THE MASCOT

Lacy and his daughter sauntered into the Palm room of the hotel and made their way toward a table near one of the windows. Mrs. Richardson drew off the hands of her long gloves, settled herself comfortably in her chair and picked up the menu card. An obsequious waiter jumped to take Lacy's hat and coat, and would have made off with his cane likewise if Lacy had not prevented him.

"Thank you. I think I'll keep this right here," he said, resting it against the table.

"Why don't you let him have it, papa? It looks too ridiculous there for anything."

"Now, don't ask your pa for reasons, Sue," replied Lacy. "If the cane remains here, I know where it is. Do you see?"

Mrs. Richardson made a little gesture or irritation, but nevertheless let the subject drop. "What shall we have to eat?" she asked.

A few moments' discussion about the order followed, and then they both sat back with an air of relief.

"You know, I think that order is going to run into a lot of money," said Mrs. Richardson hestitatingly.

"Don't you think I can afford to pay for it?" asked Lacy, with a genial, self-satisfied laugh. "Just look at the money I've made this last year and a half. You could even pay for it yourself, couldn't you?" And he laughed again.

"I guess I could," his daughter admitted, "even if it should come to three times as much. But you know I don't spend my time patting myself on the back about my money the way you do."

"No; is came too easily, didn't it, Sue? All you had to do was to make a millionaire fall in love with you."

"But I didn't marry him for his money, papa."

"I know you think you didn't; but you just wait until the honeymoon ecstasy has worn off and you have forgotten the moonlight nights on the Rhine, and all the rest of it. Then you will know well enough why you married him."

"I think you are the most cynical person I know," replied his daughter affectionately as she patted the big hand that was toying with the menu card in the center of the table.

"And you are a sentimental child," retorted Lacy. "It's a wonder to me that you can enjoy yourself so while Frank is in New York. Don't you think you are being untrue to him?"

"Papa, you're nothing but an everlasting tease," she said laughing. "Seriously though," she added the next moment, "I don't see any reason for throwing money away just because you happen to have it."

"If it falls out of clear sky, I don't see any necessity for stowing it away in bank. What is it for anyhow? Just to hoard up for the sake of counting it out every now and then? You don't want your old papa to become a miser, to do?"

"No, but I don't like to see him such a spendthrift. You know, papa, money runs through your fingers just like water."

"Well, it flows into my hands like water, so why shouldn't I let it ooze out again?" And Lacy laughed loud at his own wit.

"But the trouble is, it doesn't ooze; it flows away in a perfect torrent. You never used to be so careless until lately."

"You must remember, Sue, that I never had so much until lately."

"Yes. Wasn't it a year and a half ago that you made that first successful venture?"

"I think it was. Yes, last fall a year ago."

"And you made your money so easily, too. Frank says you have a perfect genius for the market."

"Well, I guess I must be a genius, if Frank says so."

"Now, papa, don't tease. You know it's so. Why, I heard a man say the other day that you must be a reincarnation of Midas, for everything that you touch turns into gold."

"Well, I guess that's pretty true," said Lacy with a self-conscious air. "I haven't had an unsuccessful deal for a year and a half."

"I think it's perfectly wonderful, just like a fairy story," cried Sue, her eyes shining. "And Frank says that the more reckless you get, the luckier you are."

"I have been rather reckless lately, haven't I?" admitted Lacy. "But then you know, I'm perfectly safe."

"Perfectly safe! Why, what do you mean?"

"Can you keep a secret, Sue?"

"Of course I can. I just love secrets!"

Lacy smiled at her enthusiasm. "Mind, when I say secret, that means that Frank isn't to know."

Sue's face clouded for a instant. "Can't I tell Frank. Oh, well, all right. I won't mention it to anybody."

"That's papa's little girl. Now, do you see this cane?" He took the stick in his hand as he spoke.

"Yes, what about it?"

"Do you notice that it has a sterling silver horseshoe on the top?"

"Well, this cane is my mascot." Lacy leaned back in his chair to observe the effect of his announcement better.

"Your mascot?" she repeated. "You means that it brings you luck."

"Precisely. I got it last November a year ago, the day I made the speculation that was the beginning of this brilliant career of mine. It belonged to my partner, and as it seemed to be bringing him luck, I had my eye upon it. I made a bet with him about Reading, and as a result won the cane. That very day I made twenty-five thousand."

"Wasn't that peculiar?" said Sue, giving the cane a glance of involuntary awe. "It doesn't look as if it could be responsible for the remarkable things you have done."

"It is, though," replied Lacy. "You know they say that truth is stranger than fiction"

"So it is," said Sue. "Let me see your mascot." Lacy passed it to her, and after a few moments spent in examining it, she suddenly exclaimed, "O, papa, the horseshoe is loose!"

A look of concern crossed her father's face. "Let me see. That's right," he said after a moment. It seemed as if all his light spirits had suddenly left him, and pushing aside his plate he looked for the waiter.

"Don't get the blues about it," Sue said quickly. "You can get it fixed tomorrow, and it will be just as good as new."

"It won't be the same thing," repied Lacy heavily. "I always knew that if anything ever happened to it, luck would be against me."

"But nothing has happened to it yet."

At that moment the waiter jumped to Lacy's side. "Bring me my check," said Lacy. Then he said to his daughter, "I can't afford to take any chance now, for I have heavy interests in the United Railways Investment company of San Francisco. Bought it on a margin, you know," he added in explanation.

"I know. But nothing has happened to the cane yet, and nothing will if you have it fixed the first thing in the morning."

"Something is going to happen," said Lacy in gloomy obstinacy, "and you can't make me think anything else."

A few minutes late Lacy and his daughter were descending the steps of the hotel. Sue suddenly slipped, and with a little cry caught at her father's arm, causing him to drop the cane.

"Did you hurt yourself, dear?" asked Lacy anxiously.

"No, I just turned my ankle, that's all," she replied, laughing nervously "I'm all right, really. You dropped your cane, papa."

Lacy stooped to pick it up. As he did so, he noticed that the horseshoe was gone. The face he raised to his daughter had suddenly grown white.

"What it is?" she cried in alarm. Mutely Lacy showed her. "Oh, we'll find it," she said. "It must be here."

"There isn't any use in hunting. The cane is broken and that is enough."

"Nonsense! We'll find the horseshoe, and you can have it mended tomorrow."

"It won't be the same thing at all," was the gloomy response. "The cane's broken and therefore the luck is broken. I'll be ruined tomorrow."

"Nonsense, papa. Oh, here it is! I've got it!"

"No use," said Lacy, turning away. "Here's the machine. Come on."

After they had gone a few blocks Sue contrived to get up sufficient courage to break the oppressive silence.

"Papa," she said, "let's talk this thing over rationally. The market was all right today, wasn't it?" A grunt from the stony figure beside her was the only reply. "What is there that could possibly happen to affect your stocks?"

"Don't know. But something is going to happen, and I shall be ruined. I shall lose all my money, and I shall cease to be a power. Then what will become of me?"

"Papa, don't be so foolish. Just because—"

"Don't let's discuss it, Sue. The cane is broken, and there is nothing more to be said."

Sue did not dare to say anything further until they reached her house. As Lacy helped her to alight, she timidly asked if he would let her get the cane fixed for him.

"It wouldn't be the slightest bit of use." Lacy replied with a touch of irritation, "but if it gives you any pleasure it may."

I was noon of the following day before Lacy reached his office. He had dread to go there, for he was haunted with the premonition of approaching evil, and he wanted to stave it off as long as possible. He had not closed his eyes all night, and finally, unshaven, and without breakfast, he had telephoned for his machine and gone down town.

He was drawn into the back office as if by some irresistible force. There he found an excitement unusual even for the offices of Lacy, Morrison & Co.; the din of voices was ear-splitting and men were crowding around the tickers.

Morrison was the center of a wildly gesticulating group who were plying him with incessant questions.

"What's the matter, Morrison?" shouted Lacy.

"Earthquake in San Francisco—city in flames," Morrison shouted back.

Lacy went white. "San Francisco! Any likelihood of a panic?"

"Not just yet. Big break in San Francisco stocks, though, Lacy."

Lacy put a hand on a chair to steady himself. "What stocks?" he stammered.

"United Railways Investment company is the worst. Preferred has dropped 25 points, and common 30."

Lacy looked dazed. "Say that again, old man."

Morrison put his hand upon his partner's shoulder and repeated his statement slowly.

"Well, I guess that about wipes me out," Lacy said finally. "I broke the cane last night, and I knew something would happen."

"We'll have to stand together, old man," said Morrison.

After a moment Lacy appeared to brace up a little. "I guess I'll go look over the main," he said mechanically. Morrison hestitated for a moment, but finally let his hand drop from his partner's shoulder, and Lacy, with the uncertain step of a blind man, went into the private office, and closed the door. A moment later, above the din and hubbub outside, a pistol shot rang out, and a sound as of something falling.

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FAMOUS MINES TO BE WORKED

Cornucopia Mines in Eastern Biggest Ore Body in the World.

A power of attorney was filed today with the secretary of state from the Cornucopia Mines Company of Oregon, of which John E. Searles, the sugar trust magnate is president, making Colonel Emmett Callahan of Baker City attorney, the manager of the Oregon end of the business of the property.

At the same time the company filed a declaration of intention to do business in Oregon again. The company was incorporated under the laws of another state and this formality was necessary.

The Cornucopia mines of Oregon are situated in Baker county, seventy miles from Baker City, the nearest railroad point. The group consist of 96 claims adjoining each other and all of them are rich in gold bearing quartz.

The mines are said to contain the largest gold bearing body of ore in the world. Only five or six of the claims have ever been worked as the long haul to Baker City is too costly to make the mining of this rich ore very profitable

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At last a novelty has arrived in the way of barebacking riding. It even goes so far as to interpret a dramatic sketch a-horseback. To the great Adam Forepaugh and Sells Brothers' circus is due this refreshing innovation. A gaily dressed and buoyant party of young people on their way to the "French Derby," in a radiantly fashioned park drag, drawn by four spirited horses, are the participants in this unique and thrilling act. These smartly gowned young people perform wonderful feats in an apparent spirit of youthful abandonment. They toss each other from the farthest seat of the splendid trap to the foremost horse's back, with the graceful ease of a twirling ball, and revolve from each others' heads and shoulders to an upright position upon the swiftly moving vehicle or horse. They pass each other high in the air in twisting evolutions from wagon to horse and horse to wagon. Gymnastic turn of the most difficult and rarity are enacted by them in these hazardous positions with the same graceful ease and nicety of precision that characterize the most thrilling work of world-renowned performers upon the secure foundation of the ground. This act is distinctly new, and sensationally startling, and is called "On the Way to the Grand Prix Race, Paris."

Only a Mask.

Many are not being benefited by the summer vacations as they should be. Now, notwithstanding much outdoor life, they are little if any stronger than they were. The tan on their faces is darker and makes them look healthier, but it is only a mask. They are still nervous, easily tired, sleep refreshing, and that is Hood's upset by trifles, and they do not eat nor sleep well. What they need is what tones the nerves, perfects digestion, creates appetite, and makes Sarsaparilla. Pupils and teachers generally will find the chief purpose of the vacation best subserved by this great medicine which, as we know, "builds up the whole system.".....

Will Attack Leprosy.

Washington, D. C. Aug. 10.—The army surgeons who are interested in the treatment of leprosy have some significant reports from the Philippines, where special consideration is being given the treatment of the disease by the X-ray. Two cases of leprosy the diagnosis of which had been confirmed microscopically by the physician in charge of the San Lazaro hospitals and independently by the bureau of government laboratories were treated by the X-ray for several months, at the end of which time they were again examined by the same observers, but no leprosy bacilli could be found. The infiltrations into the tissues and other symptoms of the disease have almost disappeared. Sufficient time has not yet elapsed to arrive at any definite conclusion with regard to the permanency of the apparent cures, and it is not deemed advisable to discuss the subject further until the cases have been under obesrvation for a longer time. However, if this treatment should prove successful, its far reaching consequences can scarcely be appreciated as yet. A leper colony has been established in the island of Cullon. The place has been purchased, and satisfactory title secured all old houses have been repaired, many new ones built, roads constructed, double fences of barbed wire placed around the village and the mainland, and the church has been put in habitable condition. Through the charity of a woman in New York a cross and bell were obtained for the church. The buildings now completed at Cullon would accomodate 600 lepers comfortably, and enough buildings might be added practically to double this number.

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