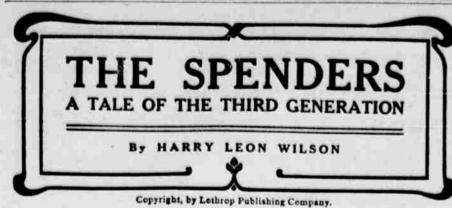
THE FALLS CITY TRIBUNE, FRIDAY, APRIL 20, 1906.



To the southeast is a mass of duil But the upper edges are ragged, torn minutes the mercury goes up 35 derees. The wind comes at a 30-mile relocity. It increases in strength and warmth, blowing with a mighty roar.

Twelve hours afterward the snow. three feet deep on a level, has melted. There are bald, brown hills every- right went to cover the shortage in where to the horizon, and the plains are flooded with water. The Chinook has come and gone. In this manner suddenly went the Bines fortune.

April 30, Consolidated Copper closed at 91. Two days later, May 2. the drop of 40 points. Roughly the decline meant the loss of \$100,000,000 to the 15,000 shareholders. From every city same ill-fated stock closed at 51-a of importance in the country came tales more or less tragic of holdings wiped out, of ruined families, of defalcations and suicides. The losses in New York city alone were said to be \$50,000,000. A few large holders, reputed to enjoy inside information, were said to have put their stock aside and "sold short" in the knowledge of what was coming. Such tales are always popular in the street.

Others not less popular had to do with the reasons for the slump. Many were plausible. A deal with the Rothschilds for control of the Spanish mines had fallen through. Or, again, the staughter was due to the Shepler group of Federal Oil operators, who were bent on forcing some one to unload a great quantity of the stock so that they might absorb it. The immediate causes were less recondite. The Consolidated company, so far from controlling the output, was suddenly shown to control actually less than 50 per cent, of it. Its efforts to amend or repeal the hardy old law of Supply and Demand had simply met with the indifferent success that has marked all such efforts since the first attempted corner in stone hatchets, or mastodon tusks, or whatever it may have been. In the language of one of its newspaper critics, the "trust" had been "founded on misconception and prompted along lines of self-destruction. Its fundamental principles were the restriction of product, the increase of price and the throttling of

competition. 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 no combination could be made to include the European mines, but that the Consolidated company had an unsold sarplus of 150,000,000 pounds of copper; that 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 price. 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 sledge. 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 golden cargoes 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 removed from the paths of hundreds of the harried holders.

danger of freezing has passed. The story of what men bought and sold temperature has been at 50 degrees over on the floor. Its inventor died in below zero. Now, suddenly it begins the poorhouse, but capital would fare to rise. The air is scarcely in mo- badly without his machine. Consolition, but occasionally it descends as dated was down three points. The out of a blast furnace from overhead, crowd about the ticker grew absorbed at once. Reports came in over the black clouds. Their face is unbroken, telephone. The bears had made a set for the stock. It began to slump rapby a wind not yet felt below. Two idly. As the stock was goaded down. hours later its warmth comes. In ten point by point, the crowd of traders waxed more excited.

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 outthose he had bought on a 20 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 assurances of trust in his acumen. Uncie reter, he decided all al obce, was a fatuous, doddering old man, unable to realize that the whole fortune was gravely endangered. And with the gambler's inveterate hope that luck must change, he forebore to undeceive 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 Copper opened that day at 78, and went by two o'clock to 51.

as from afar. Their acts all had the of brains!" weird inconsequence of the people we see in dreams. Yet presently it had gone too far to be amusing. He must you want to!" arouse himself and turn over on his side. In five minutes, according to the dream, he had lost \$5,000,000 as near. I'll die in bitter privation because I

thought, was disquieting. Then upon the tape he read another chapter of disaster. Western Trolley had gone into the hands of a receiver -a fine, fat, promising stock ruined without a word of warning; and while | he tried to master this news the horrible clicking thing declared that Union Cordage was selling down to 58-a drop of exactly 35 points since morning.

million a minute, even in sleep, he one.

Girl. He'll tak. .. mortgage on it for wo hundred thousand if you'll recom- man has got to be out there nowadays. mend it-only he can't get the money before to-morrow. There's bound to e a rally in this stock, and we'll go right back for some of the hair of the why-what's the matter-Uncle Peter!"

The old man had reeled, and then weakly caught at the top of the desk with both hands for support.

"Ruined!" he cried, hoarsely, as if the extent of the calamity had just



borne in upon him. "My God! Ruined, and at my time of life!" He seemed about to collapse. Percival quickly helped him into a chair, where he became limp.

"There, I'm all right. Ob, it's terrible! and we all trusted you so. I thought you had your pa's brains. I'd a' trusted you soon's I would Shep | I'll show you different!-I'll fool you." ler, and now look what you led us into -fortune gone-broke-and all your fault!"

"Don't, Uncle Peter-don't, for God's sake-not when I'm down! I can't stand it!"

"Gamble away your own moneyno, that wasn't enough-take your Percival watched the decline with a poor ma's share and your sister's, and conviction that he was dreaming. He take what little I had to keep me in laughed to think of his relief when he my old age-robbed us all-that's should awaken. The crowd surged what comes of thinkin' a damned teaabout the ticker, and their voices came drinkin' fop could have a thimbleful

> "Don't, please-not just now-give it to me good later-to-morrow-all

"And here I'm come to want in my last days when I'm too feeble to work. ly as he could calculate. Losing a was an old fooi, and trusted a young

"Please don't, Uncle Peter!" 'You led us in-robbed your poor ma and your sister. I told you I didn't know anything about it and you talked me into trusting you-I might 'a'

known better." "Can't you stop awhile-just a mo ment?"

"Of course I don't matter Maybe too old a man to be around in folks can hold a drill, or tram ore, or some way." thing, but I can't support your ma

ingly.

industrious, and smart, like a business | saw him starte safely off up-town, That ain't any bonanza country any more; now ain't like 1870; don't figure on that. You got to work the low grade ore now for a few dollars a ton, and you got to work it with brains.

No, sir, that country ain't what it used to be. There might 'a' been a time when you'd made your board and clothes out there when things come easier. Now it's full of men that hustle and keep their mind on their work. and ain't runnin' off to pink teas in

New York. It takes a man with some of the brains your pa had to make the game pay now. But you-don't let me awful news to the unsuspecting Mrs. hear any more of that nonsense!" Percival had entered the room pale. He was now red. The old man's bit-

momentary forgetfulness of the disaster. "Look here, Uncle Peter, you've

been telling me right along I did have my father's head and my father's ways and his nerve, and God knows what I didn't have that he had!"

"I was fooled-1 can't deny it What's the use of tryin' to crawl out of it? You did fool me, and I own up to it; I thought you had some sense, some capacity; but you was only like him on the surface; you jest got one or two little ways like his, that's all-Dan'l J. now was good stuff all the way through. He might 'a' guessed wrong on copper, but he'd 'a' saved a get-away stake or borrowed one, and he'd 'a' piked back fur Montana to make his pile right over-and he'd 'a' made it, too-that was the kind of man your pa was-he'd 'a' made it!' "I have saved a get-away stake."

"Your pa had the head, I tell youand the spirit-"

"And, by God, I'll show you I've got the head. You think because I wanted to live here, and because I made this wrong play, that I'm like all these pinheads you've seen around here. "Now don't explode!" said the old man, wearly. "You meant well, poor fellow-I'll say that fur you; you got a good heart. But there's lots of good men that ain't good fur anything in particular. You've got a good heart -yes-you're all right from the neck down."

"See here," said Percival, more calmly, "listen: I've got you all into this thing, and played you broke against copper; and I'm going to get you out-understand that?"

The old man looked at him pity-

"I tell you I'm going to get you out. I'm going back there, and get things in action, and I'm going to stay by them. I've got a good idea of these properties-and you hear me, now-1'll finish with a bank roll that'll choke Red Bank Canyon."

Fouts knocked and came in. "Now you go along uptown, Uncle Peter. 1 want a few minutes with Mr. Fouts, and I'll come to your place at seven."

The old man arose dejectedly "Don't let me interfere a minute

with your financial operations. I'm this minute

At the hotel Uncle Peter met Billy Brue flourishing an evening paper that flared with exclamatory headlines.

"It's all in the papers, Uncle Peter! "Dead broke! Ain't it awful, Billy!" "Say, Uncle Peter, you said you'd raise hell, and you done it. You done

it good, didn't you?"

CHAPTER XXV.

THE NEWS BROKEN, WHEREUPON AN ENGAGEMENT IS BROKEN. At seven Percival found Uncle Peter at his hotel, still in abysmal depths of woe. Together they went to break the Bines and Psyche.

"If you'd only learned something useful while you had the chance," began ter contempt had flushed him into Uncle Peter, dismally, as they were driven to the Hightower, "how to do tricks with cards, or how to sing

funny songs, like that little friend of yours from Baltimore you was tellin' me about. Look at him. now. He didn't have anything but his own ability. He could tell you every time

what card you was thinkin' about, and do a skirt dance and give comic recitations and imitate a dog fight out in the back yard, and now he's married to one of the richest ladies in New York. Why couldn't you 'a' been learnin' some of them clever things, so you could 'a' married some good-hearted woman with lots of money-but no-Uncle Peter's tones were bitter to excess-"you was a rich man's son and raised in idleness-and now, when the rainy day's come, you can't even take a white rabbit out of a stove-pipe hat!" To these senile maunderings Percival paid no attention. When they came

into the crowd and lights of the H gatower, he sent the old man up alone.

"You go, please, and break it to them. Uncle Peter. 1d rather not be there just at first. I'll come along in a little bit.'

So Uncle Peter went, protesting that he was a broken old man and a cumberer of Goo s green earth.

Mrs. Bines and Psyche had that moment sat down to dinner. Uncle reter's manner at once alarmed them. "It's all over." he said, sinking into a chair.

"Why, what's the matter, Uncle Peter?"

"Percival has-"

Mrs. Bines arose quickly, trembling. "There-I just knew it-it's all over? -he's been struck by one of those terrible automobiles-Oh, take me to where he is!"

"He ain't been run over-he's gone broke-lost all our money; every last cent."

"He hasn't been run over and killed?"

"He's ruined us, I tell you, Marthy -lost every cent of our money in Wall street."

"Hasn't he been hurt at all?-not even his leg broke or a big gash in his head and knocked senseless?"

"That boy never had any sense. tell you he's lost all our money." "And he ain't a bit hurt-nothing the

matter with him?" "Ain't any more hurt than you or me fool right from the factory."

"Never mind, my son; eat your soup," said his mother. And then, with honest intent to comfort him: Remember that saying of your pa's, it takes all kinds of fools to make a world.' "

"But there ain't any fool like a dama fool!" said Uncle Peter, shortly. "I been a-tellin' him."

"Well, you just let him alone; you'll spoil his appetite, first thing you know. My son, eat your sonp now, before it gets cold."

"If I only hadn't gone in so heavy," groaned Percival. "Or, if I'd only got tied up in some way for a few weekssomething I could tide over."

"Yes," said Uncle Peter, with a cheerful effort at sarcasm. "it's always easy to think up a lot of holes you could get out of-some different kind of a hole besides the one you're in. That's all some folks can do when they get in one hole, they say: 'Oh, if I was only in that other one, now, how slick I could climb out!' I ain't ever met a person yet was satisfied with the hole they was in. Always some complaint to make about 'em "

"And I had a chance to get out a week ago."

"Yes, and you wouldn't take it, of course-you knew too much-swellin' around here about bein' a Napoleon of finance-and a Shepler and a Wizard of Wall street, and all that kind of guff-and you wouldn't take your chance, and old Mr. Chance went right off and left you, that's what. I tell you, what some folks need is a breed of chances that'll stand without hitchin'

Percival braced himself and began on his soup.

"Never you mind, Uncle Peter. You remember what I told you."

"That takes a different man from what you are. If your pa was alive now-

"But what are we going to do?" cried Psyche.

"First thing you'll do." said Uncle Peter promptly, "you go write a letter to that beau of your'n, tellin' him it's all off. You don't want to let him be the one to break it because you lost your money, do you? You go sign his release right this minute."

"Yes-you're right, Uncle Peter-I suppose it must be done-but the poor fellow really cares for me."

"Oh, of course," answered the old man, "it'll fairly break his heart. You do it just the same!"

She withdrew, and presently came back with a note which she dispatched to Mauburn.

Percival and his mother had continued their dinner, the former shaking his head between the intervals of the old man's lashings, and appearing to hold silent converse with himself.

This was an encouraging sign. It is a curious fact that people never talk to themselves except triumphantly. In moments of real despair we are inwardly dumb. But observe the holders of imaginary conversations. They are conquerors to the last one. They administer stinging rebukes that leave the adversary writhing. They rise to Alpine heights of pure wisdom and power, leaving him to flounder ignobly in the mire of his own fatuity. They achieve repartee the brilliance of which dazzles him to contemptible silence. If statistics were at hand we should doubtless learn that no man has ever talked to himself save by way of demonstrating his own godlike superiority. and the tawdry impotence of all obfive years in a style that reduced Uncle Peter to grudging but imperative awe for his superb gifts of administration. He bathed in this imaginary future as in the waters of omnipotence. As time went on he foresaw the shafts of Uncle Peter being turned back upon him with such deadliness that, by the time the roast came, his breast was

Incidentally, Western Trolley had gone into the hands of a receiver, a failure involving another \$100,000,000. and Union Cordage had fallen 35 points through sensational disclosures as to its overcapitalization.

Into this maelstrom of a panic market the Bines fortune had been sucked with a swiftness 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-tray for his waiter.

Then he had seen his cunningly built foundations, rested upon with hopes so high for three months, melt away like snow when the blistering Chinook comes.

two somewhat differing similes in the chair and took up a newspaper, glanchended.

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 out there." 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 ex- ing him to the inner room. change-as it began the unemotional

Fouts, with a slip of paper in his dream that he had been losing a fortune in his sleep.

Coming out after a few moments, he went up to Uncle Peter, who had been sitting, watchful but unconcerned, in one of the armchairs along the wall. The old man looked up inquiringly.

"Come inside, Uncle Peter!" They went into the private office of

Fouts. Percival shut the door and they were alone.

"Uncle Peter, Burman's been suspended on the board of trade; Fouts just had this over his private wire. Corn broke to-day."

"That so? Ob. well, maybe it was worth a couple of million to find out Burman plays corn like he plays poker; 'twas if you couldn't get it fur any less."

'Uncle Peter, we're wiped out." "How, wiped out? What do you

mean, son?" "We're done, I tell you. We needn't care a damn now where copper goes to. We're out of it-and-Uncle Peter,

we're broke." "Out of copper? Broke? But you said-" He seemed to be making an effort to comprehend. His lack of grasp was pitiful.

"Out of copper, but there's Western "rolley and that Cordage stock-"

"Everything wiped out, I tell you-Union Cordage gone down 35 points, somebody let out the inside secretsand God only knows how far Western

Trolley's gone down." "Are you all in?"

"Every dollar-you knew that. But say," he brightened out of his despair. "there's the One Girl-a good producer-Shepler knows the property-Shepler's in this block-" and he was gone.

The old man strolled out into the trading-room again. A curious grim

smile softened his square jaw for a It has been thought wise to adopt moment. He resumed his comfortable foregoing, in order that the direness of ing incidentally at the crowd of exthe tragedy may be sufficiently appre- cited men about the tickers. He had about him that air of repose which comes to big men who have stayed much in big out-of-door solitudes.

"Ain't he a nervy old guy?" said a crisp little money broker to Fouts. "They're wiped out, but you wouldn't think he cared any more about it than Mike, the porter, with his brass polish

The old man held his paper up, but did not read.

Percival rushed in by him, beckon-"Shepler's all right about the One

and Pishy like they ought to be, with hand, beckoned him from the door of my rheumatiz comin' on again, too. his private office. He went dazedly in And your ma'll have to take in boardto him-and was awakened from the ers. and do washin' like as not, and think of poor Pishy-prob'ly she'll have to teach school or clerk in a store-poor Pish-she'll be lucky now if she can marry some common scrub American out in them hills-like as not one of them shoe-clerks in the Boston Cash Store at Montana City! And jest when I was lookin' forward to luxury and palaces in England, and everything so grand! How much you lost?"

> "That's right, no use whining! Nearly as I can get the round figures of it, about twelve million."

"Awful-awful! By Cripes! that man Blythe that done himself up the other night had the right of it. What's the use of living if you got to go to the poorhouse?"

"Come, come!" said Percival, alarm over Uncle Peter crowding out his other emotions. "Be a game loser, just as you said pa would be. Sit up straight and make 'em bring on another deck."

He slapped the old man on the back with simulated cheerfulness; but the despairing one only cowered weakly under the blow.

"We can't-we ain't got the stake for a new deck. Oh, dear! think of your ma and me not knowin' where to turn fur a meal of victuals at our time of life."

Percival was being forced to cheerfulness in spite of himself.

"Come, it isn't as bad as that, Uncle Peter. We've got properties left, and good ones, too."

Uncle Peter weakly waved the hand of finished discouragement. "Hush, don't speak of that. Then properties need a manager to make 'em pay-a plain business man-a man to stay on the ground and watch 'em and develop em with his brains-a young man with his health! What good am I-

a poor, broken down old cuss, bent double with rheumatiz-almost-I'm ashamed of you fur suggesting such a thing!

"I'll do it myself-I never thought of asking you."

Uncle Peter emitted a nasal gasp of disgust. "You-you-you'd make a purty

manager of anything, wouldn't you! As if you could be trusted with anything again that needs a schoolboy's intelligence. Even if you had the brains, you ain't got the taste nor the sperrit in you. You're too lazy-too triffin'. You, agoin' back there, developin' mines, and gettin' out ties, and lumber, and breeding shorthorns, and improvin' some of the finest land God ever made-you bein' sober and

He slouched out with his head bent. A moment later Percival remembered his last words, also his reference to Blythe. He was seized with fear for what he might do in his despair. Uncle Peter would act quickly if his mind had been made up. He ran out into Wall street, and hurried up to Broadway. A block off on that crowded thoroughfare he saw

the tall figure of Uncle Peter turning into the door of a saloon. He might have bought poison. He ran the

length of the block and turned in. Uncle Peter stood at one end of the bar with a glass of creamy beer in front of him. At the moment Percival entered he was inclosing a large slab of Swiss cheese between two slices of rye bread.

He turned and faced Percival, look ing from him to his sandwich with vacant eves.

"I'm that wrought up and dis tressed, son, I hardly know what I'm doin'! Look as me now with this stuff in my hands."

"I just wanted to be sure you were all right," said Percival, greatly relieved.

"All right," the old man repeated. "All right? My God-ruined! There's nothin' left to do now."

He looked absently at the sandwich and bit a generous semi-circle into it.

"I don't see how you can eat, Uncle Peter. It's so horrible!'

"I don't myself; it ain't a healthy appotite-can't be-must he some kind of a fever inside of me-I a'post -from all this trouble. And now Eve come to poverty and want in my old age. Say, son, I believe there's jest one thing you can do to keep me from goin' crazy."

"Name it, Uncle Peter. You bet I'll do it!"

"Well, it ain't much-of course I wouldn't expect you to do all them things you was jest braggin' about back there-about gain' to work the properties and all that-you would do it if you could, I know-but it ain't that, All I ask is, don't play this Wall street game any more. If we can save out enough by good luck to keep us decently, so your ma won't have to take that, too. Don't morigage the One Girl. I may be sort of superstitious, but somehow, I don't believe Wall

say you ain't got a game-of some kind-but I got one of them presentiments that it ain't Wall street." "I don't believe it is, Uncle Peter-

I won't touch another share, and I won't go near Shepler again. We'll stop. keep the One Girl."

He called a cab for the old man, and

"You're not fooling his mother. Uncle Peter?'

"I tell you he's alive and well, only he's lost your money and Pish's and mine and his own."

Mrs. Bines breathed a long, trembling sigh or relief, and sat down to the table again.

"Well, no need to scare a body out of their wits-scaring his mother to death won't bring his money back, will to himself and mentally lived the next

"But ma, it is awful!" cried Psyche. 'Listen to what Uncle Peter says.



Perce has lost all our money." Mrs. Bines was eating her soup

fiantly. gan.

"And me windin' up in the poor- family. house," whined Uncle Peter.

"Think of it, ma! Ob. what shall we do?"

not raise his head. Psyche stared at justing this development, another him. His mother ran to him, satisfied knock came on his door. It was the herself that he was sound in wind and same maid who had brought Psyche's. limb, that he had not treacherously note. This time she brought what he boarders, why, don't you go and lose donned his summer underwear, and saw to be a cablegram. that his feet were not wet. Then she led him to the table.

street is your game. Course, I don't take some food. If you're all right, everything is all right."

With a weak attempt at his old gayety he began:

"Really, Mrs. Crackenthorpe-" but

I made an ass of myself-a regular self once.

Uncle Peter had first declared that the thought of food sickened him. Prevailed upon at last by Mrs. Bines to taste the soup, he was soon eating as those present had of late rarely seen him eat.

swelling with pity for that senile

scoffer.

"'Tain't a natural appetite, ...ough," he warned them. "It's a kind of a mania before I go all to pieces s'pose.'

"Nonsense! We'll have you all right in a week," said Percival. "Just remember that I'm going to take care of you.'

"My son can do anything he makes up his mind to." declared Mrs. Bines -"just anything he lays out to do." They talked until late into the night

of what he should "lay out" to do. Meantime the stronghold of Mau-

hurn's optimism was being desperately stormed.

in an evening paper he had read of Percival's losses. The afternoon press of New York is not apt to understate the facts of a given case. The account "Long's he's got his health." she hes Mauburn read stated that the young western millionaire had beggared his

Mauburn had gone to his room to be alone with this bitter news. He had begun to face it when Psyche's note Percival entered. Uncle Peter did of release came. While he was ad-

"Excuse me, Mr. Mauburn-now this came early to-day, and you wasn't in "Now you sit right down here and your room, and when you came in Mrs. Ferguson forgot it till just now."

He tore open the envelope and read: "Male twins born to Lady Casselthorpe Male twins born to finely. Mother and sons doing finely. "HINKIE."

Mauburn felt the rock foundations of he caught Psyche's look and had to Manhattan Island to be crumbling to dust. For an hour he sat staring at "I'm sorry, sis, clear into my hones. the message. He did not talk to him-

(Continued Next Week)