

# Harrington Review.

M. T. LAMBY, Ed. and Pub.  
HARRINGTON, ILLINOIS.

## IN SUNNY OLD SPAIN.

You may talk of skyscrapers that tower,  
And rear their heads high to the sky,  
You of mansions may prate and stote  
Of their wonders that dazzle the eye;  
But there's something I sing of that's grander,  
Whose beauties are hard to explain—  
In a far away land I have reared with a wand  
A castle in sunny old Spain.

Your mansions may gleam with their splendor—  
But what are their splendors to me?  
Your columns of white may stand in their might  
Attending to man's witchery,  
Your halls of pure marble may glisten,  
And gems flash from over the mantel—  
But there's naught can compare with my  
Castle in sunny old Spain.

Rose covered, vine laden, it stands there,  
With walls all a-glitter with gold  
That's sweeter than coral or old  
You may hear, if you wish, the tinkling music  
That is heard for each sorrow and pain—  
There are voices that sing with a silver  
ring  
In my castle in sunny old Spain.

'Tis true that my castle is fitmy—  
And far, far away is the land;  
'Tis true it may glitter with gold  
That are reared on the uncertain sand,  
And when crumbled to dust are its pillars,  
And all scattered, like the blown rain,  
I have only to dream, and let there will  
gleam  
Another in sunny old Spain!  
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

## THE SPENDERS A Tale of the Third Generation

By HARRY LEON WILSON

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CHAPTER XXIII.—CONTINUED.  
"And if you want to, you can be the same with me. I ain't ever held anything against you, and maybe now I can do you a favor."  
"It's right good of you to say so."  
"Now, look here, make 'em let's you and me get right down to cases about this society game here in New York."  
Mrs. Wybert laughed charmingly and relaxed in manner.  
"I'm with you, Mr. Bines. What about it, now?"  
"Now don't get suspicious, and tell me to mind my own business when I ask you questions."  
"I couldn't be suspicious of you—really I feel as if I'd have to tell you everything you asked me, some way."  
"Well, there's been some talk of your marrying that young Milberg. Now tell me the inside of it."  
She looked at the old man closely. Her intuition confirmed his own protestations of friendliness.  
"I don't mind telling you in strict confidence, there was talk of marriage, and his people, all but the sister, encouraged it. It was after that we engaged to Shepler they talked him out."

"I know you're a R, and your word's as good as steel, and how I don't question your good intentions."  
"It's my judgment, hey? Now, look here, I won't tell you what I know and how I know it, but you can take my word that if you go to that Milberg, you plunge in copper right off, without saying a word to anybody or makin' any splurge, and here—"

From the little table at his elbow he picked up a card that had pronounced him and drew out his pencil.  
"You said my word was as good as another man's money. Now I'm going to write on this card just what you have to do, and you're to follow directions, no matter what you hear about other people doing. There'll be all sorts of reports about that stock, but you follow my directions."

He wrote on the back of the card with his pencil.  
"Consolidated Copper, remember—and now I'm a-goin' to write something else under them directions."  
"Do this up to the limit of your capital and I will make good anything you lose." There, Mrs. Wybert, I've signed that "Peter Bines." That card wouldn't be worth a red apple in a court of law, but you know me, and you know it's good for every penny you lose."

"Really, Mr. Bines, you half-way persuade me. I'll certainly try the copper play—and about the other—well—I'll see; I don't promise, mind you."  
"You think over it. I'm sure you'll like the idea—think of beln' in that great nobility, and beln' around them palaces with their dukes and counts. Think how these same New York women will mesh to you then!"  
"The old man rose.  
"And mind, follow them directions and no other—makes no difference what you hear. You're to be responsible. And I'll rely on you, ma'am, never to let anyone know about my visit, and to send me back that little document after you've cashed in."  
He left Mrs. Wybert with the card with a curious little flash of surprise.

CHAPTER XXIII.  
THE AMATEUR NAPOLÉON OF WALL.  
At the beginning of April, the situation in the three stocks Percival had bought so heavily grew undeniably tense. Consolidated Copper went from 25 to 30, the Rio Tinto from 15 to 20, and the Western Trolley from 10 to 15. The Percival enthusiasm suffered little abatement from the drop.  
"You see," he reminded Uncle Peter, "it isn't exactly what I expected, but it's right along, and so it doesn't matter. I knew those fellows inside were bound to hammer it down if they could. It wouldn't phase me a bit if it sagged to 25."  
"My! My! Uncle Peter exclaimed, with warm approval, "the copper master this business certainly does win. I tell you, it's a mighty good thing we got your brains to depend on. I'm all right the other side of Council Bluffs, but I'm a tenderfoot."

"Very well. Now you do as I tell you, and you can clean up a big lot inside of the next two months. If you do as I tell you, no matter what you hear, and if you get out talk."  
Mrs. Wybert meditated.  
"Mr. Bines, I'm—it's natural that I'm a little uneasy. Why should you say so? Do you well after our little affair? Now, out with it! What are you trying to do with me? What do you expect me to do for you? Get down to cases yourself, Mr. Bines!"  
"Well, ma'am, in a few words, my granddauther here, you understand, is engaged to an Englishman. He's next thing to broke, but he's got a title coming. Naturally he's looking for money. Naturally he don't care for the girl. He's got about as infatuated with him. Now then, if he had a chance at some one with more money than she's got, why, naturally, he'd jump at it."  
"Aren't you a little bit widdy?"  
"Not a little bit. He saw you at Newport last summer, and he's seen you here. He was tearing the adjectives up telling me about you the other night, and your confidence in me, I understand, that I'd ever heard tell of you before. You could marry him in a jiffy if you follow my directions."  
"But your granddauther has a fortune."  
"You'll have as much if you play this the way I tell you. And—you never can tell in these times—she might lose a good bit of hers."  
"Isn't that peculiar, Mr. Bines—your proposition."  
"Look at what a brilliant match it would be for you. Why, you'd be Lady Caswellthorpe, with dukes and counts taking off their crowns to you, and that other fellow—the Milberg—from all I hear he's lighter's cork-out his galluses and he'd float right up into the sky. He ain't got anything but his good family and a thing."  
"I see. This Mauburn isn't good enough for your family, but you reckon he's good enough for me? Is that it, now?"  
"Come, Mrs. Wybert, let's be broad. That's the game you like, and I don't criticize you for it. It's a good game if that's the kind of a game you're huntin' for. And you can play it better than my granddauther. She was't meant for it—and I'd rather have her marry an American, anyhow. Now you like it, and you got beauty—only you need more money. I'll put you in the way of it, and you can cut out my granddauther."

"I must think about it. Suppose I plunge in copper, and your tip isn't straight. I've seen hard times, Mr. Bines, in my life. I haven't always been my granddauther's partner."  
"Mrs. Wybert, you live in Montana long enough to know how I stand there!"  
"I know you're a R, and your word's as good as steel, and how I don't question your good intentions."  
"It's my judgment, hey? Now, look here, I won't tell you what I know and how I know it, but you can take my word that if you go to that Milberg, you plunge in copper right off, without saying a word to anybody or makin' any splurge, and here—"

here, sure, where everybody's tryin' to get the best of you. You see, out there everybody tries to make the best of it, and you see that that's the smartest last night. But you'll pull them in their place all right. You know both ends of the game and the middle. We certainly got a right to be proud of you. You see, I'm a little bit widdy to have him see the nerve you've showed, that's all."

Uncle Peter's professions of confidence were not without effect. Percival took new hope and faith in his judgment from them daily.  
Nevertheless, as the weeks passed, and the mysterious insiders succeeded in keeping the man of the street from rising, he came to feel a touch of anxiety. More, indeed, than he was able to communicate to Uncle Peter, without confessing outright that he had lost faith in himself. That he had lost faith in himself, he was sure, which he doubted. The Bines fortune was now hanging, as to all but some of the western properties, on the turning of the three stocks. Yet the confidence of the young man's acumen was invulnerable. No shaft that Percival was able to fashion had point enough to pierce it. And he had no better to do, for he still had the gambler's faith in the game.  
"You got your father's head in business matters," was Uncle Peter's invariable response to any suggestion of failure. "I know that much—spite of what all these gossip say. But that's all I want to know. You can't ever be no Shepler—less you take your share of chances. Only don't ask my advice. You're master of the game, and we're all layin' right smack down on you. You're gonna for it!"

Whereupon the young man, with confidence in himself newly inflated, would hurry off to the stock tickers. He had ceased to buy the stocks outright, but for several weeks had bought only on margin.  
"There was one rule in poker your pa had," said Uncle Peter. "If a hand is worth calling on, it's worth raising on. He just never would call. If he didn't think he was worth raising, he'd bench it with the discards, and wait for another deal. I don't know much about the game, but he said it was a sound rule, and if it is sound in poker, why it's got to be sound in this game. That's all I can tell you. You know what you hold, and if 'tain't a hand to lay down, it must be a hand to raise on. Of course, if you'd be break in it, you'd be in it. You'd be cautious—if you'd made a fool of yourself at the start—but shucks! You're the son of Daniel J. Bines, ain't you?"

The rule and the clever provocation had led to a chip left. Uncle Peter, why, only to-day I had a tip that came straight from Shepler, though he never dreamed it would reach me. That Pacific Cable bill is going to be rushed through at this session of congress, sure, and that means enough increased demand to send Consolidated back where it was. And then, when you come out that Rio Tinto ain't no more by the throat, well, this ain't no more by a hair to stop, and those Federal Oil sharks and Shepler will be wondering how I had the face to stay in."  
The persistent rumors regarding Consolidated began to conflict very sharply. Percival heard them all hungrily, disregarding those that did not confirm his own opinions. He called them responsible newspaper gossip, or believed them to be inspired by the clique for its own ends.  
He studied the history of copper until he knew all its ups and downs since the great geological developments began in 1848. When Potts, the broker he traded most heavily with, suggested that the Consolidated company was skating on thin ice, that it might, indeed, be going through the same experience that shattered the famous Secretan corner a dozen years before, Percival pointed out unerringly the vital differences in the circumstances. The Consolidated had reduced the production of its controlled mines, and the price was bound to be maintained. When his adviser suggested that the companies not in the combine might cut the price, he brought up the very lively rumors of a "gentleman's agreement" with the "non-combine" producers.

"Of course, there's Calumet and Hecla. I know that couldn't be gunned into the combination. They could pay dividends with confidence at ten for one pound. But the other independents know which side of their stock is spread wit dividends, all right."  
When it was further suggested that the Rio Tinto had sold ahead means for a year, with the result that European imports from the United States had fallen off, and that the Consolidated could not go on forever holding up the price, Percival said nothing at all. He was to that was the secret negotiations for control of the European output, which would make the Consolidated master of the copper world. Instead of disclosing this, he pretended to be discouraged by the mere generally hopeful outlook in all lines. Western Trolley, to might be overcapitalized, and Union Cordage might also be in the hands of a practical clique; but he demanded for trolley lines was growing every day, and cordage products were not going out of fashion by any means.

"You see," he said to his adviser, "as far as the stock market goes, I'm not going to die, he said. 'What! Am I not to die, he said. 'Then, thank God, I won't.' That woman was well in next to no time, and round at the vicarage thinking it was a mistake, he had saved her life—St. James' set."

Trolley and Union Cordage, the two other stocks about which doubt is now being so widely expressed. The street is so persuaded that they are both due to rise, not sensationally, but at a healthy upward rate that makes them sound investments!  
"There," said Percival, "there's the judgment of a man that knows the game, but doesn't happen to have a dollar in either stock, and he doesn't know one or two things that I know, either. Just hypothecate 10,000 of those Union Cordage shares and 6,000 Western Trolley, and buy Consolidated, on a 20 per cent margin. I want to get bigger action. There's a good rule in poker: if your hand is worth calling, call. The decision is important to Alton because because, under the rules of the Illinois warehouse and railroad commission, any line found guilty of overcharging for switching freight is liable to a fine of \$25,000. The wagon was demolished."

"Must Repay Charges Threefold.  
Alton—A jury in the city court returned a verdict fining the Chicago, Peoria & St. Louis railroad \$25,000 on a charge of collecting exorbitant switching charges. The suit was filed by the Alton Lumber and Cement company. The decision is important to Alton merchants because, under the rules of the Illinois warehouse and railroad commission, any line found guilty of overcharging for switching freight is liable to a fine of \$25,000. The wagon was demolished."

Asylum Inmate Killed.  
Lincoln—Samuel Krezner, an inmate of the state asylum, was instantly killed while driving a team of mules across the Illinois Central railroad tracks. Krezner was thrown 30 feet. One hand was torn from the wrist and the feet were torn from his face. The team and wagon were dragged 50 feet and four shoes were broken or pulled from the feet of the mules. Other than this they were uninjured. The wagon was demolished.

Woman Realty Dealer Dies.  
Waukegan—Word has been received of the death in San Francisco of Mrs. Rose A. Emmons, formerly prominent in the real estate business at North Chicago. As president of the Woman's Land syndicate, with headquarters in Chicago, she secured heavy investments of funds from all over the country, which were put into North Chicago lots and mostly lost with the waning of the boom there.

Interference With Marshal; Is Dead.  
Bloomington—Because he interfered with the city marshal, James Bryant is the arrestee in San Francisco at Gridley, the marshal shot and fatally injured Louis Weiser, a farmer of that place. The prisoner had been employed by Weiser and the latter had been to search for him. He attacked Bryant with brass knuckles, and the officer was compelled to shoot in self-defense. Bryant gave himself up.

Millitman Injured.  
Elgin—While attempting to cross in front of a moving street car on Fountain square, in the heart of the city, a military recruit, Harry Barker of this city, slipped and fell beneath the wheels. Both arms and three ribs were broken. He was taken to St. Joseph's hospital, where it is said he is dying. Barker is 25 years old, a sergeant of company E, Third regiment, Illinois national guard.

Mexican War Veterans.  
Pana.—At last meeting of the Mexican War Veterans' association, held here the following officers were elected: President, LeRoy Wilkey; first vice president, I. F. Smith; second vice president, T. B. Briggs; Delavan; secretary-treasurer, Rufus Cleveland; Galusburg; assistant secretary, M. W. J. Wyatt, Franklin. The next meeting will be at Taylorville.

Survives a Fast of 55 Days.  
Rock Island—After completing a fast of 55 days, Mrs. M. J. Norton, aged 26, is in a fair way to recover the health for which he has been denying himself. His only sustenance during the time mentioned was two glasses of water with lemon. He attacked a spoonful of honey daily, with a small amount of olive oil added in the closing days. He lost 25 pounds.

Killed by Bait of Hay.  
Springfield.—John Byrum died of paralysis of the spine caused by being struck on the head by a bale of hay. Byrum was a driver for the Vredenburg Lumber company and was injured while at Second and Madison streets. He was thrown from the hay barn loft and struck him on the head.

Killed by Barbed Wire.  
Spring Valley.—While paying a visit to the old homestead once owned by him, Peter Pearson, a wealthy farmer, aged 86, met his death. Toward evening he started out to look over the farm. Trying to get through a barbed wire fence, he got tangled up, and his body was found hanging to the wires.

Find Snake in Bananas.  
Carmi.—While unpacking imported bananas Henry Hargrave, a local fruit dealer, found a young box constructor in one bunch. The reptile measured about 18 inches and was in a torpid condition.

Widow Is Given \$4,000.  
Litchfield—A jury in the Litchfield city court returned a verdict in favor of Mrs. Terry M. Shuler against the Litchfield & Madison railroad for \$4,000 damages for the death of her husband.

Fire Destroys Bridge.  
Havana.—The C. P. & St. L. railroad bridge across the Sangamon river, just south of Chandierville on the Havana & Jacksonville branch, was burned. The bridge was about 179 feet in length.

Working on Edinburg Coal Mine.  
Edinburg.—Another carload of lumber for the coal shaft arrived from St. Louis the first of the week. Only month from now coal will be hoisted from the main shaft and Edinburg people will be burning home coal.

# Illinois State News

Recent Happenings of Interest in the Various Cities and Towns.

Sage Helix, Get Fortune.  
Joliet—Olin Sage, a resident of South Illinois, has received two New York drafts, each in the amount of \$25,000, representing his share of the estate of the late Russell Sage, \$25,000 plus an additional \$25,000 added by Mrs. Sage, the widow. Olin Sage was a nephew of the late financial king and share of the vast fortune in company with other relatives, many of whom are residents of this county.

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President of Illinois K. of C.  
Jacksonville—Daniel E. Sweeney, who recently, for the fourth consecutive term, was elected supreme president of the Knights of Columbus of Illinois, has lived the 53 years of his life in this city. Mr. Sweeney has served as chief of the Jacksonville fire department. For a long time he was connected with the Illinois National Guard, and for five years he was captain of a local military company. He is married and has a family of nine children.

Indicted Official Is Freed.  
Centra.—The indictment of State's Attorney June C. Smith of Marion county for alleged conspiracy to ruin former Sheriff Matthew H. Wells, and also charging him with having induced Wells to offer him a bribe, was quashed. The charges grew out of a suit brought by the state's attorney against ex-Sheriff Wells for an alleged shortage of about \$5,000 in his accounts with the county, which suit is still pending in the Marion county circuit court.

Wealth in Gypsy Camp.  
Carmi.—On complaint of Gus Mitchell, a gypsy, a warrant was sworn out for the recovery of \$1,000 which Mitchell claimed had been stolen from him by a rival band of gypsies. Taking a dozen deputies, all heavily armed, Sheriff Grison went to the camp and began to search. In all over \$50,000 in gold and currency was found, and certificates of deposit aggregating as much more.

Vicious Bear Gores Farmer.  
Charleston.—John Winkles, Jr., a young farmer living north of this city, is perhaps fatally injured from the attack of an angry bear. Mr. Winkles was in the feed lot when the hog attacked him, and getting him down, bit and lacerated his limbs with his tusks in a frightful manner.

Kewanee May Have Cheaper Gas.  
Kewanee.—The Kewanee Light and Power company made a proposition to reduce the price of gas from \$1.50 per thousand to \$1.25 immediately and one dollar in five years if the city council will give 25 years extension to both gas and electric franchises now held, which have 19 years yet to run.

Assumption—Louis Locks, a well known resident south of the city, is dead.  
Irving—Mrs. John McGowell, a resident of this vicinity for 55 years, died at her home, aged 90 years.  
Litchfield—James H. Duke, a well known old soldier and for half a century a resident of this county, died at his home in this city.

Decatur—Hugh W. Hill, one of Decatur's wealthiest citizens, died at his residence, 219 North Pine street. H. W. Hill leaves an estate estimated at \$200,000.  
Coffee—Hezekiah Thacker, a pioneer resident of this section, was found dead in bed at his home near this city, aged 81 years.

Stanton—Mrs. Matilda Williamson, aged 90 years, died at her home in this city. She came from Ireland in 1828 with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Patterson, and settled in Stanton, remaining here ever since.

Working on Edinburg Coal Mine.  
Edinburg.—Another carload of lumber for the coal shaft arrived from St. Louis the first of the week. Only month from now coal will be hoisted from the main shaft and Edinburg people will be burning home coal.

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