

# The Spoilers.

By REX E. BEACH.

Copyright, 1905, by Rex E. Beach.

[Continued from last week.]

So he was to forsake this vengeance, which was no vengeance after all, but in verity a just punishment. They asked him—a man—a man's man—a northman—to do this, and for what? For no reward, but on the contrary to insure himself lasting bitterness. He strove to look at the proposition calmly, clearly, but it was difficult. If only by freeing this other villain as well as her uncle he would do a good to her, then he would not hesitate. Love was not the only thing. He marvelled at his own attitude. This could not be his old self debating thus. He had asked for another chance to show that he was not the old Roy Glenister. Well, it had come, and he was ready.

Roy dared not look at Helen any more, for this was the hardest moment he had ever lived.

"You ask this for your uncle, but what of—of the other fellow? You must know that if one goes free so will they both. They can't be separated."

"It's almost too much to ask," the Kid took up, uncertainly. "But don't you think the work is done? I can't help but admire McNamara, and neither can you—he's been too good an enemy to you for that—and and—loves Helen."

"I know—I know," said Glenister hastily, at the same time stopping an unintelligible protest from the girl. "You've said enough." He straightened his slightly stooping shoulders and looked at the unopened package wearily, then slipped the rubber band from it and, separating the contents, tore them up—one by one—tore them into fine bits without hurry or ostentation and tossed the fragments away, while the woman began to sob softly, the sound of her relief alone disturbing the silence. And so he gave her his enemy, making his offer gamely, according to his code.

"You're right—the work is done. And now I'm very tired."

They left him standing there, the glory of the dying day illumining his lean, brown features, the vision of a great loneliness in his weary eyes.

He did not rouse himself till the sky before him was only a curtain of steel, penciled with streaks of soot that lay close down above the darker sea. Then he sighed and said aloud:

"So this is the end, and I gave him to her with these hands." He held them out before him curiously, becoming conscious for the first time that the left one was swollen and discolored and fearfully painful. He noted it with impersonal interest, realizing its need of medical attention so left the cabin and walked down into the city. He encountered Dextery and Simms on the way, and they went with him, both flowing with the gossip of the camp.

"Lord, but you're the talk of the town," they began. "The Curio hunters have commenced to pull Dextery's office apart for souvenirs, and the Swedes want to run you for congress as soon as ever we get admitted as a state. They say that at collar an' elbow bolts you could lick any of them eastern senators and thereby rattle out a lot of good legislation for us crippled up here."

"Speakin' of laws goes to show me that this here country is gettin' too blamed civilized for a white man," said Simms pessimistically, "and now that this fight is ended up it don't look like there would be anything doin' it to claim the interest of a grown up person for a long while. I'm goin' west."

"West? Why, you can throw a stone into Bering strait from here," said Roy, smiling.

"Oh, well, the world's round. There's a schooner outfit for Sibeery—two years' cruise. Me an' Dex is figgerin' on gettin' out toward the frontier for a spell."

"Sure!" said Dextery. "I'm beginnin' to feel all cramped up hereabouts owing to these Bilymonarch orchestras an' French restaurants and such discrepancies of scenery. They're puttin' a pavement on Front street, and there's a shoe shinin' parlor opened up. Why, I'd like to get where I could stretch my holler without disturbin' the pensiveness of some dude in a dress suit. Better come along, Roy; we can sell out the Midas."

"I'll think it over," said the young man.

The night was bright with a full moon when they left the doctor's office. Roy, in no mood for the exuberance of his companions, parted from them, but had not gone far before he met Cherry Malotte. His head was low, and he did not see her till she spoke.

"Well, boy, so it's over at last."

Her words chimed so perfectly with his thoughts that he replied, "Yes; it's all over, little girl."

"You don't mind my congratulations—you know me too well for that. How

does it feel to be a winner?"

"I don't know. I've lost."

"Lost what?"

"Everything—except the gold mine."

"Everything except—I see! You mean that she—that you have asked her, and she won't?" He never knew the cost at which she held her voice so steady.

"More than that. It's so new that it hurts yet, and it will continue to hurt for a long time, I suppose. But tomorrow I am going back to my hills and my valleys, back to the Midas and my work, and try to begin all over. For a time I've wandered in strange paths, seeking new gods, as it were, but the dazzle has died out of my eyes and I can see true again. She isn't for me, although I shall always love her. I'm sorry I can't forget easily, as some do. It's hard to look ahead and take an interest in things. But what about you? Where shall you go?"

"I don't know. It doesn't really matter—now." The dusk hid her white, set face, and she spoke monotonously.

"I am going to see the Bronco Kid. He sent for me. He's ill."

"He's not a bad sort," said Roy.

"And I suppose he'll make a new start too."

"Perhaps," said she, gazing far out over the gloomy ocean. "It all depends." After a moment she added, "What a pity that we can't all sponge off the slate and begin afresh and—forget!"

"It's part of the game," said he. "I don't know why it's so, but it is. I'll see you sometimes, won't I?"

"No, boy; I think not."

"I believe I understand," he murmured, "and perhaps it's better so."

He took her two soft hands in his one good right and kissed them. "God bless you and keep you, dear, brave little Cherry."

She stood straight and still as he melted into the shadows, and only the moonlight heard her pitiful sob and her hopeless whisper:

"Goodby, my boy, my boy."

He wandered down beside the sea, for his battle was not yet won, and until he was surer of himself he could not endure the ribaldry and rejoicing of his fellows. A welcome lay waiting for him in every public place, but no one there could gauge the desolation that was his.

The sand, wet, packed and hard as a pavement, gave no sound to his careless steps, and thus it was that he came silently upon the one woman as she stood beside the silver surf. Had he seen her first he would have slunk past in the landward shadows, but, recognizing his tall form, she called and he came, while it seemed that his lungs grew suddenly constricted, as though bound about with steel hoops. The very pleasure of her sight pained him. He advanced eagerly, and yet with hesitation, standing stiffly aloof while his heart fluttered and his tongue grew dumb. At last she saw his bandages and her manner changed abruptly. Coming closer she touched them with caressing fingers.

"It's nothing—nothing at all," he said while his voice jumped out of all control. "When are you going away?"

"I do not know—not for some time."

He had supposed she would go tomorrow with her uncle and the other, to be with them through their travail.

With warm impetuosity she began: "It was a noble thing you did today. Oh, I am glad and proud."

"I prefer you to think of me in that way, rather than as the wild beast you saw this morning, for I was mad, perfectly mad with hatred and revenge, and every wild impulse that comes to a defeated man. You see, I had played and lost, played and lost, again and again, till there was nothing left. What mischance brought you there? It was a terribly brutal thing, but you can't understand."

"But I can understand. I do. I know all about it now. I know the wild rage of desperation; I know the exultation of victory; I know what hate and fear are now. You told me once that the wilderness had made you a savage, and I laughed at it just as I did when you said that my contact with big things would teach me the truth, that we're all alike, and that those motives are in us all. I see now that you were right and I was very simple. I learned a great deal last night."

"I have learned much also," said he. "I wish you might teach me more."

"I—I don't think I could teach you any more," she hesitated.

He moved as though to speak, but held back and tore his eyes away from her.

"Well?" she inquired, gazing at him covertly.

"Once, a long time ago, I read a lover's petition, and ever since know-

ing you—of the constant prayer that I might be given the purity to be worthy the good in you and that you might be granted the patience to reach the good in me, but it's no use. But at least I'm glad we have met on common ground, as it were, and that you understand, in a measure. The prayer could not be answered; but through it I have found

myself and I have known you. That last is worth more than a king's ransom to me. It is a holy thing which I shall reverence always, and when you go you will leave me lonely except for its remembrance."

"But I am not going," she said. "That is—unless—"

Something in her voice swept his gaze back from the shimmering causeway that rippled seaward to the rising moon. It brought the breath into his throat, and he shook as though seized by a great fear.

"Unless—what?"

"Unless you want me to."

"Oh, God! don't play with me!" He flung out his hand as though to stop her while his voice died out to a supplicating hoarseness. "I can't stand that."

"Don't you see? Won't you see?" she asked. "I was waiting here for

Children and Candy.

Give children plenty of pure sugar, taffy and butter Scotch and they'll have little need of cod liver oil, says Dr. Woods Hutchinson in Woman's Home Companion. In short, sugar is, after meat, bread and butter, easily our next most important and necessary food. You can put the matter to a test very easily. Just leave off the pie, pudding or other desserts at your lunch or midday dinner. You'll be astonished to find how quickly you'll feel "empty" again and how "unflinched" the meal will seem. You can't get any workman to accept a dinner pail without pie in it. And he's absolutely right. The only thing that can take the place of sugar here is beer or wine. It is a significant fact that the free lunch counters run in connection with bars furnish every imaginable thing except sweets. Even the restaurants and lunch grills attached to saloons or bars often refuse to serve desserts of any sort. They know their business! The more sugar and sweets a man takes at a meal the less alcohol he wants. Conversely, the nearly every drinking man will tell you that he has lost his taste for sweets. The more candy a nation consumes, the less alcohol.

The Mayor of Berlin.

One of the principal requirements of a mayor in Germany is unqualified honesty, for in the municipal administration of Germany graft in any form would not be tolerated. To become the mayor of a city like Berlin the applicant must have established his reputation for efficiency in governing other German cities. His career is carefully scrutinized by the members of the town council who select him, for not only must he be competent and successfully perform the duties of his high position, but still so young as likely to remain competent for many years, for a mayor in Prussia is elected for a term of twelve years and if not re-elected after that period is entitled to a life pension of half the amount of his salary. After a service of six years his pension is one-fourth of his salary and after serving twenty years two-thirds. He need not necessarily be a resident of Berlin at the time of his appointment—in fact, the mayor is usually chosen from the residents of other cities.

Culture in West Africa.

Culture and commerce are spreading in west Africa. A merchant sends us the following letter, received from a chief: "Dear Gentlemen!—I made my trip to the house of a certain amiable friend of mine for invitation and with our attention highly attracted by taken colony for a few minutes. I took a certain magazine in reading of something. And I was pursuing through pages over pages yours name was substantially commiserated to me that you are the best and known Merchants in every produce in the city of London. Therefore I have found myself somewhat inclinable to pen you to send me your general samples, together with Catalogue, and I will soon forwarding my remittance so you promptly fore quantity of goods. Trusting you will not refuse as quick by as possible Expecting to hear from you again good news. \* \* \* London Standard."

Flattered Him.

"You ought to have been more tactful. You should have flattered him."

"I did flatter him."

"Flattered him? Why, you told him he was half a fool!"

"Well, wasn't that flattering him?"

Telephones and Fires.

The earliest application of the telephone in connection with a switchboard was made at Bridgeport, Conn., in June, 1878, where in the eagerness of various fire companies to arrive first at fires, the men of company No. 5, which was next to the telephone office, told the telephone operator to request his twenty-one patrons to give the information over the telephone of any fire and to report the fact at the engine house. This engine was not only the first at several fires, but in some mysterious manner was frequently on its way before the alarm struck.

This reached a climax on the occasion of a small fire in a dwelling, which the fire company attended with muffled bell, in response to a telephone message, and no fire alarm was pulled. On their return, the engine was driven by the house of a rival company with bell ringing, and when the men rushed out with inquiries they were told that the fire had been extinguished.

After this occurrence, the chief of the fire department gave orders that companies should not respond to a fire alarm received over a telephone, but the insurance agents of the city appealed to the city council, who ordered that all fire engine houses should be equipped with telephones.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Feast of Yule.

It was Pope Telesphorus, who died before the year 150 A. D., who instituted Christmas as a festival, though for some time it was irregularly held in December, April and May. But for centuries before there had been a feast of Yule among the northern nations, whose great enjoyment was in drinking the wassail bowl or cup. Nothing gave them so much delight as indulgence in "carousing ale," especially at the season of short days, when fighting was ended. It was likewise the custom at all their feasts "for the master of the house to fill a large bowl or pitcher, to drink out of it first himself and then give to him that sat next, and so it went around." This may have been the origin of that popular American custom known as "treating."

Wise—Poor Burroughs! He's worrying a great deal about debts—

Nowitt—Nonsense! You'll never catch him worrying because he can't pay his debts.

Wise—He's not worrying about old debts he can't pay, but about new ones he can't contract.—Philadelphia Press.

Don't you see? Won't you see, my pagan?"

the courage to go to you since you have made it so very hard for me, my pagan." With which she came close to him, looking upward into his face, smiling a little, shrinking a little, yielding yet withholding, while the moonlight made of her eyes two bottomless, boundless pools, dark with love, and brimming with the promise of his dreams.

THE END.

Children and Candy.

Give children plenty of pure sugar, taffy and butter Scotch and they'll have little need of cod liver oil, says Dr. Woods Hutchinson in Woman's Home Companion. In short, sugar is, after meat, bread and butter, easily our next most important and necessary food. You can put the matter to a test very easily. Just leave off the pie, pudding or other desserts at your lunch or midday dinner. You'll be astonished to find how quickly you'll feel "empty" again and how "unflinched" the meal will seem. You can't get any workman to accept a dinner pail without pie in it. And he's absolutely right. The only thing that can take the place of sugar here is beer or wine. It is a significant fact that the free lunch counters run in connection with bars furnish every imaginable thing except sweets. Even the restaurants and lunch grills attached to saloons or bars often refuse to serve desserts of any sort. They know their business! The more sugar and sweets a man takes at a meal the less alcohol he wants. Conversely, the nearly every drinking man will tell you that he has lost his taste for sweets. The more candy a nation consumes, the less alcohol.

The Mayor of Berlin.

One of the principal requirements of a mayor in Germany is unqualified honesty, for in the municipal administration of Germany graft in any form would not be tolerated. To become the mayor of a city like Berlin the applicant must have established his reputation for efficiency in governing other German cities. His career is carefully scrutinized by the members of the town council who select him, for not only must he be competent and successfully perform the duties of his high position, but still so young as likely to remain competent for many years, for a mayor in Prussia is elected for a term of twelve years and if not re-elected after that period is entitled to a life pension of half the amount of his salary. After a service of six years his pension is one-fourth of his salary and after serving twenty years two-thirds. He need not necessarily be a resident of Berlin at the time of his appointment—in fact, the mayor is usually chosen from the residents of other cities.

Culture in West Africa.

Culture and commerce are spreading in west Africa. A merchant sends us the following letter, received from a chief: "Dear Gentlemen!—I made my trip to the house of a certain amiable friend of mine for invitation and with our attention highly attracted by taken colony for a few minutes. I took a certain magazine in reading of something. And I was pursuing through pages over pages yours name was substantially commiserated to me that you are the best and known Merchants in every produce in the city of London. Therefore I have found myself somewhat inclinable to pen you to send me your general samples, together with Catalogue, and I will soon forwarding my remittance so you promptly fore quantity of goods. Trusting you will not refuse as quick by as possible Expecting to hear from you again good news. \* \* \* London Standard."

Flattered Him.

"You ought to have been more tactful. You should have flattered him."

"I did flatter him."

"Flattered him? Why, you told him he was half a fool!"

"Well, wasn't that flattering him?"

Telephones and Fires.

The earliest application of the telephone in connection with a switchboard was made at Bridgeport, Conn., in June, 1878, where in the eagerness of various fire companies to arrive first at fires, the men of company No. 5, which was next to the telephone office, told the telephone operator to request his twenty-one patrons to give the information over the telephone of any fire and to report the fact at the engine house. This engine was not only the first at several fires, but in some mysterious manner was frequently on its way before the alarm struck.

This reached a climax on the occasion of a small fire in a dwelling, which the fire company attended with muffled bell, in response to a telephone message, and no fire alarm was pulled. On their return, the engine was driven by the house of a rival company with bell ringing, and when the men rushed out with inquiries they were told that the fire had been extinguished.

After this occurrence, the chief of the fire department gave orders that companies should not respond to a fire alarm received over a telephone, but the insurance agents of the city appealed to the city council, who ordered that all fire engine houses should be equipped with telephones.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Feast of Yule.

It was Pope Telesphorus, who died before the year 150 A. D., who instituted Christmas as a festival, though for some time it was irregularly held in December, April and May. But for centuries before there had been a feast of Yule among the northern nations, whose great enjoyment was in drinking the wassail bowl or cup. Nothing gave them so much delight as indulgence in "carousing ale," especially at the season of short days, when fighting was ended. It was likewise the custom at all their feasts "for the master of the house to fill a large bowl or pitcher, to drink out of it first himself and then give to him that sat next, and so it went around." This may have been the origin of that popular American custom known as "treating."

Wise—Poor Burroughs! He's worrying a great deal about debts—

Nowitt—Nonsense! You'll never catch him worrying because he can't pay his debts.

Wise—He's not worrying about old debts he can't pay, but about new ones he can't contract.—Philadelphia Press.

Children and Candy.

Give children plenty of pure sugar, taffy and butter Scotch and they'll have little need of cod liver oil, says Dr. Woods Hutchinson in Woman's Home Companion. In short, sugar is, after meat, bread and butter, easily our next most important and necessary food. You can put the matter to a test very easily. Just leave off the pie, pudding or other desserts at your lunch or midday dinner. You'll be astonished to find how quickly you'll feel "empty" again and how "unflinched" the meal will seem. You can't get any workman to accept a dinner pail without pie in it. And he's absolutely right. The only thing that can take the place of sugar here is beer or wine. It is a significant fact that the free lunch counters run in connection with bars furnish every imaginable thing except sweets. Even the restaurants and lunch grills attached to saloons or bars often refuse to serve desserts of any sort. They know their business! The more sugar and sweets a man takes at a meal the less alcohol he wants. Conversely, the nearly every drinking man will tell you that he has lost his taste for sweets. The more candy a nation consumes, the less alcohol.

The Mayor of Berlin.

One of the principal requirements of a mayor in Germany is unqualified honesty, for in the municipal administration of Germany graft in any form would not be tolerated. To become the mayor of a city like Berlin the applicant must have established his reputation for efficiency in governing other German cities. His career is carefully scrutinized by the members of the town council who select him, for not only must he be competent and successfully perform the duties of his high position, but still so young as likely to remain competent for many years, for a mayor in Prussia is elected for a term of twelve years and if not re-elected after that period is entitled to a life pension of half the amount of his salary. After a service of six years his pension is one-fourth of his salary and after serving twenty years two-thirds. He need not necessarily be a resident of Berlin at the time of his appointment—in fact, the mayor is usually chosen from the residents of other cities.

Culture in West Africa.

Culture and commerce are spreading in west Africa. A merchant sends us the following letter, received from a chief: "Dear Gentlemen!—I made my trip to the house of a certain amiable friend of mine for invitation and with our attention highly attracted by taken colony for a few minutes. I took a certain magazine in reading of something. And I was pursuing through pages over pages yours name was substantially commiserated to me that you are the best and known Merchants in every produce in the city of London. Therefore I have found myself somewhat inclinable to pen you to send me your general samples, together with Catalogue, and I will soon forwarding my remittance so you promptly fore quantity of goods. Trusting you will not refuse as quick by as possible Expecting to hear from you again good news. \* \* \* London Standard."

Flattered Him.

"You ought to have been more tactful. You should have flattered him."

"I did flatter him."

"Flattered him? Why, you told him he was half a fool!"

"Well, wasn't that flattering him?"

Telephones and Fires.

The earliest application of the telephone in connection with a switchboard was made at Bridgeport, Conn., in June, 1878, where in the eagerness of various fire companies to arrive first at fires, the men of company No. 5, which was next to the telephone office, told the telephone operator to request his twenty-one patrons to give the information over the telephone of any fire and to report the fact at the engine house. This engine was not only the first at several fires, but in some mysterious manner was frequently on its way before the alarm struck.

This reached a climax on the occasion of a small fire in a dwelling, which the fire company attended with muffled bell, in response to a telephone message, and no fire alarm was pulled. On their return, the engine was driven by the house of a rival company with bell ringing, and when the men rushed out with inquiries they were told that the fire had been extinguished.

After this occurrence, the chief of the fire department gave orders that companies should not respond to a fire alarm received over a telephone, but the insurance agents of the city appealed to the city council, who ordered that all fire engine houses should be equipped with telephones.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Feast of Yule.

It was Pope Telesphorus, who died before the year 150 A. D., who instituted Christmas as a festival, though for some time it was irregularly held in December, April and May. But for centuries before there had been a feast of Yule among the northern nations, whose great enjoyment was in drinking the wassail bowl or cup. Nothing gave them so much delight as indulgence in "carousing ale," especially at the season of short days, when fighting was ended. It was likewise the custom at all their feasts "for the master of the house to fill a large bowl or pitcher, to drink out of it first himself and then give to him that sat next, and so it went around." This may have been the origin of that popular American custom known as "treating."

Wise—Poor Burroughs! He's worrying a great deal about debts—

Nowitt—Nonsense! You'll never catch him worrying because he can't pay his debts.

Wise—He's not worrying about old debts he can't pay, but about new ones he can't contract.—Philadelphia Press.

Burned It Into Memory.

One of the most characteristically eccentric things ever done by Gilett Burgess (and one of the few true stories of him) was to spend three or four days in constructing of cardboard, mica and green velvet a little model of an old New England house, complete as to windows, curtains, lawn, garden, trees and even including a hammock with a tiny hat and summer novel and washing stretched out on a clothesline on the back stoop. This was for a dinner given to several literary friends in New York, and when the coffee was served he deliberately set fire to the whole farm. His explanation was that had it been spared his guests might have forgotten the affair, but they would always remember the destruction of the house. No one who ever saw the little house go up in smoke on its little hill of damp moss will ever forget it.

The Misplaced Comma.

"Some lawsuits of the highest importance have hinged upon the right placing of a comma," said a judge.

"When I first started to practice law a Missouri editor came to me in a peck of trouble to defend him against a threatened libel suit growing out of faulty punctuation. He had not meant to give some innocent young woman the slightest offense when he wrote a story about two young men who went with their girls to attend a lecture and after they left, the girls got drunk. Putting that miserable little comma out of its right place did the work, as it made the girls the ones who became inebriated instead of their escorts. I managed by proper diplomacy and the publication of a neat apology to stave off the damage suits, and afterward my editorial friend became an expert on punctuation."—Baltimore American.

Taunting.

Old Noah hunted up a barrel stave and started off for the stern of the ark.

"Where are you going?" asked Mrs. Noah.

"I am going to whale that boy Ham."

replied Noah, with a frown.

"But, my dear, the lad is only playing on his banjo."

"Yes, but it is the tune he is playing."

"And what is the tune?"

"Wait Till the Sun Shines, Lizzie!"

—Chicago News.

Old Nancy Deane was noted for the striking originality of some of her expressions. One day she was talking about the utter insanity of another old woman in the neighborhood, and she said:

"I never see her bent! She'll top down in a cheer, an' there she'll set an' set an' set, doin' absolutely nothin' fer hours an' hours, day after day. 'Poa my soul, I sh'd think she'd mildew!'"

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARK DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether his invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year, four months, \$1. Sold by all newspapers.

MUNN & Co., 361 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

## The Safest Regulator for Children

Children require the very gentlest and safest bowel regulator you can give them. Violent purgatives are likely to do more harm than good. And moreover, they cause unnecessary suffering from griping and nausea.

### Rexall Orderlies

are undoubtedly the best bowel-medicine for children ever discovered. They assist Nature to renew her functions so quietly and naturally that there is no unpleasantness whatever. They cure constipation without griping or nausea, and afford immediate and lasting relief.

Rexall Orderlies are pleasant tasting, vanilla flavored tablets, and children take them as eagerly as they would candy.

Large Box (36 tablets), 25c.  
Small Box (12 tablets), 10c.

The Rexall Guarantee

is the strongest ever made. If these Orderlies do not benefit you, —if you're not entirely satisfied with them, —bring back the empty box and we will promptly hand back your money. The complete formula of these new laxatives given upon request.

The H. E. Grice Drug Co.,  
The Rexall Store.