

Brewster's Millions

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CHAPTER XI.

It was not that he had realized heavily in his investments which caused his friends and his enemies to regard him in a new light. His profit had been quite small as things go on the exchange in these days. The mere fact that he had shown such foresight proved sufficient cause for the reversal of opinion. Men looked at him with new interest in their eyes, with fresh confidence. His unfortunate operations in the stock market had restored him to favor in all circles. The man, young or old, who could do what he had done with Lumber and Fuel well deserved the new promises that were being made for him.

Brewster bobbed uncertainly between two emotions, elation and distress. He had achieved two kinds of success, the desired and the undesired. It was but natural that he should feel proud of the distinction the venture had brought to him on one hand, but there was reason for despair over the acquisition of \$50,000. It made it necessary for him to undertake an almost superhuman feat—increase the number of his January bills. The plans for the ensuing spring and summer were dimly getting into shape, and they covered many startling projects. Since confiding some of them to Nopper Harrison that gentleman had worn a never decreasing look of worry and anxiety in his eyes.

Rawles added to his despair a day or two after the Stock Exchange misfortune. He brought up the information that six splendid little puppies had come to bless his Boston terrier family, and Joe Bragdon, who was present, enthusiastically predicted that he could get \$100 apiece for them. Brewster loved dogs, yet for one single horrible moment he longed to massacre the helpless little creatures. But the old affection came back to him, and he hurried out with Bragdon to inspect the brood.

"And I've either got to sell them or kill them," he groaned. Later on he instructed Bragdon to sell the pups for \$25 apiece and went away, ashamed to look their proud mother in the face.

Fortune smiled on him before the day was over, however. He took Subway Smith for a ride in the "green juggernaut," bad weather and bad roads notwithstanding. Monty lost control of the machine and headed for a subway excavation. He and Smith saved themselves by leaping to the pavement, sustaining slight bruises, but the great machine crashed through the barricade and dropped to the bottom of the trench far below. To Smith's grief and Brewster's delight the automobile was hopelessly ruined, a clear loss of many thousands. Monty's joy was short lived, for it was soon learned that three luckless workmen down in the depths had been badly injured by the green meteor from above. The mere fact that Brewster could and did pay liberally for the relief of the poor fellows afforded him little consolation. His carelessness and possibly his indifference had brought suffering to these men and their families, which was not pleasant to look back upon. Lawsuits were avoided by compromise. Each of the injured men received \$4,000.

At this time every one was interested in the charity bazaar at the Astoria. Society was on exhibition, and the public paid for the privilege of gazing at the men and women whose names filled the society columns. Brewster frequented the booth presided over by Miss Drew, and there seemed to be no end to his philanthropy. The bazaar lasted two days and nights, and after that period his account book showed an even "profit" of nearly \$3,000. Monty's serenity, however, was considerably ruffled by the appearance of a new and aggressive claimant for the smiles of the fair Barbara. He was a Californian of immense wealth and unbounded confidence in himself, and letters to people in New York had given him a certain entree. The triumphs in love and finance that had come with his twosome years and ten had demolished every vestige of timidity that may have been born with him. He was successful enough in the world of finance to have become four or five times a millionaire, and he had fared so well in love that twice he had been a widower. Rodney Grimes was starting out to win Barbara with the same dash and impulsiveness that overcame Mary Farrell, the cook in the mining camp, and Jane Boothroyd, the school-teacher, who came to California ready to marry the first man who asked her. He was a penniless prospector when he married Mary, and when he led Jane to the altar she rejoiced in having captured a husband worth at least \$50,000.

He vied with Brewster in patronizing Barbara's booth, and he rushed into the conflict with an impetuosity that seemed destined to carry everything before it. Monty was brushed aside, Barbara was pre-empted as if she were a mining claim, and ten days after his arrival in New York Grimes was the most talked of man in town. Brewster was not the sort to be dispatched without a struggle, however. Recognizing Grimes as an obstacle, but not as a rival, he once more donned his armor and beset Barbara with all the zest of a champion who seeks to protect and not to conquer. He recalled the California plan as an impostor, and summary ac-

tion was necessary. "I know all about him, Babs," he said one day after he felt sure of his position. "Why, his father was honored by the V. C. on the coast in '49."

"The Victoria cross?" asked Barbara innocently.

"No, the vigilance committee." In this way Monty routed the enemy and cleared the field before the end of another week. Grimes transferred his objectionable affection, and Barbara was not even asked to be wife No. 3. Brewster's campaign was so ardent that he neglected other duties deplorably, falling far behind his improvident average. With Grimes disposed of, he once more forsook the battlefield of love and gave his harassed and undivided attention to his own peculiar business.

The fast and loose game displeased Miss Barbara greatly. She was at first surprised, then piqued, then resentful. Monty gradually awoke to the distressing fact that she was going to be intractable, as he put it, and forthwith undertook to smooth the troubled sea. To his amazement and concern, she was not to be appeased.

"Does it occur to you, Monty," she said, with a gentle coldness that was infinitely worse than heat, "that you have been carrying things with a pretty high hand? Where did you acquire the right to interfere with my privileges? You seem to think that I am not to speak to any man but you."

"Oh, come, now, Babs," retorted Monty, "I've not been quite as unreasonable as that. And you know yourself that Grimes is the worst kind of a boonder."

"I know nothing of the sort," replied the lady, with growing irritation. "You say that about every man who gives me a smile or a flower. Does it indicate such atrocious taste?"

"Don't be silly, Barbara. You know perfectly well that you have talked to Gardner and that idiot Valentine by the hour, and I've not said a word. But there are some things I can't stand, and the impertinence of Grimes is one of them. Jove! He looked at you out of those fishy eyes sometimes as though he owned you. If you knew how many times I've fairly ached to knock him down!"

Inwardly Barbara was weakening a little before his masterfulness. But she gave no sign.

"And it never occurred to you," she said, with that exasperating coldness of voice, "that I was equal to the situation. I suppose you thought Mr. Grimes had only to beckon and I would joyfully answer. I'll have you know, Monty Brewster, right now that I am quite able to choose my friends and to handle them. Mr. Grimes has character, and I like him. He has seen more of life in a year of his strenuous career than you ever dreamed of in all your pampered existence. His life has been real, Monty Brewster, and yours is only an imitation."

It struck him hard, but it left him gentle.

"Babs," he said softly, "I can't take that from you. You don't really mean it, do you? Am I as bad as that?"

It was a moment for dominance, and he missed it. His gentleness left her cold.

"Monty," she exclaimed irritably, "you are terribly exasperating. Do make up your mind that you and your million are not the only things in the world."

His blood was up now, but it flung him away from her.

"Some day perhaps you'll find out that there is not much besides. I am just a little too big, for one thing, to be played with and thrown aside. I won't stand it."

He left the house with his head high in the air, angry red in his cheeks and a feeling in his heart that she was the most unreasonable of women. Barbara in the meantime cried herself to sleep, vowing she would never love Monty Brewster again as long as she lived.

A sharp cutting wind was blowing in Monty's face as he left the house. He was thoroughly wretched.

"Throw up your hands!" came hoarsely from somewhere, and there was no tenderness in the tones. For an instant Monty was dazed and bewildered, but in the next he saw two shadowy figures walking beside him. "Stop where you are, young fellow," was the next command, and he stopped



short. He was in a mood to fight, but the sight of a revolver made him think again. Monty was not a coward; neither was he a fool. He was quick to see that a struggle would be madness.

"What do you want?" he demanded as coolly as his nerves would permit.

"Put up your hands, quick!" And he hastily obeyed the injunction.

"Not a sound out of you or you get it good and proper. You know what we want. Get to work, Bill. I'll watch his hands."

"Help yourselves, boys. I'm not fool enough to scrap about it. Don't hit me or shoot, that's all. Be quick about it, because I'll take cold if my overcoat is open long. How's business been tonight?" Brewster was to all intents and purposes the calmest man in New York.

"Pierce!" said the one who was doing the searching. "You're the first guy we've seen in a week that looks good."

"I hope you won't be disappointed," said Monty genially. "If I'd expected this I might have brought more money."

"I guess we'll be satisfied," chuckled the man with the revolver. "You're awful nice and kind, mister, and maybe you wouldn't object to tellin' us when you'll be up dis way ag'in."

"It's a pleasure to do business with you, pardner," said the other, dropping Monty's \$300 watch in his pocket. "We'll leave car fare for you for your honesty." His hands were running through Brewster's pockets with the quickness of a machine. "You don't go much on jewelry, I guess. Are dese shoit buttons de real ting?"

"They're pearls," said Monty cheerfully.

"My favorite jool," said the man with the revolver. "Clip 'em out, Bill." "Don't cut the shirt," urged Monty. "I'm going to a little supper, and I don't like the idea of a punctured shirt front."

"I'll be careful as I kin, mister. There, I guess dat's all. Shall I call a cab for you, sir?"

"No, thank you. I think I'll walk."

"Well, just walk south a hundred steps without lookin' round er yellin' and you kin save your skin. I guess you know what I mean, pardner."

"I'm sure I do. Good night."

"Good night," came in chuckles from the two holdup men. But Brewster hesitated, a sharp thought penetrating his mind.

"By gad," he exclaimed, "you chaps are very careless. Do you know you've missed a roll of \$300 in this overcoat pocket?" The men gasped, and the spasmodic oaths that came from them were born of incredulity. It was plain that they doubted their ears.

"Say it ag'in," muttered Bill in bewildered tones.

"He's stringin' us, Bill," said the other.

"Sure," growled Bill. "It's a nice way to treat us, mister. Move along now and don't turn round."

"Well, you're a couple of nice highwaymen," cried Monty in disgust.

"Sh! Not so loud."

"That is no way to attend to business. Do you expect me to go down into my pocket and hand you the goods on a silver tray?"

"Keep your hands up! You don't walk dat game on me. You got a gun there."

"No, I haven't. This is on the level. You overlooked a roll of bills in your haste, and I'm not the sort of fellow to see an earnest endeavor get the worst of it. My hands are up. See for yourself if I'm not telling you the truth."

"What kind of a game is dis?" growled Bill, dazed and bewildered. "I'm blown if I know w'at to tink o' you," cried he in honest amazement. "You don't act drunk, and you ain't crazy, but there's somethin' wrong wid you. Are you givin' it to us straight about de vrad?"

"You can find out easily."

"Well, I hate to do it, boss, but I guess we'll just take de overcoat and all. It looks like a trick, and we take no chances. Off wid de coat."

Monty's coat came off in a jiffy, and he stood shivering before the dumfounded robbers.

"We'll leave de coat at de next corner, pardner. It's cold, and you need it more'n we do. You're de limit, you are. So long. Walk right straight ahead and don't yell."

Brewster found his coat a few minutes later, and he went whistling away into the night. The roll of bills was gone.

CHAPTER XII.

BREWSTER made a good story of the holdup at the club, but he did not relate all the details.

One of the listeners was a new public commissioner who was aggressive in his efforts at reform. Accordingly Brewster was summoned to headquarters the next morning for the purpose of looking over the "suspects" that had been brought in. Almost the first man that he espied was a rough looking fellow whose identity could not be mistaken. It was Bill.

"Hello, Bill," called Monty gayly. Bill ground his teeth for a second, but his eyes had such an appeal in them that Monty relented.

"You know this fellow, Mr. Brewster?" demanded the captain quickly. Bill looked utterly helpless.

"Know Bill?" questioned Monty in surprise. "Of course I do, captain."

"He was picked up late last night and detained because he would give no account of his actions."

"Was it as bad as that, Bill?" asked Brewster, with a smile. Bill asked something and assumed a look of defiance. Monty's attitude puzzled him sorely. He hardly breathed for an instant and gulped perceptibly.

"Pass Bill, captain. He was with me last night just before my money was taken, and he couldn't possibly have robbed me without my knowledge. Wait for me outside, Bill. I want to talk to you. I'm quite sure neither of the thieves is here, captain," concluded Brewster after Bill had obeyed the order to step out of the line.

met Brewster, who shook him warmly by the hand.

"You're a peach," whispered Bill gratefully. "What did you do it for, mister?"

"Because you were kind enough not to cut my shirt."

"Say, you're all right, that's what. Would you mind havin' a drink with me? It's your money, but the drink won't be any the worse for that. We blowed most of it already, but here's what's left of it." Bill handed Monty a roll of bills.

"I'd 'a' kept it if you'd made a fight," he continued, "but it ain't square to keep it now."

Brewster refused the money, but took back his watch.

"Keep it, Bill," he said. "You need it more than I do. It's enough to set you up in some other trade. Why not try it?"

"I will try, boss." And Bill was so profuse in his thanks that Monty had difficulty in getting away. As he climbed into a cab he heard Bill say: "I will try, boss, and, say, if ever I can do anything for you jes' put me nex'. I'm nex' you all de time."

He gave the driver the name of his club, but as he was passing the Waldorf he remembered that he had several things to say to Mrs. Dan. The order was changed, and a few moments later he was received in Mrs. Dan's very special den. She wore something soft and graceful in lavender, something that was light and wavy and evanescent and made you watch its changing shadows. Monty looked down at her with the feeling that she made a very effective picture.

"You are looking pretty fit this morning, my lady," he said by way of preamble. "How well everything plays up to you?"

"And you are unusually courtly, Monty," she smiled. "Has the world treated you so generously of late?"

"It is treating me generously enough just now to make up for anything," and he looked at her. "Do you know, Mrs. Dan, that it is borne in upon me now and then that there are things that are quite worth while?"

"Oh, if you come to that," she answered lightly, "everything is worth while. For you, Monty, life is certainly not slow. You can dominate; you can make things go your way. Aren't they going your way now, Monty?"

Then more seriously: "What's wrong? Is the pace too fast?"

His mood increased upon him with her sympathy. "Oh, no," he said, "it isn't that. You are good, and I'm a selfish beast. Things are perverse and people are desperately obstinate sometimes. And here I'm taking it out on you. You are not perverse. You are not obstinate. You are a ripper, Mrs. Dan, and you are going to help me out in more ways than one."

"Well, to pay for all these gallantries, Monty, I ought to do much. I'm your friend through thick and thin. You have only to command me."

"It was precisely to get your help that I came in. I'm tired of those confounded dinners. You know yourself that they are all alike—the same people, the same flowers, the same things to eat and the same inane twaddle in the shape of talk. Who cares about them anyway?"

"Well, I like that," she interrupted. "After all the thought I put into those dinners! After all the variety I so carefully secured! My dear boy, you are frightfully ungrateful."

"Oh, you know what I mean, and you know quite as well as I do that it is perfectly true. The dinners were a beastly bore, which proves that they were a loud success. Your work was not done in vain. But now I want something else. We must push along this ball we've been talking of. And the yachting cruise—that can't wait very much longer."

"The ball first," she decreed. "I'll see to the cards at once, and in a day or two I'll have a list ready for your gracious approval. And what have you done?"

"Pettingill has some great ideas for doing over Sherry's. Harrison is in communication with the manager of that Hungarian orchestra you spoke of, and he finds the men quite ready for a little jaunt across the water. We have that military band—I've forgotten the number of its regiment—for the promenade music, and the new Paris sensation, the contralto, is coming over with her primo tenore for some special numbers."

"You were certainly cut out for an executive, Monty," said Mrs. Dan. "But with the music and the decorations arranged you've only begun. The favors are the real things, and if you say the word we'll surprise them a little. Don't worry about it, Monty. It's a go already. We'll pull it off together."

"You are a thoroughbred, Mrs. Dan," he exclaimed. "You do help a fellow at a pinch."

"That's all right, Monty," she answered. "Give me until after Christmas and I'll have the finest favors ever seen. Other people may have their paper hats and pink ribbons, but you can show them how the thing ought to be done."

Her reference to Christmas haunted Brewster as he drove down Fifth avenue with the dread of a new disaster. Never before had he looked upon presents as a calamity, but this year it was different. Immediately he began to plan a bombardment of his friends with costly trinkets, when he grew suddenly doubtful of the opinion of his uncle's executor upon this move. But in response to a telegram Swearingen Jones, with pleasing irascibility, informed him that "any one with a drop of human kindness in his body would consider it his duty to give Christmas presents to those who deserved them." Monty's way was now clear. If his friends meant to handicap him with gifts he knew a way to get even. For two weeks his mornings were spent at Tiffany's, and the afternoons brought joy to the heart of every dealer in antiquities in Fourth and Fifth avenues.

in the effort to secure many small articles which elaborately concealed their value. And he had taste. The result of his endeavor was that many friends who would not have thought of remembering Monty with even a card were pleasantly surprised on Christmas eve.

As it turned out, he fared very well in the matter of gifts, and for some days much of his time was spent in reading notes of profuse thanks which were yet vaguely apologetic. The Grays and Mrs. Dan had remembered him with an agreeable lack of ostentation, and some of the Little Sons of the Rich who had kept one evening a fortnight open for the purpose of "using up their meal tickets" at Monty's were only too generously grateful. Miss Drew had forgotten him, and when they met after the holiday her recognition was of the coldest. He had thought that under the circumstances he could send her a gift of value, but the beautiful pearls with which he asked for a reconciliation were returned with "Miss Drew's thanks." He loved



"You are a thoroughbred, Mrs. Dan," he exclaimed.

Barbara sincerely, and it cut Peggy Gray was taken into his confidence, and he was comforted by her encouragement. It was a bit difficult for her to advise him to try again, but his happiness was a thing she had at heart.

"It's beastly unfair, Peggy," he said. "I've really been white to her. I believe I'll chuck the whole business and leave New York."

"You're going away?" And there was just a suggestion of a catch in her breath.

"I'm going to charter a yacht and sail away from this place for three or four months," Peggy fairly gasped. "What do you think of the scheme?" he asked, noticing the alarm and incredulity in her eyes.

"I think you'll end in the poorhouse, Montgomery Brewster," she said, with a laugh.

CHAPTER XIII.

IT was while Brewster was in the depths of despair that his financial affairs had a windfall. One of the banks in which his money was deposited failed, and his balance of over \$100,000 was wiped out. Mismanagement was the cause, and the collapse came on Friday, the 13th day of the month. Needless to say, it destroyed every vestige of the superstition he may have had regarding Friday and the number thirteen.

Brewster had money deposited in five banks, a transaction inspired by the wild hope that one of them might some day suspend operations and thereby prove a legitimate benefit to him. There seemed no prospect that the bank could resume operations, and if the depositors in the end realized 20 cents on the dollar they would be fortunate. Notwithstanding the fact that everybody had considered the institution substantial there were not a few wisecracks who called Brewster a fool and were so unreasonable as to say that he did not know how to handle money. He heard that Miss Drew in particular was bitterly sarcastic in referring to his stupidity.

This failure caused a tremendous flurry in banking circles. It was but natural that questions concerning the stability of other banks should be asked, and it was not long before many wild, disquieting reports were afloat. Anxious depositors rushed into the big banking institutions and then rushed out again, partially assured that there was no danger. The newspapers sought to allay the fears of the people, but there were many to whom fear became panic. There were short, wild runs on some of the smaller banks, but all were in a fair way to restore confidence when out came the rumor that the Bank of Manhattan Island was in trouble. Colonel Prentiss Drew, railroad magnate, was the president of this bank.

When the bank opened for business on the Tuesday following the failure there was a stampede of frightened depositors. Before 11 o'clock the run had assumed ugly proportions, and no amount of argument could stay the onslaught. Colonel Drew and the directors, at first mildly distressed and then seeing that the affair had become serious, grew more alarmed than they could afford to let the public see. The bans of all of the banks were unusually large. Inevitably runs on some had put all of them in an attitude of caution, and there was a natural reluctance to expose their own interests to jeopardy by coming to the relief of the Bank of Manhattan Island.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

His Idea of It.

Auntie—You should ask to be excused when you leave the table. Little Nephew—Should I? I thought from the way you acted about that third piece of pie that you'd be glad to see me go.

A Different Growth.

Mrs. Brown—Jane, has Mr. Brown come home yet? I thought I heard him just now. Jane—No, mum; that was

GLASS COMPANY'S PULL.

DISPENSARY DIRECTORS WILL DISREGARD BLACKLIST.

The Break Between Directors and Committee Assuming Serious Aspect—Carolina Glass Company People Seem to Have a Firm Grip on the Dispensary Business—Other Columbia News.

Columbia, April 23.—The break between the dispensary investigating committee and the State board of dispensary directors, which cropped out in the recent correspondence between Senator Christensen and Director Black over the former's request for a list of the bids and prices, and which has shown itself at several other points, is being discussed throughout the State. It is due not alone to Major Black's quick temper, but is a symptom of a general feeling on the part of the dispensary adherents that Messrs. Christensen and Lyon are going further in their assumption of authority than the legislature intended. To put it mildly, the dispensary people think the sub-committee is overzealous, if it has not an ambition to control in part the purchasing power of the board. Members of the board have made a private excursion to booze headquarters in the North and West and have picked up information which they say is interesting, if not important.

The board is getting restive about this blacklist the committee sent in, and they want to know when the siege is going to be raised. They think it unfair to keep all of these firms under the ban without giving them a hearing. And it is not unlikely that the blacklist will be disregarded in the purchases if the dispensary committee does not get busy and pass upon it definitely in the near future. There are indications that the Carolina Glass Company, which the committee did various unkind things to last winter, will come up smiling with a good grip on the State's business. They have the lowest bid in now. The information comes from a reliable source that not all the members of the dispensary committee approved the course of the sub-committee regarding the Christensen-Black controversy, a member of the committee approving the course taken by the board before Mr. Christensen was answered. Others, however, express the opinion that the new board played the wrong card in dealing with the committee, particularly just at this time when the board should be trying to demonstrate that the institution is recovering from the scandals incident to a former administration.

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Orrine is prepared in two forms, No. 1, the secret remedy which can be used in food or drink without the knowledge of the patient; No. 2 for those who take the remedy of their own free will. Both forms are absolutely guaranteed to cure or they will cost nothing. Treatise on how to cure drunkenness free on request. Orrine Co., Washington, D. C. The price of either form is \$1 a box, making the cost of the complete cure less than one-tenth what is usually charged at sanitariums, with a guarantee that the expense will be nothing unless a cure is gained.

Orrine is for sale by DeLorme's Pharmacy.

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