do not quite understand our Virginia life and the kind of revered position a man like Judge Sands occupies. You would have to know that to understand fully his present purgatory and the terrible position of this daughter, for it seems that since he began to get into deep water he has been depending upon her for courage and ideas.

"Our talk I gather she has a wou-

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errur store of up-to-date business notions, and I am convinced from what she lays out that the judge's affairs are hopeless, and, Jim, when that old man goes down it will be a smash that will shake our state in more ways than one.

"Up to now the girl has stood up to the blow like a man and has been able to steady the judge until he presents an exterior that holds down suspicion as to his real financial condition, although she says Reinhart and his Baltimore lawyer, from the ruthless way they put on the screws to shake out his holdings in the Air Line, must have a line on it that the judge is overboard. The old gentleman can keep things going for six months longer without jeopardizing any of the remaining trust funds, of which he has some two millions, and while his wife, who is an invalid, knows the judge is in some trouble, she does not suspect his real position. His daughter says that when the blow came, that day of the panic, when Reinhart jammed the stock out of sight and scuttled her father's bankers and partners in the road, the Wilsons of Baltimore, she had a frightful struggle to keep her father from going insane. She told me that for three days and nights she kept him locked in their rooms at their hotel in Baltimore, to prevent him from hunting Reinhart and his lawyer Rettybone and killing them both, but that at last she got him calmed down and together they have been planning.

"Jim, it was tough to sit there and listen to the schemes to recoup that this old gentleman and this girl, for she is only 21, have tried to hatch up. The tears actually rolled down my cheeks as I listened; I couldn't help it; you couldn't either, Jim. But at last out of all the plans considered, they found only one that had a tint of hope in it, and the serious mention of even that one, Jim, in any but present circumstances, would make you think we were dealing with lunatics. But the girl has succeeded in making me think it worth trying. Yes, Jim, we has, and I have told her so, and I hope to God that that hard-headed horse-sense of yours will not make you sit down on it."

Bob Brownley had got to his feet; he was slipping the shackles of that fiery, romantic, southern passion that years in college and Wall street had taught him to keep prisoner. His eyes were flashing sparks. His nostrils vibrated like a deer buck's in the autumn woods. He faced me with his hands clinched.

"Jim Randolph," he went on, "as I

listened to that girl's story of the terrible cruelty and devilish treachery practiced by the human hyenas you and I associate with, human hyenas who, when in search of dirty dollars—the only thing they know anything about—put to shame the real beasts of the wilds—when I listened, I tell you that I felt it would not give me a twinge of conscience to put a ball through that slick scoundrel Reinhart. Yes, and that hired cur of his, too, who prostitutes a good family name and position, and an inherited ability the Almighty intended for more honest uses than the trapping of victims on whose purses his gutter-born master has set lecherous eyes. And, Jim, as I listened, a troop of old friends invaded my memory—friends whom I have not seen since before I went to Harvard, friends with whom I spent many a happy hour in my old Virginia home, friends born of my imagination, stalwart, rugged crusaders, who carried the sword and the cross and the banner inscribed 'For Honor and for God.' Old friends who would troop into my boyhood and trumpet, 'Bob, don't forget, when you're a man, that the goal is honor, and the code: Do unto your neighbor as you would have your neighbor do unto you. Don't forget that millions is the crest of the groundlings.' And, Jim, I thought my friends looked at me with reproachful eyes, as they said, 'You are well on the road, Bob Brownley, and in time your heart and soul will bear the hall-mark of the snaky S on the two upright bars, and you will be but a frenzied fellow in the Dirty Dollar army.' Jim, Jim Randolph, as I listened to that agonizing tale of the changing of that girl's heaven to hell, I did not see that hate you and I have thought surrounded the sign of Randolph & Randolph I did not see it, Jim, but I did see myself, and I didn't feel proud of the picture. My God, Jim, is it possible you and I have joined the nobility of Dirty Dollars? Is it possible we are leaving trails along our life's path like that Reinhart left through the home of these Virginians, such trails as this girl has shown me?"

Bob had worked himself into a state of frenzy. I had never seen so excited as when he stood in front of me and almost shouted this fierce self-denunciation.

"For heaven's sake, Bob, pull yourself together," I urged. "The captain on the bridge there is staring at you wild-eyed, and Katherine will be up here to see what has happened. Now, be a good fellow, and let us talk this thing over in a sensible way. At the gallop you are going, we can do nothing to help out your friends. Besides, what is there for you and me to take ourselves to task for? We are no wreckers and none of our dollars is stained with Frenzied Finance. My father, as you know, despised Reinhart and his sort as much as we do. Be yourself. What does this girl want you to do? If it is anything in reason, call it done, for you know there is nothing I won't do for you at the asking."

Bob's hysteria oozed. He dropped on the rail seat at my side.

"I know it, Jim, I know it, and you must forgive me. The fact is, Beulah Sands' story has aroused a lot of thoughts I have been sticking down cellar late years, for, to tell the truth, I have some nasty twinges of conscience every now and then when I get to thinking of this dollar game of ours."

I saw that the impulsive blood was fast cooling, and that it would only be a question of minutes until Bob would be his clear-headed self.

"Now, what is it she wants you to do?" I persisted. "Is it a case of money, of our trying to tide her father over?"

"Nothing of the kind, Jim. You don't know the proud Virginia blood. Neither that girl nor her father would accept money help from any one. They would go to smash and the grave first."

He paused and then continued impatiently:

"This is how she puts it. She and her father have raked together her different legacies and turned them into cash, a matter of \$20,000, and she got him to consent to let her come up here to see if I couldn't do something for her. She said, 'In a big

desperate plunge in the market, run it up to enough to at least regain the trust funds. Yes, I know it is a wild idea. I told her so at the beginning, but there was no need; she knew it, for she is not only bright, but she has the best idea of business I ever knew a woman to have. But it is their only chance, Jim, and while I listened to her argument I came around to her way of thinking."

"But how did she happen to come to you with this extraordinary scheme?" I interrupted.

"It's this way—her father, who knew Randolph & Randolph through your father's handling of the Seaboard's affairs, learned of my connection with the house, and gave her a letter, asking me to do what I could to help his daughter carry out her plans. She wants to get a position with us, if possible, in some sort of capacity, secretary, confidential clerk, or, as she puts it, any sort of place that will justify her being in the office. She tells me she is good at shorthand, on the machine, or at correspondence, also that she has been a contributor to the magazines. If this can be arranged, she says she will on her own responsibility select the time and the stock, and buy the last of the Sands fortune at the market, and, Jim, she is game. The blow seems to have turned this child into a wonderfully nifty creature, and, old man, I am beginning to have a feeling that perhaps the cards may come so she will win the judge out. You and I know where less than sixty thousand had been run up to millions more than once, and that, too, without the aid she will have, for I'll surely do all I can to help her steer this last chance into spongy places."

Bob in his enthusiasm had completely lost sight of the fact that he was endorsing a project that but a moment previous he had pronounced insane, and with a start I realized what this sudden transformation betokened. Inevitably, if the project he outlined were carried out, Bob and the beautiful southern girl would be thrown into close association with each other, and further acquaintance could only deepen the startling influence Beulah Sands had already won over my ordinarily sane and cool-headed comrade. As I looked at my friend, burning with an ardor as unaccustomed as it was impulsive, I felt a tug at my heart-strings at thought of the sudden cross-reading of his life's highway. But I, too, was filled with the glamour of this girl's wondrous beauty, and her terrible predicament appealed to me almost as strongly as it had to Bob. So, although I knew it would be fatal to any chance of his weighing the matter by common sense, I burst out:

"Bob, I don't blame you for falling in with the girl's plans. If I were in your shoes I should, too."

Tears came to Bob's eyes as he grabbed my hand and said:

"Jim, how can I ever repay you for all the good things you have done for me—how can I!"

(To be continued.)

Out of Sight

"Out of sight, out of mind" is an old saying which applies with special force to a sore, burn or wound that's been treated with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It's out of sight, out of mind and out of existence. Piles too and chilblains disappear under its healing influence. Guaranteed by P. H. Franklin Druggist 25c.

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If weak, worn-out, nervous, cannot sleep; have indigestion, headache, neuralgia or periodic pains, it is because your nerves are weak. It is the lack of nerve force that makes the stomach, heart, lungs, etc., work imperfectly—become sick. Dr. Miles' Nervine cures the sick when it restores nerve strength, and puts the power behind the organs to do their work.

"Almost three years I suffered from nervousness, indigestion, and palpitation of the heart. I could not eat or sleep with comfort, or walk or talk without suffering. Altogether I was in a bad condition. My doctor did not seem to do me any good. I had tried so many remedies that I did not have much hope of any of them doing me any good. Dr. Miles' Nervine was suggested by a friend. I got relief from the first, and after a few days I felt like a new person. It not only relieved my heart and nerves, but has invigorated my whole system. I am very grateful because since I have stopped using it, I have had absolutely no return of my old trouble."

MRS. HOWARD FORD, 50 Summit Ave., Worcester, Mass. Dr. Miles' Nervine is sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. If it fails, he will refund your money. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Mammoth Boys Corn Growing Contest.

A mammoth boys corn growing contest has been organized by the Missouri Corn Growers' Association in cooperation with the State Board of Agriculture and the Missouri Agricultural College. There are two classes of boys eligible, those over 15 and under 20, and those 15 or under. The amount of corn which will be grown by the first-class is 1 acre, by the second class 1-4 acre. The prizes to be offered aggregate over \$200.00. Where boys have no good corn of their own, corn will be furnished by the Agricultural College. There are no fees attached and every Missouri boy is eligible. For particulars address, Secretary Missouri Corn Growers' Association, M. F. MILLER, Columbia, Mo.

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In the Stud—Season of 1907  
Elm Grove Stock Farm  
2 1/2 miles west of Marshall, Mo.  
C. C. RUFF, Prop.  
BIG BUMPER

The fine Belgian Stallion, BIG BUMPER, known as the Keehart horse, will make the season of 1907 at my farm 2 1/2 miles west of Marshall on the Shackelford road, at \$10.00 to insure living colt or \$5.00 by season. BIG BUMPER weighs 1900 pounds and will be 6-years-old in the spring of 1907. He is a dark dapple bay in color, and has great action, the best of feet and legs and fine eyes and as an individual he will speak for himself. As a breeder, I will say there is no better of his kind. It is a common thing for his colts at weaning to sell at \$85.00 and \$100.00. For pedigree and register number see bills of both horse and jack.

JOHN L.

I also have a fine 16-hand black jack, JOHN L., that will make the season on the same terms. This jack is a 4-year old in the fall of 1907, and has proven himself a high class breeder.

C. C. RUFF

In the Stud—Season of 1907  
MOLTON TOM 3887.

Having purchased the fine English stallion of Mr. C. C. Ruff, of Marshall, Mo., I desire to state that MOLTON TOM will make the season of 1907 at my farm 2 1/2 miles northeast of Marshall on the Slater road, at \$10.00 to insure living colt and \$5.00 by the season.

MOLTON TOM is a dark chestnut shire stallion and has made a number of seasons and a pair of his get, lately sold for \$500.00, which shows his breeding qualities. He is one of the best breeders, heavy of bone, and a toppy draft horse. Can refer anyone to his former owner, Mr. C. C. Ruff, as to his qualities as an individual and breeder. He states there are more good high class colts to his credit in the neighborhood where he stood for the past three years than any one draft horse that ever made a season west of Marshall. See bills for pedigree and number.

SURPRISE

Also have a fine black Jack that will make the season at \$5.00 to insure living colt or \$6.00 by the season. This Jack is known throughout the country by his colts, being second to none.

STEVE KEEHART

JUMBO

A fine English Stallion will make the season of 1907 at my farm, 10 miles southeast of Marshall, on the Fisher Farm, better known as the old Sheridan farm, at \$7.00 to insure living colt.

JUMBO is a beautiful dark bay horse, 16 hands high, weighs about 1600 pounds. He is one of the best of breeders, heavy boned, sure footed, and his colts sell at a fair price.

MORNING STAR

This Tennessee Jack "Morning Star" is black with white points, a good breeder; shows a large per cent of colts. Sired by Wood's Prince, he by Fox's Prince, he by T. C. Hutton's Prince Albert. Out of a Starlight Jockey by Wallace's Prince; 2d dam, Hutton's Irish mare; 3d dam, Sam Davis's Crook; 4th dam, Black Joe. Season, \$7.00 to insure living colt.

J. T. JACKSON, Blue Lick, Mo.



HARRY AXTELL

Will make the season of 1907 at the Downing & Rea barn, near C. & A. station, Marshall, Mo., at \$15.00 and \$20.00 respectively for a living colt.



CAPT. HARRIS

HARRY AXTELL

was bred by W. P. Ijams, Terre Haute, Ind., who paid \$105,000 for his sire Axtell 2:12, champion trotting stallion of the world at that time and stood him at the fabulous fee of \$1000. Harry Axtell's dam, Myra, Dam of 2 by Electioneer, founder of the Electioneer family; 2d dam, Addie Lee; Dam of 4 by the great old Morgan horse, Culver's Black Hawk, just where many of the most famous horses start foal. Every colt you get from Harry has a chance to be worth a fortune.

CAPT. HARRIS

by the great race horse Surpol 2:10, bred by Hon. Leland Stanford, of Palo Alto, California, by Electricity, the champion 2-year-old trotter of the world; dam, Sally Benton, the champion trotting 4-year-old mare of the world; 2d dam, Midnight, the dam of Jay-Eye-See, the fastest double gaited horse in the world, record 2:10 trotting; 2:06 1/4 pacing. Capt. Harris' Dam, the great race mare, Hallie Harris, 2:17 1/4, dam of the sensational race mare, Hallie Hardin 2:13 1/4; and two other fast ones by Combination, who held the state record of Missouri for years. Dam by Attorney, the sire of the dam of Alice 2:03 1/4, the greatest race mare the world has ever seen. If you want a high-class colt breed to the Capt.

Mares will be cared for in barn or on pasture at reasonable rates. For further information and tabulated pedigree, address Andy Holmes, manager, Marshall, Mo., or C. W. GORRELL WOODSON, Mo., owner.