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THE SPENDERS

A Tale of the Third Generation

By HARRY LEON WILSON

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CHAPTER XXIX.—CONTINUED.

"Miss Milbrey is with Mrs. Van Gelst, sir." Jarvis spoke respectfully. He had reasons of his own for believing that the severance of the Milbrey relationship with Mr. Bines had been nothing short of calamitous.

He rang Mrs. Van Gelst's bell, five minutes later.

"The ladies haven't come back, sir. I don't know where they might be. Perhaps at the Valners', in Fifty-second street, sir."

He rang the Valners' bell.

"Mrs. Van Gelst and Miss Milbrey? They left at least half an hour ago, sir."

"Go down the avenue slowly, driver!"

At Fortieth street he looked down to the middle of the block.

Mrs. Van Gelst, alone, was just alighting from her coupe.

He signaled the driver.

"Go to the other address again, in Thirty-seventh street."

Jarvis opened the door.

"Yes, sir, thank you, sir—Miss Milbrey is in, sir. Just behind her."

He crossed the Rubicon of a doormat and stood in the unlighted hall. At the far end he saw light coming from a door that he knew opened into the library.

Jarvis came into the light. Behind him appeared Miss Milbrey in the doorway.

"Miss Milbrey says will you enter the library, Mr. Bines?"

CHAPTER XXX.

SOME RUDE BEHAVIOR OF WHICH ONLY A WEDDING GUEST COULD BE GUILTY.

He walked quickly back. At the doorway she gave him her hand, which he took in silence.

"Why—Mr. Bines—you wouldn't have surprised me last night. Tonight I pictured you on your way west."

Her gown was of dull blue dimity. She still wore her hat, an arch of straw over her face, with ripe red cherries nodding upon it as she moved.

He closed the door behind him.

"To come in, I've been having a solitary rummage among old things. It is my last night here. We're leaving for the country to-morrow, you know."

She stood by the table, the light from a shaded lamp making her color glow.

Now she noted that he had not spoken. She turned quickly to him as if to question.

He took a swift little step toward her, still without speaking. She stepped back with a sudden instinct of fright.

He took two quick steps forward and grasped one of her wrists. He spoke in cool, even tones, but the words came fast.

"I've come to marry you to-night; to take you away with me to that western country. You may not like the life. You may grieve to death for all I know—but you're going. I won't plead, I won't beg, but I am going to take you."

She had begun to pull away in alarm when he seized her wrist. His grasp did not bruise, it did not seem to be tight; but the hand that held it was immovable.

"Mr. Bines, you forget yourself. Really, this is not a joke."

"Don't waste time. You can say all that needs to be said—I'll give you time for that before we start—but don't waste the time saying all those useless things. Don't waste time telling me I'm crazy. Perhaps I am. We can settle that later."

"Mr. Bines—how absurd! Oh! let me go! You're hurting my wrist! Oh! don't—don't! Oh!"

When he felt the slender wrist trying to wriggle from his grasp he had closed upon it more tightly, and thrusting his other arm quickly behind her, had drawn her closely to him. Her cries and pleadings were being smothered down on his breast. Her struggles met only the unbending, pitiless resistance of steel.

"Don't waste time, I tell you—can't you understand? Be sensible—talk if you must—only talk sense."

"Let me go at once—I demand it—quick—oh!"

"This is his hat!"

She forced the wrist he had been holding down between them, so that she could not free the hand, and with his own hand thus freed, he drew out the two long hat pins and flung the hat with its storm-tossed cherries across the room.

With a gasp she saw the holding hand, but he put the free hand on her brow and thrust her head back, so that she was forced to look up at him.

"Let me see you—I want to see your eyes—they're my eyes now."

Her head strained against his hand to be down again, and all her strength was exerted to be away. She found she could not move in any direction.

"Oh, you're hurting my neck. What shall I do? I can't scream—think what it would mean—you're hurting my neck!"

"You are hurting your own neck—stop it!"

He kissed her face, softly, her cheeks, her eyes, her chin.

"I've loved you so—don't—what's the use? Be sensible. My arms have starved for you so—do you think they're going to loosen now? Advice Milbrey—Advice Milbrey—Advice Milbrey."

His arms tightened about her as he said the same over and over.

"That's poetry—it's all the poetry there is in the world. It's a verse, I say over and over. You can't understand it yet—it's too deep for you. It means I must have you—and the next verse means that you must have me—a poor man's wife—at all the other verses—millions of them—mean that I'll never give you up—and there's a lot more verses for you to write, when you understand—meaning that you'll never give me up—and there's one in the beginning means I'm going to carry you out and marry you to-night—now, do you understand—right off—this very night?"

"Oh! Oh! this is so terrible! Oh! it's so awful!"

Her voice broke, and she felt her body quiver with sobs. Her face was pitifully convulsed, and tears welled in her eyes.

"Let me go—let me go!"

He released her head, but still held her closely to him. Her sobs had become uncontrollable.

"Here, I've reached for the little lace-edged handkerchief that lay beside her long gloves and her purse, on the table."

She took it mechanically.

"Here—oh, please let me go—I beg you." She managed it with difficulty.

"How can you just?"

"I can't. I don't think this is any joke. I've loved you."

"Who will find out what, pray?"

"He will. He's already said he was afraid there might have been some nonsense between you and me, because we talked about getting married. I'm fastidious about those little things, I confess."

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anything to say before it's done—no longer."

She drew a long breath.

"Mr. Bines, are you mad? Can't you be rational?"

"I haven't been irrational, I give you my word, not once since I came here."

He looked at her steadily. All at once she saw his face grow stern. She turned her eyes from his with an effort.

"I'm going back to Montana in the morning. I want you to marry me tonight—I won't even wait one more day—no more now. I know it's a thing you never dreamed of—marrying a poor man. You'll look at it as the most disgraceful act of folly you could possibly commit, and so will every one else here—but you'll do it. You'll do it at this time you'll be half-way to Chicago with me."

"Mr. Bines—I'm perfectly reasonable and serious—I mean it—are you quite sure you didn't lose your wits when you lost your money?"

"You may be considered a witless thing to marry a girl who would marry for money—but never mind that—I'm used to taking care."

"You glanced up at him curiously.

"She knew I'm to marry Mr. Shepher the tenth of next month."

"Your grammar is faulty—tense is wrong—do you think I know the girl married Mr. Shepher. I'm fastidious about those little things, I confess."

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TO BUY MAIL SERVICE

POSTAL COMMISSION GETS A REMARKABLE OFFER.

FROM BOYCE OF CHICAGO

He Criticizes Government's Method of Conducting the Department—Benefits Private Ownership.

Washington.—A sensation was caused Monday at the meeting of the congressional postal commission by a proposition from W. D. Boyce, of Chicago, representing a large financial interest, to take over the entire United States post office department and operate it as a private business under government control.

The proposition was presented to Senator Boies Penrose, chairman of the commission, and other officials. Mr. Boyce made a strong attack on the way the post office department is at present run.

Postmaster General Cortelyou, heads of other government departments, and prominent delegations interested in postal reform were astonished by the proposal.

"We believe the operation of the postal service contains none of the elements of governmental functions, but may be resolved substantially into a simple question of transportation, delivery and routine," said Boyce.

Private ownership, according to the speaker, would eliminate the postal deficit, give penny postage on letters and reduce the rate on second-class matter from one cent to half a cent a pound.

Comparison was made of the public with private business.

"Nine different postmaster generals have occupied the position of what might be designated president of the post office department during the last 20 years," said Mr. Boyce. "No private business could successfully continue with so many changes as take place in the service."

The proposed corporation would perform all services now rendered by the government department, carry out the letter and parcel service, and take the receipts from postal service as full compensation.

PRESIDENT'S VOYAGE ENDED.

He Returns to Washington from the Isthmian Trip.

Washington.—Completing a remarkable trip to Panama during which he traveled several thousand miles by sea and visited not only the Isthmus but Porto Rico as well, and voicing his thorough enjoyment of the entire voyage, President Roosevelt returned to Washington at 10:42 o'clock Monday night.

The trip up the Potomac on the converted yacht Mayflower, to which he and his party were transferred from the Louisiana at Piney point Monday afternoon, was made without special incident.

As the Mayflower pulled into the dock at the rear of the White House, the commandant at the navy yard, Miss Ethel Roosevelt, the president's daughter, and Miss Hagner, Mrs. Roosevelt's secretary, were waiting to greet the party.

The president landed within ten minutes after the arrival of the Mayflower. To those who met him he stated that he had had a delightful trip and that he was most grateful to the president and Mrs. Roosevelt immediately proceeded to the White House.

BURN VICTIM AT THE STAKE

Rebbers Try to Cremate Man Whom They Had Held Up.

Stenleville, O.—Frank Costler, gang leader, after being returned from West Virginia Sunday night, was held up by four men who beat him and then tied him to a stake and built a fire under him. The fire burned the ropes, allowing him to get loose. He was thrown into the Ohio river and then crawled back to the shore. He was unconscious for hours and when he came to he made his way across the bridge to Stenleville. His assailants are unknown. Costler's condition is serious.

Judge R. C. Hines, St. Paul, Dies.

St. Paul, Minn.—Former Municipal Judge Robert C. Hines died early Monday at Charleston, S. C., where he had gone for the benefit of his health. Heart disease was the cause of death.

Big Firm Liquidates.

St. Louis.—In a letter sent to the creditors of the firm Monday the Richardson Millinery company, one of the large concerns of the city, announced its voluntary liquidation.

Baroness Robbed in Mexico.

Mexico City.—Baroness Erzegetta, a distinguished visitor to Mexico from Austria. It is stated, has been robbed of diamonds and jewelry, while at the Hotel Slenz, valued at \$6,000.

Gen. Greley Goes to Omaha.

Omaha, Neb.—Maj. Gen. A. W. Greley, commanding the northern military division, will leave for Omaha, Mexico City, to take command of the department of the Missouri winter, relieving Brig. Gen. T. J. Winter, who goes to Cuba.

Jacksonville Men Indicted.

Jacksonville, Ill.—C. G. Rutledge and J. A. Obermyer, both members of the board of education, were indicted Monday at Jacksonville for violating unlawful contracts in purchasing supplies for public schools.

MARRIED WIFE'S SCHUM

Denver Shop-Girl Wins Rich Banker Husband.

Well-to-do Iowa Widower Attracted by Friend of First Helpmeet—Brief Courtship Ends at the Altar.

Denver.—It was two weeks the life of Florence L. Burson might be likened to Cinderella—she was poor and had to toil for long hours, and she was finally— But why anticipate?

Florence Burson was bookkeeper for a well-to-do Iowa widower on Sixteenth street. She was the most popular girl in the store. Miss Cora Palmer and Miss Ella Farrall admit that, and they were rivals for the popularity honors among the clerks.

No announcements were sent out of the approaching nuptials. Miss Burson made the only announcement.

"I'm going to get married, girls," she said, in response to the chorus of "Ohs," and "Tell us all about it," she said that she was to marry a rich banker and that she would never have to work again. The groom was Charles Thompson, a rich Iowa banker, was to be her husband.

"I'll send you girls my pictures," she said, as she closed her books and left the store to be prepared for the wedding.

The marriage was solemnized at the place where Miss Burson has been working for the past year. Money Miss Mary Welch, who conducts the place, gave a wedding breakfast with 20 guests invited to wish the bookkeeper happiness as the banker's wife.

When Thompson was not such a rich man he led to the altar a young woman who was Miss Burson's dearest friend. He prospered as the years went by and became president of the Forest City National bank, and was reputed the richest man in the county.

Miss Burson was an early visitor at the home of her girlhood friend, and so attracted the attention of her wife's friend that he tried to make a match between her and his brother. His efforts at matchmaking for his brother were not successful.

Two years ago the first Mrs. Thompson died, and Miss Burson attended the funeral. She returned to Denver then, and did not see Mr. Thompson again.

There are no indications that he then continued his efforts to make a match for his brother. There is even no evidence that he needed the additional "Ohs" don't you speak for yourself, John?"

At any rate a courtship was then begun that had as its culmination a meeting at the altar.

It is a curious fact that the effect that the wedding brought pain and heartache to a prominent Denver young man, who was poor and could not carry on, against the banker, the campaign for the fair bookkeeper's affection.

A guest at the wedding breakfast said that the bride refused to occupy a seat beside her husband, and that all this seeming coldness was affected to impress upon the rejected suitor that she still loved him, though she married another. But Miss Mary Welch, proprietor of the Arno, pooh-poohed this tale.

"Why, it's preposterous," she said. "Somebody's heart may be broken, for all I know, but the reason the bride did not sit beside her husband was that she did not wish to sit opposite ends of the table as a joke."

But whether there were heartaches or not, one thing is certain—Cinderella appeared happier for the coming of her prince than did Mrs. Charles Thompson as she was carried away in her chartered car.

DOG DRUMS UP PASSENGERS.

Secures Traveling Men for Livory Proprietor of St. Charles, Ill.

Chicago.—A hotel and liveryman in St. Charles, Ill., makes use of a dog for an odd purpose. It is a peculiarly marked canine animal. Sport is supposed to be known by all of the traveling men in the country.

When a "drummer" wants to go to an interior town the hotel man drives for him and takes the dog along.

When the dog reaches Sport is allowed to roam the streets. Another drummer who wants to make the town where the dog belongs knows him as soon as he sets eyes on him, and corrects him.

It is a coincidence that a man living in town with his "rig" and will be going back. Forthwith he hunts up the dog's owner and engages him for the ride back to the railroad town. In this case the hotel and livery man has a passenger each way, and of course, doubles his money.

Sport seems to know what is wanted of him and he goes moaning and howling as if he was hunting a customer for his master. Mr. Atwood, his owner, says that he earns his board a good many times over by finding passengers for the return trips.

It is a coincidence that a man living in the adjoining town of Geneva has the same kind of a dog. The two look enough alike to be of the same litter.

The Geneva dog's name also is Sport. He has been as wide a circle of acquaintances as has the St. Charles animal. But in this case it is because of this very fact that the owner is obliged to leave him at home or chain him out of sight, for he does not want it known that he is in a town during some of the trips that he makes to them. He is the sheriff of Kansas county.

RHEUMATISM STAYS CURED

Mrs. Cota, Confined to Bed and in Constant Pain Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Rheumatism can be inherited and that fact proves it to be a disease of the blood. It is necessary, therefore, to treat it through the blood if a permanent cure is expected. External applications may give temporary relief from pain but as long as the poisonous acid is in the blood the pain will return, perhaps in a new place, but it will surely return. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure rheumatism because they go directly to the seat of the disorder, purifying and enriching the blood.

Mrs. Henry Cota, of West Chester, Conn., is the wife of the village mailman. "Several years ago," she says, "I was laid up with rheumatism in my feet, ankles and knees. I was in constant pain and sometimes the affected joints would swell so badly that I could not get about. I had to attend to my household duties. There was one period of three weeks during which I was confined to the bed. My sufferings were awful and the doctor's medicine did not help at all."

"One day a neighbor told me about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I decided to try them. After I had taken them a short time I began to feel better. I was able to do more work. What is better, the cure was permanent."

Remember that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do not act on the bowels. They make new blood and restore shattered nerves. They build up the system, restore impaired digestion, bring healthy, refreshing sleep, give strength to the weak and make miserable, complaining people strong, energetic and contented. They are sold by all druggists, or will be sent postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50. Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schuylkill, N.Y.

Disobedience Brought Death.

An Italian prince had strictly forbidden one of his daughters to smoke, but so great a hold had the habit obtained that she would not secretly be engaged in the practice at every opportunity. One day she was indulging in a cigarette as she reclined on a balcony attired in a dress of the lightest muslin. Suddenly her father appeared on the scene. In the hurry to hide the evidence of her disobedience the princess placed her hand with the burning cigarette behind her back.

Her frock was startling and tragic. Her frock was immediately in a blaze, and she was fearfully burned from head to foot, dying after suffering intensely.

Diet of Americans.

Die Woche, in a two-page article, tells its readers what