

The Spenders

A Tale of the Third Generation.

By HARRY LEON WILSON.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.—Continued.

The Amateur Napoleon of Wall Street.

"There was one rule in poker you had to follow," said Uncle Peter. "If a hand is worth calling on, it's worth raising on. The best never would call, if he didn't think a hand was worth raising, he'd bunch it in 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 was 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 been brash and ignorant in your first calculations—if you'd made a fool of yourself at the start but snucks! you're the son of Daniel J. Bines, ain't you?"

The rule and the clever provocation had their effect. "I'll raise as long as I have a chip left," Uncle Peter, why, only to-day I had a tip that came straight from Shepler, he never dreamed it would reach me. That Pacific cable bill is going to be rushed thru at this session of congress, sure, and that means enough increased demand to send Consolidated back where it was. And then, when it comes out that they've got those Rio Tinto mines by the throat, well, this devil would have to stop, and those Federal Oil sharks and Shepler will be wondering how I had the face to stay in."

The published rumors regarding Consolidated began to circulate freely. Percival read them all hungrily, disregarding those that did not confirm his own opinions. He called them irresponsible newspaper gossip, but he was not 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 electrical boom began in 1887. When Fouts, the broker he had known so heavily with, suggested that the Consolidated company was skating on thin ice, that it might, indeed, be going thru the same experience that shattered the famous Secretan corner a dozen years before, Percival pointed out unerringly the vital difference 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 copper at 10 cents a pound. But the other independents know which side of their stock is spread with dividends, all right."

When it was further suggested that the Rio Tinto mine had sold ahead for a year, with the result that European imports from the United States had fallen off, and that the Consolidated could not go any further holding up the price, Percival said nothing.

The answer to this 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 craftily to be encouraged by the mere generally hopeful outlook in all lines. Western Trolley, too, might be overcapitalized, and Union Corder might also be in the hands of a nifty clique; but the demand 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, "there's what the most conservative man in the street says in this afternoon's paper. That copper must necessarily break badly and the whole boom collapse. I do not believe. There is enough prosperity to maintain a strong demand for the metal thru another year, at least. As to Western Trolley and Union Corder, there's two other stocks about which doubt is now being so widely expressed in the street. I am 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 gives me to know one or two things that I know, either. Just hypothecate 10,000 of those Union Corder shares and five thousand of those Western Trolley and buy Consolidated on a twenty per cent margin. I want to get bigger action. There's a good rule in poker: if your hand is worth calling, it's worth raising. I'll like your nerve," said the broker.

"Well, I know some one who has a sleeve with something up, it's all right." By the third week in April it was believed that his holdings of Consolidated were the largest in the street, excepting those of the Federal Oil people. Uncle Peter was delighted by the magnitude of his operations, and by his newly formed habits of industry.

"It'll be the makings of the boy," he said to Mrs. Bines in her son's presence. "Not that I care so much myself about all the millions he'll pile up, but it gives him a business training, and takes him out of the pin-head class. I bet Shepler himself will be taking off his silk hat to your son, just as soon as he's made this turn in copper—if he has enough of Dan's grit to hang on—and I think he has."

"They needn't wait another day for me," Percival told him later. "The family treasure is about all in now, except Mrs. Shepler's earnings, and the hair watch chain Grandpa Cummings had. Of course I'm holding what I promised for Burman. But that rise can't hold for much longer, and the only thing I'll do, from now on, is to hock a few blocks of the stock I

bought outright and buy on margins, so's to get bigger action."

"My! My! you jest do fairly daaze me," exclaimed the old man, delightedly. "I guess your pa wouldn't be at all proud of you if he could see it. I tell you, this family's all right while you keep hearty."

"Well, I'm not pushing my chest out any," said the young man with becoming modesty, "but I don't mind telling you it will be the biggest thing ever pulled off down there by any one man."

"That's the true western spirit," declared Uncle Peter, beside himself with enthusiasm. "We do things big when we bother with 'em at all. We ain't afraid of any pikers like Shepler, with his little two and five thousand lots. Of I can't hear 'em callin' you hard names down in that Wall street—Napoleon of finance and copper king and all like that—in about thirty days!"

He accepted Percival's invitation that afternoon to go down into the street with him. They stopped for a moment in the visitor's gallery of the Stock Exchange and looked down into the mob writhing, disheveled, shouting brokers. In and out, the throng swirled upon itself, while above its muddy depths surged a froth of hands and frenzied, gesticulating. The frantic movement and din of shrieks disturbed Uncle Peter.

"Faro is such a lot quieter game," was his comment, "so much more calm and restful. What a pity, now, 'tain't as Christian!"

Then they made the rounds of the brokers' offices in New, Broad and Wall streets.

They reached the office of Fouts, in the latter street, just as the exchange had closed. In the outer trading room groups of men were still about the tickers, rapidly exchanging the last quotations. Percival made his way toward one of them with a dim notion that he might be concerned. He was relieved when he saw Gordon Blythe, suave and smiling, in the midst of the group, still regarding the tape he held in his hands. Blythe, too, had plunged in copper. He had been one of the few sanguine as Percival and Blythe's manner now reassured him. Copper had obviously not gone wrong.

"Ah, Blythe, how did we close?" Mr. Blythe, my grandfather, Mr. Bines.

Blythe was the model of easy, indolent, happy middle-age. His tall hat, frock coat with a carnation in the lapel, the precise crease of his trousers, the spick-and-span of his patent leathers and his graceful confidence of manner, proclaimed his mind to be free from all but the pleasant things of life. He greeted Uncle Peter airily.

"Come down to see how we do it, eh, Mr. Bines? It's vastly engrossing, on my word. Here's copper just closed at 93, after opening strong this morning at 105. I hardly fancied, you know, it could fall off so many of those wretched little points. Rumors that the Consolidated had made large sales of the stuff in London at sixteen, I believe. One never can tell about these things, really governs these absurd fluctuations."

Percival was staring at Blythe in unaccountable amazement. He turned, leaning Uncle Peter still chatting with him, and he saw in the inner office, when he came out ten minutes later Uncle Peter was waiting for him alone.

"Your friend, Mr. Blythe, is a clever sort of man, jolly and light-hearted as a boy."

"Let's go out and have a drink, before we go up town."

In the cafe of the Savarin, to which he had taken them, they saw Blythe again. He was seated at one of the tables with a younger man. Uncle Peter and Percival sat down at a table near by.

Blythe was having trouble about his

"Now, George," he was saying, "give us a real lively pint of wine. You see, yourself, that cork isn't fresh; show it to me, and I'll give you a real lively one—come now, George! Hardly a bubble in it! Tell Frank I'll leave it to him, by Gad! if this bottle is right!"

The waiter set with the rejected wine, and they heard Blythe resume his conversation, with the relief of a connoisseur:

"It's simply a matter of genius, old chap. You understand?—to a good wine that is really so discriminating. It's a chap's not born with the gift he's an ass to think he can acquire it. Sometimes you've a setter up that looks fit—head good, nose all right, all the markings, but you try him out and you know—in half an hour he'll never do in the world. Then it's better to take him out back of the barn and shoot him, by Gad! rather than have his air corrupt the rest of the kennel. He can't acquire the gift, and no more can a chap acquire this gift. Ah! I was right, was I, George? Look how different the cork is."

He sipped the bubbling amber wine with cautious and exacting appreciation. As the waiter would have refilled the glasses, Blythe stopped him.

"Now, George, let me tell you something. You're serving at this moment the only gentleman's drink. Do it right, George, and I'll give you a real lively one, you know why? Think, George! You pour fresh wine into stale wine and what have you?—neither. I've taught you something, George. Never fill a glass till it's empty."

"It beats me," said Uncle Peter, when Blythe and his companion had gone, "how such a fellow can be so good. The fellow must 'a' made a study of wines, and nothing worse ever bothers him than a waiter fillin' his glass wrong."

"You're the best man I ever met," said Percival, "when I tell you this slump in copper has just ruined him—wiped out every cent he had. He'd just taken it off the tickler, and he's found him in the place there. He's lost a million and a half, every cent he had in the world, and he has a wife and two grown daughters."

"Shoo! you don't say! And I'd have sworn he didn't care a row of pins whether copper went up or down. He was a lot more worried about that champagne. Well, cure his case of catarrh, and I got more respect for him now. This town does produce thoroughbreds, you can't deny that. She's down to 93, and I've had to margin up a good bit. I didn't think it could get below 95 at the worst."

"Oh, I can't bother about them things. Just think of when she booms. I do—but say—do you think we better pinch our belts?"

Uncle Peter finished his glass of beer.

"Lord! don't ask me," he replied, with the unconcern of perfect trust. "Of course if you've lost your nerve, or if you think all these things you were tellin' me was jest some one foolin' you—"

"You're the best man I ever met," said Uncle Peter, "I've known him to make big money by keepin' it when other men lose theirs. Of course he had genius for it, and you're rich copper yet—"

thought," said Uncle Peter. "He's left his family to starve. Now your pa was a game loser for fair. Dan! J. would 'a' called for another deck."

"And copper's up two points to-day," said Percival, cheerfully. He had begun to be depressed with forebodings of disaster, and this slight recovery was cheering.

"By the way," he continued, "there may be another gas-jet blown out in a few days. That's exactly what you know, our friend from Montana, has been selling Consolidated right and left. Where do you suppose she got any such tip as that? Well, I'm buying and she's selling, and we'll have that money back. She'll be wiped off the board when Consolidated soars."

(To be continued to-morrow.)

NEW YORK CELEBRATES

Father Knickerbocker Was 250 Years Old Yesterday.

New York, May 21.—New York yesterday officially commemorated the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of municipal government in New Amsterdam, afterward called by force of treaty between Holland and England, New York. The city was gay with bunting. The city hall, where the main exercises were held, and City Hall park were the center of attraction, the decorations being especially elaborate. In the public schools half a million children took part in special patriotic exercises.

Mayor Low presided over the ceremonies at the city hall. The invocation was pronounced by Rev. Cornelius P. Wells, pastor of the Dutch Reformed church of Flatbush, the oldest church of that denomination here. Mayor Low delivered a brief address, referring especially to the city's marvelous growth and the open-handed charity of its people.

"Our special pride," said he, "is that we are an American city and our chief ambition is to show how the greatest American city can greatly serve the world."

General James Grant Wilson of the New York Historical society delivered the oration of the day, and he was followed by Ellihu Root, secretary of war, who pre- faced his remarks with a letter from President Roosevelt. After expressing his regret at his inability to be present, the president wrote:

"The changes in New York city during the 250 years which have just elapsed are such as could be paralleled nowhere else in the world. We now have in New York the second largest city in the world, and it is no idle compliment to you and those associated with you, Mr. Mayor, for me to say that there is no other city, either here or abroad, whose governing officials its people have more reason to feel proud of."

Addresses were made by Governor O'Neil, Judge John Clinton of the state court of appeals, the Rev. E. Perella Mendes, rabbi of Congregation Shearith Israel, and Bishop Henry G. Potter of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York. The Rev. Joseph M. Farley, archbishop of New York, pronounced the benediction.

IRRIGATION IS EXPENSIVE

Cost Government \$7,500,000 During Past Two Years.

Washington, May 27.—Commissioner Richards of the general land office has had prepared a statement giving the exact amount of the fund set apart for the reclamation of arid lands under the irrigation act of 1902. It shows a total of \$7,500,000 for the fiscal years 1901 and 1902, distributed among the states and territories as follows:

Arizona, \$31,773; California, \$503,210; Colorado, \$223,993; Idaho, \$107,000; Kansas, \$40,135; Montana, \$773,377; Nebraska, \$235,194; Nevada, \$28,414; New Mexico, \$147,237; North Dakota, \$1,327,498; Oklahoma, \$1,008,785; Oregon, \$49,098; South Dakota, \$40,422; Utah, \$149,474; Washington \$784,085; Wyoming, \$385,762.

The total for 1901 was \$3,144,861, and for 1902, \$4,355,138.

The returns on the sale of public lands for the first three quarters of the present fiscal year indicate that the receipts will be about equal to the two preceding years, so that by the first of next July the irrigation fund in the treasury department will amount to about \$15,000,000.

ARRIVE IN CHICAGO 8:30 A. M.

As Usual the North-Western Line Is First in Improving Chicago Service.

The most luxurious train between Twin Cities and Chicago—namely, the North-Western Limited—continues to leave Minneapolis, 8:00 p. m., St. Paul, 8:30 p. m., but now arrives Chicago 8:30 a. m. This earlier arrival assures connections for the east and south not made by other trains.

In this connection it is also interesting to recall that between the Twin Cities and Chicago the North-Western line operated the first train having appointments to the present-day Limited, first Pullman Sleepers, first Compartment Cars, first Parlor Cars, first Dining Cars, first Observation Cars, and the first Refrigerated Cattle Cars. This clearly shows the progressive spirit of this ever-popular and reliable line.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

John W. Hull and wife to John A. Arnold, lot 9, block 1, Rustic's rearrangement, \$1,500.

Susan D. Fainor and wife to Frederick J. Hopkins, lots 176 and 177, Revised Cottagewood, \$500.

Melissa H. Baldwin and husband to Fay W. Huntington and wife, lot 15, Auditor's subdivision No. 30, \$200.

Frederick F. Root to Everett H. Hutton, lot 2, rearrangement of blocks 9 and 10, first division of Hamilton Park, \$700.

Amanda A. Holm and husband to Peter Jansen et al., lot 2, block 1, Hawkins' addition, \$2,200.

William I. Fainor and wife to Kelly, lots 9 and 10, block 8, Baker's addition, \$700.

Susan D. Gale and husband to William H. Merdick, lots 178 and 179, Revised Cottagewood, \$500.

I. F. Works and husband to Frank W. Kinney, lots 9, 10 and 11, block 1, Fenny's subdivision, \$7,500.

Richardson and company to Walter Z. Kline and wife, lot 18, block 5, Forest Heights, \$1,300.

Samuel S. Thorpe and wife to Ellen L. Ledy, lot 5, block 9, Pleasant Park addition, \$320.

William I. Fainor and wife to Kelly, lots 67, West Minneapolis, second division, \$150.

Labels Ann Ober and husband to Albert W. Ober, lot 1, section 1, \$100.

Anna Grunnet and husband to Christian D.

SIMPLE REMEDY FOR CATARRH

Just Breathe Hyomei Four Times a Day and Be Cured.

If a few years ago some one had said you could cure a case of catarrh by breathing, charged with a healing balsam, the idea would have been ridiculed and it remained for R. T. Booth, that eminent investigator, to discover in Hyomei this method of cure.

Hyomei has performed the most miraculous cure of catarrh and is to-day recognized by the leading members of the medical profession as the only advertised remedy that can be relied upon to do just what it claims.

The complete outfit of Hyomei costs but \$1.00 and consists of an inhaler, a medicine dropper and a bottle of Hyomei. Breathe Hyomei through the inhaler for a few minutes four times a day and it will cure the worst case of catarrh. It soothes and heals the mucous membrane of the air passages, prevents irritation, and effects a complete and lasting cure.

The treasurer of the American Life Insurance Company, J. S. Nugent, of New York city, writes: "Hyomei has completely cured my daughter of catarrh from which she has been a sufferer for years."

In Minneapolis there are scores of well-known people who say they have been cured of a case of catarrh by Hyomei. It cures you, Vogel's Bros. Drug Co. Will return the money you paid for Hyomei. This is the strongest evidence that can be offered as to their faith in the remedy.



Hot Weather Beauty

The fresh bloom and beauty which is so attractive in women—the beauty of perfect health—falls an easy victim to the enervating heat of summer. The roses fade and a sickly pallor takes its place; nervous headaches leave dark shadows under the eyes; the eyes themselves lose their sparkle and lustre; rashes and

blotches destroy the fine texture of the skin, and almost without warning beauty has fled.

These troubles are but outward manifestations of the effect of hot weather upon the digestive system. With perfect digestion beauty can defy the heat.

"Nerves," lassitude, loss of appetite, and the hundred and one troubles that make hot weather almost unbearable, are unknown to the person with sound digestion. Before beauty has fled: before "nerves," headaches, indigestion, constipation and biliousness overtake you, buy a little box of

IRON-OX

Tiny Tonic Tablets

With them you can defy the heat, escape rash and blotches; retain your appetite, preserve the roses in your cheeks, or make them bloom where they never bloomed before.

Iron-Ox Tiny Tablets are the best tonic for women and children. Best, because they are dainty and gentle. Not a harsh purgative, but a safe tonic-laxative. Pleasant to take—

very certain in their effect. Iron-Ox Tablets are a real cure for all derangements of the stomach and digestive organs.

Little box of shining aluminum that fits pocket, purse or glove—50 tablets for a quarter. At all druggists, or from The Iron-Ox Remedy Co., Detroit, on receipt of 25 cents.

Mackenzieg, lot 18, block 3, South Minneapolis addition, \$400.

Arthur B. Lee and wife to William C. Palmer, lots 9 and 10, block 2, Baker's addition, \$700.

Commonwealth Life Insurance and Trust company (trustee) to Eulalia E. Satterlee, lots 10, 11 and 12, block 10, second division of Remington Park, \$200.

Western Realty company to Ignate Schable, lot 30, block 3, Fair Ground addition, \$200.

Marcy S. Libby and husband to Ole Thompson, lots 9 and 10, block 3, Taylor's addition, \$700.

Security Land and Investment company to Jennie B. Heath, lot 21, block 2, Higman, Ridgway & Co.'s addition, \$800.

Michael J. Gill and wife to Louise P. Henry, lots 1 and 2, block 4, Dunmore's fourth addition, \$1,200.

James K. Savage and wife to David M. Hamilton, northeast quarter of southeast quarter, section 20-119-21, \$1,400.

May F. Milligan and husband to Fortius C. Deering et al., lot 6, block 3, Harrison Street subdivision, \$2,000.

Frank C. Griswold and wife to Charles F. Grade and wife, part of block 4, Griswold's third addition, \$200.

Mathias Molls and wife to Henry A. Gerdes, part of lots 8 and 9, block 42, Highland Park addition, \$1,200.

Ellen E. Malone to Anna Finnigan, part of lot 2, block 88, St. Anthony City, \$1,300.

Frank M. Overbook and wife to Mary L. Detweiler, lot 21, block 15, Prospect Park, first division revised, \$500.

Charles W. Purcell and wife to Llewellyn F. Cobb, lots 11 and 12, block 12, Wolverson's addition, \$1,800.

Harriet Knight to Elizabeth H. Carlson, lot 2, block 1, Sullivan's addition, \$2,500.

Frederick Rombach and wife to John Bassett, part of lots 1, 2 and 3, block 18, Thwing's addition, \$3,500.

Charles W. Aldrich and wife to Alma H. Anderson, part of lots 9 and 10, block 32, Windsor's addition, \$2,200.

Estle L. Wilson to Della M. Williams, in block 62, Groveland addition, \$1,700.

Six minor deeds, \$32.

Total, 38 deeds, \$37,342.

BUILDING PERMITS.

John Englund, 1402 Jefferson street NE, dwelling, \$2,500.

Eugene Young and Margaret A. Mckercher, part of lot 1, block 5, Taylor's addition, \$1,500.

John J. Irwin and Olivia Tronstad, George Middleton and Isabel M. Pray, William G. Holington and Ethel Emma, Joseph Blanchard and Amelia Wall, Fred A. Finke and Eva Schreier, William A. Gilman and Lovina Andrews, \$5,545.

Wallerins—Mr. and Mrs. H. 0725 E Twenty-fourth street, a son.

Brennan—Mr. and Mrs. Mathew, 900 Twenty-fourth avenue S, a daughter.

Easton—Mr. and Mrs. M. E., 701 Third avenue NE, a daughter.

Monroe—Mr. and Mrs., 1809 Chicago avenue, a son.

Rockford—Mr. and Mrs. George E., 2825 Stevens avenue, a son.

McCollum—Mr. and Mrs. Earl B., 14 E Twenty-sixth street, a son.

Segal—Mr. and Mrs. H., 210 Plymouth avenue, a daughter.

Risilla—Mr. and Mrs. A., 621 Marshall street, a daughter.

DEATHS.

Anderson—Hilda M., 2011 Seventh avenue S, Graffam—Sherman S., 4012 Third avenue S, Peterson—Arthur Clarence, 463 Pierce street, Stone—Raymond, 1002 Twenty-second avenue, Grauber—Maria E., 1708 Fillmore street, Fuller—Mary, 1022 Fourth avenue S, Hoyt—Corra B., St. Barnabas hospital, Bettingen—Anton, 2420 Hennepin avenue, Arundel—Babe, 100 Dupont avenue S, Huseby—Lars, 155 Harrison street.

BIRTHS.

Feetern—Mr. and Mrs. A. D., 2647 Thirteenth avenue S, a daughter.

Oleson—Mr. and Mrs. Ole, 1919 E Franklin avenue, a daughter.

Larson—Mr. and Mrs. A. G., 722 Twentieth avenue S, a daughter.

Delano—Mr. and Mrs. William, city hospital, a daughter.

Rowe—Mr. and Mrs. John, 58 East Side Gate, a daughter.

Harway—Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H., 2221 Eighthteenth avenue S, a daughter.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Galt*

GOLD SEAL
AMERICA'S BEST
CHAMPAGNE
THE MOST POPULAR AMERICAN WINE.
EQUAL TO THE BEST IMPORTED AT ONE-HALF THE PRICE.
URBANA WINE CO. URBANA, N.Y.

TALK

To DULUTH, WEST SUPERIOR

And All Intermediate Points

OVER THE NEW CONNECTING LINES OF THE

Twin City Telephone Co.

RATES

From Minneapolis and St. Paul: DAY—25 Cents Three Minutes; 10 Cents each additional minute. NIGHT—25 Cents Three Minutes; 10 Cents each additional minute.

RIPANS

For two years I had been complaining and at times I felt so miserable I could not work. I could not get rid of the nasty sick feeling at my stomach. It was indigestion. I would feel so sick at my stomach in the mornings that I was compelled to return to bed instead of attending to my work. My face became sallow-looking, and I was getting real thin. I saw Ripans advertised and tried them about one year ago, one after each meal. Soon I noticed that full feeling in the stomach began to disappear, then I was encouraged and had great faith in Ripans Tablets. At the end of three months I saw a great change. At druggists, etc.

The Five-Cent package is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family tablet, 25 cents, contains a supply for a year.

Dr. Deimel
(LINEN-MESH)
Underwear
Never irritating, never cumbersome, never hot and sticky, always comfortable. Wear it this summer and you'll not mind the heat.

Booklet telling all about it and the garments may be had AT LEADING DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

The Deimel Linen-Mesh Co., (Originators of Linen-Mesh), 491 Broadway, New York.

Plant Your Garden Now

And bring your Flowers to The Minneapolis Journal's Sweet Pea Show, to be held in the Dayton Building, the first week in August. Hundreds of Dollars will be given in premiums for the following annuals and other choice garden flowers:

Sweet Pea, Zinnia, Larkspur, Asters, Poppy, Calendula, Balsam, Pansy, Coreopsis, Gladiolus, Snap Dragon, Sunflower, Dianthus, Petunia, Cockscomb, Nasturtium, Stock, Centaurea, Verbena, Phlox, Carnation Marguerite, Dahlia, Marigold, Mignonette.

All Amateur Growers Are Invited to Compete for Premiums. Premium List and Full Particulars Will Soon Be Ready.