Barrington Review.

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BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS.

THE SPENDERS

A Tale of the Third Generation

By HARRY LEON WILSON

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CHAPTER XXVII.—CONTINUED.

"Of course, we've lost everything, almost—but I've not been a bit downcast about it. There's more where it came from, and no end of fun going after it. I'm looking forward to the adventures, I can tell you. And every one will be glad to see me there; they won't think the less of me, I assure you, because I've made a fluke here!"

"Surely, Mr. Bines, no one here could think less of you. Indeed, I think more of you. I think it's fine and big o go back with such courage. Do you now, I wish I were a man—I'd show them!"

"Really, Miss Milbrey—"

He looked over her shoulder again, and saw that Shepler was waiting for her.

"I think your friends are impatient."

"They can wait. Mr. Bines, I wonder if you have quite a correct idea of all New York people."

"Probably not; I've met so few, you know."

"Well, of course—but of those you're met?"

"You can't know what my ideas are."

"I wish we might have talked more—I'm sure—when are you leaving?"

"I shall leave to-morrow."

"And we're leaving for the country ourselves. Papa and mamma go tomorrow—and, Mr. Bines, I should have liked another talk with you—I wish we were dining at the Oldakers' again."

He observed Shepler strolling toward them.

"I shall be staying with Aunt Cornelia a few days after to-morrow."

Shepler came up.

"And I shall be leaving to-morrow, Miss Milbrey."

"Ah, Bines, glad to see you!"

The accepted lover looked Miss Milbrey over with rather a complacent air—with the unruffled confidence of assured possession. Percival fancied there was a look almost of regret in the girl's eyes.

"I'm afraid," said Shepler, "your aunt doesn't want to be kept waiting. And she's already in a fever for fear you won't prefer the necklace she insists you ought to prefer."

"Tell Aunt Cornelia, please, that I shall be along in just a moment."

"She's quite impatient, you know," urged Shepler.

Percival extended his hand.

"Good-by, Miss Milbrey.' Don't let me detain you. Sorry I shall not see you again."

She gave him her hand uncertainly, as if she had still something to say, but could find no words for it.

"Good-by, Mr. Bines."

"Good-by, young man," Shepler shook hands with him cordially, "and the best of luck to you out there. I shall hope to hear good reports from you. And mind, you've to look us up when you're in town again. We shall always be glad to see you. Good-by!"

He led the girl back to the case where the largest diamonds reposed chastely on their couches of royal velvet.

Percival smiled as he resumed his walk—smiled with all that bitter cynicism which only youth may feel to its full poignance. Yet, heartless as she was, he recalled that while she talked to him he had imprinted an imaginary kiss deliberately upon her full scarlet lips. And now, too, he was forced to confess that, in spite of his very certain knowledge about her, he would actually prefer to have communicated it through the recognized physical media. He laughed again, more cheerfully.

"The spring has gotten a stranglehold on my judgment," he said to himself.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SOME PHENOMENA PECULIAR TO SPRING.

He awoke early next morning, refreshed and intensely alive. With the work done he became conscious of a feeling of disassociation from the surroundings in which he had so long been at home. He was glad the business was off his mind. He would now go the pleasant journey and think on the way.

His trunks were ready for the car; and before he went downstairs his handbag was packed, and the preparations for the start completed.

When, after his breakfast, he read the telegram announcing that the car had been delayed 24 hours in Chicago, he was bored by the thought that he must pass another day in New York. He was eager now to be off, and the time would hang heavily.

He tried to recall some forgotten detail of the business that might serve to occupy him. But the finishing had been thorough.

He ran over in his mind the friends with whom he could spend the time agreeably. He could recall no one he cared to see. He had no longer an interest in the town or its people.

He went aimlessly out on to Broadway in the full flood of a spring morning, breathing the fresh air hungrily. It turned his thought to places out of the grime and clamor of the city; to woods and fields where he might rest and feel the stimulus of his new plans. He felt aloof and sufficient unto himself.

He swung on to an open car bound north, and watched without interest the early quick-moving workers thronging south on the street, and crowding the cars that passed him. At Forty-second street, he changed to a Boulevard car that took him to the Fort Lee ferry at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street.

Out on the shining blue river he expanded his lungs to the clean, sweet air. Excursion boats, fluttering gay streamers, worked sturdily up the stream. Little yachts, in fresh-laundered suits of canvas, darted across their bows or slanted in their wakes, looking like white butterflies. The vivid blue of the sky was flecked with bits of broken fleece, scurrying like the yachts below. Across the river was a high-towering bank of green inviting him over its summit to the languorous freshness beyond.

He walked off the boat on the farther side and climbed a series of steep wooden stairways, past a tiny cataract that foamed its way down to the river. When he reached the top he walked through a stretch of woods and turned off to the right, down a cool shaded road that wound away to the north through the fresh greens of oak and chestnut.

When he came to a village with an electric car clanging through it, he skirted its borders, and struck off through a woodland toward the river. Even the village was too human, too modern, for his early-pagan mood.

In the woods he felt that curious thrill of stealth, that impulse to cautious concealment, which survives in man from the remote days when enemies beset his forest ways. On a southern hillside he found a dogwood tree with its blossomed firmament of white stars. In low, moist places the violets had sprung through the thatch of leaves and were singing their purple beauties all unheard. Birds were nesting and squirrels chattered and scolded.

Under these more obvious signs and sounds went the steady undertone of life in root and branch and unfurling leaf—provoking, inciting, making lawless whomsoever it thrilled.

He came out of the wood on to another road that ran not far from the river, and set off again to the north along the beaten track.

When he came to a "wheelman's rest," he ate many sandwiches and drank much milk.

The face of the maid that served him had been no heaven for the souls of dead flowers. Still she was a girl; and no girl could be wholly without importance on such a day. So he thought the things he would have said to her if matters had been different.

When he had eaten, he loafed off again down the road. Through the long afternoon he walked and lazed, turning into strange lanes and by-roads, resting on grassy banks, and looking far up.

When the shadows stretched in the dusky languor of the spring evening, he began to take his bearings for the return. He heard the hum and clang of an electric car off through a chestnut grove.

The sound disturbed him, bringing premonitions of the city's unrest. He determined to stay out for the night. It was restful—his car would not arrive until late the next afternoon—there was no reason why he should not. He found a little wayside hotel whose weather-beaten sign was ancient enough to promise "entertainment for man and beast."

"Just what I want," he declared. "I'm both of them—man and beast."

Together they ate tirelessly of young chickens broiled, and a green salad, and a wonderful pie, with a bottle of claret that had stood back of the dingy little bar so long that it had attained, at least as to its label, a very fair antiquity.

When the man and the beast had been appeased they sat out under a blossomed apple tree and smoked together in a fine spirit of amity.

At ten o'clock he went in from under the peering little stars and fell asleep in an ancient four-poster. He dreamed that he had the world, a football, clasped to his breast, and was running down the field for a gain of 100 yards. Then, suddenly, in place of the world, it was Avice Milbrey in his grasp, struggling frantically to be free; and instead of behaving like a gentleman he flung both arms around her and kissed her despite her struggles; kissed her time after time, until she ceased to strive against him, and lay panting and helpless in his arms.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AN UNUSUAL PLAN OF ACTION IS MATURED.

He was awakened by the unaccustomed silence. As he lay with his eyes open, his first thought was that all things had stopped—the world had come to its end. Then remembrance came, and he stretched in lazy enjoyment of the stillness and the soft feather bed upon which he had slept. Finding himself too wide awake for more sleep, he went over to the little gable window and looked out. The unfermented wine of another spring day came to his eager nostrils. The little ball had made another turn. Its cheek was coming once more into the light. Already the east was flushing with a wondrous vague pink. The little animals in the city over there, he thought, would soon be tumbling out of their beds to begin another of their funny, serious days of trial and failure; to make ready for another night of forgetfulness, when their absurd little ant-hill should turn again away from the big blazing star. He sat a long time at the window, looking out to the east, where the light was showing; meditating on many idle, little matters, but conscious all the time of great power within himself. He felt ready now for any conflict. The need for some great immediate action pressed upon him. He did not identify it. Something he must do—he must have action—and that at once. He was glad to think how Uncle Peter would begin to rejoice in him—secretly at first, and then to praise him. He was equal to any work. He could not begin it quickly enough. That queer need to do something at once was still pressing, still unidentified.

By five he was downstairs. The girl, fresh as a dew-sprayed rose in the garden outside, brought him breakfast of fruit, bacon and eggs, coffee and waffles. He ate with relish, delighting meantime in the girl's florid freshness, and even in the assertive, triumphant whistle of the youth busy at his tasks outside.

When he set out he meant to reach the car and go back to town at once. Yet when he came to the road over which he had loitered the day before, he turned off upon it with slower steps. There was a confusing whirl of ideas in his brain, a chaos that required all his energy to feed it, so that the spring went from his step.

Then all at once a new-born world cohered out of the nebula, and the sight of its measured, orderly whirling dazed him. He had been seized with a wish—almost an intention, so stunning in its audacity that he all but reeled under the shock. It seemed to him that the thing must have been germinated in his mind without his knowledge; it had lain there, gathering force while he rested, now to burst forth and dazzle him with its shine. All that undimmed freshness of longing he had felt the day before—all the unnamed, unidentified, nameless desires—had flooded back upon him, but now no longer aimless. They were acutely definite. He wanted Avice Milbrey—wanted her with an intensity as unreasoning as it was resistless. This was the new world he had watched swimming out of the chaos in his mind, taking its allotted orbit in a planetary system of possible, rational, matter-of-course proceedings.

And Avice Milbrey was to marry Shepler, the triumphant money king.

He sat down by the roadside, well-nigh helpless, surrendering all his forces to the want.

Then there came upon him to reinforce this want a burning sense of defeat. He remembered Uncle Peter's first warnings in the mine about "cupboard love;" the gossip of Higbee: "If you were broke, she'd have about as much use for you—" all the talk he had listened to so long about marriage for money; and, at the last, Shepler's words to Uncle Peter: "I was uncertain until copper went to 61." Those were three wise old men who had talked, men who knew something of women and much of the world. And they were so irritating in their certainty. What a fine play to fool them all!

The sense of defeat burned into him more deeply. He had been vanquished, cheated, scorned, shamefully flouted. The money was gone—all of Uncle Peter's complaints and biting sarcasms came back to him with renewed bitterness; but his revenge on Uncle Peter would be in showing him a big man at work, with no nonsense about him. But Shepler, who was now certain, and Higbee, who had always been certain—especially Shepler, with his easy sense of superiority with a woman over any poor man. That was a different matter. There was a thing to think about. And he wanted Avice Milbrey. He could not, he decided, go back without her.

The great wild wish narrowed itself into a definite plan. He recalled the story Uncle Peter had told at the Oldakers' about the woman and her hair. A woman could be coerced if a man knew her weakness. He could coerce her. He knew it instinctively; and the instinctive belief rallied to its support a thousand little looks from her, little intonations of her voice, little turnings of her head when they had been together. In spite of her calculations, in spite of her love of money, he could make her feel her weakness. He was a man with the power.

It was heady wine for the morning. He described himself briefly as a lunatic, and walked on again. But the crazy notion would not be gone. The day before he had been passive. Now he was active, acutely aware of himself and all his wants. He walked a mile trying to dismiss the idea. He sat down again, and it flooded back upon him with new force.

Her people were gone. She had even intimated a wish to talk with him again. It could be done quickly. He knew. He felt the primitive superiority of man's mere brute force over woman. He gloried in his knotted muscles and the crushing power of his desires.

Afterward, she would reproach him bitterly. They would both be unhappy. It was no matter. It was the present, the time when he should be living. He would have her, and Shepler—Shepler might have had the One Girl mine—but this girl, never!

He crossed the ferry and went to the hotel, where he shaved and freshened himself. He found Grant, the porter, waiting for him when he went downstairs, and gave him written directions to the railroad people to have the car attached to the Chicago express leaving at eight the next morning; also instructions about his baggage.

"I expect there will be two of us, Grant; see that the car is well stocked; and here, take this; go to a florist's and get about four dozen pink roses—La France—can you remember?—pink—don't take any other color, and be sure they're fresh. Have breakfast ready by the time the train starts."

"Yes, Mistah Puhs'vall!" said Grant, and added to himself: "Yo' suttiny do ca'y yo'se'f mighty han'some, Mistah Mash!"

Going out of the hotel, he met Launton Oldaker, with whom he chatted a few moments, and then bade good-by.

Oldaker, with a sensitive regard for the decencies, refrained from expressing the hearty sympathy he felt for a man who would henceforth be compelled to live out of the world.

Percival walked out to Broadway, revolving his plan. He saw it was six o'clock.—He could do nothing for at least an hour. When he noted this he became conscious of his hunger. He had eaten nothing since morning. He turned into a restaurant on Madison square and ordered dinner. When he had eaten, he sat with his coffee for a final smoke of deliberation. He went over once more the day's arguments for and against the novel emprise. He had become insensible, however, to all the dissenting ones. As a last rally, he tried to picture the difficulties he might encounter. He faced all he could imagine.

"By God, I'll do it!"

"Oui, monsieur!" said the waiter, who had been standing dreamily near, startled into attention by the spoken words.

"That's all—give me the check."

He drove first to the Milbrey house, on the chance that she might be at home. Jarvis answered his ring.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OLD AND ALONE.

It is past, like a beautiful dream; but sweet
was the dream to me;
For the children came, as in days of old,
and cuddled around my knee;
And I told them the tales I used to tell—ere
my locks were thin and gray—
To the other children of my love. The children that went away!

I forgot the vacant places—the pall of the wintry snow;
In the light of their rosy faces I lived in the
Long Ago;
I lived in the Long Ago; But the Present was perfect then—
For all of the bitter snow—that falls on the livres of men.

I only knew they were near me, in a world made new again,
And the Winter violets of Life were rimmed with the Springtime rain;
I felt their kisses sweet on my withered cheeks and cold,
And saw, over threads of silver, the gleam of their curls of gold.

It is past, like a beautiful dream; with all the songs that were sung;
And I feel in the after Silence, that the world is for the young;
And thanks be to God that the world is so, with all its sunny years—
That at least, one time in our lives we know kisses, and love, and—tears!

—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

SINGULAR DAMAGE SUIT.

Grew Out of a Case of Measles Contracted by Nurse from Children.

"I have heard of some queer damage suits, but the mess I have become involved in quite puts it over anything I have ever heard or read of," said the man who always has some troubles to relate, according to the New York Press. "It started this way: We got a nursemaid here in the city who contracted measles soon after we hired her. My wife got frightened on account of our two children and immediately hustled them over into the country in Jersey. She settled down in a little place within safe commuting distance, picked out a decent boarding house and hired a nursemaid in the neighborhood.

"Everything looked lovely for about three days, and then one of the children went down with the measles. The nursemaid stood by her post and helped us out with the other youngster. Just as the first child was getting well the other was stricken. Then the nursemaid caught the malady and had to go home. She was sick for about two weeks. The other day her mother came to the boarding house and demanded damages because her daughter had caught the measles from our children. She had thought a month's wages and payment of the doctor's bill would be about right and threatened to sue me if I don't come up with the cash.

"I came to town to stay for awhile just as this demand was made, and here is a letter from my wife saying that our landlady wants us to pay damages for the loss of her only other boarder, who left because she was afraid she would catch measles from our children. I've heard a lot about 'Jersey justice,' but if it puts that sort of notions in persons' heads you can excuse me from future contact with it."

The Principal Question.

"I know, old chappie," said Dobbs, "she has her faults, and a temper, and all that; but I—I love her and can't live without her."

"Just so," calmly replied his friend; "but the question isn't that. Can you live with her?"—Tit-Bits.

His Status.

Patience—Is he an entertaining fellow?

Patrice—Entertaining! I don't think he ever even entertained an idea in his life.—Yonkers Statesman.

Sequel.

Smith (who has been abroad)—Is young Huggins still paying attention to your daughter?

Jones—No; they are married now.—Chicago Daily News.

Othello's Economy.

Othello had just smothered Desdemona.

"There!" he ejaculated. "I guess that'll settle the alimony question, anyhow."—Judge.

FORTY-TWO DROWNED

STEAMER DIX SINKS IN THE HARBOR AT SEATTLE.

COLLIDES WITH A LINER

Passengers in Wild Panic Jump Overboard as the Vessel Goes Down and Only Thirty-Seven Are Saved.

Seattle, Wash.—Forty-two lives were lost in Sunday night's disaster in Seattle harbor, off Duwamish head, when the little steamer Dix was run down by the Alaskan liner Jeanie. Thirty-seven of the 79 passengers on the Dix were rescued.

Of the five female passengers on the Dix the only one to escape was Alice Simpson, a 16-year-old girl. She is believed to be the only person who escaped from the main deck of the steamer, where more than half of the Dix's passengers were shut in when the fatal crash came. She could not swim, but her clothing kept her afloat until she was pulled aboard one of the two lifeboats lowered by the steamship Jeanie.

It is believed that the 37 passengers who were rescued included every person who was on the open deck of the Dix when the little craft plunged stern foremost into 100 fathoms of water. It is doubtful whether she can be raised.

The collision occurred while the sound was almost as smooth as a millpond and after the boats had been steaming within sight of each other for a quarter of an hour. The Jeanie was backing when she collided with the Dix and the impact was slight. The Dix was struck abaft of amidships on the starboard side. She listed heavily to port, righted herself and then sank stern first. There was hardly time to launch life rafts or boats before she was submerged.

Passengers jumped from the decks into the water, women screamed and officers and men called orders that could hardly be heard above the din. Passengers who could swim made their way to the sides of the Jeanie and were dragged aboard. The Jeanie was not moved until after all who had reached her had been hauled aboard. Then she cruised about, picking up several who had been able to stay above water.

WRECK VICTIMS NUMBER 59.

Official List of Dead in B. & O. Disaster Given Out.

Chicago. — The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad company has given out an official list of the killed in the wreck at Woodville, Ind., last Monday and places the number at 59 persons. In all previous statements the dead were declared to number 47.

Much criticism was heard, because of the action of railroad-claim agents who visited Mercy hospital and settled claims of two of the victims for $150 each. The claim agents declare they were requested to visit the hospital by friends of the two men who, they say, wished to leave the city and continue on their journey to the northwest. Both men, it is said, suffered only slight cuts about the face and hands and were satisfied with the settlement.

On account of the heavy death roll of the wreck the Indiana state railroad commission has decided to take action, and representatives will be sent to Woodville to make an investigation. The commission will probe the charges that the cars of the wrecked train were not up to the standard or equipped with air brakes. The railroad officials deny that the train was without air brakes.

ROOT FOR WORLD PEACE.

Secretary Makes Notable Speech at Kansas City Feast.

Kansas City, Mo.—A world-wide peace, substantial and enduring, made possible by closer commercial relations between nations, was the keynote of a notable speech delivered Monday night by Elihu Root, secretary of state. Following Mr. Root, the diplomatic representatives of five Latin-American republics made speeches along the same line, offering trade extension between the countries of North and South America as a means of bringing these countries into closer and lasting relations.

The occasion was the twelfth annual banquet given by the Kansas City Commercial club.

Countess Divorced from Boni.

Paris.—The tribunal of first instance of the Seine, Judge Ditte presiding, at noon Wednesday granted a divorce to Countess De Castellane (formerly Anna Gould, of New York), and gave her the custody of her children, who, however, will not be allowed to be taken from France without the consent of their father, Count Boni De Castellane.

Gives a Million for Peace.

St. Louis.—Congressman Richard Bartholdt has left for New York at the invitation of Andrew Carnegie, who has promised to turn over to him $1,000 to be used in furthering the propaganda for international peace.

Killed "Black Hand" Member.

Pittsburg, Pa.—Antonio Tusca, a member of an alleged black hand society, was shot and killed at McKeesport, Pa., by Joseph Sparatte, whom he threatened to kill unless $500 was paid to the society.

AWFUL SUFFERING.

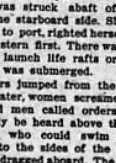
From Dreadful Pains from Wound on Foot—System All Run Down—Miraculous Cure by Cuticura.

"Words cannot speak highly enough for the Cuticura Remedies. I am now seventy-two years of age. My system had been all run down. My blood was so bad that blood poisoning had set in. I had several doctors attending me, so finally I went to the hospital where I was laid up for two months. My foot and ankle were almost beyond recognition. Dark blood flowed out of wounds in many places and I was so disheartened that I thought surely my last chance was slowly leaving me. As the foot did not improve, you can readily imagine how I felt. I was simply disgusted and tired of life. I stood this pain, which was dreadful, for six months, and during this time I was not able to wear a shoe and not able to work. Some one spoke to me about Cuticura. The consequences were I bought a set of the Cuticura Remedies and one of my friends who was a druggist, and the praise that I gave after the second application is beyond description; it seemed a miracle for the Cuticura Remedies took effect immediately. I washed the foot with the Cuticura Soap before applying the Ointment and I took the Resolvent at the same time. After two weeks' treatment my foot was healed completely. People who had seen my foot during my illness and who have seen it since the cure, can hardly believe their own eyes. Robert Schoenhauer, Newburg, N. Y., August 21, 1905."

To-day Germany furnishes five-sixths of the dyes used in the world.

A MISSOURI WOMAN

Tells a Story of Awful Suffering and Wonderful Relief.



Mrs. J. B. Johnson, of 603 West Hickman street, Columbia, Mo., says: "Following an operation two years ago, dropsy set in, and my left side was so swollen the doctor said he would have to tap out the water. There was constant pain and a gurgling sensation around my heart, and I could not raise my arm above my head. The kidney action was disordered and passages of the secretions too frequent. On the advice of my husband I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. Since using two boxes my trouble has not reappeared. This is wonderful, after suffering two years."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Women at Strenuous Tasks.

On the western coast of the United States, at Monterey, Cal., Mrs. Fish keeps the lamps lighted in the Point Pinas lighthouse. On the eastern coast, at South Portland, Me., Mrs. Gordon earns her living by working as a deep-sea diver. Sprinkled over the country between these two women are thousands of other members of the female sex who deserve to be enrolled as auxiliaries to Mr. Kipling's corps of "Unafraid Gentlemen." And then, from the woman in Utah who is sheriff and hangs murderers, to the woman in Chicago who bosses a gang of Italian street cleaners, he tells the role of women who are engaged in strenuous occupations in the United States. Wherever man has tried to wrest a living from unwilling nature there woman has also left the impress of her daring exploits.—Technical World.

Boston Society Fad.

Dealers in pet stock say that suburban residents of Boston are adopting as the latest fad the raising of game chickens. The stately carriage and brilliant plumage of these belligerent fowls make them valuable for decorative purposes on the lawn to people who would, however, never dream of putting their combative qualities to the test. The dealers are prophesying that before long the old-time fancy of keeping gamecocks chained with silver chains on the lawns of country houses will be revived.—Boston Record.

COFFEE IMPORTERS

Publish a Book About Coffee.

There has been much discussion as to Coffee and Postum lately, so much in fact that some of the coffee importers and roasters have taken to type to promote the sale of their wares and check if possible the rapid growth of the use of Postum Food Coffee.

In the coffee importers' book a chapter is headed "Coffee as a Medicine," and advocates its use as such.

Here is an admission of the truth, most important to all interested.

Every physician knows, and every thoughtful person should know, that habitual use of any "medicine" of a drug-stimulant type of coffee or whisky quickly causes irritation of the tissues and organs stimulated and finally sets up disease in the great majority of cases if persisted in. It may show in any one of the many organs of the body and in the great majority of cases can be directly traced to coffee in a more unmistakable way by leaving off the active irritant—coffee—and using Postum Food Coffee for a matter of ten days. If the result is relief from nervous trouble, dyspepsia, bowel complaint, heart failure, weak eyes, or any other malady set up by a poisoned nervous system, you have your answer with the accuracy of a demonstration in mathematics.

"There's a reason" for Postum.