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IN THE QUIET EVENING.

There are times when life is something more than eat, and drink, and sleep. When the surface shows no ripple though the stream is rushing, and the water is when the good that's in the worst of us has taken us in tow.

And has fanned low, fading embers till they flash again and glow.

When we feel there's something in us that has escaped the meaning of the day.

When it's quiet in the evening and the clock ticks loud.

When the gray fire of crimson after glow is graying into gloom.

When there's none but she and you who that cozy little room.

When the cat upon her hearth rug yawns and drifts again to dream.

Then how very like the heaven we have learned to love for seem.

That delightful little chamber with the magic charm entwined.

When it's quiet in the evening and the clock ticks loud.

Not a word to break the stillness, yet there's music in the air—

Musical horns of softest silver, sweet and low, and rare;

For the one who sits beside you is your sweetheart, and you know.

That she loves you, for she weds you many patient years ago.

And her love songs, born of silence, make you brave, and great and proud.

When it's quiet in the evening and the clock ticks loud.

—N. Y. Times.

THE SPENDERS

A Tale of the Third Generation

By HARRY LEON WILSON

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Perival watched for the chance to find Miss Milroy alone. His sister had just returned alone with a candle into the library to study the face of her future husband in a mirror. The result had been, in a sense, unsatisfactory. She had looked at Percival over her shoulder the faces of Mauburn, Fred Milroy, and the Angsted twins, and had declared herself unswayed by the weird prophecy.

Before the first to call Percival stood while Mrs. Akemitt recalled perceptively near by, and Doctor von Herzlich explained, with excessive care as to his enunciation, that protoplasm can be analyzed but cannot be reconstructed; following this with his own views as to why the synthesis does not produce life.

"You wonderful man!" from Mrs. Akemitt. "I fear I do not consider this of all you know. Oh, what a delight science must be to her votaries!"

The Angsted twins joined the group, attracted by Mrs. Akemitt's inquiry of how far she had not considered this. They considered civilization a failure because it was killing off all the big game. There was none to speak of now except in Africa; and they were pessimistic about the future.

Perival listened absently to the talk and watched Miss Milroy, now one of the group in the dining room. Presently he saw her take a lighted candle from one of the laughing girls and go toward the library.

His heart-beats quickened. Now she should know his love and it would be well. He walked down the hall leisurely, turned into the play to enter his con- fidently deserted, walked quickly but softly over his polished floor to a door that gave into the library, pushed the heavy portiere aside and stepped noiselessly in.

The large room was lighted dimly by two immedia yellow pumpkins, their sides cut into faces of grinning grotesqueness. At the far side of the room Miss Milroy had that instant arrived before anyone had perceived her. Her cold, glacial carvings reflected the light of the candle. She held it above her head with one rounded arm. He stood in deep shadow and the girl had been too absorbed in the play to notice his coming. He took one noiseless step toward her, but then through the curtained doorway by which she had come he saw a man enter swiftly and furtively.

Trembling on the verge of laughing speech, something he held back, some inexplicable instinct making itself known in a thrill that went from his feet to his head; he could feel the roots of his hair tingle. The man, however, went quickly, as he could tread toward the girl. Fascinated he stood, wanting to speak, to laugh, yet powerless from the very awfulness of what followed.

In the error under the candle light he saw the man's dark face come beside the other, heard a little cry from the girl as she half turned; then he saw the man take her in his arms, saw her head fall on his shoulder, and her face turn to his.

He tried to stop breathing, fearing discovery, grasping with one hand the heavy fold of the curtain back of him to steady himself.

There was the sound of two long, trembling breaths, then he heard her say, in a low, tense voice, as she drew away:

"Oh, you are my bad angel—why—why?"

She fled toward the door to the hall. "Don't come this way," she called back, in quick, low tones of caution.

The man turned toward the door where Percival stood, in the darkness stumbled over a bookcase, and instantly Percival was on the other side of the portiere, and, before the other

had groped his way to the dark corner where the door was, had recessed the empty parlor and was safely in the hall.

He made his way to the dining room, where supper was under way.

"Mr. Bines has seen a ghost," said the sharp-eyed Mrs. Dremler.

"Poor creature, he only started to death," said Mrs. Gwyll-Atheletan. "Eat something, Mr. Bines; this supper is go-supper-pleas. Nobody's to wait for anybody."

"Bring loosely about the big table a dozen people were eating hot scones and bannocks with clotted cream and marmalade, and drinking mulled cider. "And there's cold fowl and baked beans and a few of the western people who can't eat with a Scotch accent," said the host cheerfully.

Perival dropped into one of the chairs.

"In Scotch enough to want a Scotch high-ball."

"And you're getting it so high it's top-heavy," cautioned Mrs. Dremler.

Above the chatter of the table could be heard the voices of men and the musical laughter of women from the other rooms.

"I simply can't get 'em together," said the hostess.

"It's nice to have 'em all over the place," said the hostess. "Fair women and brave men, you know."

"The men have to be brave," she answered shortly, with a glance at little Mrs. Akemitt, who had permitted Percival to seat her at his side, and now was pleading with him to agree that simple ways of life are requisite to the needed measure of spirituality.

Then came strains of music from the rich-toned organ.

"Oh, that dear Ned Ristine is playing," cried one; and several of the group sauntered toward the music room.

The music flooded the hall and the room, so that the talk died low.

"He's improving," exclaimed Mrs. Akemitt. "How splendid! He seems to be breathing a psalm of triumph, some high, exalted spiritual triumph, as if his soul had risen above us—how precious!"

When the deep swell had subsided to silvery ripples and the last cadence had faded, she looked at Percival with moistened parted lips and eyes half-shielded, as if her full gaze would betray too much of her quivering soul.

Then Percival heard the turquois brunette say: "What a pity his wife is such an unspiritual creature."

"But Mr. Ristine is unmarried, is he not?" he asked, quickly.

There was a little laugh from Mrs. Dremler.

"Not yet—but that I've heard of."

"I beg pardon!"

"There have been rumors lots of times that he was going to be unmarried, but they always seem to adjust their little differences. He and his wife are staying over at the Blythe's."

"Oh, I see," answered Percival, "you are a seer, Mrs. Dremler."

"Ristine," observed the theosophic Willberforce, in the manner of a hired

maid, "is a very good fellow who loves his; florists, jewelers and tailors hail his coming with honest fervor; waiters and bartenders, and the like; cabmen fought for the privilege of riching him; and the hangers-on of rich young men picked pieces of lint assiduously and solicitously from his coat."

One of his favorite resorts was the sumptuous gambling house in Forty-fourth street. The man who elides back the panel of the stout oak door early named him the quietest man he had seen. Percival had seen a man who had tried to put her out it hurt him.

At first he had plumed himself upon his lucky escape that night, when he would have declared his love to her. He was making love to his wife; for his money; that would have been dire enough. But to marry a girl like that! He had been lucky indeed!

Yet, as the weeks went by the shock of having married her, of the same thing, remained clear. With the grinning grotesqueness of the Jack-o'-lanterns lighting it and mocking his simplicity. But the first sharp physical hurt had been the long, low, unending call of the girl still had power to trouble him. At times his strained nerves would relax to no other device than the picturing of her as his own. Exactly in the line, he was gratified by his wife's pride smart. With budding gift for negation he could imagine her caring for nothing but his money; and there was that other picture, swift and aphant, a pantomime in shadow, with the leering smile of the

"I think, really, the fellow who gave me that system is an ass," he said, lighting a cigarette when the play was done. "Now I'm going to beat down and drink you won't be all to the good on that, you know."

His host declared that a young man who was hanged after losing \$100,000 in five bad investments was a person to be not lightly considered.

And, though he loved the rhythmic whirl and the ensuing rattle of the little ivory ball at the roulette wheel, he did not mind the quieter game, playing the digitized game exclusively with the chocolate-colored chips, which cost \$1,000 a stack. Sometimes he won; but not often enough to disturb his host's belief that there is less to be made in his business than in any other known to the captains of industry.

There were, too, notable games of poker, played with Garner, of the lead trust; Burman, the intrepid young; the Chelton and the other; and a dozen other well-worn spirits; games in which the limit, to use the Chicagoan phrase, was "the beautiful but lofty \$100,000." At these games he lost more regularly than at any other where, with the exception of a trifling percentage, he was solely at the mercy of chance. But he was a joyous loser, endeavoring himself to the other players; to Garner, whom Burman habitually accused of being "closer than a warm night," as well as to the open-handed son of the chewing gum magnate, who had been raised abroad and who protested nightly that there was no more of beauty than lean commercialism in the game. When Percival was by some chance absent from a sitting, the others calculated the precise sum he probably would have won, and then, by the amount by which he was short, they would estimate the amount by which he was short.

Yet the diversion was not all gambling. There were long sessions at all-night restaurants where the element of chance in his favor, incooperious elsewhere, was wholly eliminated; suppers for him and his friends, and, in quick, strong, youthful ardor, and to have had the ideal smothered by gossip, then shattered before his amazed eyes—this is a situation in which the made man should seek to behave inquisitively. In the language of the estimable Herr Doctor von Herzlich, he will seek those avenues of modification in which the least struggle is required. In the simplest phrase, he will seek to behave inquisitively. In the language of the estimable Herr Doctor von Herzlich, he will seek those avenues of modification in which the least struggle is required. In the simplest phrase, he will seek to behave inquisitively.

CHAPTER XII.

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"Say, old man," he asked Herbert Delancy Livingston one night, across the table at their college club, "are all the people in New York society incooperious?"

Livingston had been with him at Harvard, and Livingston's family was so notoriously not incooperious that the young man had replied, in a burst of alcoholic confidence, "about all that you are likely to meet are broke—also you wouldn't meet 'em, you know," he explained, cheerfully. "You know, old chap, a few of our western people have got into the right set here; there's the Nesbits, for instance. On my word the good wife and mother hasn't the kinks out of her fingers yet, nor the calouses from her hands, by Jove! She worked so hard cooking and washing woolen shirts for miners before Nesbit made his strike. As for himself, cavaria, I'm afraid, will always be a few of our western people have got into the right set here; there's the Nesbits, for instance. On my word the good wife and mother hasn't the kinks out of her fingers yet, nor the calouses from her hands, by Jove! She worked so hard cooking and washing woolen shirts for miners before Nesbit made his strike. 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