

THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.

Oh, lift your feet and follow away To the bounds of the dark and the end of the day! Heigho! heigho! The Red Winds blow, And a flame of lead down the road doth show!

THE SPENDERS

A Tale of the Third Generation By HARRY LEON WILSON Copyright, by Lothrop Publishing Company.

CHAPTER XXIV. HOW THE CHINOOK CAME TO WALL.

The loss of much money is commonly a subject to be managed with brevity and aversion by one who sits down with the pen and writes for sheets of clean paper. To bewail is painful. To affect lightness, on the other hand, would, in this age, savor of insincerity, if not of downright blasphemy. More than a bare recital of the wretched facts, therefore, is not seemly.

the restriction of product, the increase of price and the throttling of competition, a trinity that would wreck any combination, business, political or social. With this generalization we have no concern. As to the copper situation, the comment was pat. It had been suddenly disclosed, not only that the combination could be made to include the European mines, but that the consolidated company had an unworldly surplus of some \$20,000,000. It was producing 20,000,000 pounds a month more than could be sold, and that it had made large secret sales abroad at from two to three cents below the market. As if fearing that these adverse conditions did not sufficiently insure the stock's downfall, the Shepler group of Federal Oil operators beat it down further with what was veritably a golden sled. That is, they exported gold at a loss. At a time when obligations could have been met more cheaply with bought bills they sent out many gold certificates at an actual loss of \$300 on the half million. As money was already dear, and thus became dearer, the temptation and the means to hold copper stock, in spite of all discouragements, were from the paths of hundreds of the harried holders.

Incidentally, Western Trolley had gone into the hands of a receiver, a failure involving the Chicago, Rock Island and Union Cordage had fallen 25 points through sensational disclosures as to its overcapitalization. Into this melioration of a panic market the Blues fortune had been smacked with a swift and so terrible that the family's chief advising member was left dazed and incredulous. For two days he clung to the ticker tape as to a life line. He had committed the millions of the family as lightly as ever he had staked \$100 on the turn of a card or left ten on the change-over for his waiter. Then he had seen his crumpled bill foundations, rested upon with hopes so high for three months, melt away like snow when the blistering Chinook comes.

As he had been thought wise to adopt two somewhat differing stances in the foregoing, in order that the direness of the tragedy may be sufficiently apprehended, the morning of the first of the two last awful days, he was called to the office of Fouts & Hendricks by telephone. "Something going to happen in Consolidated-to-day." He had hurried downtown, flushed with confidence. He knew there was but one thing could happen. He had reached the office at ten and heard the first vicious little click of the ticker—that beating heart of the stock exchange—as it began the unemotional extorsion of what men bought and sold over the floor. His inventor died in the poorhouse, but capital would fold badly without his machine. Consolidated was down three points. The crowd about the ticker grew absorbed as the Bears' hands were moved from the telephone. The bears had made a set for the stock. It began to slump rapidly. As the stock was goaded down, point by point, the crowd of traders was being thinned.

As the stock fell, the banks requested the brokers to margin up their loans, and the brokers, in turn, requested Percival to margin up his trades. The shares he had bought outright went to cover the shortage in those he had bought on a 10 per cent margin. Loans were called later, and marginal accounts wiped out with appalling informality. Yet when Consolidated suddenly rallied three points just at the close of the day's trading, he took much comfort in it as an omen of the morrow. That night, however, he took but little satisfaction in Uncle Peter's renewed assurance of trust in his schemes. Uncle Peter, he decided all at once, was a fatuous, doddering old man, unable to realize that the whole fortune was gravely endangered. And with that gambler's luck, the hope that stock must change, he forebore to undevote the old man.

Uncle Peter went with him to the office next morning, serenely interested in the prospects. "You got your pa's way of taking hold of big propositions. That's all I need to know," he reassured the young man, cheerfully. "Consolidated's copper opened up at 78, and went by two o'clock to 81. Percival watched the decline with a conviction that he was dreaming. He laughed to think of his relief when he promptly saw that the stock was as good as the ticker, and their voices came



RUIINED!

Illinois State News

Recent Happenings of Interest in the Various Cities and Towns.

DEATH OF "LORD" SCULLY.

Irishman Owned Miles of Rich Land in Illinois. Scully was a native of Tipperary, Ireland. He owned more farms than any other man in America.

ACCOUNTS ARE \$20,000 SHORT

Henry County May Seek to Collect from Welton Estate. Discrepancies aggregating more than \$20,000 have been found in the accounts of the late Frank G. Welton.

PLAN TO COMBINE SYNODS.

Presbyterians Appoint Committee to Seek Consolidation. East St. Louis.—The Presbyterian synod of Illinois at its twenty-fourth annual session in this city, took the initiative in an effort to combine the two synods of Illinois.

TO BE CONTINUED

TO POINT.

When somebody asked Graham Saunders why he did not go to visit the squire's family any more, he hesitated for a moment before he ventured to put his reason into words.

THE DOCTOR WAS FOOLED.

An eminent physician had cured a little-known but dangerous illness. The grateful mother turned her steps toward the house of her son's savior.

STEAL FIFTEEN TONS OF CEMENT.

Chicago.—Arthur Cardinal, 23 years old, 4833 Grand boulevard, was fined \$100 by Justice Brindley for obtaining property under false pretenses.

FOUR SUMMER HOMES BURNED.

Elgin.—Fire, which started from a defective flue in the cottage of P. F. Pettibone, the Chicago publisher, destroyed that building and three others adjacent.

BEARDSTOWN.—JOHN C. ROSE DROPPED

John C. Rose dropped from a log grocery store. Heart failure is given as the cause.

KNITFIELD.—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.

CARLISVILLE.—MRS. VIRGIL WILSON,

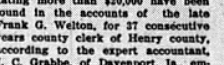
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MOUNT VERNON.—REV. JOSEPH ELLIS,

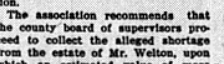
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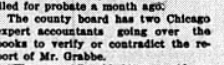
William Scully, more generally known as "Lord Scully," the Irish landlord in America, died in London at the age of 85, leaving an estate said to be worth \$50,000,000.



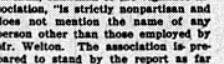
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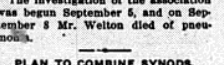
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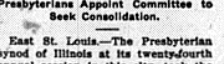
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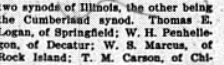
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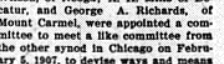
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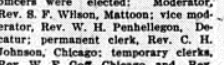
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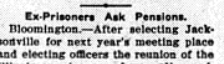
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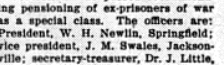
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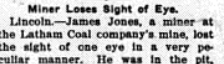
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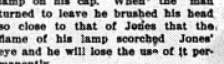
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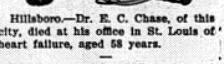
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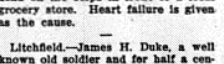
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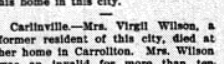
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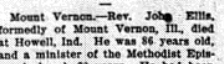
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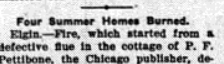
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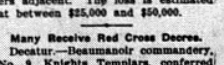
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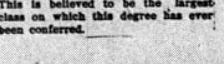
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