The Democratic Advocate.

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THE NEW STORE. **BABYLON & LIPPY CO.** THE NEW STORE.

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EXTRA VALUES IN THINGS TO WEAR.

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Tailored Suits. Yes, everyone, and the best fitting suits, made by the most reliable manufacturers; for quality and workmanship they are absolutely the very cheapest. We have them in India Linons, Seersuckers (many colors), Linens and Brilliantines.

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Our Underwear Department is full of bargains. Every garment marked such.

Muslin Gowns, Corset Covers, Skirts, Drawers, Knit Vests, long and short sleeves, as low as **5c each.**

Full line of Children's Underwear, Waists, etc., **5 and 10c up.**

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We offer you the finest lot of Wash Goods in figured Lawns, Batistes, Plain and Fancy Dress Ginghams, Woven Voiles, Plain Chambrays, all desirable colors. These goods are worth much more than we ask for them, but have made an extremely low price on these goods. **5c yard and up.**

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A special purchase of Ladies and Misses' Lace Hosiery enables us to offer a regular 19c Hose for **12½c.** These Hose are of excellent quality and worth your consideration.

Lot 2—Ladies' Plain Black Hose, very nice, good sizes, worth 8c pair, our price until sold, **5c pair.**

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You will find this department filled with all articles pertaining to make up Women's Toilet.

Soaps of every kind 1c cake up, Talcum Powders, Smelling Salts, Liquid Dentifirice, Florida Water, Bay Rum, Tooth Powder, etc., at the lowest possible prices. 1 package Dental Powder 25c and 1 piece Cashmere Boquet Soap free with every purchase.

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We are headquarters for Mattings; largest line, lowest prices, some extremely low prices, 10c, 15c, 19c, 25c—every piece worth much more than we ask. To convince yourself of the fact, look at our lines before going elsewhere.

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Our line of Clothing and Shoes are without exception the strongest line in Western Maryland; made by the very best manufacturers in America.

TO SAVE MONEY DEAL WITH BABYLON & LIPPY CO.

BABYLON & LIPPY CO.

Cash Department Stores,

BABYLON BUILDING, Opposite Liberty street, WESTMINSTER, MD.

April 27

UP-TO-DATE!

WHAT?

J. W. LOCKARD & SON'S

LINE OF

Furniture, Carpets and Buggies

We are now showing the most complete and up-to-date line of Furniture and Carpets that was ever shown in Westminster, and at prices so low that are surprising for the quality of goods. We invite all to visit our store before buying, and our prices and goods will do the rest.

Yours for Business,

J. W. LOCKARD & SON,
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Leave price out of consideration altogether and WOMEN would still prefer DOLLY MADISON SHOES

PATENT LEATHER PUMP

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THE LATEST MOST EFFECTIVE SPRING SLIPPER

Pumps in plain leathers $3.00. Pumps in patent and fancy shades $3.50

For sale at representative stores.

PAROID ROOFING has no superior. Sold by Smith & Reifsnider for six years, as exclusive agents. mar17

The United States Cream Separator

Holds the world's record if you are thinking of a Separator, or have cows for either cream or butter, you cannot afford to buy before seeing the United States Separator.

We are the agents,

THE W. H. DAVIS CO.

Corner Main and John streets,

WESTMINSTER, MD.

You Can Have One On Trial.

nov4

THE WESTMINSTER

FERTILIZER CO.

On the 3rd of February last the well known Fertilizer Business of Chas. Schaeffer passed into possession of the Westminster Fertilizer Company, an organization incorporated that day under the General Laws of the State of Maryland. This company is composed of citizens of this county, all of whom are more or less well known. The business of the new company will not only be conducted upon the same general and conservative methods carried on by its predecessors, but special care will be taken in securing pure material for its patrons. The celebrated brands of

BIG GUN, GOVERNOR,

LEADER AND SUPER A,

made by Mr. Schaeffer and before him by the H. S. Roberts Co., will still be continued, and the same care exercised in their mixing will be carried out, so that practically the only change is in that of the name of the firm.

The company is now prepared to meet the wants of any of its old or prospective patrons, whether in the line of MIXED BRANDS OR MATERIAL IN BULK, and at the very lowest prices to be had in the county for the same quality of goods.

Particular attention paid to the mixing of PRIVATE OR SPECIAL FORMULAS.

A full line of the celebrated ASHLAND STOCK & POULTRY FOOD kept in stock.

THE WESTMINSTER FERTILIZER CO.,

Successors to Chas. Schaeffer,

GREEN ST., near Depot, W. Md. R. R.,
Westminster, Md. mar30 3m

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to spend your money for paint that is only part paint and part adulterations, when you can buy

DAVIS' 100 Per Cent PURE PAINT

for the same money per gallon, and cover, in a lasting manner, from ¼ to ½ more surface?

Think it over.

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DISTRIBUTORS.
Westminster, - - - - Md.

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MYERS BROTHERS

Surgeon Dentists.

We are prepared to do all kinds of Dental Work.

CROWN & BRIDGE WORK

a Specialty.

PLATE WORK & REPAIRING

will be given prompt attention.

GAS ADMINISTERED.

☞J. E. Myers will be in New Windsor Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of each week, and in Westminster the remainder of the week.

☞J. S. Myers will be in Taneytown the first Friday and Saturday of each month.

W. M. and C. & P. Telephones. june6

TO THE PUBLIC.

If you want

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LIFE INSURANCE,
ACCIDENT INSURANCE,
WINDSTORM INSURANCE,
STEAM BOILER INSURANCE.

Give me a call.

Lowest Rates. Best Stock Companies. No Assessments. No Premium Notes. Quick Cash Settlements.

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General Insurance Agent.
No. 7 Court Street,
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MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

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NEW SHOPS, new tools and better facilities for quick and good work. Special attention given to repairing in all its branches.

We have a new Rubber Tire Machine, and can put on rubber tires at a very short notice at our factory. We put on the celebrated Kelly, Goodyear and Diamond, all high grade tires. All orders promptly filled and work of every kind warranted.

We have on hand a complete stock of HARNESS and WHIPS of all kinds, for light and heavy driving, at prices that defy competition. Come and see our stock of Vehicles and Harness before purchasing. We can save you money.

JOHN E. ECKENRODE & SON,
Cor. Liberty and George Sts.,
may28 Westminster, Md.

CARDS AND CIRCULARS printed at this Office.

40 HEAD OF

KENTUCKY HORSES

Will arrive at my stables on Monday, May 21st, 1906, consisting of trotters, pacers and saddle horses; this is a grand lot of stock. Any person wishing to buy or exchange will do well to come and see this stock before purchasing elsewhere.

H. A. SPALDING,
may18 Littlestown, Pa.

FOR threshing, smithing or domestic use, Elk Garden Coal takes the lead. You can get it from Smith & Reifsnider. mar17

Select Story.

THE OLD MAID'S CORNER.

William Hamilton Osborne in Smith's Magazine.

J. Parker Wetherill, M. D., stepped from one room of the little flat into another. He adjusted his collar and twirled his glasses gently about his forefinger. He was a specialist. Miss Caroline, who had followed him, closed the door behind her, and, fumbling nervously with a side-bag hanging at her waist, produced a slender roll of bills. She selected two and passed them over. An expression of relief crossed the countenance of J. Parker Wetherill, M. D., as he took the bills and thrust them into his waistcoat pocket, for the size and spareness of the small apartment had made him just the least bit nervous about his fee. He twirled his glasses with a more sprightly movement.

"What do you think, doctor?" queried Miss Caroline tremulously. "What do you suggest?"

The specialist, who had another fee coming to him over on the avenue, downed his overcoat and with it assumed a more becoming gravity of manner.

"Something must be done," he returned, "and at once. It is a question of—ah—climate solely. I would suggest the mountains for—ah—the summer, and —Lakewood for the winter. Decidedly."

"The mountains!" gasped Miss Caroline, nervously fingering the side-bag wherein reposed the little roll. "Lakewood! We can't do it, doctor. We can't—afford it. Can't you think of some place else?"

Stiffly he shook his head. "The mountains, Lakewood, Dr. Schwaertzwelder's place at Sunset Cliffe, in Colorado—those are the only three places in the world. It must be one of those. Good day."

He opened the outer door and stepped into the bleak hall, and shivered just a bit, for it was a very cold and disagreeable day.

Miss Caroline followed him dejectedly and apologetically down to the front door. Just as he crossed the threshold, the doctor turned to her and lifted his forefinger.

"The mountains, Lakewood, Sunset Cliffe, in Colorado," he repeated gently, as one who would say: "Shake well, and take as directed, before and after meals."

And then Miss Caroline's intellect came to her aid. She clutched his arm and held him for an instant, as in a vice.

"Doctor," she exclaimed, "how would Nebraska do?"

The doctor lifted his chin, drew on his gloves, and sniffed professionally and with scorn.

"Where—is Nebraska?" he said.

And Miss Caroline could not answer. For she did not know—could not know—that this august specialist was not only a specialist; that he was, in his high-toned way, the advance agent, the professional advertiser for the mountains, Lakewood, and Sunset Cliffe, in Colorado—one of the many specialists whose prescriptions contain merely the names of their own particular resorts.

Miss Caroline, despairing, went back to the room whence she had come. She sank into a chair and rested her chin in her hand and thought. Finally her face brightened.

"It's this climate that won't do," she told herself; "it's a change that's needed. We must get away from the sea and the damp, and——"

She rose suddenly and smiled.

"I'll write to another specialist," she murmured; "one that costs me only a two-cent stamp."

She rushed to her little second-hand typewriter in the corner, pushed aside the sheets of copying work that earned for her and her sister a meager living, and nervously inserted a blank sheet of paper. Then she began,

To the Government of the United States.

"What would I do," she thought, "without the Government of the United States?" For though neither Miss Caroline nor Miss Louise had ever paid the government a dollar outside of postage, though neither took any in its management, they had many, many times reaped the benefit of its advice; it was their primer, their encyclopedia, their general instructor. It was in 1898 that Miss Caroline had first written to the government. She had discovered that maps of Cuba, costing five dollars in the stationery stores, could be had of the government for nothing. She got the map. She did not stop there.

"Send a postal to the government." That was her motto. She and Miss Louise had disputes galore upon topics of the day—they were settled by official pamphlets of the government. She knew nothing of departments; she invariably addressed "The Government of the United States," and the government, through its various departments, invariably responded.

In her present dilemma it was the meteorologist who was to help her out. She wanted to know whether Nebraska had certain qualities of climate attributed by the specialist to the mountains and to Sunset Cliffe. Inside of a week she was in receipt of a letter, personal and explicit, and a package of books and pamphlets that weighed a pound—all free. An hour later she entered the presence of Miss Louise with a glow of triumph on her face.

"Nebraska," she announced, "will be just as good."

Her sister, with a face slightly thinner and sharper than Miss Caroline's, shook her head.

"Who says so?" she inquired, somewhat belligerently.

Miss Caroline nodded solemnly. "The Government of the United States," she answered.

That settled it. Miss Louise never flew in the face of the government.

"We'll go to Nebraska," went on Miss Caroline; "back to the old farm. We ought to, anyway. Simpson has not sent us a cent of rent in over a year. We haven't paid the taxes that were due last fall." Her face flushed slightly and she crossed to the steamer-chair in which her sister sat, and touched her lightly on the hair. "We'll go back to the farm, Louise," she said. "I don't know how we'll make out there, or what we're going to do—we'll get along. And will be better. We'll been so lonely here, and we've worked so hard. Out there it will be like—home."

She did not mean a word of it. She knew what was in store for them if they went West; probably the bitterest kind of poverty—for out there there would be no Manhattan Borough, with its big demand for good typewritten copy. Out there—well, she knew what it meant.

They were fifty now, she and Louise, and they had been East for twenty-five years. Their father, William Terwilliger, was dead. He had owned a farm somewhere above the middle line of the State of Nebraska. He had gone there as a young man, with a wonderful belief in the riches and prosperity of the West. He had worked and worked and worked. He had seen his young wife die of poverty. He had land, and it was fair land; he had grown wheat, or tried to, year after year. Conditions were against him. The market was far away. But he clung to the farm with desperate clasp. And with it all he had kept his farm free and clear; the mortgage—bugbear of the Western farmer—was not for him.

"The farm," he would say to himself, "will be for girls when they marry and settle down, and when I'm gone."

And he had gone—died suddenly. "Hold on to the farm," he told them, "and some day, when you marry——"

They might have married, had there been men there to marry them. But they had passed into the twenties and had neared the thirties before they had come to the conclusion, first, that they were not to marry, and, second, that the farm was not for them. They rented to Simpson—a man stamped with the same discouragement that had been written on their father's face, a man who could pay them a mere pittance, enough to pay the taxes and but little more—and they went East, to the market for feminine labor and ability.

For years they had lived in narrow, crowded flats. By nature they were people of the free, fresh air. In the houses of the city they choked, gasped, like fish out of water. They worked hard and long, and the work had made them thin and nervous and worried and old. And then Louise had suddenly collapsed, just as they were getting used to it all, just as they become acclimated, just as they were beginning to temper adversity with a little prosperity. But they turned about face.

"We'll go back to the farm," they said. And they went.

Simpson met them and drove them miles in a rickety wagon over to the farm. They were shocked at Simpson. Twenty-five years before he had been young, with a certain amount of buoyancy in his step and in his nature—a bit of color in his face. Now he was prematurely old, torn and frost-bitten by the winters, scarred with work; his hair was thin, his face pale and criss-crossed with deep lines.

"I'm blamed sorry," he told them, "that I couldn't do nothing for you in the rent line last year. But I been out of a job, and what with mother and all I——" He stopped and his chin quivered. "You can't get blood out a stone, you know," he said.

They reached the old farmhouse—a dilapidated caricature, completely out of repair. Miss Caroline shaded her eyes and looked anxiously across the fields.

"Mr. Simpson," she said, "don't—don't you work the—farm?"

Simpson looked at her in amazement. "No—thunder, no!" he answered. "What's the use?"

"Not—what?" she inquired. "Why, from the newspapers in New York——"

"Hang the newspapers in New York!" answered Simpson. "What do they know about it? You can grow wheat here," he went on, "such as it is; but what with the drought and the winter rust and the chinch-bugs and——"

"But," insisted Miss Caroline, "when father——"

Simpson nodded. "Your father," he said solemnly, "died on this farm."

Miss Caroline was worried. "Don't you ever get a good crop, Mr. Simpson?" she inquired.

"When you do," he answered, "everybody else in the whole world has got a good crop, too, and there ain't no market. I know. Do you think I don't know."

That night Louise, who, tired with the journey and the oxygen of the western air, had fallen asleep at an early hour, woke suddenly, to hear the scratching of a pen in the corner of the room. She glanced in that direction. There sat Miss Caroline, writing away for dear life.

"What is it now?" inquired Louise.

Miss Caroline kept on. "I am writing" she announced, "to the Government of the United States about this farm. You go to sleep, Louise."

Two week later, at the dining table, she broached the subject which was on her mind.

"What kind of wheat, Mr. Simpson," she inquired, have you been accustomed to plant here?"

Simpson frowned, scratched his head, and nodded somewhat uncertainly. "Same as the other chaps about here," he answered; "sometimes soft wheats, sometimes Saskatchewan Fife, Wellman's Fife, Bolton's Blue Stem—all that sort—they're all good, you know."

"Spring planting?" queried Miss Caroline.

"Of course spring planting," answered Simpson. "What would you think it was?"

Miss Caroline pursed up her lips. "Mr. Simpson," she returned, "you made a mistake. You ought to have planted Zimmerman and May, and Fultz."

Simpson gasped. W-what!" he snorted. "What you talking about? Those there are winter wheats."

"Of course they're winter wheats," returned Miss Caroline, "and they're the kind to plant."

Simpson laughed aloud. "You can't grow winter wheats away up here," he said; its too cold. You know that—or you ought to know. Why, look-a-here, if I dont know anything, your father surely did. And he never dared to plant winter wheat away up here—your father never did."

Miss Caroline smiled. "That was twenty-five years ago," she answered him, "and in twenty-five years changes have taken place right here in your own State. Twenty-five years ago you could never have planted winter wheats up here. Now, on account of the bugs and the drought and the rust, you ought never to plant any other kind. You see?"

Simpson opened his eyes. "Who says so?" he growled.

Miss Caroline drew herself up proudly. "The Government of the United States," she answered, waving a letter and a pamphlet in her hand. Simpson grabbed them and looked them over. "Well, I'll be darned!" he said

Later in the summer, when Miss Louise's health and strength were gradually returning, and when Miss Louise was not so much upon Miss Caroline's mind, Miss Caroline once more addressed Simpson on the subject of the wheat.

"How much money have you got?" she asked him. He thrust his hand into his trousers pocket.

"I got two dollars," he returned; "yesterday's pay. I'll get two more today. It's all I got," he added, with a world of apology in his tone.

"Louise and I," said Miss Caroline, with still more apology in hers, "have twenty-five."

Simpson laughed. "You're dead lucky," he responded. Miss Caroline gazed for an instant toward the horizon. "Simpson," she said finally, laying a hand upon his arm, "I'm going to get a mortgage on the farm."

Simpson frowned. "Be careful, Miss Caroline," he said.

"I shall be careful," she returned. "I'm going to get a mortgage on the farm. It will be fall before we know it. I want to sow May and Zimmerman this year, and I want to get you to help me out, Simpson, if you will."

Simpson sighed. "I'd do it for nothing," he answered, "if I could. But as it is I'll do it for you just what I'm making now—two dollars a day."

"I'll make it two dollars and a half," answered Miss Caroline.

And that year they sowed May and Zimmerman, and the whole countryside laughed them to scorn.

"Blamed idiots!" said the farmers. "Wheat can't live in the winters that we have up here. Not by a darned sight."

But it did live, somehow or other. It did easily what its ancestors of a quarter of a century before could never have done. And it escaped the bugs, the drought, the rust. And at harvest time Simpson, working as he had never worked before, gathered in sixteen bushels to the acre from hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of acres that constituted the Terwilliger farm.

And the farmers roundabout who hired themselves out to Simpsen to help him with the harvest opened wide their eyes and marveled.

"It's an accident," they said.

Miss Caroline was radiant. "We've got the wheat," she exclaimed triumphantly to Simpson. Simpson acquiesed. "and now—what?"

"You got the wheat," he answered."

"We've stored it," went on Miss Caroline.

"Sure," answered Simpson, "and—then?"

"Sell it!" exclaimed Miss Caroline.

Simpson stepped forward a pace or two. "It's good wheat," he said; "good, hard wheat. I ain't never seen no better. There ain't nothing the matter with it. But it's always the way. Here you got thousands of bushels of it—thousands and thousands of the finest wheat on the market. It's yours. You ain't paid your help; your interest on your mortgage is due. Your taxes is overdue. And what have you got to show for it? Nothing but—wheat."

Miss Caroline glanced at him uneasily. "What do you mean?" she asked. "I mean," answered Simpson slowly, "that wheat is down to sixty; you ought to have known that."

"I thought," replied Miss Caroline tremulously," "that wheat was selling for a dollar."

Simpson snorted. "It was—last fall," he answered; "that was because last fall nobody had any wheat. Now, south of us, hundreds of miles to the south, everybody had has a good crop this winter. There's too much good wheat. That's why. And the price has dropped to sixty cents." He stopped and figured a minute on a piece of paper. "It cost you seventy-two cents a bushel to raise it," he concluded, "and you ain't paid up for raising it yet, either, what with your help and mortgage—and everything."

Miss Caroline rushed into the old house and threw herself upon the bed, face downward.

"Louise, Louise," she exclaimed, trying hard to keep the tears back, "I wish that we were East again, in little old New York." She told her sister all about it.

"You might," said Louise timidly—"you might write to the Government of the United States, you know," she ventured. But Caroline only shook her head.

"The government cannot help us," she replied, "for it will not buy our wheat. Wheat!" she exclaimed. "I wish I didn't have a bushel of the terrible old stuff."

It was three months later that Simpson and Miss Caroline rode silently and in dejection down the little lane that led to the farmhouse.

"It's no use, Miss Caroline," said Simpson; "this makes the forty-fifth time we've tried, and it's no use. You've got a lot of fine wheat—but what of it? It's mortgaged, so you might say, up to the handle, and with what you've borrowed and what you owe, and——"

"If we could only get eighty for it," wailed Miss Caroline.

"You can't get sixty," answered Simpson. He stopped his horse at the rural mail box and took therefrom a letter.

"Here's something come from Lincoln way," he said, handing it to her; "perhaps it means good news."

Miss Caroline nervously tore it open. Then she read it and let it fall from her fingers. It was a notice from the holder of the mortgage on the farm itself that he would foreclose within ten days for non-payment of interest. Simpson picked it up and read it. Somehow he felt it to be only the matter-of course thing to do. Miss Caroline clamered into the wagon and they went on; Simpson walking gloomily at the horse's head.

That evening Simpson waylaid Miss Caroline as she was coming from her room. "Miss Caroline," he said, "I hate to bother you——" He stopped. "The wife—she needs a bit of money—awful bad. You haven't paid me up, and I haven't asked you for it—and I don't want it. But—could you let the wife have just a couple of dollars, say, three—or even one?"

Miss Caroline retreated hastily to her room. "Louise," she said, "how much money have you got! I haven't got a cent. Mr. Simpson needs some right away."

Louise pulled out her purse and counted over what was there. She had fifty-seven cents.

Simpson wouldn't take it. "We don't need it that bad," he told her at last. He stood around for an instant, hesitating. Then he drew his hand across his mouth.

"Miss Caroline," he said, "I didn't dare to tell you what they said over to Keno today. But—they said that if their storage charges wasn't paid, and right away, they'd—have—to—sell—that—wheat. That's what they said. I didn't like to tell you. But, of course, it was your right to know."

Willoughby G. Schenck, of Chicago, and of the Board of Trade, was one of the few great wire-tappers of the world. It was his business to discount the great news items of the world by an hour, a day, a week. If he had not been an operator he would have been an ideal reporter, for he made more scoops than all the editorial and reportorial force of the Chicago press combined.

He was a man of millions—on paper. He was a gambler of the highest, most intellectual type. And he flattered himself that he always gambled on certainties, and that by so doing he turned sharper corners on smaller margins than any other operator in the world. His method was simple—he paid enormously for advance news that was authentic.

The world had waited many moons and many years for the Russo-Japanese war. The Chicago Board of Trade had waited for it. But waiting is a tedious business—men soon weary of it. It was only Willoughby G. Schenck who held tenaciously to the watch. He knew too well that one may wait all day to see a man swing around the corner, but he knew well that it took that man but a second of time so to swing when once he had arrived.

He sat lazily in his office one afternoon when a messenger brought him a telegram in cipher. It had come to him via New York. He waited for half an hour, and received another—by way of San Francisco. Then he went down to the Pit and sold wheat—sold it right and left. It had been standing at seventy-five. Willoughby G. Schenck sold until the price dropped to seventy. And then the hand of the clock and the clang of the gravel stopped his operations for the afternoon. But he knew that he had sown the good seed. Wheat had been plentiful and weak.

"By to-morrow," he told himself, "I'll have a cinch. And she must go down—away down, before I'll buy—and before these people get the news."

And down—down—down she went. Day by day, week by week, Schenck sold—sold—sold the wheat which he did not have. On any day he could have bought and made good profits, but he would not do it.

"There must be no demand to check the fall," he whispered to himself. "Sell—sell—sell."

And then—there came a crisis; a day when Schenck had to think—to hesitate between the possibility of enormous profits on the one hand, and of safety on the other. A vague uneasiness was in the air. This was caused by the fact that he had driven wheat to the bottom point.

"To-morrow," he said, "I'll buy—and deliver. And buy—and deliver. And then I'll buy, and hold—hold—hold."

To-morrow. To-morrow was too late. For on that very day, as the gong clanged, the world had the news that Schenck had had many days before. It was—war. War, with its huge demand for breadstuffs; war, with its ceaseless cry for wheat—wheat—wheat.

Schenck did not sleep that night. He walked the floor. He did not even change his clothes. The next morning he was the first man upon the steps of the Pit—his hand was the first that thrust itself into the air as the business of the day began.

"Buy—wheat!" It was the cry that encircled the world. It made no difference what kind of wheat. "Buy—buy—buy!" But though the hand of Schenck was the first hand in the air, it was not the only hand. All Chicago seemed to poise itself upon the edge of the Pit, crying, "Buy—buy—buy!"

And at closing time Schenck found that he was a man who day after day had been selling what he had not; found that he could no deliver what he had sold; that he could not buy what he had bound himself so to deliver. The next day he watched wheat going up—up—up, to the breakneck point. Over night the press had made the uncertainty more certain, the possibility of war more possible; the uneasiness in the far East was setting down into a monstrous fact.

Inside of a week wheat had gone to one-eighty. Brokers laughed in their sleeves. They knew well enough that the declaration of war was only responsible for the commencement of this thing. They knew at last that Willoughby G. Schenck was caught; that he had sold short to force wheat to a bottom price, where he could buy all he would, and, after deliveries, hold his big balance for the rise that was sure to come. They knew that he could not deliver.

He knew that he could not buy. Why? Because no one would sell. Wheat had become a thing, for half a day, without a price—no one would sell.

In the midst of it all Willoughby G. Schenck leaped to his feet.

"They can't beat me," he told himself; "they must not beat me." For he had, at the last moment, thought of that which operators, as a rule, ignore—that back in the storehouses of the country, in the elevators in the towns and cities, there was real wheat. He needed wheat—he needed to deliver. He could not get wheat in Chicago—he could not get it in the centers—not even in the big towns; he knew that. But he knew, furthermore, that many, many farmers had almost abandoned their wheat—were starving, literally, with well-filled granaries that the world would not empty for them.

"A week," he thought; "a short week—it's reached its price in that short time. They'll sell, back their in the fields. They're not sure. They'll sell—for a song."

Rapidly he sent his emissaries out to buy real grain. He sent them away from Chicago, away from the big towns; into the small villages that boasted but one or two big storehouses.

"I can just get out even," he told himself; "I can just save my bacon—if I can buy wheat at one dollar and ten cents: It'll cost me money, but I'll come out solvent. It'll wipe out what I made six months ago, but I'll come out solvent. I've got to do it. I—I must have wheat."

Slowly and surely his agents bought wheat—some at a dollar—some at a dollar ten—some, even, at ninety. The market price in Chicago was but a will o' the wisp to the farmers on the outskirts. Cash was the thing that talked to them.

"One dollar a bushel," one of Shenck's men would say. And when he said it, he laid the money out across the counter. Ready money—it makes its own price, almost.

It was Tamblyn, one of Schenck's best men, who, by wire and mail and rail, ransacked Nebraska.

It was Tamblyn, dusty and tired who alighted at Keno early one morning.

"If there ain't any wheat here," he told himself, "and there's not likely to be, I'm going back. I've bought now more than my share. I'll let some other chap finish up." For he had traveled day and night, and night and day, and talked and talked and talked.

"Got any wheat?" is what he said to Keno.

Keno's granary and storage warehouse sent for Miss Caroline Terwilliger. Miss Caroline came—it took an hour for her to drive in with Simpson, but she came—to greet the only customer that she had had for wheat.

"Didn't know you had any up here," said Tamblyn; "you're so blamed far up north.

"I'll take all you got," he told her finally; "I'll clean you out." And he whispered to himself that he was glad she was a woman, and apparently a poor one; cash has a keener glitter to such an one.

"What will you pay?" she asked.

"One dollar," returned Tamblyn.

Miss Caroline smiled; she pulled from her pocket a telegram for which she owed the station operator, showing Chicago wheat at one-ninety and still on the rise.

"I want," she said, one dollar and sixty cents." Three minutes passed.

"I'll pay one-five," said Tamblyn.

"One-sixty," repeated Miss Caroline.

"One-ten," insisted Tamblyn.

"One-sixty."

"One-fifteen."

"One-sixty."

"How many bushels have you got?" asked Tamblyn.

Miss Caroline told him. He drew from his pocket a bulky roll of bills. He counted out three-fourths of them and laid them on a chair.

"One-twenty-five is all I'll give you," he said; "there it is. Take it or leave it. I'm tired, and I won't talk a minute longer."

But he assured himself that, nevertheless, he must have that wheat—and he was not going a step further for it; he had made good bargains all along the line, and he was tired and didn't care. Miss Terwilliger smiled. She kept her eyes fastened on the balance of the roll.

"How much money have you, all told?" she asked him. He told her.

"I shall sell—for just that much," she said; "I want all you've got—nothing less and nothing more.

Tamblyn laughed hysterically; he was well-nigh exhausted. He tore from his roll a fifty dollar bill, thrust it into his pocket to cover his expenses east, and passed the balance over.

Miss Terwillinger counted it. "One dollar and fifty cents a bushel," she announced, without a trace of satisfaction in her voice; "and—"you can have the wheat."

Simpson, who was there, watched her pay off the liens on the wheat, watched the transfer of the storage receipts, watched the agent beat a retreat toward the railroad station—and then sidled up to Miss Caroline.

"Miss Caroline," he said, "let me have five dollars out of that. Blamed if I don't think the wife and the whole house ought to have a bully good feed today."

Miss Caroline, with just a faint flush on her face, handed him a hundred dollar bill.

"Spend every cent of it, Simpson," she commanded, "and we'll go back and have a jamboree."

For she was rich—rich beyond her dream. When they got home and the excitement was over she sighed.

"Louise," she said, "there's only one thing that I regret. I've often wished that you could have gone to Lakewood, or the mountains, or to Dr. Schwaerzwelder's Sunset Cliffe, in Colorado—when we didn't have the money. Now that we've got the money——"

Louise straightened up and smiled. there was health in her eye, her skin, her every movement.

"Now that we have the money," she replied, "of course I do not have to go."

"I'm glad," said Miss Caroline, "that we've got the money. I'm gladder still, Louise, that you do not have to go."

As for Willoughby G. Schenck, having his wheat, he made his deliveries without materially affecting the market; the operators still maintained the price, assuming that Schenck's demand was still in force. Whereupon Schenck, whose activity never ceased, turned about and began to sell again. In another week wheat had dropped to a dollar-ten, and Schenck made on that week's deal all that he had lost on that of the week before.

Down in Washington, D. C., an official of the government made a brief note on his record:

Change winter wheat line in Nebraska. Wheat grown twenty miles above the line by C. Terwilliger, Terwilliger ranch, at Keno.

J. R. K.

Miss Caroline had found out so many things from the Government of the United States that it was only right that the government should find something out from her.

Foster's Weather Bulletin.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 15, 1906.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent 16 to 20, warm wave 15 to 19, cool wave 18 to 22. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about 20, cross west of Rockies country by close 21, great central valleys 22 to 24, eastern states 25. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about 20, great central valleys 22, eastern states 24. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about 23, great central valleys 25, eastern states 27.

This disturbance will come at the close of a long cool period, at the close of the spring rains and at the beginning of a summer drouth in the northwestern and southeastern states. Low temperatures will precede and follow the low of this disturbance and its warm wave will not bring very high temperatures. When the cool wave following has passed eastward a great high temperature wave will come in.

This storm wave will not be severe in the west but after it has past east of meridian 90 all its features will become more intense. Unusually cool weather is expected 16 to 26.

The northwestern potato crop had a bad start; too much rain. The finest potatoes produced come from Minnesota and the Dakotas northward. The Summer drouth will probably add more injury to the potato crop and this will make a demand for the Colorado irrigated potato. In quality, the latter stands next to the Minnesota and Dakota potatoes. The spring wheat crop is still in doubt. It had a bad start. Northwestern flax was injured by excessive rains and the summer drouth is before it. Where the recent rains have been most excessive the drowth will be most severe.

Vilas Comes Out Squarely For Bryan

MADISON, WIS., June 9.—Col. W. F. Vilas, postmaster general under Grover Cleveland, Gold Democrat and until now one of the most bitter opponents of William Jennings Bryan, has come out for the Nebraskan. He thinks Bryan can unite the Democratic party. Mr. Vilas has just returned from the East and finds, he says, that conservative business men have gone over to Bryan.

Speaking of his trip, Mr. Vilas said today: "Though I was but a few days there, I heard in the East much about the probable candidacy of Mr. Bryan. What might to some appear most singular is the obvious good opinion of his candidacy which conservative thinkers express. I met business men who told me sentiment in his favor is constantly growing among men of strength and position in business affairs quite as warmly as among politicians. They say that it has become clear that there is no longer the risk of danger from the silver question, upon which they once so strongly opposed him, and they believe there will be no further question raised on the subject. His sound democracy otherwise, his great qualities and his unblemished excellence of character entitle him to confidence."

After deliberating for more than 24 hours the jury Saturday decided that Mae Thomas, of Omaha, Neb., was guilty of eating a diamond, but asked the court to be lenient with her because of her youth.