

# The Spenders

A Tale of the Third Generation.

By HARRY LEON WILSON.

Copyright 1902 by Lathrop Publishing Co., Boston.

## CHAPTER XL.—Continued.

Some Rude Behavior, of Which Only a Western Man Could Be Guilty.

"I came here to-night—I won't conceal from you that I thought of you when I came. It was my last time here, and you had gone. I supposed. Among other things I had out this old diary to read, and I had found this written on my eighteenth birthday, when I came out—the fond, romantic, secret ideal of a foolish girl—listen:—

"The Soul of Love wed the Soul of Truth and their daughter, Joy, was born; who was immortal and in whom they lived forever!

"You see—that was the sort of moonshine I started in to live. Two or three times I was a grievous disappointment to my people, and once or twice, perhaps, I was disappointed myself. I was never quite sure what I wanted. But if you think I was consistently mercenary you are mistaken.

"I shall tell you something more—something no one knows. There was a man I met while that ideal was still strong and beautiful to me, but after I'd come to see that here, in this life, it was not easily to be kept. He was older than I, experienced with women—a lover of women, I came to understand in time. I was a novelty to him, and he was a novelty to me. I had never seen a man who had enjoyed all those romantic ideals of mine. I thought then he loved me, and I worshipped him. He was married, but constantly said he was about to leave his wife, so she would divorce him. I promised to come to him when it was done. He had married for money and he would have been poor again. I didn't mind in the least. I tell you this to show you that I could have loved a poor man, not only well enough to marry him, but to break with the traditions, and brave the scandal of going to him in that common way. With all I felt for him I should have been more than satisfied. But I came in time to see that he was not as earnest as I had been. He wasn't capable of feeling what I felt. He was more cowardly than I—or, rather, I was more reckless than he. I suspected it a long time; I became convinced of it a year ago and a little over. He became hateful to me. I had wasted my love. Then he became funny. But—you see—I am not altogether what you believe me. Wait a bit longer, please."

"Then I gave up, almost—and later I gave up entirely. And when my brother was about to marry that woman, and Mr. Shepler asked me to marry him, I consented. It seemed an easy way to end it all. I'd quit fondling ideals. And you had told me I must do anything I could to keep Fred from marrying that woman—my people came to say the same thing—and so—

"If he had married her—if they were married now—then you would feel free to marry me?"

"You would still be the absurd man in New York—but we can't discuss that. He isn't going to marry her."

"But he has married her?"

"What do you mean?"

"I supposed you knew—Oldaker told me as I left the hotel. He and your father three witnesses. The marriage took place there after noon at the Arlington."

"You're not deceiving me?"

"Come, come—girl!"

"Oh, pardon me, please! Of course I didn't mean—but you stunned me. And papa said nothing to me about it before he left. The money must have been too great a temptation to him and to Fred. She has just made some enormous amount in copper stock or something."

"I know, she had better advice than I had. I'd like to reward the man who gave it to her."

"And I was sure you were going to marry that other woman."

"How could you think so?"

"Of course, I'm not the least bit jealous. It isn't my disposition; but I did think Florence Akent was the woman to make you happy—of course I liked her immensely—and there were reports going about—everybody seemed so sure—and you were with her so much. Oh, how I did hate her."

"I tell you she is a joke and always was."

"It's funny—that's exactly what I told Aunt Cornelia about that—that man."

"Let's stop joking, then."

"How absurd you are—with my plans all made and the day set—"

"There was a knock at the door. He went over and unlocked it. Jarvis was there."

"night—and you can't see him at all except as you are now."

"She struggled to be free."

"Oh, you're so brutal!"

"I haven't begun yet—"

"He drew her toward the door."

"Oh, not that—don't open it—I'll tell him—yes, I will."

"I'm taking no more chances, and the time is short."

"Still holding her closely with one arm, he opened the door. The man stared into the night, his eyes fixed above them."

"That she is engaged with Mr. Bines, Jarvis, and can't see him. Say it that way—Miss Milbrey is engaged with Mr. Bines, and can't see you."

"Yes, sir."

"Miss Milbrey wishes you to say to Mr. Shepler that she is engaged—"

"That I'm ill," she interrupted, still making little struggles to twist from his grasp, her head still bent down.

"That she is engaged with Mr. Bines, Jarvis, and can't see him. Say it that way—Miss Milbrey is engaged with Mr. Bines, and can't see you."

"Yes, sir."

"He remained standing motionless, as he had been, his eyes fixed above them. But the eyes of Jarvis, from long training, did not require to be bent upon those things they needed to observe. They saw something new that was at least two feet below their range."

"The girl made a little move with her right arm, which was imprisoned fast between them, and which some intuition led her captor not to restrain. The firm little hand worked its way slowly up, went creeping over his shoulder and bent tightly about his neck."

"Now, sir," repeated Jarvis, without the quiver of an eyelid, and went.

"He closed the door with his free hand, and they stood as they were until they heard the noise of the front door closing. He felt it for the first time."

"I'll be up in three, if you're not."

"When she had gone he picked up an envelope and put a bill inside."

"Jarvis," he called, "the gentleman we're going to do business with."

"Jarvis, put this envelope in the inside of that excellent black coat of yours and hand it afterward to the gentleman we're going to do business with."

"Yes, Mr. Bines."

"And put your cravat down in the back, Jarvis—it makes you look excited the way it is now."

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir!"

"Briggs ready?"

"She's waiting, sir."

"Shepherd's doing some hard thinking for himself by this time."

"Really, you're a dreadful person—"

"There was a knock."

"The calling card, sir, says how long is he to wait, sir?"

"Tell him to wait all night if I don't come; tell him if he moves off that spot I'll have his license away. Tell him I'm the mayor's brother."

"Yes, sir."

"And, Jarvis, who's in the house besides you?"

"Miss Briggs, the maid, sir—but she's just ready to go out, sir."

"Stop her—say Miss Milbrey wishes to ask a favor of her, and Jarvis."

"Go, put on that neat black street coat of yours that fits you so beautifully in the business and wear it with your shiny hat, and wait for us with Briggs. We shall want you in a moment."

"Yes, Mr. Bines."

"She looked at him wonderingly."

"We need two witnesses, you know. I learned that from Oldaker just now."

"But do give me a moment, everything is all so whirling and hazy."

"Yes, I know—the solar system in its nebulous state. Well, hurry and make those words take shape. I can give you sixty seconds to find that I'm the north star. And, Jarvis, the Doctor von Heich has been speaking with—come, come. What's the use of any more delay? I've wasted nearly three hours here now, dilly-dallying along. But then, a woman never does know her own mind. Put a thing before her—all as plain as the multiplication table—and she must use up just so much good time telling a man that he's crazy—and shedding tears because he won't admit that two times two are thirty-seven. She was silent and motionless and other people, thinking intently. 'Come, time's up.'"

"She arose."

"I'm ready. I shall marry you, if you think I'm the woman to help you in that big, new life of yours. The more I don't know about Fred's marriage until afterward."

"He kissed her."

"I feel so rested and quiet now, as if I'd taken down a big old gate and let the peace rush in on me. I'm sure it's right. I'm sure I can help you."

"Now I'll go bathe my eyes and fix my hair."

"I can't let you out of my sight, yet. I'm indulgent. Perhaps in seventy-five or eighty years—"

"I thought you were so sure."

"While I can reach you, yes."

"She gave a low, deep laugh. She reached both arms up around him, pulled down his head and kissed him."

"There—boy!"

"She took up the hat again."

"I'll be up in three, if you're not."

"The butler came up from below, dressed for the street."

"Jarvis, put this envelope in the inside of that excellent black coat of yours and hand it afterward to the gentleman we're going to do business with."

"Yes, Mr. Bines."

"And put your cravat down in the back, Jarvis—it makes you look excited the way it is now."

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir!"

"Briggs ready?"

"She's waiting, sir."

"Go out and get in the carriage, both of you."

"Yes, sir."

"He stood in the hallway waiting for her. It was a quarter-past 10. In another moment she rustled softly down to him."

"I'm trusting so much to you, and you're trusting so much to me. It's such a rash step!"

"Must I—"

"No, I'm going. Couldn't we stop and take Aunt Cornelia?"

"Aunt Cornelia won't have a chance to worry about this until it's all over. We'll stop there then, if you like."

"We'll stop there then, if you like."



To sweeten, To refresh, To cleanse the system, Effectually and Gently;

Dispels colds and headaches when bilious or constipated; For men, women and children;

There is only one Genuine Syrup of Figs; to get its beneficial effects

Always buy the genuine—Manufactured by the

# CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP

Louisville, Ky. San Francisco, Cal. New York, N.Y. The genuine Syrup of Figs is for sale by all first-class druggists. The full name of the company—California Fig Syrup Co.—is always printed on the front of every package. Price Fifty Cents per bottle.

**Gund's Peerless bottled BEER**

"The Beer of Good Cheer."

"Peerless: Without a peer."

—Webster.

That just describes the Gund Beer. You don't know the pleasure of drinking the best beer till you've tried Peerless.

**It IS Peerless.**

Send for Free Souvenir Booklet.

**JOHN GUND BREWING CO., La Crosse, Wis.**

C. BRUCK, Manager Minneapolis Branch, Minneapolis, Minn. Tel. N. W., Main 752.

**Restores Eyesight**

"Acting," a wonderful discovery which cures Diseased Eyes, No Matter Whether Chronic or Acute, Without Cutting or Drugging.

There is no need for cutting, drugging or probing the eye for any form of disease, for a new system of treating affections of the eye has been discovered whereby all tortuous and barbarous methods are eliminated. There is no risk or experimenting, as thousands of people have been cured of blindness, falling cataracts, granulated lids and other afflictions of the eye through this grand discovery, when eminent oculists termed the cases incurable. Here are the names and addresses of a few test cases and the names of the disease cured: Miss Reed, 800 Prospect av., Kansas City, Mo., eyesight restored. Robert Baker, 80 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill., blindness prevented. A. O. T. Pennington, Mass. Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., cataracts cured. W. W. Lauber, Alledo, Ill., astigmatism cured. B. W. Randall, Chicago, Ill., blindness prevented. W. W. Owen, Adrian, Mo., blindness prevented. General Alex Hamilton, Tarrytown, N. Y., neuralgia of eyes cured.

Hundreds of other names can be sent on application. "Acting" is purely a home treatment and self-administered by the patient, and is sent on trial, postpaid. If you will send your name and address to the New York and London Electric Association, Dept. 819 Walnut st., Kansas City, Mo., you will receive absolutely free a valuable book, Prof. Wilson's Treatise on the Eye and on Disease in General.

**BLOOD POISON**

Have You Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper-Colored Spots, Aches, Old Sores, Ulcers in the Mouth, Hair Falling? Write for proofs of permanent cures of worst cases of blood poison in 15 to 35 days. Capital \$500,000; 100-page book FREE. No branch offices.

**COOK REMEDY CO.,** 824 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.

...NEW YORK'S POPULAR HOTEL...

**The Marlborough**

BROADWAY, 36TH AND 37TH STS.

American and European Plan.

Center of Shopping and Theatre District.

**VERNA'S Stores**

Carry a full and complete line of food specialties. We sell large quantities and they are always fresh.

**Disease Drained Life Forces**

WINE OF CARDUI Cured

Mrs. Laura Van Anken, 1074 Columbia St., Chicago, Ill.,

Worthy Secretary, Independent Order of Good Templars.

CHICAGO, ILL., Oct. 18, 1902.

I heartily endorse Wine of Cardui because I have found it the only medicine which ever helped me. I suffered for years with headaches and pains in the lower regions. At times I was so dizzy that I had to go to bed and existence was simply misery. The doctor told me that I had ulceration of the womb of long standing and this disease simply drained my life forces. After I began using Wine of Cardui I grew stronger gradually. My general health began to improve before the first bottle was used and within a month the dizzy spells were gone. I used the treatment for fully three months, each day feeling better until gradually new health and strength came to me.

I cannot speak too highly of your wonderful remedy.

Wine of Cardui strikes at the very seat of female weakness by regulating the menstrual flow. The Wine is a successful prescription that has stood the test for three-quarters of a century during which period 1,500,000 suffering women have secured health by its use. Wine of Cardui is offered to the millions of women who, like Mrs. Van Anken are having their life forces drained away by the scourge of female sickness. But it is your duty to stop this drain to your old sampler after that—La marie porte conseil, aussi monsieur. And now you've married your wife with her wedding-ring, that came from Holland years and years ago.

It was after midnight when they began to pack. When they finished it was nearly four.

She had laid out a dark dress for the journey, but he insisted that she put it in the suit case, and wear the one she had on.

"I shouldn't know you in any other—and it's the color of your eyes. I want that color all over the place."

"But we shall be travelling."

"In our own car. That car has been described in the public prints as a 'suite of

**WINE OF CARDUI**

**RAILROAD MEN**

Will find a positive Cure for Chapped Faces, Rough Hands, Bruises, Burns and Cuts in

**Paracamph**

Relieves Pain Instantly, Stops Bleeding Quickly, Prevents Blood Poisoning, Cures Tired Sore Feet, Sore Muscles, Sore Joints,

**NO CURE, NO PAY.**

25c, 50c, & \$1.00 Bottles. All Druggists.

For sale at Voegeli Bros.' Drug Store, corner Washington and Hennepin. Mail orders filled at regular prices.