

THE SPENDERS

A TALE OF THE THIRD GENERATION

By HARRY LEON WILSON

Copyright, by Lothrop Publishing Company.

SYNOPSIS.

THE SPENDERS.

CHAPTER 1.—Story opens with death of Daniel J. Bines, millionaire mine owner and railroad man, at Kairo Junction. Secretary wires friends and hunt for Bines' aged father is begun, to acquaint him with news.

CHAPTER 2.—Peter Bines is found. Mourns son's death.

CHAPTER 3.—Bines' family wants to live in the east, but Peter urges that they stay in west. Decide on trip through Bines' properties.

CHAPTER 4.—On trip through Bines' properties son of dead millionaire meets Miss Milbrey, a young lady acquaintance from New York. He shows her through mines. Bines with her family in private car, and is flattered by father and mother.

CHAPTER 5.—Percival begins to fall in love with Miss Milbrey and Peter Bines expresses disgust at ways of easterners.

CHAPTER 6.—The Bines family departs from far west for New York. Arrives in Chicago, where an old friend, Mr. Higbee is met.

CHAPTER 7.—Mr. Higbee tells Percival how the Milbrey, on hunt for a rich husband for daughter, sought to corral his son, Henry.

CHAPTER 8.—Miss Milbrey declares she cares for Percival Bines, and regrets that she is to try to marry him for his wealth. Tells of father's lack of ready money.

A servant passed the open door bearing an immense pasteboard box with one end cut out to accommodate the long stems of many roses.

"Jarvis!"
"Yes, sir!"
"What is it?"
"Flowers, sir, for Miss Avice."

"Let me see—and the card?"
He took the card from the florist's envelope and glanced at the name.

"Take them away."
The stricken man was once more alone; yet now it was as if the tender heart of the flowers had bled his hurt—taught him to hope anew. Let us in all sympathy and hope retire.

For cheerfulness might observe Launton Oldaker in a dusty curio-shop, delighted over a pair of silver candlesticks with square bases and fluted columns, fabricated in the reign of that fortuitous monarch, Charles II.; or we might glance in upon the Higbees in their section of a French chateau, reproduced up on the stately Riverside drive, where they complete the details of a dinner to be given on the morrow.

Or perhaps it were better to be concerned with a matter more weighty than dinners and antique candlesticks.



"TAKE THEM AWAY."

The search need never be vain, even in this world of persistent frivolity. As, for example:

"Tell Mrs. Van Geist if she can't come down, I'll run up to her."
"Yes, Miss Milbrey."
Mrs. Van Geist entered a moment later.

"Why, Avice, child, you're glowing, aren't you?"
"I must be, I suppose—I've just walked down from Fifty-ninth street, and before that I walked in the park. Feel how cold my cheeks are—Mutterchen."

"It's good for you. Now we shall have some tea, and talk."
"Yes—I'm hungry for both, and some of those funny little cakes."
"Come back where the fire is, dear; the tea has just been brought. There, take the big chair."

"It always feels like you—like your arms, Mutterchen—and I am tired."
"And throw off that coat. There's the lemon, if you're afraid of cream."
"I wish I weren't afraid of anything but cream."

"You told me you weren't afraid of that—that cad—any more."
"I'm not—I just told him so. But I'm afraid of it all; I'm tired trying not to drift—tired trying not to try, and tired trying to try—Oh, dear—sounds like a nonsense verse, doesn't it? Have you anyone to-night? No? I think I must stay with you till morning. Send some one home to say I'll be here. I can always think so much better here—and you, dear old thing, to mother me!"

"Do, child; I'll send Sandoz directly."
"He will go to the house of mourning."

"What's the latest?"
"Papa was on the verge of collapse this morning, and yet he was striving so bravely and nobly to bear up. No one knows what that man suffers; it makes him gloomy all the time about everything. Just before I left, he was saying that, when one considers the number of American homes in which a green salad is never served, one must be appalled. Are you appalled, auntie? But that isn't it."

"Nothing has happened?"
"Well, there'll be no sensation about it in the papers to-morrow, but a very dreadful thing has happened. Papa has suffered one of the cruellest blows of his life. I fancy he didn't sleep at all last night, and he looked thoroughly bowled over this morning."
"But what is it?"

"Well—oh, it's awful!—first of all there were six dozen of early-bottled 1875 Chateau Lafitte—that was the bitterest—but he had to see the rest go, too—Chateau Margeaux of '80—some terribly ancient port and Madeira—the driest kind of sherry—a lot of fine, full clarets of '77 and '78—oh, you can't know how agonizing it was to him—I've heard them so often I know them all myself."

"But what on earth about them?"
"Nothing, only the Cosmopolitan club's wine cellar—auctioned off, you know. For over a year papa has looked forward to it. He knew every bottle of wine in it. He knew every recte the list without looking at it. Sometimes he sounded like a French lesson—and he's been under a fearful strain ever since the announcement was made. Well, the great day came yesterday, and poor papa simply couldn't bid in a single drop. It needed ready money, you know. And he had hoped so cheerfully all the time to do something. It broke his heart, I'm sure, to see that Chateau Lafitte go—and only imagine, it was bid in by the butler of that odious Higbee. You should have heard papa rattle about the vulgar nouveaux riches when he came home—he talked quite like an anarchist. But by to-night he'll be blaming me for his misfortunes. That's why I chose to stay here with you."

"Poor Horace. Whatever are you going to do?"
"Well, dearie, as for me, it doesn't look as if I could do anything but one thing. And here is my ardent young Croesus coming out of the west."

"You called him your 'athletic Bayard' once."
"The other's more to the point at present. And what else can I do? Oh, if some one would just be brave enough to live the raw, quivering life with me, I could do it. I give you my word. I could let everything go by the board—but I am so alone and so helpless and no man is equal to it, nowadays. All of us here seem to be content to order a 'half portion' of life."
"Child, those dreams are beautiful, but they're like those flying machines that are constantly being tested by the credulous inventors. A wheel or a piston goes wrong and down the silly things come tumbling."
"Very well; then I shall be wise—I suppose I shall be—and I'll do it quickly. This fortune of good gold shall propose marriage to me at once, and be accepted—so that I shall be able to look my dear old father in the face again—and then, after I'm married—well, don't blame me for anything that happens."
"I'm sure you'll be happy with him—it's only your silly notions. He's in love with you."
"That makes me hesitate. He really is a man—I like him—see this letter—a long review from the Arcady Lyre of the 'poem' he wrote, a poem consisting of 'Avice Milbrey.' The reviewer has been quite enthusiastic over it, too—written from some awful place in Montana."
"What more could you ask? He'll be kind."
"You don't understand. Mutterchen. He seems too decent to marry that way—and yet it's the only way I could marry him. And after he found me out—oh, think of what marriage is—he'd have to find it out—I couldn't act long—doubtless he wouldn't even be kind to me then."
"You are morbid, child."
"But I will do it; I shall; I will be a credit to my training—and I shall learn to hate him and he will have to learn—well, a great deal that he doesn't know about women."
She stared into the fire and added after a moment's silence:
"Oh, if a man only could live up to the verses he cuts out of magazines!"

CHAPTER IX.

WITH THE BARBARIC HOSTS.
History repeats itself so cleverly, with a variance of stage-settings and accessories so cunning, that the repetition seldom bores, and is, indeed, frequently undetected. Thus, the descent of the Barbarians upon a decadent people is a little tour de force that has been performed again and again since the oldest day. But because the assault nowadays is made not with force of arms we are prone to believe it is no longer made at all; as if hu-

man ways had changed a bit since those ugly, hairy tribes from the northern forests descended upon the Roman empire. And yet the mere difference that the assault is now made with force of money in no way alters the process nor does it permit the result to vary. On the surface all is cordially and peacefully negotiated. Beneath is the same immemorial strife, the life-and-death struggle—pitiless, inexorable.

What would have been a hostile bivouac within the city's gates, but for the matter of a few centuries, is now to select an example which remotely concerns us, a noble structure on Riverside drive, facing the lordly Hudson and the majestic Palisades that form its farther wall. And, for the horde of Goths and Visigoths, Huns and Vandals, drunkenly reeling in the fitful light of camp fires, chanting weird battle runes, fighting for captive vestals, and bickering in uncouth tongues over the golden spoils, what have we now to make the parallel convince? Why, the same Barbarians, actually, the same hairy rudeness, the same unrefined, all-conquering, animal force; a red-faced, big-handed lot, imbued with hearty good nature and an easy tolerance for the ways of those upon whom they have descended.

Here are chiefs of renown from the farthest fastnesses; they and their curious households: the ironmonger from Pittsburg, the gold miner from Dawson, the copper chief from Butte, the silver chief from Denver, the cattle chief from Oklahoma, lord of 300,000 good acres and 30,000 cattle, the lumber prince from Michigan, the founder of a later dynasty in oil, from Texas, and, for the unesthetic but effective Attila, an able fashioner of pork products from Chicago.

Here they make festival, carelessly, unafraid, unmolested. For, in the lapse of time, the older peoples have learned not only the folly of resisting inevitables, but that the huge and hairy invaders may be treated and bartered with not unprofitably. Doubtless it often results from this amity that the patrician strain is corrupted, by the alien admixture—but business has been business since as many as two persons met on the face of the new earth.

For example, this particular shelter is built upon land which one of the patrician families had held for a century solely because it could not be disposed of. Yet the tribesmen came, clamoring for palaces, and now this same land, with some adjoining areas of trifling extent, produces an income that will suffice to maintain that family almost in its ancient and befitting estate.

In this mammoth pile, for the petty rental of \$10,000 or \$15,000 a year, many tribes of the invaders have found shelter and entertainment in apartments of many rooms. Outwardly, in details of ornamentation, the building is said to duplicate the Chateau Blois, those splendid palaces of Francis I. Inside are all the line and color and device of elegant opulence, modern to the last note.

To this palace of an October evening comes the tribe of Bines, and many another such, for a triumphal feast in the abode of Barbarian Silas Higbee. The admirable host—if one be broad-minded—is now in the drawing-room, seconding his worthy wife and pretty daughter who welcome the dinner guests.

For a man who has a fad for ham and doesn't care who knows it, his bearing is all we have a right to expect that it should be. Among the group of arrivals, men of his own sort, he is speaking of the ever-shifting fashion in beards, to the evangel of a Texas oil field who flaunts to the world one of those heavy mustaches spuriously extended below the corners of the mouth by means of the chin growth of hair. Another, a worthy tribesman from Snohomish, Washington, wears a beard which, for a score of years, has been let to be its own true self; to express, fearlessly, its own unique capacity for variation from type. These two have rallied their host upon his modishly trimmed side-whiskers.

"You're right," says Mr. Higbee, amiably, "I ain't stuck any myself on this way of trimming up a man's face, but the madam will have it this way—says it looks more refined and New Yorky. And now, do you know, ever since I've worn 'em this way—ever since I had 'em scraped from around under my neck here—I have to go to Florida every winter. Come January or February, I get bronchitis every blamed year!"

Two of the guests only are alien to the barbaric throng.
There is the noble Baron Ronault de Pallac, decorated, reserved, observant—all most wistful. For the moment he is picturing dutifully the luxuries a certain marriage would enable him to procure for his noble father and his aged mother, who eagerly await the news of his quest for the golden fleece. For the baron contemplates, after the fashion of many conscientious explorers, a marriage with a native woman; though he permits himself to cherish the hope that it may not be conditioned upon his adopting the manners and customs of the particular tribe that he means to honor. Monsieur the baron has long since been obliged to confess that a suitable mesalliance is none too easy of achievement, and, in testimony of his vicissitudes, he has written for a Paris comic paper a series of grimly satiric essays upon New York society. Recently, moreover, he has been upon the verge of accepting employment in the candy factory of a bourgeois compatriot. But hope has a little revived in the noble breast since chance brought him and his title under the scrutiny of the bewitching Miss Millicent Higbee and her appre-

ciative mother.
And to-night there is not only the pretty Miss Higbee, but the winning Miss Bines, whose dot, the baron has been led to understand, would permit his beloved father unlimited piquet at his club, to say nothing of regenerating the family chateau. Yet these are hardly matters to be gossiped of. It is enough to know that the Baron Ronault de Pallac when he discovers himself at table between Miss Bines and the adorable Miss Higbee, becomes as saturnine than has for some time been his wont. He does not forget previous disappointments, but desperately snaps his swarthy jaws in commendable superiority to any adverse fate.

The other alien, Launton Oldaker, was present under terms of honorable truce, willingly and without ulterior motive saying—as he confessed to himself—a consuming desire to see "how the other half lives." He was no longer the hunted and dismayed being Percival had met in that far-off and impossible Montana; but was now untroubled, remembering, it is true, that this "slumming expedition," as he termed it, had taken him beyond the recognized bounds of his beloved New York, but serene in the consciousness that half an hour's drive would land him safely back at his club.

Oldaker observed Miss Psyche Bines approvingly.
"We are so glad to be in New York!" she had confided to him, sitting at her right.

"My dear young woman," he warned her, "you haven't reached New York yet." The talk being general and loud, he ventured further:

"This is Pittsburg, Chicago, Kansas City, Denver—almost anything but New York."
"Of course I know these are not the swell old families."

Oldaker sipped his glass of old Oloroso sherry and discoursed.
"And our prominent families, the ones whose names you read, are not New York any more, either. They are rather London and Paris. Their furniture, clothing, plate, pictures and servants come from one or the other. Yes, and their manners, too, their interests and sympathies and concerns, their fashions—and sometimes, their—er—morals. They are assuredly not New York any more than Gobelin tapestries and Fortuny pictures and Louis Seize chairs are New York."
"How queerly you talk. Where is New York, then?"

Oldaker sighed thoughtfully between two spoonfuls of tortue verte, claire.

"Well, I suppose the truth is that there isn't much of New York left in New York. As a matter of fact I think it died with the old volunteer fire department. Anyway the surviving remnant is coy. Real old New Yorkers like myself—neither poor nor rich—are swamped in these days like those prehistoric animals whose bones we find. There comes a time when we can't live, and deposits form over us and we're lost to memory."

But this talk was even harder for Miss Bines to understand than the English speech of the Baron Ronault de Pallac, and she turned to that noble gentleman as the turbid with sauce Corral was served.

The dining-room, its wall wainscoted from floor to ceiling in Spanish oak, was flooded with soft light from the red silk dome that depended from its crown of gold above the table. The laughter and talk were as little subdued as the scheme of the rooms. It was an atmosphere of prodigal and confident opulence. From the music-room near by came the soft strains of a Haydn quartette, exquisitely performed by finished and expensive artists.

"Say, Higbee!" it was the oil chief from Texas, "see if them fiddlers of yours can't play 'Ma Honolulu Lulu!'"
Oldaker, wincing and turning to Miss Bines for sympathy, heard her say:

"Yes, do, Mr. Higbee! I do love those ragtime songs—and then have them play 'Tell Me, Pretty Maiden,' and the 'Intermezzo.'"

He groaned in anguish.
The talk ran mostly on practical affairs: the current values of the great staple commodities; why the corn crop had been light; what wheat promised to bring; how young Burman, of the Chicago board of trade, had been pinched in his own wheat corner for four millions—'put up' by his admiring father; what beef on the hoof commanded; how the Federal Oil company would presently own the state of Texas.

Almost every Barbarian at the table had made his own fortune. Hardly one but could recall early days when he tilled on farm or in shop or forest, herded cattle, prospected, sought adventure in remote and hazardous wilds.
"Tain't much like them old days, eh, Higbee?" queried the crown prince of Cripple Creek—"when you and me had to walk from Chicago to Green Bay, Wisconsin, because we didn't have enough shillings for stage fare?" He gazed about him suggestively.

"Corn beef and cabbage was pretty good then, eh?" and with sure, vigorous strokes he fell to demolishing his beet de dinde a la Perigueux, while a butler refilled his glass with Chateau Malescot, 1878.

"Well, it does beat the two rooms madam and me started to keep house in when we was married," admitted the host. "That was on the banks of the Chicago river, and now we got the Hudson flowing right through the front yard, you might say, right past our own yacht landing."

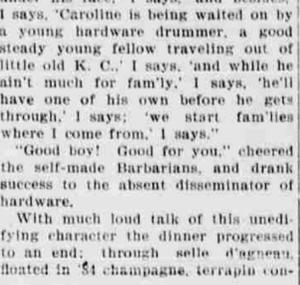
From old days of work and hardship they came to discuss the present and their immediate surroundings, social and financial.

Their daughters, it appeared, were being sought in marriage by the sons of those among whom they sojourned.
"Oh, they're a nice band of hand-

shakers, all right, all right," asserted the gentleman from Kansas City. "One of 'em tried to keep company with our Caroline, but I wouldn't stand for it. He was a crackin' good shiny player, and he could lead them cotillon dances blowin' a whistle and callin'. 'All right, Up!' or something, like a car starter—'but, 'Tell me something good about him.' I says to an old friend of his family. Well, he hemmed and hawed—he was a New York gentleman, and says he: 'I don't know what, or I could make you understand or not,' he says, but he's got Family,' jest like that, bearin' down hard on 'Family'—and you've got money," he says, "and Money and Family need each other badly in this town." He says, 'Yes, I says, 'I met up with a number of people here, I says, but I ain't met none yet that you'd have to blindfold and back into a lot of money.' I says, 'family or no family,' I says. 'And that young man,' he says, 'is a pleasant, charming fellow; why, he says, he's the best-coated man in New York.' Well, I looked at him and I says: 'Well, says I, 'he may be the best-coated man in New York, but he'll be the best-booted man in New York, too.' I says, 'If he comes around trying to spark Caroline any more—or would be if I had my way. His chin's pushed too far back under his face,' I says, 'and besides, I says, 'Caroline is being waited on by a young hardware drummer, a good steady young fellow traveling out of little old K. C.' I says, 'and while he ain't much for family,' I says, 'he'll have one of his own before he gets through.' I says: 'We start families where I come from,' I says."

"Good boy! Good for you," cheered the self-made Barbarians, and drank success to the absent disseminator of hardware.

With much loud talk of this unedifying character the dinner progressed to an end; through selle d'agneau, floated in \$4 champagne, terrapin con-



A CAKE WALK.

voiced by a special Madeira of 1850, and canvassack duck with Romanee Conti, 1865, to a triumphant finale of Turkish coffee and 1811 brandy.

After dinner the ladies gossiped of New York society, while the barbarec males smoked their big oily cigars and handed reminiscences. Higbee showed them through every one of the apartment's 22 rooms, from reception hall to laundry, manipulating the electric lights with the skill of a stage manager.

The evening ended with a cake walk, for the musical artists had by rare reserves been mellowed from their classic reserve into a mood of rag-time abandon. And if Monsieur the Baron with his ceremonious grace was less exuberant than the crown prince of Cripple Creek, who sang as he stepped the sensuous measure, his pleasure was not less. He enjoyed to observe that these men of incredible millions had no hauteur.

"I do not," wrote the baron to his noble father, the marquis, that night, "yet understand their joke; why should it be dull to wish that the man whose coat is of the best should also wear boots of the best? but as for what they call une promenade de gateau, I find it very enjoyable. I have met a Milie Bines, to whom I shall at once pay my addresses. Unlike Milie Higbee, she has not the father from Chicago nor elsewhere. Quel diable d'homme!"

CHAPTER X.

THE PATRICIANS ENTERTAIN.
To reward the enduring who read politely through the garish revel of the preceding chapter, covers for 14 are now laid with correct and tasteful quietness at the sophisticated board of that fine old New York family, the Milbreyes. Shaded candles leave all but the glowing table in a gloom discreetly pleasant. One need not look so high as the old-fashioned stuccoed ceiling. The family portraits tone agreeably into the half-light of the walls; the huge old-fashioned walnut sideboard, soberly ornate with its mirrors, its white marble top and its wood-carved fruit, towers majestically aloft in proud scorn of the frivolous Chippendale fad.

Jarvis, the accomplished and incomparable butler, would be subdued and scholarly looking but for the flagrant scandal of his port-wine nose. He gives finishing little flips to the white chrysanthemums massed in the central epergne on the long silver plateau, and bestows a last cautious survey upon the cut-glass and silver radiating over the dull white damask. Finding the table and its appointments faultless, he assures himself once more that the sherry will come on irreproachably at a temperature of 60 degrees; that the Burgundy will not fall below 65 nor mount above 70; for Jar-

vis wots of a palate so acutely sensitive that it never fails to record a variation of so much as one degree from the approved standard of temperature.

How restful this quiet and reserve after the color and line tumult of the Higbee apartment. There the flush and bloom of newness were oppressive to the right-minded. All smelt of the shop. Here the dull tones and decorous lines caress and soothe instead of overwhelming the imagination with effects too grossly literal. Here is the veritable spirit of good form.

Throughout the house this contrast might be noted. It is the brown-stone, high-stoop house, guarded by a cast-iron fence, built in vast numbers when the world of fashion moved north to Murray Hill and Fifth avenue a generation ago. One of these houses was like all the others inside and out, built of unimaginative "builder's architecture." The hall, the long parlor, the back parlor or library, the high stuccoed ceilings—not only were these alike in all the houses, but the furnishings, too, were apt to be of a sameness in them all, rather heavy and tasteless, but serving the ends that such things should be meant to serve, and never flamboyant. Of these relics of a simpler day not many survive to us, save in the shameful degeneracy of boarding houses. But in such as are left, we may confidently expect to find the traditions of that more dignified time kept unswayed;—to find, indeed, as we find in the house of Milbrey, a settled air of gloom that suggests insolvent but stubbornly determined exclusiveness.

Something of this air, too, may be noticed in the surviving tenants of these austere relics. Yet it would hardly be observed in this house on this night, for not only do arriving guests bring the aroma of a later prosperity, but the hearts of our host and hostess beat high with a new hope. For the fair and sometimes uncertain daughter of the house of Milbrey, after many ominous mutterings, delays, and frank rebellions, has declared at last her readiness to be a credit to her training by conferring her family prestige, distinction of manner and charms of person upon one equipped for their suitable maintenance.

Already her imaginative father is ravishing in fancy the mouldiest wine cellars of continental Europe. Already the fond mother has idealized a house in "Millionaire's Row" east of the Park, where there shall be twenty servants instead of three, and there shall cease that gnawing worry lest the treacherous north setting current sweep them west of the Park into one of those hideously new apartment houses, where the halls are done in marble that seems to have been sliced from a huge Roquefort cheese, and where one must vie, perhaps, with a shop-keeper for the favors of an irreverent and materialistic janitor.

The young woman herself entertains privately a state of mind which she has no intention of making public. It is enough, she reasons, that her action should outwardly accord with the best traditions of her class; and, indeed, her family would never dream of demanding more.

Her gown to-night is of orchard green, trimmed with apple blossoms, a single pink spray of them caught in her hair. The rounding, satin grace of her slender arms, sloping to the opal-tipped fingers, the exquisite line from ear to shoulder strap, the melting ripeness of her chin and throat, the tender pink and white of her fine skin, the capricious, inciting tilt of her small head, the dainty lift of her short nose,—these allurements she has inventoried,—these allurements she has inventoried, eye. She is glad to believe that there is every reason why it will soon be over.

And, since the whole loaf is notoriously better than a half, here is the engaging son of the house, also firmly bent upon the high emprise of matrimony; handsome, with the chin, it may be, slightly receding; but an unexcelled leader of cotillions, a surpassing polo player, clever, winning, and dressed with an effect that has long made him remarked in polite circles, which to mere money can achieve. Money, indeed, if certain ill-natured gossip of tradesmen be true, has been an inconceivable factor in the encompassment of this sartorial distinction. He waits now, eager for a first glimpse of the young woman whose charms, even by report, have already won the best devotion he has to give. A grievous error it is to suppose that Cupid's artillery is limited to bow and arrows.

And now, instead of the rude commercial horde that laughed loudly and ate uncontently at the board of the barbarian, we shall sit at table with people born to the only manner said to be worth possessing;—if we except, indeed, the visiting tribe of Bines, who may be relied upon, however, to behave at least unobtrusively.

(Continued Next Week)

A Habit To Be Encouraged.

The mother who has acquired the habit of keeping on hand a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, saves herself a great amount of uneasiness and anxiety. Coughs, colds and croup to which children are susceptible are quickly cured by its use. It counteracts any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia, and if given as soon as the first symptoms of croup appears, it will prevent the attack. This remedy contains nothing injurious and mothers give it to little ones with a feeling of perfect security. Sold at Kerr's Drug Store.