

BREWSTER'S MILLIONS

By GEORGE BARR M'UTCHEON (Richard Greaves)

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His kiss sent a chill to the very bottom of Peggy's heart.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

EVERYTHING seemed like a dream to Brewster as he rushed off through the night to the office of Grant & Ripley. He was led, bewildered, hardly more than if conscious. A bitter smile crept over his lips as he drew away from the street car track almost as his hand touched the rail of a car he had stepped on.

Never had an elevator traveled more slowly than the one which shot him to the seventh floor. A light shone through a transom above the attorneys' door, and he entered without so much as a knock on the panel. Grant, who was pacing the floor, came to a standstill and fixed his visitor.

"Close the door, please," came in a steady tone from Ripley. Mr. Grant reeled into a chair, and Brewster mechanically slammed the door.

"Is it true?" he demanded hoarsely, his hand still on the knob.

"Sit down, Brewster, and control yourself," said Ripley.

"Good God, man, can't you see I am frantic?" cried Monty. "Go on; tell me all about it. What do you know? What have you heard?"

"He cannot be found, that's all," announced Ripley, with deadly intentness. "I don't know what it means. There is no explanation. The whole thing is inconceivable. Sit down, and I will tell you everything as quickly as possible."

"There isn't much to tell," said Grant mechanically.

"I can take it better standing," declared Brewster, shutting his jaws tightly.

"Jones was last seen in Butte on the 3d of this month," said Ripley. "We sent several telegrams to him after that day, asking when he expected to leave for New York. They never were claimed, and the telegraph company reported that he could not be found. We thought he might have gone off to look after some of his property and were not uneasy. Finally we began to wonder why he had not wired us on leaving for the east. I telegraphed again and got no answer. It dawned upon us that this was something unusual. We wired his secretary and received a response from the chief of police. He asked in turn if we could tell him anything about the whereabouts of Jones. This naturally alarmed us, and yesterday we kept the wires hot. The result of our inquiries is terrible, Mr. Brewster."

"Why didn't you tell me?" asked Brewster.

"There can be no doubt that Jones has fled, accompanied by his secretary. The belief in Butte is that the secretary has murdered him."

Ripley moistened his lips and went on.

"We have dispatches here from the police, the banks, the trust companies and from a half dozen mine managers. You may read them if you like, but I can tell you what they say. About the 1st of this month Jones began to turn various securities into money. It is now known that they were once the property of James T. Sedgwick, held in trust for you. The safety deposit vaults were afterward visited, and inspection shows that he removed every scrap of stock, every bond, everything of value that he could lay his hands upon. His own papers and effects were not disturbed. Yours alone have disappeared. It is this fact that convinces the authorities that the secretary has made away with the old man and has fled with the property. The bank people say that Jones drew out every dollar of the Sedgwick money, and the police say that he realized tremendous sums on the convertible securities. The strange part of it is that he sold your mines and your real estate, the purchaser being a man named Golden. Brewster, it looks very much as if he had disappeared with everything."

Brewster did not take his eyes from Ripley's face throughout the terrible speech. He did not move a fraction of an inch from the rigid position assumed at the beginning.

"Is anything being done?" he asked mechanically.

"The police are investigating. He is known to have started off into the mountains with this secretary on the 3d of September. Neither has been seen since that day so far as any one knows. The earth seems to have swallowed them. The authorities are searching the mountains and are making every effort to find Jones or his body. He is known to be eccentric, and at first not much importance was attached to his actions. That is all we can tell you at present. There may be developments tomorrow. It looks bad—terribly bad. We—we had the utmost confidence in Jones. I wish I could help you, my boy."

"I don't blame you, gentlemen," said Brewster bravely. "It's just my luck, that's all. Something told me all along that—that it wouldn't turn out right. I wasn't looking for this kind of end, though. My only fear was that—Jones wouldn't consider me worthy to receive the fortune. It never occurred to me

that he might prove to be the—unworthy one."

"I will take you a little farther into our confidence, Brewster," said Grant slowly. "Mr. Jones notified us in the beginning that he would be governed largely in his decision by our opinion of your conduct. That is why we felt no hesitation in advising you to continue as you were going. While you were off at sea we had many letters from him, all in that sarcastic vein of his, but in none of them did he offer a word of criticism. He seemed thoroughly satisfied with your methods. In fact, he once said he'd give a million of his own money if it would purchase your ability to spend one-fourth of it."

"Well, he can have my experience free of charge. A beggar can't be a chooser, you know," said Brewster bitterly. His color was gradually coming back. "What do they know about the secretary?" he asked suddenly, intent and alive.

"He was a new one, I understand, who came to Jones less than a year ago. Jones is said to have had implicit faith in him," said Ripley.

"And he disappeared at the same time?"

"They were last seen together."

"Then he has put an end to Jones?" cried Monty excitedly. "It is as plain as day to me. Don't you see that he exerted some sort of influence over the old man, inducing him to get all this money together on some pretext or other solely for the purpose of robbing him of the whole amount? Was ever anything more diabolical?" He began pacing the floor like an animal, nervously clapping and unclapping his hands. "We must catch that secretary! I don't believe Jones was dishonest. He has been duped by a clever scoundrel."

"The strangest circumstance of all, Mr. Brewster, is that no such person as Golden, the purchaser of your properties, can be found. He is supposed to reside in Omaha, and it is known that he paid nearly \$3,000,000 for the property that now stands in his name. He paid it to Mr. Jones in cash, too, and he paid every cent that the property is worth."

"But he must be in existence somewhere," cried Brewster in perplexity. "How could he pay the money if he doesn't exist?"

"I only know that no trace of the man can be found. They know nothing of him in Omaha," said Grant helplessly.

"So it has finally happened," said Brewster, but his excitement had dropped. "Well," he added, throwing himself into a deep chair, "it was always much too strange to be true. Even at the beginning it seemed like a dream, and now—well, now I am just awake, like the little boy after the fairy tale. I seem like a fool to have taken it so seriously."

"There was no other way," protested Ripley. "You were quite right."

"Well, after all," continued Brewster, and the voice was as of one in a dream, "perhaps it's as well to have been in Wonderland, even if you have to come down afterward to the ordinary world. I am foolish, perhaps, but even now I would not give it up."

Then the thought of Peggy clutched him by the throat, and he stopped. After a moment he gathered himself together and rose. "Gentlemen," he said sharply, and his voice had changed. "I have had my fun, and this is the end of it. Down underneath I am desperately tired of the whole thing, and I give you my word that you will find me a different man tomorrow. I am going to buckle down to the real thing. I am going to prove that my grandfather's blood is in me. And I shall come out on top."

Ripley was obviously moved as he replied: "I don't question it for a moment. You are made of the right stuff. I saw that long ago. You may count on us tomorrow for any amount you need."

Grant endorsed the opinion. "I like your spirit, Brewster," he said. "There are not many men who would have taken this as well. It's pretty hard on you, too, and it's a miserable wedding gift for your bride."

"We may have important news from Butte in the morning," said Ripley hopefully. "At any rate, more of the details. The newspapers will have sensational stories no doubt, and we have asked for the latest particulars direct from the authorities. We'll see that things are properly investigated. Go home now, my boy, and go to bed. You will begin tomorrow with good luck at your side, and you may be happy all your life in spite of tonight's depression."

"I'm sure to be happy," said Brewster simply. "The ceremony takes place at 7 o'clock, gentlemen. I was coming to your office at 9 on a little matter of business, but I fancy it won't after all be necessary for me to hurry. I'll drop in before noon, however, and get that money. By the way, here are the receipts for the money I spent tonight. When you put them away with the others? I intend to live up to my part of the contract, and it will save me the trouble of presenting them regularly in the morning. Good night, gentlemen. I am sorry you were obliged to stay up so late on my account."

He left them bravely enough, but he had more than one moment of weakness before he could meet his friends. The world seemed unreal and himself the most unreal thing in it. But the night air acted as a stimulant and helped him to call back his courage. When he entered the studio at 1 o'clock he was prepared to redeem his promise to be "the jolliest fellow of them all."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"I'll tell you about it later, dear," was all that Peggy, pleading, could draw from him.

At midnight Mrs. Dan had remonstrated with her. "You must go home, Peggy, dear," she said. "It is disgraceful for you to stay up so late."

I went to bed at 8 o'clock the night before I was married."

"And fell asleep at 4 in the morning," smiled Peggy.

"You are quite mistaken, my dear. I did not fall asleep at all. But I won't allow you to stop a minute longer. It puts rings under the eyes, and sometimes they're red the morning after."

"Oh, you dear sweet philosopher," cried Peggy, "how wise you are! Do you think I need a beauty sleep?"

"I don't want you to be a sleepy beauty, that's all," retorted Mrs. Dan. Upon Monty's return from his trying hour with the lawyers he had been beleaguered with questions, but he was deviously evasive. Peggy alone was insistent. She had curbed her curiosity until they were on the way home, and then she implored him to tell her what had happened. The misery he had endured was as nothing to this reckoning with the woman who had the right to expect fair treatment. His duty was clear, but the strain had been heavy, and it was not easy to meet it.

"Peggy, something terrible has happened," she faltered, uncertain of his course.

"Tell me everything, Monty. You can trust me to be brave."

"When I asked you to marry me," he continued gravely, "it was with the thought that I could give you everything tomorrow. I looked for a fortune. I never meant that you should marry a pauper."

"I don't understand. You tried to test my love for you?"

"No, child, not that. But I was pledged not to speak of the money I expected, and I wanted you so much before it came."

"And it has failed you?" she answered. "I can't see that it changes things. I expected to marry a pauper, as you call it. Do you think this could make a difference?"

"But you don't understand, Peggy. I haven't a penny in the world."

"You hadn't a penny when I accepted you," she replied. "I am not afraid. I believe in you, and if you love me I shall not give you up."

"Dearest!" And the carriage was at the door before another word was uttered. But Monty called to the coachman to drive just once around the block.

"Good night, my darling," he said when they reached home. "Sleep till 8 o'clock if you like. There is nothing now in the way of having the wedding at 9 instead of at 7. In fact, I have a reason for wanting my whole fortune to come to me then. You will be all that I have in the world, child, but I am the happiest man alive."

In his room the strain was relaxed, and Brewster faced the bitter reality. Without undressing he threw himself upon the lounge and wondered what the world held for him. It held Peggy at least, he thought, and she was enough. But had he been fair to her? Was he right in exacting a sacrifice? His tired brain whirled in the effort to decide. Only one thing was clear—that he could not give her up. The future grew black at the very thought of it. With her he could make things go, but alone it was another matter. He would take the plunge, and he would justify it. His mind went traveling back over the graceless year, and he suddenly realized that he had forfeited the confidence of men who were worth while. His course in profligacy would not be considered the best training for business. The thought nerved him to action. He must make good. Peggy had faith in him. She came to him when everything was against him, and he would slave for her, he would starve, he would do anything to prove that she was not mistaken in him. She at least should know him for a man.

Looking toward the window, he saw the black, uneasy night give way to the coming day. Haggard and faint, he arose from the couch to watch the approach of the sun that is indifferent to wealth and poverty, to gaiety and dejection. From far off in the gray light there came the sound of a 5 o'clock bell. A little later the shrieks of factory whistles were borne to his ears, muffled by distance, but pregnant with the importance of a new day of toil. They were calling him, with all poor men, to the sweatshop and the forge, to the great mill of life. The new era had begun, dawning bright and clear to dispense the gloom in his soul. Leaning against the casement and wondering where he could earn the first dollar for the Peggy Brewster that was Peggy Gray, he rose to meet it with a fine unflinching fearlessness.

Before 7 o'clock he was downstairs and waiting. Joe Bragdon joined him a bit later, followed by Gardner and the minister. The DeMilles appeared without an invitation, but they were not denied. Mrs. Dan sagely shook her head when told that Peggy was still asleep and that the ceremony was off till 9 o'clock.

"Monty, are you going away?" asked Dan, drawing him into a corner.

"Just a week in the hills," answered Monty, suddenly remembering the generosity of his attorneys.

"Come in and see me as soon as you return, old man," said DeMille, and Monty knew that a position would be open to him.

To Mrs. Dan fell the honor of helping Peggy dress. By the time she had had coffee and was ready to go down she was pink with excitement and had quite forgotten the anxiety which had made the night an age.

She had never been prettier than on her wedding morning. Her color was rich, her eyes as clear as stars, her woman's body the picture of grace and health. Monty's heart leaped high with love of her.

"The prettiest girl in New York, by Joe!" gasped Dan DeMille, clutching Bragdon by the arm.

"And look at Monty! He's become a new man in the last five minutes," added Joe. "Look at the glow in his

cheeks! He's beginning to look as he did a year ago."

A clock chimed the hour of 9.

"The man who was here yesterday is in the hall to see Mr. Brewster," said the maid a few minutes after the minister had uttered the words that gave Peggy a new name. There was a moment of silence, almost of dread.

"You mean the fellow with the beard?" asked Monty uneasily.

"Yes, sir. He sent in this letter, begging you to read it at once."

"Shall I send him away, Monty?" demanded Bragdon defiantly. "What does he mean by coming here at this time?"

"I'll read the letter first, Joe."

Every eye was on Brewster as he tore open the envelope. His face was expressive. There was wonder in it, then incredulity, then joy. He threw the letter to Bragdon, clasped Peggy in his arms spasmodically and then, releasing her, dashed for the hall like one bereft of reason.

"It's Nopper Harrison!" he cried, and a moment later the tall visitor was dragged into the circle. Nopper was quite overcome by the heartiness of his welcome.

"You are an angel, Nopper, God bless you!" said Monty, with convincing emphasis. "Joe, read that letter aloud and then advertise for the return of those Boston terriers!"

Bragdon's hands trembled and his voice was not sure as he translated the scrawl, Nopper Harrison standing behind him for the gleeful purpose of prompting him when the writing was beyond the range of human intelligence:

Holland House, Sept. 23, 19—  
Mr. Montgomery Brewster:

My Dear Boy—So you thought I had given you the slip, eh? Didn't think I'd show up here and do my part? Well, I don't blame you. I suppose I've acted like an idiot, but so long as it turns out O. K. there's no harm done. The wolf won't gnaw very much of a hole in your door, I reckon. This letter introduces my secretary, Mr. Oliver Harrison. He came to me last June out in Butte with the prospectus of a claim he had staked out up in the hills. What he wanted was backing, and he had such a good show to win out that I went into cahoots with him. He's got a mine up there that is dead sure to yield millions. Seems as though he has to give you half of the yield, though. Says you grubstaked him. Good fellow, this Harrison. Needed a secretary and man of affairs, so took him into my office. You can see that he did not take me up into the mountains to murder me, as the papers say this morning. All rot. Nobody's business but my own if I concluded to come east without telling everybody in Butte about it.

I am here, and so is the money. Got in last night. Harrison came from Chicago a day ahead of me. I went to office of G. & R. at 8 this morning. Found them in a stew. Thought I'd skipped out or been murdered; money all gone; everything gone to smash. That's what they thought. Don't blame 'em much. You see, it was this way: I concluded to follow out the terms of the will and deliver the goods in person. I got together all of Jim Sedgwick's stuff and did a lot of other fool things, I suppose, and hiked off to New York. You'll find about \$700,000 worth of stuff to your credit when you endorse the certified checks down at Grant & Ripley's, my boy. It's all here and in the banks.

It's a mighty decent sort of wedding gift, I reckon.

The lawyers told me all about you—told me all about last night and that you were going to be married this morning. By this time you're comparatively happy with the bride, I guess. I looked over your report and took a few peeps at the receipts. They're all right. I'm satisfied. The money is yours. Then I got to thinking that maybe you wouldn't care to come down at 9 o'clock, especially as you are just recovering from the joy of being married, so I settled with the lawyers, and they'll settle with you. If you have nothing in particular to do this afternoon about 2 o'clock, I'd suggest that you come to the hotel, and we'll dispose of a few formalities that the law requires of us. And you can give me some lessons in spending money. I've got a little I'd like to miss some morning. As for your ability as a business man, I have this to say: Any man who can spend a million a year and have nothing to show for it don't need a recommendation from anybody. He's in a class by himself, and it's a business that no one else can give him a pointer about.

I'm sorry you've been worried about all this. You have gone through a good deal

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such man as Golden. I bought your mines and ranches with my own money. You may buy them back at the same figures. I'd advise you to do it. They'll be worth twice as much in a year. I hope you'll forgive the whims of an old man who has liked you from the start.

THE END.

HAND MYSTERIES.

Man's "Lesser Side" Works to Keep the "Stronger Side" Free.

A group of men, which included a salesman for a Chicago cigar house, stood talking near the news stand in a hotel when the subject of cigars came up.

"Say, Striblen," said one of the men, "you're a cigar salesman. Tell me why it is that all smokers hold their cigars to the left side of the mouth?"

"They don't," replied Striblen—"that is, all don't. It is only the right handed men who do. Left handed men hold their cigars in the right side of the mouth. The reason, I have been told, is this: It is natural with all men to make their 'lesser side' do what work it can to keep their 'stronger side' free that it may meet emergencies. If a man has a package to carry he holds it in his left hand if he is right handed; if he is left handed he holds it in his right hand. In either case the hand he has the most confidence in is free for emergency use. This same idea he stretches to cover the muscles of his lips. It isn't the possibility that he may need the muscles on the right side for emergency use that makes the right handed man hold his cigar in the left side of his mouth—it's just that idea about his whole 'lesser side' that makes him do it."—Denver Post.

A Disgusted Musician.

Conductor Gericke, known as the "human metronome," had been giving a Wagner programme. After the concert one of the trombone players was heard to say to a fellow musician, "Well, I am going to quit."

"Are you daffy?" said his friend. "What's the matter?"

"Well, it's just this: In that 'Tristan und Isolde' number I momentarily forgot the technics of my instrument, got enthusiastic, filled my lungs for that magnificent passage for the brass, when up goes that fatal left hand, so I had to swallow my enthusiasm—and wind too. If I don't quit I am either going to burst or die of tuberculosis."

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Ask to see the latest and Best Designs.

HENRY R. MACK

HARDWICK, VT.

THE VALUE OF SALT

For Use on Light and Worn-out Soils.

There are few of the hill farms of Vermont which do not have more or less light, or sandy soil which, through continued cropping, has practically "run out" and which it would be unprofitable to attempt to bring into a high state of cultivation by the use of expensive commercial fertilizers.

It is generally conceded that on such soils Salt, by drawing to the earth the moisture in the atmosphere, and in this way keeping the roots of the plant in a healthy condition, really acts as a fertilizer. It is said that an oat crop on such soils is more than doubled by the application of salt and it is especially recommended to those who wish to raise this crop.

We are selling our Fertilizing Salt this year for the very low price of \$3.50 per ton, free on board cars at Hyde Park. This price is considerably less than that for which ordinary salt can be bought and our Salt contains considerable matter which adds to its fertilizing value.

We give below testimonials from a few farmers who used our Salt last year. They are well worth your perusal:

GOOD RESULTS ON OATS  
I had your Fertilizing Salt two years ago for the first time. I used it on worn out ground and the result was better than I expected. I had no manure to use, nothing but the Fertilizing Salt, and the oats that I raised were excellent.  
PATRICK FLYNN, Cambridge, Vt.

EXCELLENT FOR GRASS  
This year I used 500 pounds of your Fertilizing Salt—400 pounds on a piece of worn out grass land with good results, and 100 pounds on a little piece of pasture land. It killed the moss and gave the grass a new appearance. I intend to use a ton next year.  
R. F. FOSTER, Johnson, Vt.

KILLS PAINT BRUSH  
I used your Fertilizing Salt to destroy Paint Brush. It is a success for that purpose.  
C. S. COBB, Hardwick, Vt.

A GOOD OAT CROP—WITHOUT WEEDS  
Last spring I sowed a ton of your Fertilizing Salt on three acres of poor, dry soil and received in return a good crop of oats free of weeds. This is the only fertilizer I used. It is a sure weed-killer and I can cheerfully recommend its use.  
H. F. CUMMINGS, Hardwick, Vt.

DOUBLED THE OAT CROP  
I used your Fertilizing Salt on a piece of worn-out ground where I put ten hundred to the acre and I got double the oats that I did where I did not put anything.  
F. B. NORRIS, Sutton, Vt.

THE BEST WEED KILLER  
I bought one ton of your Salt last spring. I put it on brakes and hedges and it killed everything where applied.  
NAPOLEON B. PAYNE, Cambridge, Vt.

We have an arrangement with the railroad company whereby they make an especially low rate on salt to points between Lunenburg and Swanton and Newport and White River Junction. Write us and we will tell exactly what the rate is to your station.

—ADDRESS—

CARROLL S. PAGE,

HYDE PARK

VERMONT

HOSPITALS CROWDED

MAJORITY OF PATIENTS WOMEN

Mrs. Pinkham's Advice Saves Many From this Sad and Costly Experience.



It is a sad but certain fact that every year brings an increase in the number of operations performed upon women in our hospitals. More than three-fourths of the patients lying on those snow-white beds are women and girls who are awaiting or recovering from operations made necessary by neglect.

Every one of these patients had plenty of warning in that bearing down feeling, pain at the left or right of the abdomen, nervous exhaustion, pain in the small of the back, pelvic catarrh, dizziness, flatulency, displacements or irregularities. All of these symptoms are indications of an unhealthy condition of the female organs, and if not heeded the trouble may make headway until the penalty has to be paid by a dangerous operation, and a lifetime of impaired usefulness at best, while in many cases the results are fatal.

Miss Luella Adams, of Seattle, Wash., writes: Dear Mrs. Pinkham— "About two years ago I was a great sufferer from a severe female trouble, pains and headaches. The doctor prescribed for me and finally told me that I had a tumor and must undergo an operation if I wanted to get well. I felt that this was my death warrant, but I spent hundreds of dollars for medical help, but the tumor kept growing. Fortunately I corresponded with an aunt in the New England States, and she advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it was said to cure tumors. I did so and immediately began to improve in health, and I was entirely cured, the tumor disappearing entirely, without an operation. I wish every suffering woman would try this great preparation."

Just as surely as Miss Adams was cured of the troubles enumerated in her letter, just so surely will Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cure other women who suffer from female troubles, inflammation, kidney troubles, nervous excitability or nervous prostration.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all young women who are ill to write her for free advice. She is daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and for twenty-five years has been advising sick women free of charge. Address, Lynn, Mass.



Nopper was quite overcome by the heartiness of his welcome.

In a year, and you have been roasted by everybody. Now it's your turn to laugh. It will surprise them to read the "extras" today. I've done my duty to you in more ways than one. I've got myself interviewed by the newspapers, and today they'll print the whole truth about Montgomery Brewster and his millions.

They've got the Sedgwick will and my story, and the old town will boil with excitement. I guess you'll be squared before the world all right. You'd better stay indoors for awhile, though, if you want to have a quiet honeymoon.

I don't like New York; never did. Am going back to Butte tonight. Out there we have real skyscrapers, and they are not built of brick. They are two or three miles high, and they have gold in 'em. There is real grass in the lowlands, and we have valleys that make Central park look like a half an inch of nothing. Probably you and Mrs. Brewster were going to take a wedding trip, so why not go west with me in my car? We start at 7:45 p. m., and I won't bother you. Then you can take it anywhere you like. Sincerely yours,

SWARENGEN JONES.

P. S.—I forgot to say that there is no