

BEFORE THE PANIC

By A. C. ROWSEY

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Murdoch was wasting time. The prodigal knew it. Looking at the adornments one would like to buy for a girl when you know you are head over heels in debt and probably going to remain so indefinitely is sheer nonsense.

Presently he became aware that he was not alone. A shadow cast by the noontide sun showed the outlines of a broad brimmed hat, a pair of equally broad shoulders and an inartistically big hand holding fast to a yellow grip. He edged away from the stranger. The stranger drew closer.

"Guess they want a heap for those things, eh? Do you think they're real diamonds?" the origin of the shadow said impersonally.

Murdoch looked around and found himself the only auditor. He glanced quizzically at the speaker, then at the grip. The latter bore three initials and the magic word "Wyoming."

That interested him. He looked again at the large features of the stranger. Ordinarily he was opposed to promiscuous conversation, but Wyoming—anything connected with Wyoming—made him think of his trip to his chum's ranch, where he had experienced unadulterated western welcome. So he answered:

"Yes; they are the real stuff."

"Well, if some people I know of in Wyoming were here and saw them, guess they'd put bars on these windows," observed the other, who rejoiced in the name of Bill Helmer.

But when Murdoch turned the conversation on Wyoming the stranger became suspicious and reticent. He had heard of "gold brick" and "sawdust" games and the way well dressed strangers would try to become acquainted by talking of home. When Murdoch asked him if he knew a man who lived on the next ranch, he felt sure this young exquisite was up to something. But he was interested in spite of himself.

"There is no place like Wyoming," declared Murdoch finally.

"You are right there. Soon as I get my business done here New York can't hold me for a minute."

"In town on business, eh? Perhaps I can help you," said Murdoch affably.

"He's one of 'em, but he'll get left this trip," commented the stranger to himself. "I ain't on here to buy no gold bricks nor sawdust nor nothing," he said aloud, with a stern look. "I am going to do a little in that line myself."

"What, sell gold bricks in New York?" queried Murdoch.

"Bet your boots! I got a block of stock—Northern Pacific. It ain't worth more'n 50 cents on the dollar out there. Folks know too much about that road. Dad got stuck with it; so did a lot of our people; so they put me up, after the shearing was over, to sell it east, where people ain't likely to know so much as we do." The westerner smiled. He felt sure he had defined the situation pretty clearly.

Murdoch looked with half closed eyes at the gem of a chatelaine—a little affair studded with diamonds. He felt as if she was wearing it already.

"Ahem!" he said cautiously. "There are always plenty of 'come ons' in town. I know where they make them."

The other looked a trifle bewildered. "Fact is, I am with a concern that deals in them." Then his caution yielded to his excitement. "Say, don't say anything about that—or those things—and go back to your hotel—and, say, try and stay there. I—I'll bring some one up or I'll be up to buy them today."

The other was about to ask a question.

"I'll get you par value for that stuff. Is that enough?"

"Why, yes; more'n I expected. But, say, young man, who are you?"

"Me—me?" The son of Murdoch, the millionaire banker, stood in shocked surprise.

"Why, I—I am Vanderbilt, Harri-man, Hill, Gage and the whole bunch. I"—He saw the uselessness of trying to convince the incredulous westerner. He turned away in disgust. It was maddening. The little watch in the window seemed four blocks away.

But this westerner followed him after a moment.

"Say, young man, I may be mistaken. Things ain't the same here as in Wyoming, but if you're a friend of Jimmie Walcott's that settles it. I am stopping at the Vendome, and I won't offer my stock today, and we'll see, eh?"

Murdoch nodded stiffly. The little watch nestled in his pocket. He could almost hear it tick.

Murdoch entered the office of the syndicate manager, where he was filling the nominal position of "boy" for the nominal salary of \$5 weekly and a vast fund of experience, worth thousands per minute.

The head of the bookkeeping department looked at the clock as he entered.

"Half an hour late, Mr. Murdoch. Too busy buying stock or clipping your father's coupons, I suppose, to attend to our trifling affairs." The employment of embryo millionaires in office positions tried Mr. Morris' democratic soul.

"Why, yes—quite right! How did you guess it?" replied Murdoch. He went to his desk and rolled back the top.

The bookkeeper followed him with a frown.

"Boss bought any more Northern Pacific today, Mr. Morris?" he asked cheerfully.

Mr. Morris rewarded him with a dignified stare from his four foot from the ground perch and over the top of his two inch collar, but did not reply. He had made a persistent effort to induce the young man to speak more respectfully of the head of the firm. Besides, it was very bad taste to make fun of the lack of Northern Pacific in that office.

Murdoch took the implied rebuke philosophically and repeated the question.

"Look here, young man, if you don't stop trying to be funny you'll have to hunt another job! Your jests, sir, are very ill timed! I am getting tired of your airs."

His anger made his pen shake, and a big blot dropped upon the immaculate page. He gasped and dug at it with an eraser, forgetful of the very existence of the "boy."

Murdoch stood for a moment in thought. Then he threw his head back and walked slowly into the holy of holies, the private office of the "boss."

The boss looked up when the young man entered, then turned to his work quickly. He did not know half his employees. To him they were simply parts of the machinery of which he was the motive power. The young man was out of place in his private office, but possibly some readjustment of the machinery warranted his appearance there for a moment.

"Mr. Ganmor," began the young man. He felt a little timid, notwithstanding his wealthy connections.

"What?" the financier shouted, startled at being addressed.

"You—you—I heard you were buying Northern Pacific. I want to sell you some." Murdoch spoke quickly, for fear his own dignity might be hurt if the financier got a word in.

"Want to sell me some?" repeated the boss in a dazed fashion, looking up from a schedule which showed that he still lacked 75,000 shares of control. Twenty-five thousand of that he could not get. Fifty thousand he might get if he knew just who had it. He glanced at the athletic figure again.

"You are one of my employees, are you not?"

Murdoch nodded. "What bid?" he said.

"What! Northern Pacific! Where did you get it? Explain yourself, young man. Sit down." The financier turned his powerful mind loose on the problem of getting those shares. Then he recognized the youth. It was old Murdoch's son. It flashed through his mind that Murdoch senior had some of the certificates, although he had denied it the day before.

"What bid?" repeated Murdoch junior.

"The market price, of course. Know it?" The youth amused him—a chip of the old block evidently. There was a twinkle of mirth in the big man's eye. It would be a good story to tell the boy's father.

Murdoch shook his head. "Not enough, sir."

"A half, then."

"Not enough."

"Two hundred for immediate delivery." The financier smiled. It was a precious thing to be able to smile during business hours.

"Not enough," the young man repeated. He saw the smile. In his mind was ticking loudly the little watch. Now it had a diamond studded chain attached. A pair of blooded horses, drawing a dinky sulky, was coming down the road, too—in his mind.

"See here, boy. How much do you want? How much have you got? And where did you get it?" The big man ceased smiling. Five points already over the market price. It was no smiling matter.

"Two hundred and fifty. Don't know. Don't care to state," Murdoch said calmly, with a shrewd look. The team swept into full view.

"Bought at \$250, you blamed rascal! Deliver it in three hours!" The financier roared as if he was on the floor of the exchange. Murdoch trembled with joy. The door opened violently, and the bookkeeper rushed in. He had heard the word "rascal" and waited for nothing more. He grabbed Murdoch by the collar and yelled: "Get out of here, you idiot! How dare you come

How to Get Rich.

Take a quantity of silica costing one-fourth the price of oil; mix it with oil, and sell the compound to the public at the price of pure oil; offer "prizes" with the compound to make it sell. It is such a compound the public get when they buy common soaps. In Sunlight Soap—Octagon Bar—the public buy a pure and well-made soap. Sunlight Soap reduces expense by prolonging the life of the articles washed with it, which is much more profitable to the public, than common soaps with "prizes."

in here! it was not my fault, Mr. Ganmor."

The boss shouted something. The bookkeeper heard it as in a dream. He stared as he saw the "boy" and the "boss" exchange friendly grins, then Murdoch turned to him and, straightening his collar, said, "We'll let it pass, Mr. Morris."

A tall westerner roamed the metropolis for a week in company with a well groomed young clubman, and they saw New York.

Next summer a bit of femininity, who wears the diamond studded chate-laine and rides with Murdoch behind the blooded horses, is going to Wyoming to "rough it" with her husband and Bill Helmer.

The Best Period of Life.

The best half of life is in front of the man of forty if he be anything of a man. The work he will do will be done with the hand of a master and not of a raw apprentice. The trained intellect does not "see men as trees walking," but sees everything clear and in just measure. The trained temper does not rush at work like a blind bull at a haystack, but advances with the calm and ordered pace of conscious power and deliberate determination.—Exchange.

The Real Thing.

Mr. Parvenu is exhibiting his new house to a friend, who pauses before a finely carved mantel.

Friend—What an exquisite thing! Carrara, isn't it?

Host—No, indeed; it's the genuine marble.—Judge.

Appreciates Herself.

Minnie—Evidently Sallie thinks herself one of the four hundred.

Kittie—One of them! She thinks she's the four and all the rest are the two ciphers.

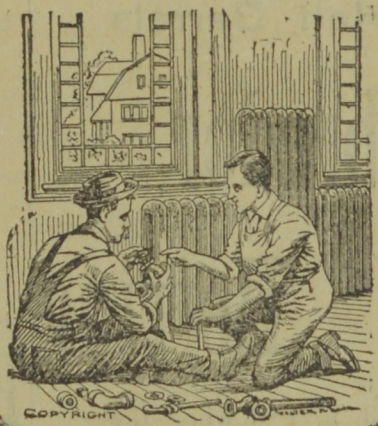
The Usual Thing.

Miss Bittersweet (to partner) — I suppose you are very fond of dancing Mr. Brown? Brown (who prides himself on his waltzing)—Passionately. Miss Bittersweet—I thought so! I wonder you don't learn.—Sydney Town and Country Journal.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the estate of Vesta Edith Forester, late of the City of Fredericton, N. B., deceased, are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned Solicitor, at Saint John, N. B., or the Administrator at Toronto; and all persons having claims against the said estate are requested to file the same, duly verified by affidavit, with the said Solicitor, or Administrator.

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No. 134 Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 18.00
No. 26 Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou..... 12.15
No. 8 Express for Sussex..... 17.10
No. 4 Mixed for Point du Chene..... 13.15
No. 10 Express for Halifax and Sydney..... 23.25

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN
No. 9 Express from Halifax and Sydney 6.20
No. 7 Express from Sussex..... 9.00
No. 133 Express from Montreal and Quebec..... 13.50
No. 25 Express from Halifax and Pictou 17.40
No. 1 Express from Halifax..... 18.40
No. 81 Express from Moncton, (Saturday only)..... 24.35
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7.45 a.m.—Mixed, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, for Woodstock, Presque Isle, Edmundston, etc., via Gibson Branch. Leaves St. Marys 8.15 a.m.

9.15 a.m.—Mixed, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, for Woodstock, Presque Isle, Edmundston, etc., via Gibson Branch. Leave St. Marys 9.41 a.m.

9.45 a.m.—Express, week days, for Fredericton Junction, connecting with Express for St John and points east. Palace sleeper Fredericton Junction to Halifax, N.S.

6.00 p.m.—Accommodation for Fredericton Junction, connecting with Short Line Express for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, and with the Pacific Express from Montreal for the west. Northwest and Pacific Coast, also connects for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock. Palace sleeper from Fredericton Junction to Montreal. Pullman sleeper Fredericton Junction to Boston.

9.00 p.m.—Express, week days, for St. John and points east.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON

9.05 a.m.—From St. John and points east.
11.35 a.m.—Week days, from Boston, Montreal, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock and Houlton, etc.

6.20 p.m.—Monday, Wednesday and Friday from Woodstock and points north via Gibson Branch. Arrives at St. Marys 7.35 p.m.

8.00 p.m.—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, from Woodstock and points north via Gibson Branch. Arrives St. Marys 7.35 p.m.

8.10 p.m.—Week days from St. John and east

10.40 p.m.—Week days from Boston, Portland, Bangor, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and north.

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