

WHEAT CLIMBS HIGH

Cereal Advances Five Cents in Twenty-four Hours.

REACHES 83½ CENTS.

Sudden Spurt Due to Cable Reports of Small Yields.

Highest Price Since 1892—Short Crop at Home and Scarcity Abroad Make the Market Active—Veteran Operators Think It Will Keep on Climbing Upward—Say It Will Be Cheap at a Dollar—Pandemonium in the Pit.

September wheat sold at 88½ cents on the Chicago Board of Trade Wednesday and the cash article was quoted at from 90 to 93 cents, according to its quality. This, up to that day, was the highest price since March, 1892. There was nothing as high as 90 cents in 1893, 1894, 1895 or 1896. The advance last year culminated around 85 cents. Wednesday's advance was 5 cents, making an advance of almost 25 cents within five weeks. July 6 September wheat sold at 64½ cents. There has not been such an advance as Wednesday's since the days of the Russian prohibition, that sweetest memory of the man who never thinks wheat high enough. And men who think they know a thing or two about the pit—at least other men in the pit listen respectfully while they express their views—are talking about "wheat cheap at a dollar."

It has been six years since the price of wheat was boosted so high in a single day. The lowest price for wheat Tuesday was 83½ cents a bushel and the highest price Wednesday was 88½ cents a bushel. This is a net advance of 5 cents a bushel, which is considered a big thing by those who have it to pay. The traders in the pit climbed over one another in the excitement that was occasioned by this unusual advance.

When the trading for the day was closed the men who emerged from the pit looked as if they were tired and their clothes did not fit them. They had been having a hard time during the trading hours. Every cable dispatch relating to wheat prices that came told of advances and the reports on crop estimates from the wheat regions told of small yields. The two kinds of information re-enforced each other in making the price of wheat go up, and every time it advanced a point the noise in the pit was increased and the



WHEAT MAKES A GREAT CLIMB.

clearances from Atlantic ports of wheat and flour in three days was equal to 2,500,000 bushels of wheat. The short crop at home and the scarcity abroad when brought to the attention of traders in such forcible manner was what made wheat jump 5 cents a bushel. It was confidently asserted by traders that wheat would go up until a single bushel would be worth \$1. The millers are said to be taking advantage of the advance in wheat to raise the price of flour.

At St. Louis it was one of the wildest days ever experienced in the wheat market. Early in the morning a strong bull movement set in and before the close of trading for the day the price of September option had advanced 5½ cents over the previous day's close. It has been years since such a tremendous bulge has been recorded. September opened at 91 cents, an advance of 5½ cents over the closing price of the day before; from that it sold down to 90½ cents and fluctuated back to 91 cents; then down to 90½ cents, went back to 91 cents and started off on the wildest kind of a flyer after call. On the call cash wheat was 91½ cents bid, with 92 cents asked, while it sold by sam-

ple at 52 cents for No. 2 red and 80 to 90 cents for No. 3.

Rise in New York.
High-water mark for the season was reached in the New York wheat market Wednesday, not only on values, but as to the volume of transactions as well. Prices advanced 4½ to 5 cents for the day and sales reached the total of 16,315,000 bushels. Excitement prevailed in the market from start to finish, but particularly in

year ago spot wheat was selling slowly at 95 to 96¼ cents per cental.

WHEAT IS RUINED.
Crop Throughout the Northwest Suffers Great Damage.
Estimates as to the wheat yield in the Northwest grow smaller every day. A month ago it was predicted that the yield would amount to 200,000,000 bushels, while now the most sanguine say it will not be over 140,000,000. Many others place it at a much smaller figure. The crop will be the smallest for years. Reports received in Duluth are more discouraging every day. The acreage was very large, but thousands of acres have been drowned out. Instead of twenty bushels to the acre, as was figured a month ago, the yield will not average over ten to twelve bushels to the acre in most sections. Rust and smut are also appearing all over the wheat country and over 50 per cent of the wheat cut so far has failed to grade anywhere near the best. On high lands wheat will probably be of fair quality, but on low lands what little there is of it will not grade at all.

Telegraphic Brevities.
Lillian Russell assures a New York interviewer that she "wouldn't marry for \$1,000,000." That settles it, for several of us.

George Gordon King, a nephew, and Sarah Birkhead, a niece, have been adjudged entitled to the \$20,000,000 estate of William H. King of New York.

And now it is charged that Cleveland's Indian baseball player has developed too great a thirst for firewater. Big Chief Tebban should promptly Sockalexis.

A third attempt by incendiaries to burn the town of Moran, a place of 1,000 people, in Allen County, Kan., almost proved successful. Eight business buildings were destroyed and the loss is estimated at from \$25,000 to \$30,000.

HUNTED TO HIS DEATH

ENRAGED FARMERS KILL A MAN NEAR CHICAGO.

Human Brute Attacks Mrs. Fenska, Is Driven to a Cornfield, Holds Pursuers at Bay for Two Hours, and Is Finally Overpowered.

Details of the Tragedy.
Swift vengeance was meted out Thursday afternoon to a man who made a murderous assault upon Mrs. Paulina Fenska, wife of Karl Fenska, a poor German farmer living in Leyden township, one mile from the village of Franklin Park, Cook County, Ill.

A party of infuriated farmers, armed with rifles, revolvers, pitchforks and other implements, started in pursuit of the man, who had fled from the lonely farmhouse into the nearby corn field. The man, who was a stranger in the locality and whose identity is still unknown, made a vicious fight for his life. He was armed with two huge revolvers and he fought his pursuers until his body was riddled with shot and he fell helpless to the ground.

When this moment came the farmers acted like madmen. They jumped upon the half unconscious wretch and almost tore his body to pieces. They kicked him, stamped upon him, beat him over the head with rakes, hoes and rifle barrels, and pinned him to the earth with the sharp prongs of the pitchforks. When they were through the man was little more than a mass of battered flesh and blood. His body contained a score of bullets and his head was beaten almost into a jelly.

The battle between the fugitive and the men who hunted him lasted over two hours. The stranger repeatedly loaded his revolvers with cartridges which he carried in his pockets. He held the farmers at bay again and again, notwithstanding his legs had been riddled with bullets. He attempted many times to kill the foremost of his assailants. He would take deliberate aim and fire four or five shots at the nearest man to him.

Pursuers Are Unharmed.
But his marksmanship was bad and he failed to wound any of his pursuers. He fled from corn field to corn field, took his stand behind trees and rail fences, was hunted like a wild beast, and fought with all the desperate courage of a man who knows that his life is at stake and that there is only one chance in a thousand to escape. The stranger took this chance. He fought like a rat in a trap and died like one.

Mannheim is thirteen miles from the Chicago Union depot on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road. It is part of the incorporated village of Franklin Park. There is a large settlement of small German farmers about Mannheim.

Thursday morning Karl Fenska, along with other farmers in the settlement, went to Johann Hauson's place to help him thrash his wheat. The field in which the thrashers were at work was 300 yards from Fenska's dwelling.

Stranger at the Door.
At 11 o'clock, while Mrs. Fenska was at home looking after the children, a stranger appeared at the door. His first utterance showed that he was a German. "Where is your husband?" asked the stranger.

"He is working on Hauson's farm, thrashing wheat," replied Mrs. Fenska. "Is that very far away?" queried the man.

"Not very far," she answered. "But how far?" again asked the man, insisting.

The woman then went on to explain just where her husband was working, and this seemed to satisfy the visitor, who immediately began to make himself at home.

Mrs. Fenska has four children. They are Gustav, aged 9; Friedrich, aged 6; Augusta, aged 4, and Mary, a babe in arms. The man went over to where little Augusta was playing on the floor and began to pet the child, patting its cheeks. Mrs. Fenska told him he was not wanted and had better go away. The man pulled out his watch and remarked that it was 11 o'clock. Mrs. Fenska's clock showed 11:30 and he said her clock was fast. The man was undoubtedly figuring at what time Fenska and the other men were likely to come to the house for dinner.

Strikes Her a Terrible Blow.
"And you want me to go, do you?" remarked the man. The next moment he struck her a terrible blow in the face with his fist, knocking her against the wall.

He then hit her again and knocked her to the floor, where she remained in a half-conscious condition. The brute began kicking her as she lay on the floor, and bruised her frightfully around the body.

The woman crawled along the floor to the water pail and washed some of the blood out of her eyes. She then picked up her baby and, crawling and staggering, managed to make her way to the field where her husband was at work.

Tells the Thrashers.
She gave a general description of the man and then fell unconscious. There were fifteen or twenty hands at work thrashing the wheat when Mrs. Fenska appeared and told her terrible story. With shouts of anger they dropped their work and hurried away for firearms. Among these farmers were Frank Baker, Henry Wiemerslage, Fritz Kossack, Henry Rhoda, Karl Lineway, Adolph Rolfs, George Koltze, Johann Nettinger, Louie Koltze, Fred Koltze, Jr., Henry Kanberg, William Konzoole, Johann Hanson.

The men, soon re-enforced by others, quickly armed themselves with pitchforks, clubs, army muskets and stones, and within an hour had their victim surrounded in a corn field. He ran from cover to cover; one pursuer climbed a telegraph pole, and though he was the target for a score of shots from the desperado's revolver, kept his companions informed of the latter's position. Not until the hunted man had expended all his ammunition and been wounded so severely as to prevent further flight, was he overpowered.

Notes of Current Events.
J. C. Parmerlee, a leather merchant at Sedalia, Mo., made an assignment. Liabilities, \$10,000; assets about same figures.

Gov. Atkinson of West Virginia is very domestic in his tastes, and when through with the cares of office amuses himself playing the violin.

The tenth annual meeting of the American Association of Obstetricians and Gynecologists began at Niagara Falls Tuesday. About 200 physicians were in attendance.

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UNCLE SAM HAS WHEAT TO FEED THE WORLD.

gesticulations of the traders became more violent. Wheat fluctuated in a manner sufficiently lively to cause some 4,000 extra yells in the pit.

Wheat closed Tuesday night at 83½ cents. When time was called in the morning the bulls laid their horns under the cereal, gave a concerted heave and threw it to a height of 85½ cents. All over the pit could be heard the moaning of hooked bears, and the strongest men turned pale to see the way in which some of those fat old millionaires grew purple at the thought of losing a brick or so out of their new corner mansions.

Then the bears inserted their claws and began to jerk. At 11 o'clock wheat had fallen to 84½ cents and the agonized howl of the average bull filled the pit with a babel of sound that resembled nothing so much as a convocation of terriers with a cannon cracker in a barrel. Up and down shot the prices—only an eighth or so at a jump—and the roaring yells of "An' five-eighths! An' a half! Gotcher! Come on, come on! Take 3,000 bushels at that! Wow! Wow! Who said three-quarters? Take it! Hold on! Only three-eighths? Oh, murder!" rang and rattled along the walls till the women in the gallery wanted to know why they didn't get axes or use dynamite on one another.

Several places sent in reports of estimates of the wheat crop which had a tendency to force up prices early in the day. It was previously believed the wheat yield of Manitoba would be 30,000,000 bushels, but advices from there were to the effect that one-half of that figure would be about right. The crop of Minnesota and the Dakotas was previously reported as amounting to 200,000,000, but a report came that 80,000,000 would be about right.

Notwithstanding the break in prices Tuesday the cable brought word from Liverpool that wheat had jumped 1 cent, and on top of this a dispatch from Paris that the market opened after a two-day holiday with an advance of 6½ cents. The

ple at 52 cents for No. 2 red and 80 to 90 cents for No. 3.

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the last hour, when the advances became so rapid that frequently the fluctuations were marked by ¼ fractions instead of ½ and 1-16, changes that are ordinarily seen. The total range on September was from 91¼ to 94½, against 89½ the lowest price of Tuesday. Not in years has there