

The City of Purple Dreams

By EDWIN BAIRD

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CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

The crisis was reached the following summer. They met afterwards in a cafe. Hunt was haggard, unkempt. He had fallen off in weight, and his sunken face, bloodshot eyes, trembling fingers, were signs of the terrific strain he had undergone.

CHAPTER XIII.

Selling his long line of spring and summer wheat, Fitzhugh bought three million bushels of the September option. He was now become known as the greatest of the bulls. Every big buying order was laid to him.

Then came the cry from Europe—an insistent cry—the cry for bread. He received a code-cable from his agent in Liverpool: "Can negotiate five million wheat. Name price."

"And it seems to me," cut in the "plunger," looking up from the work on his desk, "that I know just what I'm doing. That wheat cost seventy-five cents. It'll go up to a dollar before July."

"But what if it doesn't?" "But it will. It'll go to a dollar if I send it to a dollar. And I'll send it to a dollar. And then—"

"Huh!" Hunt started. "You don't mean—"

"Never mind. I'll tell you later." He told him then, however; had so intended doing when he entered his office that morning. It was quite the biggest thing thus far in his career, and of late he had worked on it, quietly, indefatigably, vouchsafing Hunt, because he was not for a while sure of it, hardly more than a hint of what he was planning. He had stationed correspondents in all the European markets. He had held many secret conferences with two Packingtown millionaires, big gamblers both, who played a hidden game. And now, this morning, the thing which had been building these months past was no longer nebulous to his vision. It stood forth vividly, nakedly, complete and beautiful in every detail.

"Today," said he, leaning across the flat-topped desk and regarding his auditor fixedly, "you and I own, and I control, approximately eight million bushels of July wheat. Within two months I shall control fifteen million bushels. By July I expect to control over forty million bushels."

"But, Dan! How the dickens—" "Marsh and Allport are in the pool." Hunt subsided, nodding understandingly.

"You've seen the harvesting returns, Hunt? You know America's crops are going to be small. Same in Europe. French crops are poor; Germany's worse. Argentina's will be the smallest for the last ten years. Europe will have to look to America for her wheat. But America won't be able to give it to her. There'll be mighty little wheat in Chicago by July; and that little will be locked tight in my pool. Do you begin to understand?"

"The way Hunt chewed and puffed at his cigar proved that he understood. Yet he dared not utter what he already knew."

"Symington Otis is bearing the market," he said, his hands gripped tightly round the arms of his chair. "He knows you're long on July wheat, too, and—"

"Good-day, gentlemen!" There was no answer beyond an uneasy cough from Hunt. Fitzhugh looked at the three stony faces silently condemning him.

"In good truth," he laughed, "a Daniel come to judgment!"

ment: "Where's he going to get his wheat? That's what I want to know." He shoved back his chair, unable longer to restrain himself, unable longer to keep uninvolved the thing uppermost in both their minds. "We can do it, Dan, we can do it! We'll corner the market!"

"Smash Otis?" Daniel laughed. There was no mirth in the laughter. "Smash Otis, you say? If Symington Otis gets in my way I'll—crush him!" And with a spasmodic movement his fingers contracted, and from wrist to shoulder beneath their tweed covering the rippling muscles of his arms stood out in cords.

Otis was planning another of his celebrated bear raids. He was resolved it should be the mightiest he had ever led. He gathered in money from every available source. Realizing the market disfavored him, he was determined to conquer it by sheer force of capital.

His first onslaught, started in April, made little if any impression, and he redoubled his attack. Still the enemy showed no sign of weakening. Again and again he charged, but every rush was met and repulsed. He was overwhelmed with buying orders. They swamped him from every side. He stopped, puzzled. He had not accounted his opponent half so powerful. Otis, however, was not the hesitant sort of general. Marshaling his heavy artillery, he dashed upon the battlefield, fighting with the implacability that from the beginning had characterized his long career in financial warfare. This charge, too, was easily buffeted. But no white flag was shown. Beating a retreat, the grim old warrior gathered his forces together for a fresh onset. The next clash, he decided, would be the decisive one.

By the middle of June Fitzhugh was all but czar of the pit. When Fitzhugh formulated the pool to corner July wheat it was understood that, no matter what might arise, he was to be free to follow the dictates of his own judgment. For this and other reasons the names of the Packingtown millionaires were never disclosed, and few knew the main fount of his mammoth resources.

His marvelous vitality gave continual wonder to his associates. He was made of iron. He would work eighteen hours a day, dispatching with sureness and speed the thousand pressing duties

that crowded upon him, taking his meals on the wing, and requiring of the twenty-four but four or five hours for sleep. Most amazing of all, he displayed never an ill sign of the red-hot tension under which he worked, but seemed to thrive on it. He was always fresh and eager for each day's tasks.

His last battle with Symington Otis was the most spectacular of the final trilogy. It began on the morning of July first and lasted for three terrific days. As the gong sounded on that first morning Fitzhugh appeared in the pit, girded for the fray.

With the stroke of the opening gong Otis' lieutenants began to sell wheat. There were three of them, with orders to sell half a million each. Then came an unfathomable surprise: Fitzhugh sold wheat! Bushel for bushel, he sold as fast as his adversary.

The price reeled and dropped dizzily. The preceding day it had closed strong at one dollar; by eleven that morning it was unsteady at ninety-six and a half.

At the height of the furious conflict, Fitzhugh, who was the core of it, became aware of some one tearing at his arm and yelling in his ear: "Dan! Dan! Have you gone crazy?"

Beholding Hunt screaming at the top of his voice, he wrenched loose from the mob surrounding him and, seizing his subordinate under the armpits, lifted him clear outside the pit.

At the close of the day's session wheat had dropped to ninety-four and an eighth, where it swayed uncertainly. Otis had sold two million bushels. Fitzhugh had sold a like amount.

When he reached his office Fitzhugh found his three coadjutors waiting him in ominous silence.

"Good-day, gentlemen!" There was no answer beyond an uneasy cough from Hunt. Fitzhugh looked at the three stony faces silently condemning him.

"In good truth," he laughed, "a Daniel come to judgment!"

But when he sat at his desk the official lines were between his brows. He took a deliberately long time to light a cigar, then, extinguishing the match and depositing it carefully in an ash tray, he settled himself comfortably in his chair and said: "You all remember it was agreed in the beginning I was to run this thing, and I shall run it in my own way or not at all."

"But confound it, man," exploded Marsh, who had been holding his tongue with difficulty, "what in the name of common sense do you mean by selling?"

Glad that one of the tribunal had shown some life, Fitzhugh swung his chair round briskly so that he faced the speaker.

"Who owns the most wheat—Symington Otis or us? How long will his crowd last if they try to outsell us? Don't you see?"

"Not for a minute!" broke in Allport, reddening under his collar. "I'll make it clearer. Suppose Otis' crowd knocks July wheat off fifteen or twenty points. Very well. Immediately they stop selling—perhaps before—I'll begin buying. Then, as an elastic band that has been stretched to its utmost, July wheat will spring back. It'll go to a dollar. It'll go beyond a dollar. I'll see to that!"

"It does sound plausible," hesitated Hunt, desirous of supporting his leader, yet still somewhat doubtful.

"I don't like it," said Marsh sourly. "Mr. Otis," continued Daniel, and there was a hard ring in his voice that caused Hunt and Allport to exchange meaning glances, "thinks he has me on the run. He's boasting how he licked me in today's skirmish, of how I turned tail at the first fire. But wait till he springs my pitfall. Wait! I've got him!"

The discussion lasted until nearly midnight. By grace of his power of persuasion no less than by his dominant personality and strength of purpose, Fitzhugh finally induced the others to admit that his course was the best one. When they went out through the quiet, brightly lighted offices, the four were on very amicable terms; and the hot words of discussion that had frequently passed between them were quite forgotten.

"There's one thing," Fitzhugh said in parting, "I want to impress upon you three. When we have defeated Otis, I want to deal with him in my own way. Remember that"—looking keenly into each face. "I want to deal with Symington Otis in my own way."

Promptly next morning Otis renewed the combat. It occupied every minute of that day's session, and, as on the preceding day, raged with a tit-for-tat uproar. When the closing gong sounded he had sold, altogether, over four million bushels of July wheat: wheat of which he owned not a grain, but which he expected to buy later—and deliver as promised—at a lower price than he had sold it for. And, the same as yesterday, his opponent had sold with him, bushel for bushel.

Otis was flushed with the elation of his obvious victory.

"It's all over," he confided to a friend that evening, as he sat down smilingly to a well-ordered dinner. Otis was living at his club these days, his wife and daughter having gone abroad for the summer. "All over but the shouting. Tomorrow I'll finish him. He'll be snapped out of the Chicago wheat pit like a gnat—just as I once told him a long time ago."

Simultaneously with the dawning of the third day of battle Otis took the aggressive. And simultaneously there came a surprise. His promises of wheat were gobbled up as fast as they were offered. Buying orders poured in from all sides, deluging his traders. He increased his selling. The buying likewise increased. He began to fight desperately, flooding the pit with his selling commands. But it was as though he poured sand in the ocean.

Fitzhugh had not appeared on the "floor" since the first day. From his private office he sent orders to a dozen or more brokers. All these orders were, "Buy July wheat." All were to take effect this morning. He cabled his representatives in Liverpool and Paris. These cablegrams also read, "Buy July wheat." They, too, became effective this morning. In all, he issued instructions to purchase twelve million bushels, or approximately double the amount he had sold on the prior two days.

The market that morning was like a kite in a windstorm. It zigzagged crazily. Shortly, however, it steadied, hung stationary an instant, then bounded upward. Up, tugging determinedly, it climbed with a rapidity that outstripped its falling day before. Otis gave orders to cease all selling. Like a released spring, the price leaped higher still. At the close of the day's session it stood at a dollar and twenty-five cents, with a tendency to mount beyond.

The next day was Sunday. Monday's trading increased in frenzy. The price ascended more and more stiffly. Otis did nothing. He dared not cover his promises by buying. By so doing he would put up the price on himself. He dared not sell, for every bushel he sold would be sold at a loss. Word passed swiftly from mouth to mouth that Symington Otis, the big bear, had fought his final fight and was down at last.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Hair That Titian Loved. Red-haired people are generally supposed to be hot tempered. They are inclined to be hasty, but are never vindictive. This quickness of temper is due to impulsiveness and a love of speaking out what they have in mind. They are usually of a sunny disposition and are honest and truthful, but rather vain and eager for admiration.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

LESSON FOR JULY 18 DAVID SPARES SAUL'S LIFE.

LESSON TEXT—1 Sam. 26. GOLDEN TEXT—Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you.—Luke 6:27. ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—1 Sam. 27. PRIMARY TOPIC—The Man Who Was Kind to His Enemy. JUNIOR TOPIC—"Paying Back." INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Overcoming Evil With Good. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Treatment of Wrongsdoers.

I. Saul in Pursuit of David (vv. 1-3). Ever since David took his departure from Jonathan (ch. 20), when that crowning act of friendship was shown, Saul had been hunting him as a wild animal. He now pursues him with 3,000 chosen men. David flees from place to place, hiding as an outlaw. Sometimes he is in the enemies' country doing disreputable things. This is the period of his schooling which fitted him to be the eminent king that he was. It was a bitter period in his life, but God sent him to this school and adapted the instruction to his needs. David never could have been the broad man that he was, had he not been prepared in this crucible of bitter experience. His wading deeply into trouble adapted him to write psalms suited to all men, in all ages, and under all conditions. His life swung through the arc of human experience, touching the highest point of fame and dipping to the depths of sorrow and shame. Then, personally, he learned many lessons, among which may be mentioned:

1. His own weakness. It was necessary that he be humbled under the sense of his infirmities. Unless a man has learned this lesson, sudden elevation to power will utterly ruin him.

2. His dependence upon God. David's many miraculous escapes caused him to realize that the Lord had redeemed him out of his adversity. His hiding places in the rocks gave him much of his imagery for the psalms.

3. He learned the country and people over which he was to rule. By knowing the grievous afflictions which Saul had heaped upon the people he could sympathize and remove them.

4. He learned the magnanimity of self-control. This a man must know before he can be a true king. He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city (Prov. 16:32).

II. Saul in David's Hands (vv. 4-20). 1. David sends out spies (v. 4). This he did to find out as to whether Saul was come in very deed.

2. David at Saul's camp (vv. 5-11). He took with him Abishai and went in the night to where Saul was sleeping. Abishai asked to be allowed to kill Saul, but David forbade him because Saul was the Lord's anointed.

3. David takes Saul's spear and cruse of water (vv. 12, 13). Once before at Engedi (ch. 24) David spared Saul's life. Now again he was at his mercy. This he did that he might show tangible evidence to the king that he had no evil intent.

4. David taunts Abner, the king's bodyguard (vv. 14-16). He calls to Abner and taunts him for his listlessness—his failure to watch over the Lord's anointed, the evidence of which is the cruse and the spear in his hands.

5. David reasons with Saul (vv. 17-20). When Saul recognized David's voice, David began to reason with him, showing that he had nothing but good intentions toward the king. He asked that he would show what wrong he had done or what evil intent was in his heart. David is very humble and begs Saul to relent, for surely if he had any wicked purpose he would not have saved his life twice when the Lord had placed Saul wholly at his mercy. David had peculiar regard for the Lord's anointed. He recognized the facts that the Lord had delivered Saul into his hands not to kill, but to save.

III. Saul's Confession (vv. 21-25). 1. He confessed that he had sinned. The sad feature about his confession is that it lacked conviction, for he went right on sinning. This is the great trouble with people. They are willing to confess that they are sinners, but still they go on sinning.

2. He confessed that he had played the fool and erred exceedingly. We see about us daily many using such expressions, but still they go on repeating their sins. David shows his magnanimity of spirit, however, in delivering the cruse and the spear to Saul's servant. He knew that Saul's confession was not genuine, so he was afraid to go near. He knew the cunning of that old fox. He still appeals to Saul's kindness to him, and they part never to meet again.

Consider Faults of Others. No one thing does human life more need than a kind consideration of the faults of others. Every one sins; every one needs forbearance. Our own imperfections should teach us to be merciful.

Meditation. Meditation is the life of the soul; action is the soul of meditation; honor is the reward of action; so meditate, that thou mayst do; so do, that thou mayst purchase honor, for which purchase give God the glory.—Quarles.

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BEANS MADE HIT WITH HIM Confirmed Woman Hater Finally Succumbed to Culinary Ability That Reminded Him of Home.

When I worked on a cattle ranch in Wyoming I chummed with a cowboy named Hank, who was a genuine woman hater, writes a correspondent. His mother died when he was a child, and a stepmother, step-sisters and step-aunts had treated the boy so unkindly that he learned to distrust and dislike all women. If by chance any woman stopped at the ranch house Hank would seek other quarters.

He often deplored the fact that western cooking did not measure up to eastern standards. Well, Hank became foreman, and I was fairly stunned when he announced that he was to marry a girl who cooked in a boarding house in town.

"However did it happen?" I asked in amazement. "Simple enough," he made answer. "I discovered that she cooks baked beans just like they do in Boston."

Surely a Mean Employer. "Enery," observed Bill 'Awkins, "I 'ear as yer got a job." "Yes," answered the sad "Enery. "I 'ave got a job."

"Yer don't appear very 'appy about it, do yer?" asked Bill. "Ain't yer foreman a decent cove, then?" "Oh! 'E's a mean, low-minded feller!" cried the outraged "Enery. "E's a dirty dorg, 'e is. Got 'Un-like notions as 'ow geets like me should be treated. F'r insance, would yer believe it, 'e actually took the legs off the wheelbarrows so as a cove can't sit down an' rest? Oh, 'e's a mean dorg!"—London Ideas.

Time He Spoke. Nell—Tomorrow is Jack's twenty-eighth birthday. Doris—Are you going to give him anything? Nell—Yes, a good strong hint.—Boston Transcript.

That Egg Episode. "This egg," said Columba, "illustrates the fact that the world is round."

Not a Philosopher. "What is your philosophy in life?" "Friend, I don't know a thing about philosophy. I ain't never studied much. All I do is take things as they come, and make the best of 'em."

Tired and Worn? Does summer find you tired, weak—all worn out? Do you have constant backache; feel lame and stiff, and without life or ambition? There's a reason why you feel so badly. Likely your kidneys have weakened and are causing you to feel so miserable. Get back your health and keep it! Help the weakened kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's have helped thousands and should help you. Ask your neighbor!

A Nebraska Case. Louis - Hening, Crete, Neb., says: "Many times I found it impossible to bend over or lift the least weight because of sharp pains that would pierce my back. My kidneys would act too freely at night and the secretions would be highly colored. I heard about Doan's Kidney Pills and after using a few I felt better in every way."

All Titled. The doctor's family had just moved into a more exclusive residence district and all the members were much given to boasting over this. Even the nine-year-old daughter told of it to her small playmates at school. "Why, it's just like having a title," she ended. "Everything that comes to our place has written on it after our names, 'Collet place.'"

Sure Relief BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION 6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION

His Business in Post Office. The commercial traveler met Sandy, the canny one, emerging from the post office. "Ah, Sandy!" cried the commercial. "It is good to see as prosperous a farmer as yourself—not forgetful of his country! You have been in the post office to purchase war bonds?" "Nay," said Sandy easily. "Oh! Then perhaps you have put a little money in the savings banks, that it may help the country?" "Nay."

That Egg Episode. "This egg," said Columba, "illustrates the fact that the world is round."

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