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BREWSTER'S MILLIONS

BY GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON
[RICHARD GREAVES]
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CHAPTER I.
"The Little Sons of the Rich" were gathered about the long table in Pettinill's studio. There were nine of them present besides Brewster. They were all young, more or less enterprising, hopeful and reasonably sure of better things to come. Most of them bore names that meant something in the story of New York. Indeed one of them had remarked, "A man is known by the street that's named after him," and as he was a new member they called him Subway.

The most popular man in the company was young Monty Brewster. He was tall and straight and smooth shaven. People called him "clean looking." Older women were interested in him because his father and mother had made a romantic runaway match, which was the talk of the town in the seventies, and had never been forgiven. Worldly women were interested in him because he was the only grandson of Edwin Peter Brewster, who was many times a millionaire, and Monty was fairly certain to be his heir, barring an absentminded gift to charity. Younger women were interested for a much more obvious and simple reason—they liked him. Men also took to Monty because he was a good sportsman, a man among men, because he had a decent respect for himself and no great aversion to work.

His father and mother had both died while he was still a child, and as if to make up for his long relentless, the grandfather had taken the boy to his own house and had cared for him with what he called affection. After college and some months on the continent, however, Monty had preferred to be independent. Old Mr. Brewster had found him a place in the bank, but he had turned it down. He had taken Monty this and occasional favors. He had asked for a question of work, and hard work and small pay. He lived on his salary because he had to, but he did not resent his grandfather's attitude. He was better satisfied to spend his "weakly salary," as he called it, in his own way than to earn more by dining seven nights a week with an old man who had forgotten he was ever young. It was less wearing, he said.

Among the Little Sons of the Rich birthdays were always occasions for feasting. The table was covered with dishes sent up from the French restaurant in the basement. The chairs were pushed back, cigarettes were lighted, men had their knees crossed. Then Pettinill got up.

"Gentlemen," he began, "we are here to celebrate the twenty-fifth birthday of Mr. Monty Brewster. I ask you all to join me in drinking to his long life and happiness."

"No heel taps!" some one shouted. "Brewster! Brewster!" all called at once.

"For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow!"
The sudden ringing of an electric bell cut off this flow of sentiment, and so unusual was the interruption that the ten members straightened up as if jerked into position by a string.

"The police!" some one suggested. All faces were turned toward the door. A water stood there, uncertain whether to turn the knob or push the bolt.

"Nuisance!" said Richard Van Winkle, whose laconic instructions might be ignored, but never forgotten. Edwin Peter Brewster evidently made his will with the sensible conviction that it was necessary for him to die before anybody else could possess his money and that once dead it would be for him to worry over the way in which beneficiaries might choose to manage their own affairs.

The house in Fifth avenue went to a sister, together with a million or two, and the residue of the estate found kindly dispositive relatives who were willing to keep it from going to the Home For Friendless Fortunes. Old Mr. Brewster left his affairs in order. The will nominated Jerome Buskirk as executor, and he was instructed, in conclusion, to turn over to Monty Brewster the day after the will was probated securities to the amount of \$1,000,000, provided for in clause 4 of the instrument. And so it was that on the 26th of September young Mr. Brewster had an unconditional fortune thrust upon him, weighted only with the suggestion of craze that clung to it.

Since his grandfather's death he had been staying at the gloomy old Brewster house in Fifth avenue, paying but two or three hurried visits to the rooms at Mrs. Gray's where he had made his home. The gloom of death still darkened the Fifth avenue place, and there was a stillness, a gentle stealing iness, about the house that made him long for more cheerful companionship. He wondered dimly if a fortune always carried the suggestions of tuberculosis. The richness and strangeness of it all hung about him unpleasantly. He had had no extravagant affection for the old man, but he had loved him, and he had loved him with a love that was not a love of money, but a love of a man who had treated him so well. The attitude of the friends who clapped him on the back, of the newspapers which congratulated him, of the crowd that expected him to rejoice, repelled him. It seemed a tragic comedy, haunted, too, by memories and by sharp regret for his own foolish thoughtlessness. Even the fortune itself weighed upon him at moments with a half defined melancholy.

Yet the situation was not without its compensations. For several days when Ellis called him at 7 he would answer him and thank fortune that he was not required at the bank that morning. The luxury of another hour of sleep seemed the greatest perk of wealth. His morning mail amused him at first, for since the newspapers had published his prosperity to the world he was deluged with letters. Requests for public or private charity

were abundant, but most of his correspondents were generous and thought only of his own good.

For three days he was in a hopeless state of bewilderment. He was visited by reporters, photographers and ingenious strangers, who benevolently offered to invest his money in enterprises with certified futures. When he was not engaged in declining a gold mine in Colorado, worth \$5,000,000, marked down to \$450, he was avoiding a guileless inventor who offered to sacrifice the secrets of a marvelous device for \$300 or denying the report that he had been tendered the presidency of the First National bank.

Oliver Harrison stirred him out early one morning and, while the sleepy millionaire was rubbing his eyes and still drowsing the bombshell that a dr. am anarchist had hurled from the pinnacle of a bedpost, urged him in excited, confidential tones to take time by the forelock and prepare for possible breach of promise suits. Brewster sat on the edge of the bed and listened to diabolical stories of how conscienceless females had fleeced innocent and even godly men of wealth. From the bathroom between splashes he retained Harry Harrison by the year, month, day and hour to stand between him and blackmail.

The directors of the bank met and adopted resolutions lamenting the death of their late president, passed the leadership on to the first vice president and speedily adjourned. The question of admitting Monty to the directorate was brought up and discussed, but it was left for some time to settle. One of the directors was Colonel Prentiss Drew, the railroad magnate of the newspapers. He had shown a fondness for young Mr. Brewster, and Monty had been a frequent visitor at his house. Colonel Drew called him "my dear boy," and Monty called him "a bully old chap," though not in his presence. But the existence of Miss Barbara Drew may have had something to do with the feeling between the two men.

As he left the directors' room on the afternoon of the meeting Colonel Drew came up to Monty, who had notified the officers of the bank that he was leaving.

"Ah, my dear boy," said the colonel, shaking the young man's hand warmly, "now you have a chance to show what you can do. You have a fortune, and with judgment, you ought to be able to triple it. If I can help you in any way, come and see me."

Monty thanked him.

"You'll be bored to death by the raft of people who have ways to spend your money," continued the colonel. "Don't listen to any of them. Take your own way. You have a new chance to make money every day of your life, so go slowly. I'd have been rich years ago if I'd had sense enough to run away from promoters. They'll all try to get a whack at your money. Keep your eye open, Monty. The rich young man is always a tempting morsel." After a moment's reflection he added, "Won't you come out and dine with us tomorrow night?"

CHAPTER II.
Monty Brewster no longer had "prospects." People could not now point him out with the remark that some day he would come into a million or two. He had "realized," as Oliver Harrison would have put it. Two days after his grandfather's funeral a final will and testament was read, and, as was expected, the old banker atomed for the hardships Robert Brewster and his wife had endured by bequeathing \$1,000,000 to his son Monty. It was his without a restriction, without an admonition, without an incumbent. There was not a suggestion as to how it should be handled by their heir. The business training the old man had given him was synonymous with conditions not expressed in the will. The dead man believed that he had drilled into the youth an unmistakable conception of what was expected of him in life. If he failed in these expectations the misfortune would be his alone to bear. A road had been carved out for him, and he had to follow it.

CHAPTER III.
Mrs. Gray lived in Fortieth street. For years Monty Brewster had regarded her quiet, old fashioned home as his own. The house had once been her grandfather's, and it was one of the pioneers in that part of the town. It was there she was born, in its quaint old parlor she was married, and all her girlhood, her brief wedded life and her widowhood were connected with it. Mrs. Gray and Monty's mother had been schoolmates and playmates, and their friendship endured. When old Edwin Peter Brewster looked about for a place to house his orphaned grandson, Mrs. Gray begged him to let her care for the little fellow. He was three years older than her Margaret, and the children grew up as brother and sister. Mr. Brewster was generous in providing for the boy, while he was away at college, spending money in a manner that caused the old gentleman to marvel at his own liberality. Mrs. Gray was well paid for the unused, but well kept apartments, and there never was a murmur of complaint from Edwin Peter Brewster. He was hard, but not ungenerous.

It had been something of a struggle for Mrs. Gray to make both ends meet. The property in Fortieth street was her only possession. But little money had come to her at her husband's death, and an unfortunate speculation of his had swept away all that had fallen to her from her father, the late Judge Merrivether. For years she kept the old home unencumbered, teaching French and English until Margaret was well into her teens. The girl was sent to the best of the good old boarding schools on the Hudson and came out well prepared to help her mother in the battle to keep the wolf down and appearances up. Margaret was rich in friendships, and pride alone stood between her and the advantages they offered. Good looking, bright and cheerful, she knew no natural privations. With a heart as light and joyous as a May morning she faced adversity as though it were a pleasure, and no one would have suspected that even for a moment her courage was forlorn.

Now that Brewster had come into his splendid fortune he could conceive no greater delight than to share it with them. To walk into the little drawing room and serenely lay large sums before them as their own, seemed such a natural proceeding that he refused to see an obstacle. But he knew it was there. The proffer of such a gift to Mrs. Gray would mean a wound to the pride inherited from haughty generations of men sufficient unto themselves. There was a small but troublesome mortgage on the house, and Brewster tried to evolve a plan by which he could assume the burden without giving deep and lasting offense. A hundred wild designs had come to him, but they were quickly relegated to the growing heap of subtleties and pretenses condemned by his tenderness for the pride of these two women who meant so much to him.

Leaving the bank, he hastened by Broadway and into the street and stood before her, a smile on his lips—a rather faint smile.

"These are your own money," she looked at him.

"It's a grand old-fashioned practical joke," he said in a futile protest. "And you know it. You have not seen the letter that came for you this morning."

On the table over there," she replied ignoring him.

He found the letters and resumed his seat in the window, glancing half heartedly over the contents of the envelopes. The last was from Grant & Ripley, attorneys, and even from his abstraction it brought a surprised "By Jove!" He read it aloud to Margaret.

Sept. 30,
New York:
Dear Sir—We are in receipt of a communication from Mr. Swain regarding the matter of conveying the said intelligence that you, uncle, James T. Sedgewick, died on the 24th inst. at 81 West 10th Street, New York City. Mr. Jones by this time has qualified in Montana as the executor of your uncle's will and has retained us as his eastern representatives. He incloses a copy of the will, in which you are named as sole heir, with conditions attending. Will you call at our office this afternoon if it is convenient? It is important that you know the contents of the instrument at once. Respectfully,
Grant & Ripley.

For a moment there was only amazement in the air. Then a faint, bewildered smile appeared in Monty's face and reflected itself in the girl's.

"Who is your Uncle James?" she asked.

"I've never heard of him."

"You must go to Grant & Ripley's at once," she said.

"Have you forgotten, Peggy?" he replied, with a hint of vexation in his voice, "that we are to read Oliver Optic this afternoon?"

To be Continued

Miscellaneous Reading.

AEROPLANE FACTORY.

A Factory For the Manufacture of Flying Machines.

The active and enthusiastic movement now in progress throughout France in favor of aviation has created an entirely new industry—namely, that of the construction of aeroplanes, and as the subject of this article is the first aeroplane factory in the world a description of it will doubtless prove interesting to English readers.

In France factories are being erected in many places, which will probably at no distant date be greatly extended, and very numerous mechanical workshops and engineering establishments are engaged upon models for flying machines. Moreover, the announcement is made of the formation of a special company to equip a factory in which fifty aeroplanes on the Wright system are to be put in hand forthwith. There already exists, however, an establishment which has made a special study of the construction of flying machines and is provided with the requisite tools for the construction of the same.

The firm that produced the famous machines of Farman and Delagrange. Messrs. Voisin Freres rank among the earliest of the pioneers of aviation in France. Captivated by the exploits of Lillenthal, which were then being made widely known by Capt. Ferber, and the reports of the experiments of the brothers Wright in America, they began in 1903 a series of patient trials of apparatus, without motors of any kind, resembling that used by the Wrights. The difficulties and the dangers they encountered in the course of their experiments ultimately led them to abandon the models they had made and to produce an entirely new type of machine of their own design.

Out of these labors arose the bi-plane flying apparatus, which is now so well known, and one of which, under the guidance of Farman, has just completed the journey from Chalons to Rheims, the first direct aerial voyage in a machine of this kind accomplished by human agency. Messrs. Voisin have just occupied entirely new works, which are situated at Billancourt, on the outskirts of Paris, close to the exercising ground of Issy-les-Moulineux, where so many experiments in aviation are carried out. They comprise a very extensive erecting shop, where at the present moment four aeroplanes are in course of construction and are approaching completion; a machine shop, where the fitting up and adjustment of the mechanical portion of the apparatus in any event, were committed to the hands of the fittest mechanics of the job. The original estimate of \$145,000,000 faded into insignificance long ago. London. The new plant, an engine of the first rank, now puts it at \$550,000,000, with careful reservation to the effect that probably a much larger sum will be required. The best judgment of the men who are familiar with the attainable information would fix the total expenditure at little less than a billion dollars before a ship will pass from sea to sea.

WHAT OF THE CANAL?

Engineering Problems Not Settled—Vast Prospective Cost of Enterprise.

Evidence multiply daily that the construction of the Panama canal, the most serious problem confronting the new administration, is that involved in the construction of the Panama canal. It will well enough to talk about the excellent sanitary conditions, the contentment of workmen who are receiving double wages, the unexpected progress being made, the flying dirt "In-Rosevelt-we-Trust" medals to be presented to every one who works two years, etc. But what about the canal? No sane man will be surprised to hear that any idea of approximating the ultimate cost has already been abandoned. The original estimates were not only crude, but, as we are informed at the time, deliriously minimized in the aggregate by the individual case, so that the grand total would not paralyze both congress and the country.

Secretary Taft indicated his apprehension of the situation when, after visiting the isthmus, he dismissed the question of cost with the remark that it was idle to discuss that phase, since in any event, were we committed to the job. The original estimate of \$145,000,000 faded into insignificance long ago. London. The new plant, an engine of the first rank, now puts it at \$550,000,000, with careful reservation to the effect that probably a much larger sum will be required. The best judgment of the men who are familiar with the attainable information would fix the total expenditure at little less than a billion dollars before a ship will pass from sea to sea.

But, accepting Mr. Taft's view that we are bound to finish the gigantic undertaking irrespective of cost, again we ask, what about the canal? Is it doomed to failure in the end? The doubts of engineers continue to proliferate. That is but natural and to be expected. But expert opinion from other sources grows more and more disquieting.

There is no doubt that many changes have been made in the plans accepted, although by whose authority or how material can not be ascertained. The chief point of contention relates to the foundations of the great Gatun dam. This structure, which is to be a mile long and required to hold a body of water eighty feet deep and covering several square miles of basin. The pressure on some portions will be 14,000 pounds or more to the square foot. The French engineer, Bunau-Varilla, has maintained consistently from the beginning that no dam could be built upon a foundation of blue clay that would withstand this tremendous weight. Professor Burr of Columbia university and Mr. Bates, both eminent men, concur in this judgment. The original opinion to the contrary was based upon a statement that the deposit which would constitute the actual foundation was not blue clay, but a mixture of rock and sand. The latest official report, however, says:

Both the test pit and the borings over the other portions of the dam site indicate that the top layer is a sand covering several feet in thickness at one point of approximately eight feet. Underlying this, and for a distance of one hundred feet or more, is a thick deposit of blue clay containing a large amount of iron pyrites, and in some parts a considerable quantity of shells; with material is impervious. Under this, and directly overlying the rock is a deposit, varying in thickness up to twenty feet, of small bowlders and gravel consolidated, and cemented together with finely divided clays and silts.

Messrs. Bunau-Varilla and Bates state in this report that in their judgment, and so to the lay mind, it would seem to be. The official report, however, pronounces "the material encountered of such character as to be amply strong for supporting the proposed structure." The statement is sufficiently explicit, but does not sound convincing or like the utterance of a mind fully convinced. Surely the condition is, as we have said, at least disquieting.—Harper's Weekly.

TELLING THE TRUTH—A preacher came at a newspaper man this way: "You editors do not tell the truth. If you did you could not live; your newspaper would be a failure." The editor replied: "You are right and the minister who will at all times and under all circumstances tell the whole truth about his members, alive or dead, will not occupy his pulpit for more than one Sunday, and then he will find it necessary to leave town in a hurry. The press and the pulpit go hand in hand with whitewash brushes and pleasant words. The pulpit, the pen, and the gravestone are the great saint making vent away looking very thoughtful, while the editor turns to his work, and told of the unsurpassing beauty of the bride, while in fact she was as homely as a mud fence.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

It is Essential to the Highest Spiritual Uplift.

(By Rev. Jos. T. Dendy.)
Family worship as taught in the Bible should be practiced and enforced in all religious homes. I do not see how any father who claims to be a Christian can neglect so important a duty as reading daily from the holy scriptures and praying for and with his family. But the neglect of this important duty is so great and alarming that every pastor and minister of the gospel should put forth every effort to urge his people to join in family worship. It is a duty which we will serve the Lord. Family worship is certainly a duty when we consider the fact that God pronounces a blessing upon those who perform the duty, and a curse upon those who neglect it. It is a duty which is enjoined upon us in the Bible as well as in the words of our Lord. In the 11th chapter and 5th verse, and in II Samuel the 6th chapter and the 11th verse, you will find the following: "Then in one of the Psalms we find that 'It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord; to show forth thy loving kindness in one morning and thy faithfulness every night.'" Read in Jeremiah the 19th chapter and 25th verse and you will find the curse pronounced upon the "families that call not on His name." Also in the I Timothy, 5th chapter and 8th verse, where the apostle Paul in speaking on the subject of family religion says, "If any provide not for his own, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel." Therefore, it is the duty of all Christian parents, or heads of families to have family worship.

Again, it is important that we have proper methods of conducting family worship. It should be made so pleasant and interesting that even the smallest children will look forward to it with delight. Often the exercise is made burdensome and tedious. Men fall into a set form which they never vary. Long passages are read and the prayers offered are not only long, but are the same every day from year to year, with little adaptation to the home life or the capacities of children. But an effort should be made to cause all of the household to feel an interest in the duty.

In order that his duty may be properly performed parents must exercise authority in the home. The father is head and priest of the home and God has delegated to him this authority. A boy did not want to go to church, but his Christian father kindly but firmly insisted that he should. The father said, "So long as my boy sits at my table he must sit in my pew." It is said that the father is now in the grave, but the son today sits in the father's pew and is a main supporter of that church. In almost every community there are throngs of children who suffer from the lack of parental care and training. If they feel like going to church or Sabbath school they go; if they stay at home, stray in the streets, or roam the fields. No parental authority is used to secure their religious training, either in the home or outside of it. This neglect is a sin for which parents must answer at the bar of God. It is one from which they are likely to reap the bitterest results both here and hereafter. Because of this neglect of home training we need not be surprised at so many criminals, suicides and crimes of all kinds which are so dreadful and common today.

POWER OF WATER.

Under Certain Conditions It is Practically Irresistible.

When a man goes in swimming at the seashore and snags the water forcibly with his hand or takes a back dive from the pier and lands square on his back he realizes that the unstable liquid offers not a little resistance. Yet, says a writer in the New York Tribune, it would surprise almost anybody to see what water will do under certain conditions.

A stream from a fireman's hose will knock a man down. The jet from a smith's hand and is considered as if they were a projectile from a cannon.

There is a story of an eastern blacksmith who went west and made a bet that he could knock a hole through the jet of one of these nozzles with a sledge hammer. He lifted his arms, swung the sledge and came down on the ten inch stream with a force that would have deformed an anvil. But the jet, never penetrated, whisked the massive hammer out of the blacksmith's hands and tossed it several hundred feet away into the debris of cold bearing gravel beneath a crumbling cliff. After this the blacksmith left out iron when he spoke of hard substances.

There is also a power plant near Durango, Colo., where a United States cavalryman one day thought he had found an easy job in cutting a two inch stream with his sword. He made a valiant attack. The result was that his sword was shivered in two and his wrist lacerated.

A little thinner jet of water descending .90 feet to a manufactory at Grenoble, Spain, and traveling at the moderate speed of 100 yards a second fractures the best blades of Toledo.

Of course some people will not believe such stories without having seen the thing, and one may think it a proof of the scientific imagination to say that an inch thick sheet of water, provided it had sufficient velocity, would ward off bombshells as well as steel plate.

Nevertheless many persons while traveling have seen a brakeman put a small hydraulic jack under one end of a Pullman car and lift twenty tons or so by a few leisurely strokes of the pump handle, and the experience of riding every day in a hydraulic elevator tends to remove doubts of the magic power possessed by water hitched to a machine.

India has about 150 different languages, most of them unwritten, and it not infrequently happens that Indians drift into Calcutta who find no one able to understand their vernacular. Not a little trouble is caused by such visitors. The courts, too, frequently have trouble with litigants and witnesses who talk a language that neither the court nor the court interpreters understand.

There has recently been completed at Great Falls, Mont., a huge brick chimney for carrying away the fumes of the smelting works, which will take rank as one of the tallest structures in the world. It is 781 feet in outside diameter at the base, and 53 feet 9 inches at the top. It extends 506 feet above the ground and 528 feet above its lowest foundation course. Its total weight is 24,864 tons. The brickwork is 18 inches in thickness at the top and 68 inches at the base. It is lined throughout with a four-inch wall of acid-proof brick.

In the last 500 years Mexico has produced more silver than any other country in the world, the output of that period amounting to \$3,650,000,000.