The Spenders

A Tale of the Third Generation.

By HARRY LEON WILSON.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Chapter I.—Daniel J. Bines died of apoplexy in his private car at Kaslo Junction. His father, rich but eccentric, known as "Uncle" Peter Bines, is somewhere in the mountains prospecting. The whereabouts of the son of the dead man is not definitely known, but he is supposed to be at some point on the north Atlantic coast beginning the season's pursuit of happiness as he listed. The wife of the deceased and his daughter are at the family home at Montana City. The newspaper accounts of the death speak of the deceased as having been accompanied by "the young and beautiful Mrs. Bines." Those who know the facts read the statement but make no comment.

Chapter 2—Peter Bines was an argonaut of 1850. For twenty years he sought for gold and found it at last. He tried to find enjoyment in spending his money, but without success, and decided to return to the mountains, where it pleased his fancy in the summer season to go alone prospecting for gold.

Chapter 3—When the superintendent of the One Girl mine at Skiplap was notified of the death of Daniel J. Bines he sent one of his men, Billy Brue, to find Peter Bines. Brue discovers the old man in the mountains, tells him of the death of his son and accompanies him to Skiplap, the old man musing on the way with regard to his dead son and grandson who is now to take his father's place.

Chapter 4—A sectional war rages in the Bines home at Montana City, the east against the west; Uncle Peter insisting on the family home remaining in the west, while Percival and his sister wish to go to New oYrk to live. The mother is neutral. The final result is that the young people and their mother decide to go east and Uncle Peter remains in the west for the present.

Chapter V.—Peter and Percival make the rounds inspecting the family properties. Grandfather and grandson come to understand each other better and to think better of each other.

Chapter VI.—They meet a group of strangers at the One Girl mine. Among them is a girl whom Percival has seen before, but did not know. He takes the party down into the mine.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

A Meeting and a Clashing.

They were in th last of the party to descend. On reaching bottom he separated her with promptness and guile from two solemn young men, copies of each other, and they were presently alone. In the distance they could see the others following ghostly lamps. From far off mysterious recesses came the muffled musical clink of the sledges on the drills. An employe who had come down with them started to be their guide. Percival sent him back.

"I've just been through; I can find my way again."

"Ver' well," said the man, "with the exception that it don't happen something—yes?" And he stayed where he was.

Down one of the cross-cuts they started, stepping aside to let a car of ore be pushed along to the shaft.

"Do you know," began the girl, "I am so glad to be able to thank you for what you did that night."

"I'm glad you are able. I was beginning to think I should always have those thanks owing to me."

"I might have paid them at the time, but it was all so unexpected and so sudden—it rattled me, quite."

"I thought you were horribly cool-headed."

"I wasn't."

"Your manner reduced me to a groom who opened your carriage door."

"But grooms don't often pick strange ladies up bodily and bear them out of a pandemonium of waltzing cab-horses. I'd never noticed before that cab-horses are so frivolous and hysterical."

"And grooms know where to look for their pay."

They were interrupting nervously and bestowing furtive side-looks upon each other.

"If I'd not seen you," said the girl, "glancing at you—before—that evening, I shouldn't have remembered so well; doubtless I'd not have recognized you to-day."

"I didn't know you did glance at me, and yet I watched you every moment of the evening. You didn't know that, did you?"

She laughed.

"Of course I knew it. Any woman has to note such things without letting it be seen that she sees."

"And I'd have sworn you never once so much as looked my way."

"Don't we do it well, tho?"

"And in spite of all the time I gave to study of your face I lost the detail of it. I could keep only the effect of its expression and the few tones of your voice I heard. You know I took those on the record so I could hear 'em play over any time I wanted to listen. Do you know, that has all been very sweet to me, my helping you and the memory of it,—so vague and sweet."

"Aren't you afraid we're losing the others?"

She halted and looked back.

"No; I'm afraid we won't lose them; come on; you can't turn back now. And you don't want to hear anything about mines; it wouldn't be at all good for you, I'm sure. Quick, down this way, or you'll hear Pangburn telling some one what a stope is, and think what a thing that would be to carry in your head."

"Really, a stope sounds like something that would 'get you' in the night! I'm afraid!"

Half in his pirit she fled with him down a dimly lighted incline where men were working at the rocky wall with sledge and drill. There was that in his manner which compelled her quite as literally as when at their first meeting he had picked her up in his arms.

As they walked single file thru the narnowing ore drift, she wondered about him. He was western, plainly. An employe in the mine, probably a manager or director or whatever it was they called those in authority in mines. Plainly, too, he was a man of action and a man who engaged all her instinctive liking. Something in him at once coerced her friendliest confidence. These were the admisions she made to herself. She divined him, moreover, to be a blend of boldness and timidity. He was bold to the point of telling her things unconventionally, of beguiling her into remote underground passages away from the party; yet she understood; she knew at once that he was a determined but unspoiled gentleman; that under no provocation could he make a mistake. In any situation of loneliness she would have felt safe with him—"as with a brother"—she thought. Then, feeling her cheeks burn, she turned back and said:

"I must tell you he was my brother—that man—that night."

He was sorry and glad all at once. The sorrow being the lesser and more conventional emotion, he started upon an awkward expression of it, which she interrupted.

"Never mind saying that, thank you. Tell me something about yourself, now. I really would like to know you. What do you see and hear and do in this strange life?"

"There's not much variety," he answered, with a convincing droop of depression. "For six months I've been seeing you and hearing you—seeing you and hearing you; not much variety in that—nothing worth telling you about."

Despite her natural caution, intensified by training, she felt herself thrill to the very evident sincerity of his tones, so that she had to affect mirth to seem at ease.

"Dear, dear, what painful monotony; and how many men have said it since these rocks were made; and now you say it,—well, I admit——"

"But there's nothing new under the sun, you know."

"No; not even a new excuse for plagiarism, is there?"

"Well, you see as long as the same old thing keeps true the same old way of telling it will be more or less depended upon. After a few hundred years of experiment, you know, they hit on the fewest words that tell the most, and everybody uses them because no one can improve them. Maybe the prehistoric cave-gentleman, who proposed to his loved one with a war club just back of her left ear, had some variation of the formula suiting his simple needs, after he'd gotten her home and brought her to and she said it was 'all so sudden;' and a man can work in little variations of his own to-day. For example——"

"I'm sure we'd best be returning."

"For example, I could say, you know, that for keeping the mind active and the heart working overtime the memory of you surpasses any tonic advertised in the backs of the magazines. Or, that ——"

"I think that's enough; I see you could vary the formula, in case——"

"—— have varied it—but don't forget I prefer the original unvaried. After all, there are certain things that you can't tell in too few words. Now, you ——"

"You stubborn person. Really, I know all about myself. I asked you to tell me about yourself."

"And I began at once to tell you everything about myself—everything of interest—which is yourself."

"I see your sense of values is gone, poor man. I shall question you. Now you are a miner, and I like men of action, men who do things; I've often wondered about you, and seriously, I'm glad to find you here doing something. I remembered you kindly, with real gratitude, indeed. You didn't seem like a New York man either, and I decided you weren't. Honestly, I am glad to find you here at your work in your miner's clothes. You mustn't think we forget to value men that work."

On the point of saying thoughtlessly, "But I'm not working here—I own the mine," he checked himself. Instead he began a defense of the man who doesn't work, but who could if he had to. "For example," he continued, "here we are at a place that you must be carried over; otherwise you'd have to wade thru a foot of water or go around that long way we've come. I've rubber boots on, and so I pick you up this way—" He held her lightly on his arm and she steadied herself with a hand between his shoulders.

"And staggering painfully under my burden, I wade out to the middle of this subterranean lake." He stopped.

"You see, I've learned to do things. I could pick you from that slippery street and put you in your carriage, and I can pick you up now without wasting words about it—"

"But you're wasting time—hurry, please—and, anyway, you're a miner and used to such things."

He remained standing.

"But I'm not wasting time, and I'm not a miner in the sense you mean. I own this mine, and I suppose for the most part I'm the sort of man you seem to have gotten tired of; the man who doesn't have to do anything. Even now I'm this close to work only because my grandfather wanted me to look over the properties my father left."

"But, hurry, please and set me down."

"Not until I warn you that I'm just as apt to do things as the kind of man you thought I was. This is twice I've picked you up now. Look out for me;—next time I may not put you down at all."

She gave a low little laugh, denoting unruffled serenity. She was glorying secretly in his strength, and she knew his boldness and timidity were still justly balanced. And there was the rather astonishing bit of news he had just given her. That needed a lot of consideration.

With slow, sure-footed steps he reached the farther side of the water and put her on her feet.

"There, I thought I'd reveal the distressing truth about myself while I had you at my mercy."

"I might have suspected, but I gave the name no thought. Bines, to be sure. You are the son of the Bines who died some months ago. I heard Mr. Shepler and my father talking about some of your mining properties. Mr. Shepler thought the 'One Girl' was such a funny name for your father to give a mine."

Now they neared the foot of the shaft where the rest of the party seemed to await them. As they came up Percival felt himself raked by a broadside from the maternal lorgnon that left him all but disabled. The father glowered at him and asked questions in the high key we are apt to adopt in addressing foreigners, in the instinctive fallacy that any language can be understood by any one if it be spoken loudly enough. The mother's manner was a crushing rebuke to the young man for his audacity. The father's manner was meant to intimate that natives of the region in which they were then adventuring were not worthy of rebuke, save such general rebukes as may be conveyed by displaying one's natural superiority of manner. The other members of the party, excepting Shepler, who talked with Pangburn at a little distance, took cue from the Milbreys and aggressively ignored the abductor of an only daughter. They talked over, around and thru him, as only may those mortals whom it hath pleased heaven to have born within certain areas on Manhattan island.

The young man felt like a social outcast until he caught a glance from Miss Milbrey. That young woman was still friendly, which he could understand, and highly amused, which he could not understand. While the temperature was at its lowest the first load ascended, including Miss Milbrey and her parents, a chatty blonde, and an uncomfortable little man who, despite his being twelve hundred feet toward the center thereof, had three times referred bitterly to the fact that he was "out of the world."

"I shall see you soon above ground, shall I not?" Miss Milbrey had asked, at which her mother shot Percival a parting volley from her rapid-fire lorgnon, while her father turned upon him a back whose side lines were really admirable, considering his age and feeding habits. The behavior of these people appeared to intensify the amusement of their child. The two solemn young men who remained continued to chat before Percival as they would have chatted before the valet of either. He began to sound the spiritual anguish of a pariah. Also to feel trucu-lent and, in his own phrase, "westy." With him "westy" meant that you were as good as any one else "and a shade better than the whole lot if it came to a show-down." He was not a little mortified to find how easy it was for him to fall back upon that old cushion of provincial arrogance. It was all right for Uncle Peter, but for himself, well it proved that he was less finely eastern than he had imagined.

As the cage came down for another ascent, he let the two solemn young men go up with Shepler and Pangburn, and went to search for Uncle Peter.

"There, thank God, is a man!" he reflected.

CHAPTER VII.

The Rapid-fire Lorgnon Is Spiked.

He found Uncle Peter in the cross-cut studying a bit of ore through a glass, and they went back to ascend.

"Them folks," said the old man, "must be the kind that newspaper meant that had done something in practical achievement. I bet that girl's mother will achieve something practical with you fur cuttin' the girl out of the bunch; she was awful tormented; talked two or three times about the people in the humbler walks of life bein' strangely something or other. You ain't such a humble walker now, are you, son? But say, that yellow-haired woman, she ain't a bit diffident, is she? She's a very hearty lady, I must say!"

"But did you see Miss Milbrey?"

"Oh, that's her name, is it, the one that her mother was so worried about and you? Yes, I saw her. Peart and cunnin', but a heap too wise fur you, son; take my steer on that. Say; she'd have your pelt nailed to the barn while you was wonderin' which way you'd jump."

"Oh, I know I'm only a tender, teething infant," the young man answered, with masterly satire.

"Well, now, as long's you got that bank roll you jest look out fur cupboard love—the kind the old cat has when she comes rubbin' up against your leg and purrin' like you was the whole thing."

The young man smiled, as they went up, with youth's godlike faith in its own sufficiency, albeit he smarted from the slights put upon him.

At the surface a pleasant shock was in store for him. There stood the formidable Mrs. Milbrey beaming upon him. Behind her was Mr. Milbrey, the pleasing model of all a city's refinements, awaiting the boon of a hand-clasp. Behind these were the uncomfortable little man, the chatty blonde, and the two solemn young men who had lately exhibited more manner than manners. Percival felt they were all regarding him now with affectionate concern. They pressed forward effusively.

"So good of you, Mr. Bines, to take an interest in us—my daughter has been so anxious to see one of these fascinating mines." "Awfully obliged, Mr. Bines." "Charmed, old man; deuced pally of you to stay by us down in that hole, you know." "So clever of you to know where to find the gold—"

He lost track of the speakers. Their speeches became one concerted effusion of affability that was music to his ears.

(Continued To-morrow.

Don't Worry.

Join the don't worry club and relieve yourself of the trials and troubles of house hunting by using The Journal classified columns. If you are thinking of moving or going to the lake this summer remember these little Journal Want Ads are great hustlers. They are working all the time, and, for the small price of twenty cents, the chances are you can get the house you want without any exertion or trouble.

More cases of sick headache, biliousness, constipation, can be cured in less time, with less medicine, and for less money, by using Carter's Little Liver Pills than by any other means.

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It is immaterial what your WANT may be; if you will only make it known thru Journal Want Columns, it will be supplied within a few hours.

BUILDING PERMITS.

Jennie W. Lewis, 2448 Aldrich avenue S; dwelling; $2,500.

Alexander Campbell, 3042 Eleventh avenue S; dwelling; $1,500.

F. M. Durgin, 316 Walnut street SE; dwelling; $2,500.

Twenty-five minor permits; $3,830.

Total, $10,330.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

John Muhs, Sr., and wife to John Muhs, Jr.; in sections 9 and 16-117-24, $850.

Mattie L. Stevens and husband to William H. Kitz; part of lot 8, block 4, Lake of the Isles addition, $1,000.

James H. Stubbs to Margaret A. Stubbs; in section 5-117-23, $500.

H. W. Keyes and wife to Gibson Allen Chaffee; in sections 26 and 35-118-23, $6,500.

E. A. Skogsbergh and wife to Henry Hammer; lots 2, 3 and 4, and part of lot 1, block 7, Fairview Park, $1,500.

Anna W. Paulson and husband to William F. Pfaff; in section 11-118-21, $2,550.

David C. Bell Investment Company to Perley B. Rhoads; lots 14, 15 and 16, block 23, Palmer's addition, $100.

Mons Mickelson and wife to Albin Johnson and wife; lot 16, block 15, Maben, White & Le Bron's addition, $1,500.

J. Henry Nolin and wife to Charles Cashman; undivided one-half of lot 17, block 2, Tarmony Terrace, $200.

Selena La Montague and husband to R. Edlund; lot 23, block 19, South Side addition, $1,350.

William F. Pfaff and wife to Anna W. Paulson; in section 6-29-23, $1,300.

Thomas Canty to Fannie Kinney; lot 7, block 69, West Minneapolis second division, $250.

Thomas Canty to Mary A. Mash; lot 8, block 69, West Minneapolis second division, $250.

Peter H. Gluesing and wife to Julius Marth; lot 28, block 1, Hamisch's Third addition, $300.

Minnesota Debenture Company to Sebulan Modin and wife; lot 1, block 2, La Mascotte addition, $150.

William Hollister and wife to August Rood and wife; lot 23, block 4, Fair Ground addition, $2,550.

Elbridge Farnham and wife to Margaret F. Roberts; lot 5, block 4, Farnham's addition, $110.

Elbridge M. Farnham and wife to Margaret F. Roberts; lot 4, block 4, Farnham's addition, $110.

Julius Marth and wife to Peter H. Gluesing; part of lot 14, block 3, Foster's addition, $1,800.

Joab H. Woodruff to Herbert E. Murdock and wife; lot 33, block 8, Kenwood, $1,600.

Frank O. Bergquist and wife to Hulda E. Reisberg et al.; lot 9, block 4, Cummings's second addition, $2,100.

William C. Gregg et al. to Frank M. Durgin; part of lots 2 and 3, block 31, St. Anthony City, $850.

Levi Guyea and wife to Mary A. Bistodeau; lot 14, block 13, Townsite of Dayton, $250.

Calvin H. Hazley and wife to Anna S. Berglin; part of lots 11 and 12, block 3, Morrison & Lovejoy's addition, $900.

Sarah E. P. Holden and husband to George W. Stiles; lots 2 and 8, block 1, and lots 4 and 6, block 2, Cobb's addition, $698.

Edward J. Edwards et al. (executors) to Effie A. Wales; lots 12 and 13, block 2, Channell's second addition, $1,600.

Ferdinand Beise, Sr., and wife to Edward E. Beise; in section 27-117-24, $1,000.

Effie A. Wales and husband to Byron D. Estabrooks; lot 13, block 2, Channell's second addition, $2,200.

Ferdinand Beise, Sr., and wife to William F. Beise; in section 27-117-24, $150.

Ferdinand Beise, Sr., and wife to Ferdinand Beise, Jr.; in section 27-117-24, $100.

William F. Beise and wife to Frederick Rose; in section 27-117-24, $350.

Ferdinand Beise, Jr., and wife to Frederick Rose; in section 27-117-24, $500.

J. A. Nordeen and wife to Oscar F. Albinson; lot 11, block 6, J. S. and W. Elliot's addition, $1,350.

Alice R. Rogers to Jennie M. Lewis; part of lot 14, block 10, East Side addition, $1,000.

Five minor deeds, $143.

Total, 39 deeds, $37,661.

REPORT OF PRIVATE ARROWHEAD.

"In the suburbs I have seen men running for the trains and cars every morning. They have swallowed their breakfast rapidly, and then dashed for the cars. The result is fermentive dyspepsia. They are troubled with palpitation, gases on the stomach, and raise sour liquid in the mouth; after meals they have pains in the chest, a lumpy feeling and soreness in the throat, and often pain at the base of the brain.

"Where dyspepsia and indigestion were once prevalent, and long faces and bad tempers prevailed, now there is great happiness, and in almost every home will be found a box of Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets. Messrs. Voegeli Bros. report that they never sold a remedy for indigestion and dyspepsia that was so universally successful."

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No good house keeper ever neglects Spring cleaning. With plenty of soap and water, hard scrubbing and scouring, sunlight and air, she soon gets rid of all rubbish, musty odors, germs and microbes, and the dust and dirt that have accumulated during the long winter months. But when the house has been put in order, and the premises cleared of all old plunder and trash, the great majority of house keepers feel that Spring cleaning is over, and forget that their systems may be in a worse condition than the house, and that the bad feelings, debility, loss of appetite, nervousness and sleeplessness from which they are suffering are due to neglect of the more important and necessary work of Physical house cleaning. A clean house does not insure against disease, but a clean system does. The poisons and humors engendered within the body, the waste matter that is clogging the system and contaminating and vitiating the blood, are far more dangerous to health than the dirt and dust of our homes. In the winter time we give free rein to our appetites, and eat more and oftener than is for our good. We inhale the polluted air of badly ventilated offices and rooms, take little or no exercise, and our bodies become a veritable hot-bed of disease-bearing germs, and our blood is loaded with impurities and poisons of every conceivable kind; and no wonder that Spring time is so often Sick time and finds us in such poor physical condition, with vitality slowly wasting away, our digestion impaired, the liver torpid, and all the bodily organs over-worked and out of repair. Unless our systems are given a thorough cleaning, and the blood purged and purified, the simplest malady may develop into some serious disorder or end in chronic invalidism, and often the pent-up impurities, poisons and humors break out through the skin, and all through the Spring and Summer you are tormented with boils, itchy rashes, sores, bumps and pimples, and all manner of ugly pustular and scaly eruptions.

Physical house cleaning should begin with the blood. It must be purified and strengthened, and when a stream of pure, rich blood is turned into all the nooks and corners of the system, the rubbish and disease-producing poisons are washed out, and the congested channels and avenues of the body are opened, and Physical house cleaning is made thorough and complete. S. S. S. cleanses the blood of taints and poisons and expels the waste and rubbish from the system. It is to the system what soap and water are to the house. Nothing else so quickly removes the stubborn, deeply-rooted poisons and humors that are destroying the purity of the blood and blocking the avenues of health and life.

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A course of S. S. S. now will put your system in perfect order and fortify you against the debilitating diseases and aggravating skin troubles that are sure to come if your physical welfare has been neglected. S. S. S. is not only the best of all blood purifiers, but an unequalled tonic and appetizer. It builds you up, improves the appetite, and aids the digestion and assimilation of food, and keeps the system in a healthy, vigorous condition. S. S. S. is guaranteed purely vegetable, and can be taken by the old, middle-aged and young without danger of any harmful effects. S. S. S. is a blood purifier and tonic combined, a perfect Spring medicine and indispensable in Physical house cleaning. Write us fully about your case. No charge for medical advice.

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STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF HENnepin, ss—In District Court, Fourth Judicial District—

State of Minnesota, ex-rel. W. B. Douglas, attorney general, plaintiff, vs. the Tontine Savings Association, a corporation, defendant.

On reading and filing the petition of George P. Flannery, receiver in the above entitled proceeding, from which it appears that the Lest interests of the estate will be subserved by requiring proofs of claims against the funds in his hands to be made now; therefore,

It is ordered, that within ninety days from the date hereof the holders and owners of the so-called investment, merchandise or diamond contracts issued by The Tontine Savings Association file their contracts, with all receipts for installments paid thereon, with the receiver, with proofs of claim duly verified, stating when he or she acquired said contract, the whole amount paid thereon, and the number and amount of installments paid thereon on and after February 6th, 1902, and the name of the person to whom such installments were paid on and after said date, and if not the original owner of the contract, stating when the contract was assigned and what consideration, if any, was paid for the assignment.

And it is further ordered that all persons having any other claims against said Tontine Savings Association file proof of same duly verified stating the nature and consideration for such claim, within ninety days from the date hereof.

And it is further ordered that all persons having claims against said Tontine Savings Association who shall not make and file proof thereof within the time required by this order, shall be forever debarred from participating in the distribution of the assets of The Tontine Savings Association in the hands and under the control of the receiver.

And it is further ordered, that the receiver give notice of this order to all persons having claims against the Tontine Savings Association by publishing this order four times, once in each week, for four successive weeks, before the 10th day of May, 1903, in the Minneapolis Tribune and The Minneapolis Journal, and by mailing a copy thereof, postage prepaid, to the several contract holders directed to them at their respective postoffice addresses as shown upon the books of said Tontine Savings Association, within sixty days from the date hereof; but when any contract holder is represented by an attorney or attorneys, then in lieu of mailing a copy of this order to such contract holder, by mailing, postage prepaid, or delivering a copy thereof to their said attorney within sixty days from the date hereof.

Dated this 31st day of March, 1903.

By the Court,

A. M. HARRISON, Judge.

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