



THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COAST" (Copyright 1905 by the BOSTON HERALD COMPANY)

CHAPTER XXVIII.—Continued. I braced myself for the worst. "She is about to tell me that she is leaving," thought I. "But I managed to say, 'I'm glad to hear of your luck,' though I fear my tone was not especially joyous.

ply friends." And my manner fitted my words. She looked strangely at me. "You would be content with that?" she asked. I answered what I thought would please her. "Let us make the best of our bad bargain," said I. "You can trust me now, don't you think you can?"

"So," she went on, "I am in a position to pay back to you the amount that my father and Sam took from you. It won't be enough, I'm afraid, to pay what you lost indirectly. But I have told the lawyers to make it all over to you."

She nodded without speaking; we were at the door, and the servants were hastening out to receive us. Always the servants between us. Servants indoors, servants outdoors; morning, noon and night, from wakening to sleeping, these servants to whom we are slaves. As those interrupting servants sent me each a separate way, her to her maid, me to my valet, I was depressed with the chill that the opportunity that has not been seen leaves behind it as it departs.

"Well," said I to myself by way of consolation, as I was dressing for dinner, "she is certainly softening toward you, and when she sees the new house you will be still better friends."

"Anita!" I said, unsteadily. "Anita!" The color flamed in her cheeks; we were silent for a long time.

"You—your people—they do nothing. I—length found voice to say, 'Even if they did, I couldn't and wouldn't take your money. But, believe me, they owe me nothing.' "You cannot say that," she answered. "When they asked me to become engaged to you, they told me about it."

"I had forgotten. The whole repulsive, rotten business came back to me. And, changed man that I had become in the last six months, I saw myself as I had been. I felt that she was looking at me, was reading the same grating confession in my telltale features."

"I will tell you the whole truth," said I. "I did use your father's and your brother's debts to me as a pretext of getting to you. But for thank God, Anita, I swear I was honest with you when I said to you I never hoped or wished to win you in that way."

But, when the great day came, I was not so sure. Alva went for a "private view" with young Thornley; out of her enthusiasm she telephoned me from the very midst of the surroundings she found so wonderful and so beautiful—thus she assured me, and her voice made it impossible to doubt. And, the evening before the great day, I was going for a final look round, could find five serious enough to justify the stinking feeling that came over me every time I thought of what Anita would think when she saw my efforts to realize her dream. I set out for "home" half a dozen times at least, that afternoon, before I pulled myself together, called myself an ass, and, with a pause at Delmonico's for a drink, which I ordered, and which he, really pushed myself in at the door. What a state my nerves were in!

"Howard Forester!" "You will consent now, will you not?" she asked, as I lifted my eyes from this characteristic. "I said that her peace of mind was at stake. 'Yes—consent.' She gave a great sigh as at the falling down of a heavy burden. "Thank you," she said, but she put a world of meaning into the words. She took the first homeward turning. We were nearly at the house before I found words that would pass my way toward expressing my thoughts—my longings and hopes.

Alva had departed; Anita was waiting for me in her sitting-room. When not so sure. Alva went for a "private view" with young Thornley; out of her enthusiasm she telephoned me from the very midst of the surroundings she found so wonderful and so beautiful—thus she assured me, and her voice made it impossible to doubt. And, the evening before the great day, I was going for a final look round, could find five serious enough to justify the stinking feeling that came over me every time I thought of what Anita would think when she saw my efforts to realize her dream. I set out for "home" half a dozen times at least, that afternoon, before I pulled myself together, called myself an ass, and, with a pause at Delmonico's for a drink, which I ordered, and which he, really pushed myself in at the door. What a state my nerves were in!

that you were ruined! I've been expecting to hear every day that you had had to give up the fight."

"Oh—that passed so long ago," said I. "that you never told me," she reminded me. "And I'm glad you didn't," she added. "Not knowing saved me from doing something very foolish."

She reddened a little, smiled a great deal, and I was altogether different from the ice-cold Anita of a short time before, different as June from January. And her hand—so instantly alive, seemed extremely comfortable in mine.

"I have to pay the rich man's price," thought I, with a sigh. It was in reaching out for some sweetness to take away this bitter taste in my honey that I said to her, "When you gave me that money from your uncle, you did it to help me out?"

"That was all. It was enough—quite enough. I was a natural figure, as much so as if I had tried to assassinate the president. Indeed, I had exploded a bomb under a greater than the president—under the chiefs of the real government, the men who run the government that levied duty upon every citizen, and that had state and national and the principal municipal governments in its strong box."

"I confess I was as much astounded at the effect of my bomb as old Melville must have been. I felt that I had been obscure, as I looked at the newspapers, with Matthew Blacklock appropriating almost the entire front page of each. I was the isolated, the conspicuous figure, standing alone upon the steps of the temple of Mammon, where mankind daily and devoutly comes to offer worship."

"Not that the newspapers praised me. I recall none that spoke well of me. The nearest approach to praise was the 'Blacklock squeals on the Wall Street gang' in one of the sensational penny sheets that strengthen the plutocracy by being about it. Some of the papers indicated that I had gone mad; others that I had been bought up by a rival gang to the Roebuck-Langdon clique; still others that I was simply hunting notoriety. All were inclined to accept as a sufficient denial of my charges Melville's dignified refusal to notice any attack from a quarter so discredited."

"I am your wife," she replied, her head drooping still lower. And heattfully she drew away from me. That seemed confirmation of my doubt and I said to her satirically, "You are willing to be my wife out of gratitude, to put it politely?"

"I pushed through them." thought I, and suspicion sprang out cold, bristling. "Anita," I repeated sternly, "do you care for me?"

inside, will understand how I can concede that a selfish reason moved me to draw my sword, and still can claim a blight to my life. It was not so much mine, some men of my all-or-none temperament debase themselves; others thresh about blindly, reckless; whether they strike innocent or guilty, I did not care."

Probably many will recall that long before the "securities" of the reorganized coal bonds were issued, I had in my daily letter to investors been prodding the public to give them a fitting reception. A few days after my whole being burst into flames of resentment against Anita, out came the new array of new coal bonds and bonds. Roebuck and Langdon arranged with the underwriters for a "fake" four times over-subscription, indorsed by the two greatest banking houses in the city. The result was an oft-repeated and always-god trick, the public refused to buy. I felt I had not been overestimating my power. But I made no move until the "securities" were issued. I had had the financial reporters—under the influence where not actually in the pay of the Roebuck-Langdon clique—abused that, in spite of the malicious attacks from the financial press, the new securities are being absorbed by the public at prices approximating their value. Then—But I shall quote my investors' letter the following morning:

"At half-past nine yesterday—ninety-eight, to be exact—President Melville, of the National Industrial Association, loaned six hundred thousand dollars to the Van Nest, an ex-gambler and proprietor of pool rooms, now silent partner in Hoosier and Wittekind, brokers, on the New York Stock Exchange, and also in Philadelphia, curd brokers. He loaned it to Van Nest without security."

"Van Nest used the money yesterday to push up the price of the new coal securities by 'wash sales'—which means, by making false purchases and sales of the stock in order to give the public the impression of eager buying. Van Nest sold to himself and bought from himself 347,000 of the 352,081 shares traded in."

"Melville, in addition to being president of one of the largest banks in the world, is a director in no less than seventy-three great industrial enterprises, including railways, telegraph companies, savings banks, life insurance companies. Bill Van Nest has done time in the Nevada State Penitentiary for horse-stealing."

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Illinois State News

Recent Happenings of Interest in the Various Cities and Towns.

REDMEN CHOOSE OFFICERS.

Illinois Branch of Order to Meet in Peoria in 1908. Officers:—The following officers were elected by the thirteenth great council session of the great council of Illinois Redmen: Great sachem—G. W. Thompson, No. 94, Moline; great orator—H. F. Brighton, No. 131, East St. Louis. Great junior saganamore—Dr. Charles Wakeford, No. 233, Norris City. Great first saganamore—E. Chamberlain, No. 179, Lebanon.

"LID" NOW ON IN DUGUOIN.

Mayor Keeps Promise to Close Saloons on Sunday. Dugouin.—Following a notice served on a score of saloon keepers in this city by Mayor Pope the "lid" was screwed down tight here Sunday for the first Sunday in many months. One of the pre-election promises made by Mayor Pope was that he would rigidly enforce the Sunday-closing ordinance, and the movement he has inaugurated has met with general approval by citizens and saloon keepers alike.

COOPERATIVE WORKMEN STRIKE.

Although Stockholders in Company They Demand Higher Wages. Edwardsville.—Twenty-one years ago N. O. Nelson, of Edwardsville, widely known for his philanthropic plans, established near Edwardsville an industrial village, which he named Leclaire, where all workmen in the factories were to be on a cooperative basis. Each year he gave the men in addition to their wages 25 per cent of their salaries in stock of the company, bearing six per cent interest.

THINK MISSING MAN BLAIN.

P. B. Smith, Formerly of Marengo, Mysteriously Disappears. Rockford.—Search is being made this part of the state for P. B. Smith, of Marengo, who disappeared mysteriously ten days ago. Smith had been at Anatin to dispose of some property, the deal being already completed, but he failed to have gone to Chicago and then visited at Marengo, where he had a business deal on.

SWears That She Lied.

Inmate of Peoria County Poor Farm Gives Damaging Testimony. Peoria.—"I have been lying to you all the time. Zealy M. Holmes never insulted me," said a woman who was told to say what I did about Mr. Holmes by Frank Watson, who threatened to kill me if I did not do this.

College Federation Elects.

Rock Island.—The Illinois Federation of Colleges voted to hold the next meeting at Illinois college, Jacksonville, May 3 and 4, 1908. The following officers for one year: President, R. E. Heintzmas, Eureka college. Secretary, Robert Graham, Illinois Wesleyan university, Bloomington.

Restrict Sale of Poisons.

Bloomington.—An alarming number of suicides and attempted efforts to ward self-destruction by young girls of Adams county has led the authorities to take some action relative to restricting the sale of poisons by druggists. It is asserted that druggists are ignoring the law referring to the sale of poisons, especially to minors, and that if there were more respect for the statutes there would be fewer cases of self-murder.

Atlanta High School Wins.

Springfield.—Atlanta high school won the seventh annual meet of the corn belt oratorical and athletic association, which was held here. Springfield was second and Lincoln third. Other towns represented were Decatur, Moberly, Paducah, Peorian, Mason City, Clinton, Normal, and Havana. Miss Lillian Wheeler, of Decatur, was awarded first honor in the oratorical contest held this morning.

Weds Denver Chief of Police.

Litchfield.—Michael Delaney, chief of police of Denver, was married here to Ellen, a daughter of Mrs. John Jordan, of Findlay, expressed a desire to be immersed according to the Baptist rite. It being impossible to take her to the church, a large tank used for watering cattle was hauled to the residence and the young woman was baptized therein. A crowd witnessed the unusual rite.

Arrange for Macoupin County Fair.

Carlinville.—The officers of the Macoupin County Agricultural board met in this city on call of the president, Charles J. York, to make arrangements for the coming fair. George J. Castle, of this city, was elected secretary for the ensuing term. It was decided to hold the fair the following the state fair, October 8 to 11.

Teachers' Leader Dies.

Chicago.—After an illness of only a few days Miss Florence E. Tenney, president of the Chicago Teachers' Federation, died. Her death followed an attack of pneumonia.

Swallow's Carbolic Acid.

Bloomington.—While despondent S. W. Phelps, a concrete worker of Clinton, swallowed carbolic acid, dying shortly afterward. He has a wife ill in a Chicago hospital.

Gun Club Buys 1800 Acres.

Havana.—The Knapp Island Gun club has purchased 1,800 acres of land on Knapp Island from John Webster for \$40,000. Prominent men throughout the state, including several Chicagoans, are members of the club.

Killed by Steam Shovel.

Sterling.—Slipping down a gravel bank in a railroad pit near here, George Nelson, of Templeton, fell between the jaws of a huge steam shovel and his body was bitten in two by the closing of the sections.

Head Librarian Resigns.

Urbana.—Miss Katherine L. Sharp, for two years head librarian of the university, has resigned her position. What her plans are is not definitely known. For the present she will go to her home in Lake Pleasant, N. Y.



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BLACKLOCK OPENS FIRE.

For what I proceeded to do, all sorts of motives, from the highest to the mean, have been attributed to me. Here is the truth: I had already pushed the medicine of hard work to its limit. It was as powerless against this new development as water against a drunkard's thirst. I must find some new, some compelling drug—some frenzy of activity that would swallow up myself as the battle makes the soldier forget his toothache. This confession may chagrin many who have believed in me. My enemies will hasten to say: "Alva, his motive was even more selfish and petty than was alleged." But those who know of human nature honestly, and from the