

# D-O-D-D'S The Telegraph Message.

By ROBERT BARR  
(Continued.)

"Of course it has. I'm a grate to have babbled about my own affairs when—but all the more reason I should see you home."

"No, no. I want to be alone. Won't you please?"

"I'll do anything you ask, Elinor."

"Then let me say goodby now."

He stood watching her until she disappeared at a turning, never looking back. Then he hailed a trolley car, sprang on board and was jolted swiftly to the business portion of the city.

It was old Grimwood himself who began hostilities next day on the floor of the Stock Exchange. He wanted to sell wheat, it seemed, and the moment that was apparent no one wished to buy except Howard, who announced himself ready to take all there was on the market. Frantic telegrams were hurled at Chicago, beseeching reliable information, the one thing of all others

Chicago was unable to supply. No one was buying but Howard. Those who did any business followed the lead of old Grimwood and sold, just as timid players at Monte Carlo put their money on the color of the man who has broken the bank.

At last even Grimwood began to waver, and finally ceased to offer further lots, while Howard, in stentorian voice and uplifted right hand, looked like a modern Ajax defying the lightning, which every one knew was bound to strike somewhere, and that soon, for the financial sky was becoming exceedingly lowering.

"I want wheat!" he roared. "Wheat! Wheat! All done at that. Who's got any? Mr. Grimwood, did I have a nod from you?"

"I hope you'll be able to pay for what you've got," muttered Grimwood, but he did not offer to sell.

"Come, Mr. Grimwood, surely you can shake another \$10,000 out of your sleeve at least. I'll jump the price a point if that will be of any assistance."

There were no more offers.

No one knows who was the first to get the truth from Chicago, but telegrams began to pour in. The name of Hutchinson—"Old Hutch"—thrilled the crowd like an electric shock. The biggest, strongest and most unbreakable wheat corner the United States had ever known had been formed, with Old Hutch at the head of it. Wheat went up like a balloon, and the price of the poor man's loaf was raised throughout all the land, so that a group of Chicago speculators might become rich.

The moment Howard saw the cereal cat was out of the bag all his excitement vanished, and he thrust his hands in his pockets, casting a quick glance at the telegraph office. He was a millionaire now if the corner held, which, as every one knows, it did.

Grimwood was hard hit, but no emotion showed itself on his face. He approached Howard with something almost like a smile hovering about his lips, and said in a squeaky whisper:

"You seem to be very sure of your information, Mr. Howard. I thought we had kept the secret better."

"We? Are you in that deal?"

"Yes. Didn't you know it? Then you weren't so well informed as I thought. My agents were buying elsewhere while I was selling here. I tell you this so you may not waste any sympathy on me. Besides, you'll lose all you've gained before long, anyhow. I've seen many a blunder in my time."

"I may lose the money, Mr. Grimwood, but it won't leak into your pockets. Did you ever hear of the nigger who got religion in the midst of the poker game? No? Well, he did. He won \$10.50 and then, suddenly realizing the beauty of a better life, he announced his conversion and fled before his comrades got at their razors. I'm like that nigger, Mr. Grimwood. I'm going to quit, and as soon as you and the rest of the boys walk up to the captain's office and settle I'm off to Europe on my wedding tour."

"Then she didn't tell you?"

"Who didn't tell me and what didn't she tell?"

"I thought perhaps you might get a hint from the pretty telegraph operator, but I judge you didn't."

Howard took a step forward and his fists involuntarily clinched. He spoke so low there was no chance of his words being heard by any one but the man he was addressing.

"If you so much as mention her name, I'll throw you out of the window into the alley, and say we quarreled on the wheat deal. So you've been up to your old tricks, have you—getting bogus telegrams sent you in the hope she'd tell me? Well, we'll both forgive you because of your lavish generosity. I'll take an amount out of the sum you pay me equal to her father's fortune and give it to her as a wedding present. Goodby."

The room was now almost empty. Howard crossed rapidly to the telegraph counter. Elinor had her hat on and was ready to leave.

"Will you send a dispatch for me, Miss McClintock?"

"Oh, certainly," she answered.

He wrote the message and she took it, turning toward the instrument.

"But read it first!" he cried.

She looked at the paper. It ran:

DEAR MR. SANDYS—I beg to resign my position as telegraph operator. I am to be married shortly and am going to Europe with my husband.

"I think," she said, smiling and crumpling the paper in her hand, "that as Mr. Sandys has been so kind to me I will resign more formally and in person. It seems to have been right to buy wheat after all?"

"Exactly right—on this occasion; as right, Elinor, as keeping one's word."

Their eyes met caressingly.

"I am glad that you know," she said with a little sigh of contentment.

### A "Big Die."

The average southern negro looks upon a funeral as a function to be enjoyed and one at which all the fine feathers of the women and the loud clothing of the men should be shown. In this city today there are hundreds of negroes and negroesses who each month pay their pittance to their "societies," and the "societies" in return bury them with great pomp when they die.

Not long since a very largely attended funeral was passing along a prominent street. An old negro, impressed by the number of carriages and wishing to express his admiration, exclaimed "Lawdy! Lawdy! Dat sho' is er big die!"—Memphis Scimitar.

### Woes of a Wife.

"Oh, that I should have married a funny man!" she wailed.

"What is the matter, lovey, dear?" asked her most intimate friend.

"He came home and told me he had a sure way to keep jelly from molding at the top, and when I asked him how he said to turn it upside down."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### Still the Boss.

They had been chums during their schooldays, but had drifted apart. Years after they met again.

"What became of that auburn haired Jones girl that used to be the boss tennis player in our set?"

"I married her," replied the other.

"And does she still play tennis?" queried his friend.

"No," was the reply, and a look of sadness stole over his face, "but she's still the boss."

### Knew His Business.

Hoax—You know Schneider, the bottler, who recently became a magistrate?

Joax—Yes.

"Well, he discharged a prisoner yesterday who was charged with stealing a dozen bottles of beer."

"So?"

"Yes. Schneider said that wasn't enough to make a case."—Philadelphia Record.

### Dividends Out of Life.

The fools who give the 24 hours to business and coast of it may criticize the man who can expel business from his mind and enjoy his books, his friends, his club, the theater, the opera, the dinner or the dance, but the cheerful man gets dividends out of life where the other gets trouble.—Chauncey M. Depew.

### Jealousy.

"Is she very much in love?"

"Much in love! Say! She heard some one say that all the world loves a lover, and she's been jealous ever since."

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