

M. T. LAMEY, Ed. and Pub.
BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS.

THE SPENDERS
A Tale of the Third Generation
By HARRY LEON WILSON

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CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED.
"Exactly you can hear anything you're looking to hear, don't you? I tell you this was straight. Don't you suppose Shepler knows what he's about—there's a boy that won't be peddling about the stocks—there's one of these neat little bosoms—tramp for eighty-five or ninety thousand years yet—and Relpin, even if he was drunk, knows Shepler's deals like you know skipper. It'll be the stocks all they can while they're buying, and I wouldn't be surprised if the next Consolidated dividend was reduced. That would send her down a few points and three months stock in the market. Meantime, they're quietly working to get control of the European mines—and as Western Trolley and Union Cordage—say, alpha actually got to crying—got to the stocks, one of those lovely ones, the kind where you want to be good to every one in the world. I'm surprised he didn't get into a sandwich sign and patrol Broadway, giving those tips to everybody."
"Course, we're on a proposition now that you know more about it than I do; you certainly do take right hold at once—that was your pa's way, but Daniel J. could take hold ahead of a minute than most men could in a year. I got to trust you wholly in these matters, and I know I can do it, too. I got confidence in you, no matter what other people say, but I don't know you like I do. And if there's any other things you know about fur sure—"

"Well, there's Burman. He's plunger in corn and he swears he can't lose. He was after me to put aside a million. Of course if he does win it would be big money."
"Well, son I can't advise you none—except I know you've got a head on you, no matter how people talk. You know about this end of the game, and 'I'll have to be led entirely by you. If you think Burman's got a good proposition, why, there ain't anything like getting' action all along the layout, from ace down to seven-spot and back to the king card."
"That's the talk. I'll see Relpin to-day or to-morrow. I'll be the first to hedge on what he says. But he's got to straight—let a drunken man alone for telling the truth when he's got it in him. We'll start in buying at once."
"It does sound good. I must say you take hold of it considerable like Dan J. would 'a' done—and use my money just like your own. I do want to see you takin' your place where you belong. This life of blessed you been leadin'—you've fattered about the whole time—it ain't doin' you a bit of good."
"We'll get action, don't you worry. Now let's have lunch downstairs, and then go for a drive. It's too fine a day to stay in."
Percival confessed to his mother that night that he had wronged Uncle Peter.
"That old boy is all right yet," he said, with deep conviction. "Doesn't you think that's the best I've bigger ideas than I gave him credit for. I suggested branching out here in a business way, to-day, and the old fellow got right in line. If anybody tells you that old Peter ain't had the best of the leaves of his little calendar torn off right up to date you just feel wise inside, and see what odds are posted on it!"

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CHAPTER XXII.
CONCERNING CONSOLIDATED COPPER AND PETER BINES AS MATCHMAKERS

Consolidated Copper at 110. The day after his talk with Uncle Peter, Percival through three different brokers gave orders to buy 10,000 shares. "I tried to give Relpin an order for 6,000 shares over the telephone," he said to Uncle Peter, "but they're used to those nifty and haughty, one-dollar pickers down in that neighborhood. He seemed to think I was John. When I told him I meant it he could buy for the next few weeks or so. I think he fell over in the booth and had to be helped out."
Orders for 20,000 more shares in 1,600 shares lots during the next three weeks sent the stock to 115. Yet wise men in the street seemed to fear the stock. They were waiting cautiously for more definite leadings. The plunger of Bines made a sensation, and when it was known that his holdings were large and growing almost daily larger, the waning confidence of a speculator here and there would be revived.
At 115 the stock rested again, with few sales recorded. A certain firm of the elect registered this call as ominous. It was half believed by others that the manipulations of the inner workings' hands than they are."

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"It's for a worthy purpose, son. And

definite character. But among the veteran speculators the feeling was conservative. Before buying they preferred to await some sign that the advance had actually begun. The conservatives were mostly the bald old fellows whose eyes and noses so rarely survive a man's hair in Wall street is the one that "sure things" are necessarily sure.
Percival watched Consolidated Copper go back to 110, and bought at two points the day after his orders were placed, and two days later dropped back to 110. The conservatives began to agree with the younger set of speculators, in so far as both now believed that the stock was behaving in an unusual manner, indicating that "something was doing"; that manipulation behind the scenes was under way to a definite end. The conservatives and the radicals differed as to what this end was. But then, Wall street is nourished almost exclusively upon dissent of opinion.
Percival now had accounts with five firms of brokers.
"Relpin," he explained to Uncle Peter, "is a foxy boy. He's foter than a fox. He not only likes to hedge on the stock, but he's always been drinking amphetamine fraps that day, and it always gets him dreamy—but he actually had the nerve to give me the opposite steer. Of course he knows what he knows, and he knows what he knows, and he knows what he knows. I never heard before of his drinking anything to speak of. And there isn't a man in the street comes so near to knowing what the big boys are up to. But we're on the winning cards all right. I got exactly the same information from a dozen confidential sources; some of it I can trace to Relpin, and some of it right to Shepler himself."
"Course I'm leavin' it all to you," answered Uncle Peter, "and I must say I do admire the way you take hold



BACK TO IT.

get things on the move. You don't let any grass grow under your heels. You got a good head for them things. I can tell by the way you start out—just like you're pa for all the world. I'll be as long as you keep your health. If only you got the nerve. I've known men would play a big proposition half through and then get scared and pull out. Now go, wa'n't right by its handle every time, and they never come any too big for him; the bigger they was, better he liked 'em. That's the kind of genius I think you got. You ain't afraid to take a chance."
Percival beamed modestly under praise of this sort, which now came to him daily.
"It's good discipline for me, too, Uncle Peter. It's what I needed, something to put my mind on. I needed a new interest in life. You had me down right. I ain't doing myself a bit of good with nothing to occupy my mind."
"Well, I might glad you thought up this stock deal. I'll give you good business habits and experience, say nothing of doubling your capital."
"And I've gone in with Burman on his corn deal. He's begun to buy, and he has it cinched this time. He'll be the corn king all right by June; I don't make any mistake on that. I thought as long as we were plunging into the corn, we might as well take the side line of corn. Then we won't have our eggs all in one basket all right? I'm trustin' you. A corner in corn is better'n a corner in wild oat any day; anything to keep you straight, and doin' something. I don't care how many millions you pile up. I had five or six great oil people's back of the copper deal."
"That's right; the oil crowd and Shepler. I said it straight from Relpin that night. They're negotiating now with the Bushchells to limit the output of the Rio Tinto mines. They'll end by controlling them, and then—well, we'll have a roll of the yellow boys—say, we'll have a lot to lay out for a year just to count 'em."
"Do it good while you're doin' it," urged Uncle Peter, cheerfully. "I rely so much on your judgment, I want you to get action on my stuff, too. I got a couple million in it, and I want you to advise me than they are."
"Good; I didn't think you had so much gambler in you."
"It's for a worthy purpose, son. And

It seems too bad that Pishy can't pull out something with her bit, when it's to be had so easy. From what that spangle-faced beast of hers tells me there's got to be some expensive plumbing done in this castle he gets saved off on to him."
"We'll let it go, in too," exclaimed her brother, generously, "and ma could use a little more in her business. She ain't sitting up nights to corner all the Amalgamated Hard-Luck on the island. We'll pool issue, and say, we'll make those Federal Oil pickers think we've gnawed a corner of the substructure. In for an order. In for 10,000 more shares to-morrow—among the three stocks. And then we'll have to see about getting all our capital here. We'll need every cent of it that's loose; and maybe we'll need it all ourself off those dead-wad stocks."
The 20,000 shares were bought by the following week, 5,000 of them being Consolidated Copper, 10,000 Western Trolley and 5,000 Union Cordage. Consolidated Copper fell off two points upon rumors, traceable to no source, that the company had on hand a large secret supply of copper, and was prospecting largely in excess of the demand every month.
Percival told Uncle Peter of these rumors, and chuckled with the easy confidence of a man who knows secrets.
"You see, it's coming the way Relpin said. The insiders are hammering down the stock with those reports, hammering with one hand, and buying up with the other. But you'll notice the price of copper doesn't go down any. They keep it at 17 cents all right. Now, the moment they get control of the European supply they'll be kickin' the price, and the selling price to awful figures, and squeeze out dividends that will make you wear blue glasses to look at them."
"You certainly do know your business, son," said Uncle Peter, fervently. "You certainly got your pa's head on you. You remind me more and more of Dan J. Bines every day. I'd rather trust your judgment than the lots of old men that are here. You know their tricks all right. Get in good and hard, long as you got a sure thing. I'd hate to have you come meachin' around after that stock has kicked and be kickin' because you hadn't bet what your hand was worth."
"Trust me for that, Uncle Peter. Garmar tried to steer me off this line of stocks the other night. He'd heard these rumors about aluminum, and he's 50 years old at that. I thanked him for his tip and copped it with another 1,000 shares all around next day. The way Garmar can tell when you're playing a heated flush makes you nervous; but I haven't looked over his license to know everything down in the street yet."
The moral gain to Percival from his new devotion to the stock market was to the surprise of his mother. By Uncle Peter and by his mother. It was quite as tangible as his money profits promised to be. He ceased to frequent the temple of chance in Forty-fourth street, to the proprietor's regret. The poker games at the hotel he abandoned as being trivial. And the cabmen along upper Broadway had seldom now the opportunity to compete for his early morning.

He began to keep early hours and to do less casual drinking during the day. After three weeks of this comparatively regular living his mother rejoiced to note signs that his breakfast appetite was returning.
"You see," he explained earnestly to Uncle Peter, "a man to make anything at this game must keep his head clear, and he must have good health to do it. I must get a lot of those fellows down there that queer themselves by drink. It doesn't do so much hurt when a man isn't needing his brains—but no more of it for me just now." "I know you, I know you. I can make something more than a polite soak out of you. I knew you'd pull up if you got into business like you been doin'."
"Come downstairs with me this afternoon and see me make a play. Uncle Peter. I think I'll begin now to buy on a margin. The risse can't hold out much longer."
"I'll like to see, but I'd laid out to take a walk in the park this afternoon and look in at the monkeys awhile. I need the outdoors, and anyway you don't need me down there."
"You know your part all right. My! but I'd be hearty to nerves with all that money up, if it was anybody but you, now."
In pursuance of his pronounced plan, Uncle Peter walked up Fifth avenue that afternoon. But he stopped short of the park in the imposing entrance of the Arlington he turned in. At the desk he asked for Mrs. Wybert. "I'll see if Mrs. Wybert is in," said the clerk, handing him a blank card; "your name, please."
The old man wrote: "Mr. Peter Bines, of Montana City, would like a few minutes' talk with Mrs. Wybert."
The boy was gone so long that Uncle Peter, waiting, began to wonder what he would be received. He returned at length with the message: "The lady says will you please step upstairs."
Going up in the elevator, the old man was ushered by a maid into a brightly lighted little nest where pale green walls were touched discreetly with hangings of heliotrope. An artist, in Uncle Peter's place, might have fancied that the color scheme of the apartment was selected for a bit of warmth. A glowing, warm-haired woman was needed to set the walls afire; and the need was met when Mrs. Wybert entered.

She wore a long coat of sea

trimmed with chinchilla, and had been, apparently, about to go out. Uncle Peter rose and bowed. Mrs. Wybert nodded rather unceremonially. "You wished to see me, Mr. Bines?" "No, madam. I would like to talk with you, Mrs. Wybert, but you're gone out, and I won't keep you. I know how pressed you New York society ladies are with your engagements."
"Mrs. Wybert had seemed to be puzzled. She was still puzzled, but unmistakably pleased. The old man was looking at her with frank and friendly approval for his intrusion. Plainly she was not a little far from him. She became gracious.
"It was only a little shopping tour, Mr. Bines, that and a call at the hospital, where they have one of my aunts who slipped on the avenue yesterday and fractured one of her—limbs. Do sit down."
Mrs. Wybert said "limb" for leg with the rather conscious air of escaping from an awkward situation only by the sudden absence of the subject.
She seated herself before a green and heliotrope background that instantly took warmth from her color. Uncle Peter still hesitated.
"Come, I was kind of a long chat with you, Mrs. Wybert—a friendly chat if you didn't mind, and I'd feel a mite nervous if you're bundled up that way."
"I am so delighted, Mr. Bines, to have a long, friendly chat. I'll send my cloak back, and you take your own time. There now, do be right comfortable!"
The old man settled himself and bestowed upon his hostess a long look of approval.
"The reports never done you justice, Mrs. Wybert, and they was very glowin' reports, too."
"You're very kind, Mr. Bines, altogether!"
"I'm goin' to be more, Mrs. Wybert. I'm goin' to be a little bit confidential—right out in the straight open with you."
"I am sure of that."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MAKING OF HALISTONES.

An Atom of Dust Is the Nucleus About Which Moisture Frees.

If one would know how a halistone is formed he must first dissect it. He will find that it is composed of a quantity of dust about the size of microscopic grains or zones, and each zone in turn will have its evidence to give concerning the making of the halistones on its way to the atom.
An atom of dust in the nucleus of each halistone. These atoms of dust pervade every part of the atmosphere and are found not only in the lower strata of the air, but the winds carry them to the tops of the highest mountains. So the matter whether samples of air are obtained by balloonists or mountain climbers, minute particles of dust are always to be found in them. It is coming to be believed that without these atoms of dust upon which the moisture of the atmosphere would be no raindrops, no fog, no snow, dew, clouds or hail. Without these minute platforms, as they are called, upon which the moisture condenses as it alights, and upon which it begins to drop upon the earth. These motes keep the atmosphere buoyed up till such times as circumstances compel them to yield to the supplies they have collected. If a little vapor should happen to condense on a particle of dust floating already about in the air there is the beginning of what, under favorable circumstances, will become a full-sized halistone.
The halistone to attain great size must plunge to the earth from a great height. The clouds which float at the greatest distance from the earth are those known as the cirrus, and are often many miles above the tops of the highest mountains. The beginning of a halistone can only die to the earth from this height. In its headlong flight, pass through strata of air differing very much as regards temperature and moisture, and these circumstances most favorable to its development. But before it can begin its descent it must find some way of being carried up to these heights. So the journey is made by getting into the way of one of the strong ascensional currents which spring upward from almost every part of the earth's surface.
In such a place it is not long before the moisture on the atom of dust is frozen into frozen moisture, but there are many possibilities before it. It may crystallize as a tiny pellet of snow, or may take the shape of a particle of dust, or may be a frozen raindrop. Any of these shapes will serve as an excellent beginning for a further change.
It is easily understood that the force of gravitation has been constantly pulling the moisture toward the ground. As it starts on its journey back to the earth it will pass through strata of air which differ greatly in moisture and temperature. The air that is below the freezing point of the moisture settles upon it in the form of a clear zone of ice, while, on the other hand, when the air is moistened and its moisture is above the freezing point it

Grand Master of Masons.
Chicago—Officers for the ensuing year were elected at the sixty-seventh annual convention of the Illinois Free and Accepted Masons, which was held in Medinah temple, Dearborn avenue and Walton places. The following officers were elected: Grand master, Chester E. Allen, Galesburg; deputy grand master, A. H. Bell, Car-

lottesville.—Several children on their way to school in Mt. Olive, 16 miles southeast of this city, had quite an experience with electricity. The telephone wires on the electric line and fallen down in the neighborhood and were lying across the feed wire, part of the wires reaching the ground. A number of children coming along grasped these wires in play and 500 volts of electricity were passed through them. Two young sons of George Tomasco received severe injuries, the flesh on their hands being burned all night to the bone.

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Democrats Fill Vacancies.
Belleville.—The Democratic central committee has completed the work of filling vacancies on the state ticket by naming Mr. H. Merritts, of Belleville, in place of Mrs. Clara P. Bourland, who declined the nomination for trustee of the state university. Mr. Merritts lives in the home town of Mrs. Carr. T. Alexander, one of the nominees for this office on the Republican ticket.

Brakeman Is Exonerated.
Danville.—W. P. Hughes, head brakeman on third No. 9, the freight train that was in the Catlin wreck, before the coroner's jury here testified that he did not touch the track which was struck after he closed it. It is the switch that caused the wreck. The jury returned a verdict to the effect that Hughes threw the switch, but exonerated him from all responsibility.

Checks Work on Levee.
Carlinville.—Work on the construction of the levee by the heirs of the late Nicholas Challocombe, at Challocombe, 12 miles west of this city, was stopped by an injunction issued at the instance of Samuel Peck, who claims that the improvements will work much damage to his property.

Pays Heavy Fine.
Litchfield.—Judge Paul McWilliams of the city court, sentenced Elmer Clark to 30 days in the county jail at Hillsboro and to pay a fine of \$25 and costs for stealing a pair of rubbers from a traveling man several months ago. He served the three weeks in jail before he furnished bail.

Killed Father to Save Mother.
Mattoon.—Clyde Boatwright, aged 22, shot and killed his father, Scott Boatwright, who was about to brain his wife with an ax. The killing followed a drunken attack on his son by Boatwright. His mother had thrown herself between her husband and the young man.

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Vandalia.—Louis E. Smith, a member of a band of gypsies, was found dead in a wagon near here.

Deaths.
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Kilbourne.—News has been received of the death of Mrs. Reston Coggeshall, at Seattle, Wash., which occurred on September 26. She formerly was a resident of this place.

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Sage Heirs Accept Terms.
Joliet.—The heirs of Russell Sage in Will county have proved up their heirs and have signed agreement to accept a double the amount which they had been billed by the dead millionaire. The Will county relatives comprise Olin Augustus Sage of Channahon, John H. H. Smith, and who has a son and five children; Hattie E. Sage, wife of W. B. Davis, and who has four children; Mrs. Alta Sage Mariens, a grandchild, and Mrs. M. Schombaker, a niece who runs a stock farm near Crete.

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Pana.—Gabe McGara, an inmate of the county farm, escaped from that place and came to this city, where he was captured. He is an aged man and walked the distance to Pana, which is several miles.

Illinois State News
Recent Happenings of Interest in the Various Cities and Towns.



Chester E. Allen.

Depositors Bitter Over Loss.
Spring Valley.—A mass meeting of the depositors of the wrecked Spring Valley National bank, which closed its doors suddenly in July, 1905, was held here. A report was presented of an interview with Receiver Judge Trimble which stated that he had but \$18,000 on hand and that there was little hope of more assets. One enraged depositor took the floor with a motion that the money be expended in the criminal prosecution of Cashier Barton for conspiracy in wrecking the bank.
The motion was seconded by a hundred voices, but was withdrawn when it was found that the money could not be used for such a purpose. A motion was passed unanimously to have a committee of three call on the state attorney of bureau county in an effort to secure the indictment of Cashier Michael Barton, who left Spring Valley the day previous to the bank failure.

Mayor and Police Indicted.
Bloomington.—Francis W. McCaskrain, recently elected president of the Mayor's association of Illinois, was indicted by a grand jury on four counts for inciting others to destroy railway property. The mayor led the police in tearing up the tracks of the Burlington and Milwaukee roads in this city. With six policemen, the mayor was arrested and held to the grand jury, which, dismissing the charges against the police, as they acted under the mayor's instructions. The charge against the mayor is a felony in Illinois and punishable by imprisonment. He gave bond in court for \$1,000.

Conference Golden Jubilee.
Maquoketa.—The golden jubilee or semi-centennial anniversary of the upper Iowa M. E. conference was celebrated here by the attendance of nearly 1,000 ministers, delegates and lay members. Fifty years ago the conference was organized in this city. Of the 100 original members, but three are living, the Revs. Messrs. Rankin, Fellows and Skinner. A reception was given in honor of these gentlemen and visiting clergymen.

Davis to Be Tried at Danville.
Chicago.—The case of Will J. Davis, on a charge of manslaughter, growing from the death of Mrs. Foster, has been set for trial in Danville, Ill., the county seat of Vermilion county, on January 21, 1907. As a result of the lengthy fight against trial in Cook county on the grounds of public peace, the former manager of the burned theater is to be tried before a jury of farmers.

Insane Man Makes Trouble.
Elgin.—Becoming violently insane, Elmer E. Day drove his wife and children under the street, barricaded the house and threatened a crowd collected in front of his home. After a desperate fight of more than an hour Day was overpowered and taken to the police station.

Litchfield Man Injured.
Litchfield.—H. Hoolbrook, an employe of the Litchfield plant of the American Radiator company, was severely injured by a piece of steel struck him in the face while he was on his left eye and cutting his face.

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Fortunate Escape From Injury.
Carliville.—Christopher Melher and son, Albert, who live about six miles north of this city, were the victims of an accident with unusual results. When about one-half mile from town on their way home, driving in a trot, the coupling pin in their spring wagon broke, letting the front running gears pull from under the bed and precipitating the occupants over the dashboard to the ground. Albert, who was driving, held to the lines and managed to stop the horses after being dragged in the mud a short distance. Mr. Melher is about 58 years old, and the fact that he escaped in jury is somewhat remarkable.

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Pana.—Gabe McGara, an inmate of the county farm, escaped from that place and came to this city, where he was captured. He is an aged man and walked the distance to Pana, which is several miles.

Deaths.
Litchfield.—Lillian Akman, aged 16 years, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Akman, living near Honey Bend, is dead.

Kilbourne.—News has been received of the death of Mrs. Reston Coggeshall, at Seattle, Wash., which occurred on September 26. She formerly was a resident of this place.

Carliville.—Charles T. Bouillon of this city received word of the sudden death of his brother, John Bouillon, who died of heart trouble at his home in Greenville, Bond county.