

THE SPENDERS

A TALE OF THE THIRD GENERATION

By HARRY LEON WILSON

Copyright, by Lothrop Publishing Company.

"And here's a notice about the excursions of the St. John's Guild. I've been on four already, and I want you to get me back to New York right away for the others. If you could only see all those babies we take out on the floating hospital, with two men in little boats behind to pick up those that fall overboard—and really it's a wonder any of them live through the summer in that cruel city. Down in Hester street the other day four of them had a slice of watermelon from Mr. Silvinsky's stand on the corner, and when I saw them they were actually eating the hard, green rind. It was enough to kill a horse."

"Well, have your own fun," said her son, cheerfully. "Here's a letter from Uncle Peter I must read."

He drew his chair aside and began the letter:

Montana City, July 23, 1906.

Dear Peter: Your letter and Martha's rec'd, and glad to hear from you. I leave latter part of this week for the mines. Late setting out this season acct. rheumatism caught last winter that laid me up all spring. It was so mortal dull here with you folks gone that I went out with a locating party to get the M. P. branch located ahead of the Short Line folks. So while you were having your fun there I was having mine here, and I had it good and plenty.

The worst weather I ever did see, and I have seen some bad. Snow six to eight feet on a level and the mercury down as low as 42 with an ornerly fierce wind. We lost four horses froze to death, and all but two of the men got froze up bad. We reached the head of Madison Valley Feb. 15, north of Red Bank Canyon, but it wasn't as easy as it sounds.

Jan. 8, after getting out of supplies, we abandoned our camp at Riverside and moved 10 m. down the river carrying what we could on our backs. Met pack train with a few supplies that night, and next day I took part of the force in boat to meet over-the-land of supplies. We got froze in the ice. Left party to break through and took Billy Bruce and went ahead to hunt team. Billy and I lived four days on one lb. bacon. The second day Billy took some sickness so he couldn't eat hardly any food; the next day he was worse, and the last day he was so bad he said the bare sight of food made him gag. I think he was a liar, because he wasn't troubled none after we got to supplies again, but I couldn't do anything with him, and so I lived high and come out slick and fat. Finally we found the team coming in. They had got stuck in the river and we had to carry out the load on our backs, waist-deep in running water. I see some man in the east has a fond for breaking the ice in the river and going swimming. I would not do it for any fool. Slept in snowdrift that night in wet clothes, mercury 40 below. Was 18 days going 23 miles. Broke wagon twice, then broke sled and crippled one horse. Packed the other five and went on till snow was too deep. Left the horses where four out of five died and carried supplies the rest of the way on our backs. Moved camp again on our backs and got caught in a blizzard and nearly all of us got our last freeze-up that time. Finally a Chinook opened the river and I took a boat up to get the abandoned camp. Got froze in harder than ever and had to walk out. Most of the men quit on account of frozen feet, etc. They are a getting to be a sissy lot these days, rather lie around a hot stove all winter.

I had to pull chain, cut brush and shovel snow after the 1st Feb. Our last stage was from Fire Hole Basin to Madison Valley, 45 m. It was hell. Didn't see the sun but once after Feb. 15, like snow-capped mountains, making short sights necessary, and with each one we would have to dig a hole to the ground and often a ditch or a tunnel through the snow to look through. The snow was soft to the bottom and an instrument would sink through. "Here's a fine letter to read on a hot day," called Percival. "I'm catching cold." He continued:

"We have a very good line, better than Beaver Canyon; our maps filed and construction under way; all grading done and some track laid. That's what you call hustling. The main drawback is that Red Bank canyon. It's a regular avalanche for eight miles. The snow slides just fill the river. One just above our camp filled it for 1/4 mile and 40 feet deep and cut down 3 ft. trees like a razor shaves your face. I had to run to get out of the way. Reached Madison Valley with one tent and it looked mighty like a good sleeping bag for them kind of things on days."

Well, this western country would be pretty dull for you I suppose going to balls and parties every night with the Astors and Vanderbilts. I hope you ain't cut loose none.

By the way, that party that ground-sculcuted us, the woman who was with your pa when he died and who turned up later with a fake marriage certificate and will, Copien he met a party in Spokane the other day that seen her in Paris last spring. She was laying in a stock of duds and the party gathered that she was going back to New York.

The Milbreds, father and son, came up and greeted the group on the piazza. "I've just frozen both ears reading a letter from my grandfather," said Percival. "Excuse me one moment and I'll be done."

"All right, old chap. I'll see if there's some mail for me. Dad can chat with the ladies. Ah, here's Mrs. Drelmer. Mornin'!"

Percival resumed his letter, "going back to New York and make the society bluff. They say she's got the face to do it all right. Copien learned she come out here with a gambler from New Orleans and she was dealing bank herself up to Wallace for a spell while he was broke. This gambler he was the slickest short-card player ever struck hereabouts. He was too good. He was so good they shot him all up one night last fall over to Wardner. She hadn't lived with him for some time then, though Copien says they was lawful man and wife, so I guess maybe she was glad when he got it good in the chest-place."

Fred Milbrey came out of the hotel office. "No mail," he said. "Come, let's be getting along. Finish your letter on the way, Bines."

"I've just finished," said Percival, glancing down the last sheet.

"Copien says she is now calling herself Mrs. Breuch Wybert or some such name. I just thought I'd tell you in case you might run across her and—"

"Come along, old chap," urged Milbrey. "Mrs. Wybert will be waiting." His father had started off with Psyche, Mrs. Bines and Mrs. Drelmer were preparing to follow.

"I beg your pardon," said Percival. "I didn't quite catch the name."

"I say Mrs. Wybert and mother will be waiting—come along!"

"What name?"

"Wybert—Mrs. Breuch Wybert—my friend—what's the matter?"

"We can't go—that is—we can't meet her. Sis, come back a moment," he called to Psyche, and then:

"I want a word with you and your father, Mr. Milbrey."

The two joined the elder Milbrey and the three strolled out to the flower-bordered walk, while Psyche Bines went, wondering, back to her mother. "What's all the row?" inquired Fred Milbrey.

"You've been imposed upon. This woman—this Mrs. Breuch Wybert—there can be no mistake; you are sure that's the name?"

"Of course I'm sure; she's the widow of a southern gentleman, Col. Breuch Wybert, from New Orleans."

"Yes, the same woman. There is no doubt that you have been imposed upon. The thing to do is to drop her quick—she isn't right."

"In what way has my family been imposed upon, Mr. Bines?" asked the elder Milbrey, somewhat perturbed.

"Mrs. Wybert is a lady of family and large means—"

"Yes, I know, she has, or did have while ago, \$2,000,000 in cold cash."

"Well, Mr. Bines—"

"Can't you take my word for it, that she's not right—not the woman for your wife and daughter to meet?"

"Look here, Bines," the younger Milbrey spluttered, "this won't do, you know. If you've anything to say against Mrs. Wybert, you'll have to say it out and you'll have to be responsible to me, sir."

"Take my word that you've been imposed upon; she's not—not the kind of person you would care to know, to be thrown—"

"I and my family have found her quite acceptable, Mr. Bines," interposed the father, stiffly. "Her deportment is scrupulously correct, and I am in her confidence regarding certain very extensive investments—she cannot be an impostor, sir!"

"But I tell you she isn't right," insisted Percival, warmly.

"Oh, I see," said the younger Milbrey—his face clearing all at once. "It's all right, dad, come on!"

"If you insist," said Percival, "but none of us can meet her."

"It's all right, dad—I understand—"

"Nor can we know anyone who receives her."

"Really, sir," began the elder Milbrey, "your effrontery in assuming to dictate the visiting list of my family is overwhelming."

"If you won't take my word I shall have to dictate so far as I have any personal control over it."

"Don't mind him, dad—I know all about it, I tell you—I'll explain later to you."

"Why," exclaimed Percival, stung to the revelation, "that woman, this woman now waiting with your wife and daughter, was my—"

"Stop, Mr. Bines—not another word, if you please!" The father raised his hand in graceful dismissal. "Let this terminate the acquaintance between our families! No more, sir!" and he turned away, followed by his son. As they walked out through the grounds and turned up the street the young man spoke excitedly, while his father slightly bent his head to listen, with an air of distant dignity.

"What's the trouble, Percie?" asked his sister, as he joined the group on the piazza.

"The trouble is that we've just had to cut that fine old New York family out of our list."

"What, not the Milbreds?" exclaimed Mrs. Drelmer.

"The same. Now mind, sis, and you, ma—you're not to know them again—and mind this—if anyone else wants to present you to a Mrs. Wybert—a Mrs. Breuch Wybert—don't you let them. Understand?"

"I thought as much," said Mrs. Drelmer; "she acted just the least bit too right."

"Well, I haven't my hammer with me—but remember, now, sis, it's for something else than because her father's cravats were the ready-to-wear kind, or because her worthy old grandfather inhaled his soup. Don't forget that."

"As there isn't anything else to do," he suggested, a few moments later, "why not get under way and take a run up the coast?"

"But I must get back to my babies," said Mrs. Bines, plaintively. "Here I've been away four days."

"All right, ma, I suppose we shall have to take you there, only let's get out of here right away. We can bring sis and you back, Mrs. Drelmer, when those people we don't know get off again. There's Mauburn; I'll tell him."

"I'll have my dunnage down directly," said Mauburn.

Up the street driving a pony cart, came Avlee Milbrey. Obeying a quick impulse, Percival stepped to the curb as she came opposite to him. She pulled over. She was radiant in the fluffs of summer white, her hat and gown touched with bits of the same vivid blue that shone in her eyes. The impulse that had prompted him to hail her now prompted wild words. His long habit of thought concerning her enabled him to master this foolishness. But at least he could give her a friendly word of warning. She greeted him with the pretty reserve in her manner that had long marked her bearing toward him.

"Good morning! I've borrowed this cart of Elsie Valner to drive down to the yacht station for lost mail. Isn't the day perfect—and isn't this the dearest, fat, sleepy pony, with his hair in his eyes?"

"Miss Milbrey, there's a woman who seems to be a friend of your family—a Mrs.—"

"Mrs. Wybert; yes, you know her?"

"No, I'd never seen her until last night, nor heard that name until this morning; but I know of her."

"Yes?"

"It became necessary just now—really, it is not fair of me to speak to you at all—"

"Why, pray?—not fair?"

"I had to tell your father and brother that we could not meet Mrs. Wybert, and couldn't know anyone who received her."

"There! I knew the woman wasn't right directly I heard her speak. Surely a word to my father was enough."

"But it wasn't, I'm sorry to say. Neither he nor your brother would take my word, and when I started to give my reasons—something it would have been very painful for me to do—your father refused to listen, and declared the acquaintance between our families at an end."

"Oh!"

"It hurt me in a way I can't tell you, and now, even this talk with you is off-side play. Miss Milbrey!"

"Mr. Bines!"

"I wouldn't have said what I did to your father and brother without good reason."

"I'm sure of that, Mr. Bines."

"Without reasons I was sure of, you know, so there could be no chance of any mistake."

"Your word is enough for me, Mr. Bines."

"Miss Milbrey—you and I—there's always been something between us—something different from what is between most people. We've never talked straight out since I came to New York—I'll be sorry, perhaps, for saying as much as I am saying, after awhile—but we may not talk again at all—I'm afraid you may misunderstand me—but I must say it—I should like to go away knowing you would have no friendship—no intimacy whatever with that woman."

"I promise you I shall not, Mr. Bines; they can row if they like."

"And yet it doesn't seem fair to have you promise as if it were a consideration for me, because I've no right to ask it. But if I felt sure that you took my word quite as if I were a stranger, and relied upon it enough to have no communication or intercourse of any sort whatsoever with her, it would be a great satisfaction to me."

"I shall not meet her again. And—thank you! There was a slight unsteadiness once in her voice, and he could almost have sworn her eyes showed that old brave wistfulness."

"—and quite as if you were a stranger."

"Thank you; and, Miss Milbrey?"

"Yes?"

"Your brother may become entangled in some way with this woman."

"It's entirely possible."

Her voice was cool and even again.

"He might even marry her."

"Always money!" he thought; then aloud:

"If you find he means to, Miss Milbrey, do anything you can to prevent it. It wouldn't do at all, you know."

"Thank you, Mr. Bines; I shall remember."

"I—I think that's all—and I'm sorry we're not—our families are not to be friends any more."

She smiled rather painfully, with an obvious effort to be conventional.

"So sorry! Good-by!"

He looked after her as she drove off. She sat erect, her head straight to the front, her trim shoulders erect, and the whip grasped firmly. He stood motionless until the fat pony had jolted sleepily around the corner.

"Bines, old boy!" he said to himself, "you nearly made one of yourself there. I didn't know you had such ready capabilities for being an ass."

CHAPTER XVII.

A HOT DAY IN NEW YORK, WITH NEWS OF AN INTERESTING MARRIAGE.

At five o'clock that day the prow of the Viluca cut the waters of Newport harbor around Goat Island, and pointed for New York.

"Now is your time," said Mrs. Drelmer to Mauburn. "I'm sure the girl likes you, and this row with the Milbreds has cut off any chance that cub had. Why not propose to her tonight?"

"I have seemed to be getting on," answered Mauburn. "But wait a bit. There's that confounded girl over there. No telling what she'll do. She might knock things on the head any moment."

"All the more reason for prompt action, and there couldn't very well be anything to hurt you."

"By Jove! that's so; there couldn't, very well, could there? I'll take your advice."

And so it befell that Mauburn and Miss Bines sat late on deck that night, and under the witchery of a moon that

must long since have become hardened to the spectacle, the old, old story was told, to the accompaniment of the engine's muffled throb, and the soft purring of the silver waters as they slipped by the boat and blended with the creamy track astern. So little variation was there in the time-worn tale, and in the maid's reception of it, that neither need here be told in detail.

Nor were the proceedings next morning less tamely orthodox. Mrs. Bines managed to forget her relationship of elder sister to the poor long enough to behave as a mother ought, when the heart of her daughter had been given into a true lover's keeping. Percival departed himself cordially.

"I'm really glad to hear it," he said to Mauburn. "I'm sure you'll make sis as good a husband as she'll make you a wife; and that's very good, indeed. Let's fracture a cold quart to the future Lady Casselthorpe."

"And to the future Lord Casselthorpe!" added Mrs. Drelmer, who was warmly enthusiastic.

"Such a brilliant match," she murmured to Percival, when they had touched glasses in the after-cabin. "I know more than one New York girl who'd have jumped at the chance."

"We'll try to bear our honors modestly," he answered her.

The yacht lay at her anchorage in the East river. Percival made preparations to go ashore with his mother.

"Stay here with the turtle doves," he said to Mrs. Drelmer, "far enough off, of course, to let them coo, and I'll be back with any people I can pick up for a cruise."

At five in the afternoon Percival had gathered his party. Percival, Arledge and his lively wife, Yelverton, who enjoyed the rare distinction of having lost money to Percival, and Burman. East they drove through the street where less fortunate mortals panted in the dead afternoon shade, and out on to the dock, whence the Viluca's naphtha launch presently put them aboard that sumptuous craft. A little breeze there made the heat less oppressive.

"We'll be under way as soon as they fetch that luggage out," Percival assured his guests.

"It's been frightfully oppressive all day, even out here," said Mrs. Drelmer, "but the engaged ones haven't lost their tempers none, even if the day was trying. And really they're the most unemotional and matter-of-fact couple I ever saw. Oh! do give me that stack of papers until I catch up with the news again."

Percival relinquished to her the evening papers he had bought before leaving the hotel, and Mrs. Drelmer in the awning shade at the stern of the boat was soon running through them.

The others had gone below, where Percival was allotting staterooms, and urging every one to "order whatever cold stuff you like and get into as few things as the law allows. For my part, I'd like to wear nothing but a cold bath."

Mrs. Drelmer suddenly betrayed signs of excitement. She sat up straight in

the wicker deck chair, glanced down a column of her newspaper, and then looked up.

Mauburn's head appeared out of the cabin's gloom. He was still speaking to some one below. Mrs. Drelmer rattled the paper and waved it at him. He came up the stairs.

"What's the row?"

"Read it!"

He took the paper and glanced at the headlines.

"I knew she'd do it. A chap always comes up with something of that sort, and I was beginning to feel so chippy!" He read:

"London, July 30.—Lord Casselthorpe-to-day wed Miss 'Connie' Burke, the music hall singer who has been appearing at the Alhambra. The marriage was performed, by special license, at St. Michael's church, Chester square, London, the Rev. Canon Mecklin, sub-dean of the Chapel Royal, officiating. The honeymoon will be spent at the town house of the groom, in York terrace. Lord Casselthorpe has long been known as the blackest sheep of the British peerage, being called the 'Coster Peer' on account of his unconventional language, his coarse manner and slovenly attire. Two years ago he was warned off Newmarket Heath and the British turf by the Jockey Club. He is 88 years old. The bride, like some other lights of the music hall who have become the consorts of Britain's hereditary legislators, has enjoyed considerable nuptial celebrity among the gilded youth of the metropolis, and is said to have been especially admired at one time by the next in line of this illustrious family, the Hon. Cecil G. H. Mauburn."

(Continued Next Week)

Market Letter.

Stock Yard, Kansas City, Mo., March 19, 1906. Although the first of last week developed lower prices on beef steers, the situation improved after Tuesday, and about all of the loss was regained by the close of the week account of smaller receipts. Cows and heifers sold strong all along, and gained 10 to 20 cents for the week. Stockers and feeders continued dull, except for the most desirable kinds: these found a ready sale, and the accumulation at the end of the week was smaller than the end of the week before. Of course, the big snow storm of yesterday will hurt the market grades this week, and parties who can handle them would make a hit by buying now.

The run today is heavy at 10,000 head, considering the storm yesterday. Other markets also report liberal supplies, and prices are weak to 10 lower today. Trains are delayed considerably, and a certain share of the earlier arrivals sold steady. Cows and butcher stuff have shown the greatest strength lately, choice Hereford heifers at \$5.25 last week, and most of the good heifers at \$4.40 to \$4.75. Top cows sold at \$4.60 and bulk of cows \$3.25 to \$4.15, top steers last week \$5.75 on several days, today \$5.50, a good percentage at \$5.25 and more, bulk at \$4.70 and upwards. Bulls range from \$3.15 to \$4.00. Packers made open rebellion last week, and delivered an ultimatum that hogs must be secured cheaper or they could not handle them. The result of their big fight was temporary lower prices, but on Saturday today is 5000 head, market 5 to 10 lower, top \$6.25, bulk \$6.05 to \$6.20, light hogs up to \$5.10 pigs around \$5.25. Supply last week 42,000 head, about like previous week, and 3000 more than same week last year.

Sheep and lambs sold strong first of last week, but closed the week 10 to 20 cents lower.

The Hon. Cecil G. H. Mauburn, mentioned in the above cable dispatch, has been rather well known in New York society for two years past. His engagement to the daughter of a Montana mining magnate, not long deceased, has been persistently rumored.

Mauburn was pale under his freckles. "Have they seen it yet?"

"I don't think so," she answered. "We might drop these papers over the rail here."

"That's rot, Mrs. Drelmer; it's sure to be talked of, and anyway I don't want to be sneaky, you know."

Percival came up from the cabin with a paper in his hand.

"I see you have it, too," he said, smiling. "Burman just handed me this."

"Isn't it perfectly disreputable!" exclaimed Mrs. Drelmer.

"Why? I only hope I'll have as much interest in life by the time I'm that age."

"But how will your sister take it?" asked Mauburn; "she may be afraid this will knock my title on the head, you know."

"Oh, I see," said Percival; "I hadn't thought of that."

"Only it can't," continued Mauburn. "Hang it all, that blasted old beggar will be 89, you know, in a fortnight. There simply can't be any issue of the marriage, and that—that blasted—"

"Better not try to describe her—while I'm by, you know," said Mrs. Drelmer, sympathetically.

"Well—his wife—you know, will simply worry him into the grave a bit sooner, I fancy—that's all can possibly come of it."

"Well, old man," said Percival, "I don't pretend to know the workings of my sister's mind, but you ought to be able to win a girl on your own merits, title or no title."

"Awfully good of you, old chap. I'm sure she does care for me."

"But of course it will be only fair to sis to lay the matter before her just as it is."

"To be sure!" Mauburn assented.

"And now, thank the Lord, we're under way. Doesn't that breeze save your life, though? We'll eat her on deck."

The Viluca swung into mid-stream, and was soon racing to the north with a crowded Fall river boat.

"But anyway," concluded Percival, after he had explained Mauburn's position to his sister, "he's a good fellow, and if you see each other even the unexpected wouldn't make any difference."

"Of course not," she assented, "the rank is but the guinea's stamp, I know—but I wasn't meaning to be married for quite a time yet, anyway—It's such fun just being engaged."

"A mint julep!" Mauburn was inquiring of one who had proposed it. "Does it have whisky in it?"

"It does," replied Percival, overhearing the question; "whisky may be said to pervade, even to infest it. Try five or six, old man; that many make a great one-night trouble cure. And I can't have anyone with troubles on this Cunarder—not for the next 30 days. I need cheerfulness and rest for a long time after this day in town. Ah! Gen. Hemingway says that dinner is served; let's be at it before the things get all hot!"

Lays Eggs With Handles.

Orange, N. J.—Robert E. Foster jr., of Newton, Essex county, has, it is reported here, succeeded in cultivating a race of chickens which produce eggs already fitted with handles for convenience in eating them. One just exhibited was taken from the nest of a white Leghorn hen. It is normal in size and general appearance except that on the smaller end there is a continuance of the shell formation, measuring half an inch at the base, tapering for nearly two inches and ending in two points which resemble the tail of a fish.

The form of the excrescence is a curve, the smaller end resting near the middle of the shell of egg and having a perfect resemblance to the handle of a teacup. The opposite side of the eggshell is flattened so that the structure will stand alone. The hens have laid seven eggs of similar formation, each furnished with a well defined handle.

Mr Foster has devoted a large portion of his life to a series of experiments in the cross fertilization of fruits and flowers. The egg with a handle is a direct result of his experiments in super-induced evolution.

Several weeks ago while breaking an egg at the breakfast table he conceived the idea that an eggshell with a handle, which would form its own cup would not only save lots of dishwashing but would be at once a scientific and culinary triumph. Thereupon he caused the inside of the building where the hens were confined to be painted white. Food was taken to the hens in large white vessels each having one handle. Water was furnished in similar vessels of a smaller size.

Across the single window white teacups were suspended on strings. No other furnishings of any other shape were permitted to be around the buildings. The hens were nightly sung to sleep to the tune of dringing songs. Within ten days many of the eggs had slight excrescences on one end, and after two weeks the new eggs had definitely formed handles.

One notable incident apparently facilitated the experiment. Mr. Foster has a large, white rooster which two weeks since escaped from his coop into a neighbor's. The neighbor's small son chased the rooster home and threw at him a broken white pitcher which had a large and conspicuous handle. The rooster was much frightened, and the hens witnessed the occurrence.

From that time there was a rapid development of handles on each successive laying of eggs, until the present almost perfect form was attained. The naturalist believed that fright and nervous shock accelerated the growth of the handles.

When the home market is supplied with the new and valuable acquisition Mr. Foster purposes to place some of the developed eggs under a hen. The result will be awaited with eager and scientific interest.—New York Tribune.

The First Kiss.

The greatest surprise to a girl who gets kissed the first time is, there is no taste to it.—Pocahontas (Ark.) Times.

No taste to it? Well, by the feathers on Cupid's dart, but the Times man must be color blind in the palate! They tell us, those who have tried it, that it tastes like the double distilled essence of honey spread thick on a piece of pumpkin pie. Away back in the dim joyful years ago before we lost our teeth and our cinch on the beauty prize, the prettiest girl in all the world told us with her eyes that it felt like a covey of quail flying out of each ear and ended with a sensation like a flock of angels pouring molasses down one's back. No taste to the first kiss? Great Scott! It would make a wooden cigar Indian's hair curl and his toe nails quiver in ecstasy. The Times man must be an ice house.—From Clover Leaves.



THE OLD, OLD STORY.