

Brewster's Millions

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 (RICHARD GREAVES)

But on this morning as he lay in his bed Monty was thinking deeply and painfully. He was confronted by a most embarrassing condition, and he was discussing it soberly with himself. "I've never told her," he said to himself, "but if she doesn't know my feeling she is not as clever as I think. Besides, I haven't time to make love to her now. If it were any other girl I suppose I'd have to, but Babs—why, she must understand. And yet—hang that duke!"

In order to woo her properly he would be compelled to neglect financial duties that needed every particle of brain energy at his command. He found himself opposed at the outset by a startling embarrassment, made absolutely clear by the computations of the night before. The last four days of indifference to finance on one side and pampering the heart on the other had proved very costly. To use his own expression, he had been "set back" almost \$8,000. An average like that would be ruinous.

"Why, think of it," he continued. "For each day sacrificed to Barbara I must deduct something like \$2,500. A long campaign would get me irremediably in the hole; I'd put so far behind that a holocaust couldn't put me even. She can't expect that of me, yet girls are such idiots about devotion, and of course she doesn't know what a heavy task I am facing. And there are the others—what will they do while I am out of the running? I cannot go to her and say: 'Please, may I have a year's vacation? I'll come back next September.' On the other hand, I shall surely neglect my business if she expects me to compete. What pleasure shall I get out of the seven millions if I lose her? I can't afford to take chances. That duke won't have seven millions next September, it's true, but he'll have a prodigious argument against me about the 21st or 22d."

Then a brilliant thought occurred to him which caused him to ring for a messenger boy with such a show of impatience that Rawles stood agast. The telegram which Monty wrote was as follows:

Swearingen Jones, Butte, Mont.:
 May I marry and turn all property over to wife, provided she will have me?
 MONTGOMERY BREWSTER.

"Why isn't that reasonable?" he asked himself after the boy had gone. "Making property over to one's wife is neither a loan nor is it charity. Old Jones might call it needless extravagance, since he's a bachelor, but it's generally done because it's good business." Monty was hopeful.

Following his habit in trouble, he sought Margaret Gray, to whom he could always appeal for advice and consolation. She was to come to his next dinner party, and it was easy to lead up to the subject in hand by mentioning the other guests.

"And Barbara Drew," he concluded after naming all the others. They were alone in the library, and she was drinking in the details of the dinner as he related them.

"Wasn't she at your first dinner?" she asked quickly.

He successfully affected mild embarrassment.

"Yes."

"She must be very attractive." There was no venom in Peggy's heart.

"She is attractive. In fact, she's one of the best, Peggy," he said, paving the way.

"It's too bad she seems to care for that little duke."

"He's a bounder," he argued.

"Well, don't take it to heart. You don't have to marry him." And Peggy laughed.

"But I do take it to heart, Peggy," said Monty seriously. "I'm pretty hard hit, and I want your help. A sister's advice is always the best in a matter of this sort."

She looked into his eyes dully for an instant, not realizing the full importance of his confession.

"You, Monty?" she said incredulously.

"I've got it bad, Peggy," he replied, staring hard at the floor. She could not understand the cold gray tone that suddenly enveloped the room. The strange sense of loneliness that came over her was inexplicable. The little something that rose in her throat would not be dislodged, nor could she throw off the weight that seemed pressing down upon her. He saw the odd look in her eyes and the drawn, uncertain smile on her lips, but he attributed them to wonder and incredulity. Somehow after all these years he was transformed before her very eyes. She was looking upon a new personality. He was no longer Montgomery the brother, but she could not explain how and when the change crept over her. What did it all mean? "I am very glad if it will make you happy, Monty," she said slowly, the gray in her lips giving way to red once more.

"Monty, you are the best in the world. Go in and win."

From the window she watched him swing off down the street, wondering if he would turn to wave his hand to her, his custom for years. But the broad back was straight and uncompromising. His long strides carried him swiftly out of sight, but it was many minutes before she turned her eyes, which were smarting, a little from the point where he was lost in the crowd. The room looked ashen to her as she brought her mind back to it, and somehow things had grown different.

When Montgomery reached home he found this telegram from Mr. Jones: Montgomery Brewster, New York City: Stick to your knitting, my fool.
 S. JONES.

CHAPTER IX.

IT is best not to repeat the expressions Brewster used regarding one S. Jones after reading this telegram. But he felt considerably relieved after he had uttered them. He fell to reading accounts of the big prize fight which was to take place in San Francisco that evening. He revealed in the descriptions of "upper cuts" and "left hooks" and learned incidentally that the affair was to be quite one sided. A local amateur was to box a champion. Quick to see an opportunity and cajoling himself into the belief that Swearingen Jones could not object to such a display of sportsmanship, Brewster made Harrison book several good wagers on the result. He intimated that he had reason to believe that the favorite would lose. Harrison soon placed \$3,000 on his man. The young financier felt so sure of the result that he entered the bets on the profit side of his ledger the moment he received Harrison's report.

This done, he telephoned to Miss Drew. She was not insensible to the significance of his inquiry if she would be in that afternoon. She had observed in him of late a condition of uneasiness, supplemented by moroseness and occasional periods of irascibility. Every girl whose occupation in life is the study of men recognizes these symptoms and knows how to treat them. Barbara had dealt with many men afflicted in this manner, and the flutter of anticipation that came with his urgent plea to see her was tempered by experience. It had something of joy in it, for she cared enough for Montgomery Brewster to have made her anxiously uncertain of his state of mind. She cared, indeed, much more than she intended to confess at the outset.

It was nearly half past 5 when he came, and for once the philosophical Miss Drew felt a little irritation. So certain was she of his object in coming that his tardiness was a trifle ruffling. He apologized for being late and succeeded in banishing the pique that possessed her. It was naturally impossible for him to share all his secrets with her, and that is why he did not tell her that Grant & Ripley had called him up to report the receipt of a telegram from Swearingen Jones, in which the gentleman laconically said he could feed the whole state of



"I love you, Babs," he cried.

Montana for less than \$6,000. Beyond that there was no comment. Brewster in dire trepidation hastened to the office of his attorneys. They smiled when he burst in upon them.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "Does the miserly old haysced expect me to spend a million for newspapers, cigarettes and Boston terriers? I thought he would be reasonable!"

"He evidently has seen the newspaper accounts of your dinner, and this is merely his comment," said Mr. Ripley.

"I don't believe he disapproved, Mr. Brewster. In the west the old gentleman is widely known as a wit."

"A wit, eh? Then he'll appreciate an answer from me. Have you a telegraph blank, Mr. Grant?"

Two minutes later the following telegram to Swearingen Jones was awaiting the arrival of a messenger boy and Brewster was blandly assuring Messrs. Grant & Ripley that he did not care a rap for the consequences:

New York, Oct. 23, 1906.

TO TELL you COME TO IT for less than six thousand. Montana is regarded as the best grazing country in the world, but we don't eat that sort of stuff in New York. That's why it costs more to live here.
 MONTGOMERY BREWSTER.

Just before leaving his apartments for Miss Drew's home he received this response from faraway Montana:

Butte, Mont., Oct. 23, 1906.
 Montgomery Brewster, New York:
 We are 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. I suppose that's why it costs us less to live high.
 S. JONES.

"I was beginning to despair, Monty," said Miss Drew reproachfully when he had come down from the height of his exasperation and remembered that there were things of more importance.

The light in his eyes brought the faintest tinge of red to her cheeks, and where a moment before there had been annoyance there was now a feeling of serenity. For a moment the silence was fraught with purpose. Monty glanced around the room, uncertain how to begin. It was not so easy as he had imagined.

"You are very good to see me," he said at last. "It was absolutely necessary for me to talk to you this evening. I could not have endured the suspense any longer. Barbara, I've spent three or four sleepless nights on your account. Will it spoil your evening if I tell you in plain words what you already know? It won't bother you, will it?" he floundered.

"What do you mean, Monty?" she begged, purposely dense and with wonderful control of her eyes.

"I love you, Babs," he cried. "I thought you knew about it all along or I should have told you before. That's why I haven't slept. The fear that you may not care for me has driven me nearly to distraction. It couldn't go on any longer. I must know today."

There was a gleam in his eyes that made her pose of indifference difficult. The fervor of his half-whispered words took possession of her. She had expected sentiment of such a different character that his frank confession disarmed her completely. Beneath his ardent, abrupt plea there was assurance, the confidence of one who is not to be denied. It was not what he had said, but the way he had said it. A wave of exultation swept over her, tingling through every nerve. Under the spell her resolution to daily lightly with his emotion suffered a check that almost brought ignominious surrender. Both of her hands were clasped in his when he exultingly resumed the charge against her heart, but she was rapidly regaining control of her emotions, and he did not know that he was losing ground with each step he took forward. Barbara Drew loved Brewster, but she was going to make him pay dearly for the brief lapse her composure had experienced. When next she spoke she was again the Miss Drew who had been trained in the ways of the world, and not the young girl in love.

"I care for you a great deal, Monty," she said, "but I'm wondering whether I care enough to—marry you."

"We haven't known each other very long, Babs," he said tenderly, "but I think we know each other well enough to be beyond wondering."

"It is like you to manage the whole thing," she said chidingly. "Can't you give me time to convince myself that I love you as you would like and as I must love if I expect to be happy with the man I marry?"

"I forgot myself," he said humbly.

"You forgot me," she protested gently, touched by this sign of contrition.

"I do care for you, Monty, but don't you see it's no little thing you ask of me? I must be sure—very sure—before I—before—"

"Don't be so distressed," he pleaded.

"You will love me, I know, because you love me now. This means much to me, but it means more to you. You are the woman, and you are the one whose happiness should be considered. I can live only in the hope that when I come to you again with this same story and this same question you'll not be afraid to trust yourself to me."

"You deserve to be happy for that, Monty," she said earnestly, and it was with difficulty that she kept her eyes from wavering as they looked into his.

"You will let me try to make you love me?" he asked eagerly.

"I may not be worth the struggle."

"I'll take that chance," he replied.

She was conscious of disappointment after he was gone. He had not pleaded as ardently as she had expected and desired, and try as she would, she could not banish the touch of irritation that had come to haunt her for the night.

Brewster walked to the club, elated that he had at least made a beginning. His position was now clear. Besides losing a fortune he must win Barbara in open competition.

At the theater that evening he met Harrison, who was in a state of jubilation.

"Where did you get that tip?" asked he.

"Tip? What tip?" from Brewster.

"On the prize fight?"

Brewster's face fell, and something cold crept over him.

"How did—that was the result?" he asked, sure of the answer.

"Haven't you heard? Your man knocked him out in the fifth round—surprised everybody."

CHAPTER X.

THE next two months were busy ones for Brewster. Miss Drew saw him quite as often as before the important interview, but he was always a puzzle to her.

"His attitude is changed somehow," she thought to herself. And then she remembered that a man who wins a girl after an ardent suit is often like one who runs after a street car and then sits down to read his paper."

In truth, after the first few days Monty seemed to have forgotten his competitors and was resting in the consciousness of his assumed position. Each day he sent her a telegram, and

his duty. He used no small part of his income on the flowers, but in this case his mission was almost forgotten in his love for Barbara.

Monty's attitude was not due to any waning of his affection, but to the very unromantic business in which he was engaged. It seemed to him that plan as he might, he could not devise fresh ways and means to earn \$16,000 a day. He was still comfortably ahead in the race, but a famine in opportunities was not far remote. Ten big dinner parties and a string of elaborate after the play suppers maintained a fair but insufficient average, and he could see that the time was ripe for radical measures. He could not go on forever with his dinners. People were already beginning to refer to the fact that he was warming his toes on the social register, and he had no desire to become the laughingstock of the town. The few slighting, sarcastic remarks about his business ability, chiefly by women and therefore reflected from the men, hurt him. Miss Drew's apparently harmless taunt and Mrs. Dan's open criticism told plainly enough how the wind was blowing, but it was Peggy's gentle questions that cut the deepest. There was such honest concern in her voice that he could see how his profligacy was troubling her and Mrs. Gray. In their eyes more than in the others he felt ashamed and humiliated. Finally, goaded by the remark of a bank director which he overheard, "Edwin P. Brewster is turning handspins in his grave over the way he is going it," Monty resolved to redeem himself in the eyes of his critics. He would show them that his brain was not wholly given over to frivolity.

With this project in mind he decided to cause a little excitement in Wall street. For some days he stealthily watched the stock market and plied his friends with questions about values. Constant reading and observation finally convinced him that Lumber and Fuel Common was the one stock in which he could safely plunge. Casting aside all apprehension, so far as Swearingen Jones was concerned, he prepared for what was to be his one and only venture on the Stock Exchange before the 23d of the following September. With all the cunning and craftiness of a general he laid his plans for the attack. Gardner's face was the picture of despair when Brewster asked him to buy heavily in Lumber and Fuel.

"Good heavens, Monty!" cried the broker. "You're joking. Lumber is away up now. It can't possibly go a fraction of a point higher. Take my advice and don't touch it. It opened today at 111½ and closed at 109. Why, man, you're crazy to think about it for an instant!"

"I know my business, Gardner," said Brewster quietly, and his conscience smote him when he saw the flush of mortification creep into the face of his friend. The rebuke had cut Gardner to the quick.

"But, Monty, I know what I'm talking about. At least let me tell you something about this stock," pleaded Elon loyally despite the wound.

"Gardner, I've gone into this thing carefully, and if ever a man felt sure about anything I do about this," said Monty decidedly, but affectionately.

"Take my word for it, Lumber can't go any higher. Think of the situation. The lumbermen in the north and west are overstocked, and there is a strike ready to go into effect. When that comes, the stock will go for a song. The slump is liable to begin any day."

"My mind is made up," said the other firmly, and Gardner was in despair. "Will you or will you not execute an order for me at the opening tomorrow? I'll start with 10,000 shares. What will it cost me to margin it for ten points?"

"At least a hundred thousand, exclusive of commission, which would be twelve and a half a hundred shares." Despite the most strenuous opposition from Gardner, Brewster adhered to his design, and the broker executed the order the next morning. He knew that Brewster had but one chance to win, and that was to buy the stock in a lump instead of distributing it among several brokers and throughout the session. This was a point that Monty had overlooked.

There had been little to excite the Stock Exchange for some weeks; nothing was active, and the slightest flurry was hailed as an event. Every one knew that the calm would be disturbed at some near day, but nobody looked for a sensation in Lumber and Fuel. It was a foregone conclusion that a slump was coming, and there was scarcely any trading in the stock. When Elon Gardner, acting for Montgomery Brewster, took 10,000 shares at 108½ there was a mighty gasp on the exchange, then a rubbing of eyes, then commotion. Astonishment was followed by nervousness, and then came the struggle.

Brewster, confident that the stock could go no higher and that sooner or later it must drop, calmly ordered his horse for a ride in the snow covered park. Even though he knew the venture was to be a failure in the ordinary sense, he found joy in the knowledge that he was doing something. He might be a fool; he was at least no longer inactive. The feel of the air was good to him. He was exhilarated by the glitter of the snow, the answering excitement of his horse, the gaiety and sparkle of life about him.

Somewhere far back in his inner self there seemed to be the sound of cheering and the clapping of hands. Shortly before noon he reached his club, where he was to lunch with Colonel Drew. In the reading room he observed that men were looking at him in a manner less casual than was customary. Some of them went so far as to smile encouragingly, and others waved their hands in the most cordial fashion. Three or four very young members looked upon him with admiration and envy, and even the porters seemed more obsequious. There was something strangely oppressive in

Whistler's idea of hands. Whistler, the artist, said: "I always use Irish models for hands, with their long, slender fingers and delightful articulations, the most beautiful hands in the world. I think Irish eyes are also the most beautiful. American girls' hands come next. English girls have red, coarse hands; the German girls have fat hands, and the

Colonel Drew's dignity relaxed amazingly when he caught sight of the young man. He came forward to meet him, and his greeting almost carried Monty off his feet.

"How did you do it, my boy?" cried the colonel. "She's off a point or two now, I believe, but half an hour ago she was booming. Gad, I never heard of anything more spectacular!"

Monty's heart was in his mouth as he rushed over to the ticker. It did



His greeting almost carried Monty off his feet.

not take him long to grasp the immensity of the disaster. Gardner had bought in at 108½, and that very action seemed to put new life into the stock. Just as it was on the point of breaking for lack of support along came this sensational order for 10,000 shares, and there could be but one result. At one time in the morning Lumber and Fuel, traded in by excited holders, touched 113½ and seemed in a fair way to hold firm around that figure.

Other men came up and listened eagerly. Brewster realized that his dash in Lumber and Fuel had been a master stroke of cleverness when considered from the point of view of these men, but a catastrophe from his own.

"I hope you sold it when it was at the top," said the colonel anxiously.

"I instructed Gardner to sell only when I gave the word," said Monty lamely. Several of the men looked at him in surprise and disgust.

"Well, if I were you I'd tell him to sell," remarked the colonel coldly.

"The effect of your plunge has worn off, Brewster, and the other side will drive the prices down. They won't be caught napping again either," said one of the bystanders earnestly.

"Do you think so?" And there was a note of relief in Monty's voice.

From all sides came the advice to sell at once, but Brewster was not to be pushed. He calmly lit a cigarette and with an assured air of wisdom told them to wait a little while and see.

"She's already falling off," said some one at the ticker.

When Brewster's bewildered eyes raced over the figures the stock was quoted at 112. His sigh of relief was heard, but misunderstood. He might be saved after all. The stock had started to go down, and there seemed no reason why it should stop. As he intended to purchase no more, it was fair to assume that the backwash was at the breaking point. The crash was bound to come. He could hardly restrain a cry of joy. Even while he stood at the ticker the little instrument began to tell of a further decline. As the price went down his hopes went up.

The bystanders were beginning to be disgusted. "It was only a fluke after all," they said to each other. Colonel Drew was appealed to to urge Monty to save himself, and he was on the point of remonstrance when the message came that the threatened strike was off and that the men were willing to arbitrate. Almost before one could draw breath this startling news began to make itself felt. The certainty of a great strike was one of the things that had made Brewster sure that the price could not hold. With this danger removed there was nothing to jeopardize the earning power of the stock. The next quotation was a point higher.

"You sly dog!" said the colonel, digging Monty in the side. "I had confidence in you all the time."

In ten minutes' time Lumber and Fuel was again up to 113 and soaring. Brewster, panic stricken, rushed to the telephone and called up Gardner.

The broker, hoarse with excitement, was delighted when he recognized Brewster's voice.

"You're a wonder, Monty! I'll see you after the close. How did you do it?" shouted Gardner.

"What's the price now?" asked Brewster.

"One thirteen and three-fourths and going up all the time! Hooray!"

"Do you think she'll go down again?" demanded Brewster.

"Not if I can help it."

"Very well, then, go and sell out!" roared Brewster.

"But she's going up like—"

"Sell, hang you! Didn't you hear?" Gardner, dazed and weak, began selling and finally liquidated the full line at prices ranging from 114 to 112½. But Montgomery Brewster had cleared \$8,550, and all because it was he and not the market that got excited.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ROOSEVELT ON A TEAR.

The President Sends an Exciting Message to Congress.

Washington, April 18.—In a special message, delivered to the Congress today, President Roosevelt declares that the recent trial of the "beef packers" in Chicago was a miscarriage of justice, and that the interpretation placed by Judge Humphrey on the will of Congress "is such as to make that will absolutely abortive."

The message, which is sensational in character, is based largely on a letter to the President from Attorney General Moody, in which the Attorney General reviews the proceedings of the case of the government against the beef packers. The president says it is clear that no criticism attaches to Commissioner Garfield, as what he did was in pursuance of a duty imposed on him by Congress. He refers sharply, however, to the decision of Judge Humphrey, saying that Congress could not have foreseen such a decision, and that he can hardly believe that the ruling of Judge Humphrey will be followed by other judges. He declares that such interpretation of the law as that placed on it by Judge Humphrey "comes measurably near making the law a farce," and he recommends that Congress pass a declaratory Act, stating its real intention. The president also requests to confer upon the government by statute the same right of appeal, in criminal cases, which the defendant now enjoys, where the merits of the case have not been determined.

*Don't tie a cough or a cold up in your system by taking a remedy that binds the bowels. Take Kennedy's Laxative Honey and Tar. It is different from all other cough syrups. It is better. It opens the bowels—expels all cold from the system, relieves coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, etc. An ideal remedy for young and old. Children like it. Sold by all druggists.

America still distinguishes between grand and petit larceny, as may be gathered from the warrant charging Mr. Perkins, ex-Vice President of the New York Life Insurance Company, with the former. In England the distinction, which has existed since Edward I's time, was abolished in 1827, and again—to make sure, presumably—in the larceny act of 1861. If the property stolen did not exceed 12 pence in value, it was larceny, and the punishment was whipping or imprisonment; if the property was valued at more than 12 pence the larceny was grand, and the offense capital. In America today the valuation boundary between the two kinds of larceny varies from State to State, the manner of the theft also being taken into account in some instances. In New York the limit is \$25.—London Chronicle.

*Living indoors so much during the winter months creates a sort of stuffy, want-of-ozone condition in the blood and system generally. Clean up and get ready for spring. Take a few Early Risers. These famous little pills cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels and give the blood a chance to purify itself. They relieve headache, sallow complexion, etc. Sold by all druggists.

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DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

Effective February 9, 1905.

No. 1	No. 3	No. 5	No. 7
Mixed	Mixed	Mixed	Mixed
A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
11:05	12:20	1:45	3:10
11:15	12:35	2:00	3:25
11:20	12:40	2:05	3:30
11:35	1:15	2:30	3:55
11:55	1:35	2:50	4:15
12:00	1:40	2:55	4:20
12:15	1:55	3:10	4:35
1:00	2:30	3:45	5:00
Ar 1:30	Ar 3:00	Ar 10:15	Beulah

Mondays, No. 3; Wednesdays, No. 1; Thursdays, No. 1; Fridays, No. 3; Saturdays, No. 3.

No. 2	No. 4	No. 6	No. 8
Mixed	Mixed	Mixed	Mixed
P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.
3:00	6:30	7:20	8:10
3:15	6:45	7:30	8:25
3:30	7:00	7:45	8:40
3:45	7:15	8:00	8:55
4:00	7:30	8:15	9:10
4:15	7:45	8:30	9:25
4:30	8:00	8:45	9:40
4:45	8:15	9:00	9:55
5:00	8:30	9:15	10:10
Ar 5:30	Ar 8:45	Ar 9:20	Alcolu

Mondays, No. 6; Tuesdays, No. 4; Wednesdays, No. 2; Thursdays, No. 2; Saturdays, No. 4.

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