

Brewster's Millions

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By **GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON**
(RICHARD GREAVES)

Monty Brewster had something like \$200,000 in Colonel Drew's bank. He would not have regretted on his own account the collapse of this institution, but he realized what it meant to the hundreds of other depositors, and for the first time he appreciated what his money could accomplish. Thinking that his presence might give confidence to the other depositors and stop the run, he went over to the bank with Harrison and Bragdon. The tellers were handing out thousands of dollars to the eager depositors. His friends advised him strongly to withdraw before it was too late, but Monty was obstinate. They set it down to his desire to help Barbara's father and admired his nerve.

"I understand, Monty," said Bragdon, and both he and Harrison went among the people carelessly asking one another if Brewster had come to withdraw his money. "No, he has over \$200,000, and he's going to leave it," the other would say.

Each excited group was visited in turn by the two men, but their assurance seemed to accomplish but little. These men and women were there to save their fortunes; the situation was desperate.

Colonel Drew, outwardly calm and serene, but inwardly perturbed, finally saw Brewster and his companions. He sent a messenger over with the request that Monty come to the president's private office at once.

"He wants to help you to save your money," cried Bragdon in low tones. "That shows it's all up."

"Get out every dollar of it, Monty, and don't waste a minute. It's a smash as sure as fate," urged Harrison, a feverish expression in his eyes.

Brewster was admitted to the colonel's private office. Drew was alone and was pacing the floor like a caged animal.

"Sit down, Brewster, and don't mind if I seem nervous. Of course we can't hold out, but it is terrible, terrible! They think we are trying to rob them. They're mad—utterly mad."

"I never saw anything like it, colonel. Are you sure you can meet all the demands?" asked Brewster, thoroughly excited. The colonel's face was white, and he chewed his cigar nervously.

"We can hold out unless some of our heaviest depositors get the fever and swoop down upon us. I appreciate your feelings in an affair of this kind, coming so swiftly upon the heels of the other, but I want to give you my personal assurance that the money you have here is safe. I called you in to impress you with the security of the bank. You ought to know the truth, however, and I will tell you in confidence that another check like Austin's, which we paid a few minutes ago, would cause us serious though temporary embarrassment."

"I came to assure you that I have not thought of withdrawing my deposits from this bank, colonel. You need have no uneasiness."

The door opened suddenly, and one of the officials of the bank bolted inside, his face as white as death. He started to speak before he saw Brewster and then closed his lips despairingly.

"What is it, Mr. Moore?" asked Drew as calmly as possible. "Don't mind Mr. Brewster."

"Oglethorpe wants to draw \$250,000," said Moore in strained tones.

"Well, he can have it, can't he?" asked the colonel quietly. Moore looked helplessly at the president of the bank, and his silence spoke more plainly than words.

"Brewster, it looks bad," said the colonel, turning abruptly to the young man. "The other banks are afraid of a run, and we can't count on much help from them. Some of them have helped us and others have refused. Now, I not only ask you to refrain from drawing out your deposit, but I want you to help us in this crucial moment." The colonel looked twenty years older, and his voice shook per-

Monty, my dear boy, by increasing your deposits in our bank," said the colonel slowly and as if dreading the fate of the suggestion.

"You mean, sir, that I can save the bank by drawing my money from other banks and putting it here?" asked Monty slowly. He was thinking harder and faster than he had ever thought in his life. Could he afford to risk the loss of his entire fortune on the fate of this bank? What would Swaengen Jones say if he deliberately deposited a vast amount of money in a tottering institution like the Bank of Manhattan Island? It would be the maddest folly on his part if the bank went down. There could be no mitigating circumstances in the eyes of either Jones or the world if he swamped all of his money in this crisis.

"I beg of you, Monty, help us." The colonel's pride was gone. "It means disgrace if we close our doors even for an hour; it means a stain that only years can remove. You can restore confidence by a dozen strokes of your pen, and you can save us."

He was Barbara's father. The proud old man was before him as a suppliant, no longer the cold man of the world. Back to Brewster's mind came the thought of his quarrel with Barbara and her heartlessness. A scratch of the pen one way or the other could change the life of Barbara Drew. The two bankers stood by, scarcely breathing. From outside came the shuffle of many feet and the muffled roll of voices. Again the door to the private office opened and a clerk excitedly motioned for Mr. Moore to hurry to the front of the bank. Moore paused irresolutely, his eyes on Brewster's face. The young man knew the time had come when he must help or deny them.

Like a flash the situation was made clear to him, and his duty was plain. He remembered that the Bank of Manhattan Island held every dollar that Mrs. Gray and Peggy possessed. Their meager fortune had been entrusted to the care of Prentiss Drew and his associates, and it was in danger.

"I will do all I can, colonel," said Monty, "but upon one condition."

"That is?"

"Barbara must never know of this." The colonel's gasp of astonishment was cut short as Monty continued, "Promise that she shall never know."

"I don't understand, but if it is your wish I promise."

Inside of half an hour's time several hundred thousand came to the relief of the struggling bank, and the man who had come to watch the run with curious eyes turned out to be its savior. His money won the day for the Bank of Manhattan Island. When the happy president and directors offered to pay him an astonishingly high rate of interest for the use of the money he proudly declined.

The next day Miss Drew issued invitations for a cotillon. Mr. Montgomery Brewster was not asked to attend.

CHAPTER XIV.

MISS DREW'S cotillon was not graced by the presence of Montgomery Brewster. It is true he received an eleventh hour invitation and a very cold and difficult little note of apology, but he maintained heroically the air of disdain that had succeeded the first sharp pangs of disappointment. Colonel Drew, in whose good graces Monty had firmly established himself, was not quite guiltless of usurping the role of dictator in the effort to patch up a truce. A few nights before the cotillon, when Barbara told him that Herbert Ailing was to lead, he explosively expressed surprise. "Why not Monty Brewster, Babs?" he demanded.

"Mr. Brewster is not coming," she responded calmly.

"Going to be out of town?"

"I'm sure I do not know," stily.

"What's this?"

"He has not been asked, father." Miss Drew was not in good humor.

"Not asked?" said the colonel in amazement. "It's ridiculous, Babs. Send him an invitation at once."

"This is my dance, father, and I don't want to ask Mr. Brewster."

The colonel sank back in his chair and struggled to overcome his anger. He knew that Barbara had inherited his willfulness and had long since discovered that it was best to treat her with tact.

"I thought you and he were"—But the colonel's supply of tact was exhausted.

"We were," in a moment of absent-mindedness, "but it's all over," said Barbara.

"Why, child, there wouldn't have been a cotillon if it hadn't been for"—But the colonel remembered his promise to Monty and checked himself just in time. "I—I mean there will not be any party if Montgomery Brewster is not asked. That is all I care to say on the subject." And he stamped out of the room.

Barbara wept copiously after her father had gone, but she realized that his will was law and that Monty must be invited. "I will send an invitation," she said to herself, "but if Mr. Brewster comes after he has read it I shall be surprised."

Montgomery, however, did not receive the note in the spirit in which it

had been sent. He only saw in it a ray of hope that Barbara was relenting and was jubilant at the prospect of a reconciliation. The next Sunday he sought an interview with Miss Drew, but she received him with icy reserve. If he had thought to punish her by staying away it was evident that she felt equally responsible for a great deal of misery on his part. Both had been more or less unhappy, and both were resentfully obstinate. Brewster felt hurt and insulted, while she felt that he had imposed upon her disgracefully. He was now ready to cry quits, and it surprised him to find her obstinate. If he had expected to dictate the terms of peace he was woefully disappointed when she treated his advances with cool contempt.

"Barbara, you know I care very much for you," he was pleading, fairly on the road to submission. "I am sure you are not quite indifferent to me. This foolish misunderstanding must really be as disagreeable to you as it is to me."

"Indeed!" she replied, lifting her brows disdainfully. "You are assuming a good deal, Mr. Brewster."

"I am merely recalling the fact that you once told me you cared. You would not promise anything, I know, but it meant much that you cared. A little difference could not have changed your feeling completely."

"When you are ready to treat me with respect I may listen to your petition," she said, rising haughtily.

"My petition?" He did not like the word, and his tact quite deserted him. "It's as much yours as mine. Don't throw the burden of responsibility on me, Miss Drew."

"Have I suggested going back to the old relations? You will pardon me if I remind you of the fact that you came today on your own initiative and certainly without my solicitation."

"Now, look here, Barbara"—he began, dimly realizing that it was going to be hard, very hard, to bring her to reason.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Brewster, but you will have to excuse me. I am going out."

"I regret exceedingly that I should have disturbed you today, Miss Drew," he said, swallowing his pride. "Perhaps I may have the pleasure of seeing you again."

As he was leaving the house, deep anger in his soul, he encountered the colonel. There was something about Monty's greeting, cordial as it was, that gave the older man a hint as to the situation.

"Won't you stop for dinner, Monty?" he asked in the hope that his suspicion was groundless.

"Thank you, colonel, not tonight," and he was off before the colonel could hold him.

Barbara was tearfully angry when her father came into the room, but as he began to remonstrate with her the tears disappeared and left her at white heat.

"Frankly, father, you don't understand matters," she said, with slow emphasis. "I wish you to know now that if Montgomery Brewster calls again I shall not see him."

"If that is your point of view, Barbara, I wish you to know mine." The colonel rose and stood over her, everything forgotten but the rage that went so deep that it left the surface calm. Throwing aside his promise to Brewster, he told Barbara with dramatic simplicity the story of the rescue of the bank. "You see," he added, "if it had not been for that open hearted boy we would now be ruined. Instead of giving cotillions you might be giving music lessons. Montgomery Brewster will always be welcome in this house, and you will see that my wishes are respected. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly," Barbara answered in a still voice. "As your friend I shall try to be civil to him."

The colonel was not satisfied with so cold blooded an acquiescence, but he wisely retired from the field. He left the girl silent and crushed, but with a gleam in her eyes that was not altogether to be concealed. The story had touched her more deeply than she would willingly confess. It was something to know that Monty Brewster could do a thing like that and would do it for her. The exultant smile which it brought to her lips could only be made to disappear by reminding herself sharply of his recent arrogance. Her anger, she found, was a plant which needed careful cultivation.

It was in a somewhat chastened mood that she started a few days later for a dinner at the DeMilles'. As she entered in her sweeping golden gown the sight of Monty Brewster at the other end of the room gave her a flutter at the heart, but it was an agitation that was very carefully concealed. Brewster was certainly unconscious of it. To him the position of guest was like a disguise, and he was pleased at the prospect of letting himself go under the mask without responsibility. But it took on a different color when the butler handed him a card which signified that he was to take Miss Drew to dinner. Hastily seeking out the hostess, he endeavored to convey to her the impossibility of the situation.

"I hope you won't misunderstand me," he said. "But is it too late to change my place at the table?"

"It isn't conventional, I know, Monty. Society's chief aim is to separate engaged couples at dinner," said Mrs. Deu, with a laugh. "It would be positively compromising if a man and his wife sat together."

Dinner was announced before Monty could utter another word, and as she led him over to Barbara she said: "Behold a generous hostess who gives up the best man in the crowd so that he and some one else may have a happy time. I leave it to you, Barbara, if that isn't the test of friendship."

For a moment the two riveted their eyes on the floor; then the humor of the situation came to Monty.

"I did not know that we were supposed to do Gibson tableaux tonight," he said dryly as he proffered his arm. "I don't understand." And Barbara

ra's curiosity overcame her determination not to speak.

"Don't you remember the picture of the man who was called upon to take his late fiancée out to dinner?"

The awful silence with which this remark was received put an end to further efforts at humor.

The dinner was probably the most painful experience in their lives. Barbara had come to it softened and ready to meet him halfway. The right kind of humility in Monty would have found her plastic. But she had very definite and rigid ideas of his duty in the premises, and Monty was too simple minded to seem to suffer and much too flippant to understand. It was plain to each that the other did not expect to talk, but they both realized that they owed a duty to appearances and to their hostess. Through two courses at least there was dead silence between them. It seemed as though every eye in the room were on them and every mind were speculating. At last in sheer desperation Barbara turned to him with the first smile he had seen on her face in days. There was no smile in her eyes, however, and Monty understood.

"We might at least give out the impression that we are friends," she said quietly.

"More easily said than done," he responded gloomily.

"They are all looking at us and wondering."

"I don't blame them."

"We owe something to Mrs. Dan, I think."

"I know."

Barbara uttered some inanity whenever she caught any one looking in their direction, but Brewster seemed not to hear. At length he cut short some remark of hers about the weather.

"What nonsense this is, Barbara," he said. "With any one else I would chuck the whole game, but with you it is different. I don't know what I have done, but I am sorry. I hope you'll forgive me."

"Your assurance is amusing, to say the least."

"But I am sure—I know this quarrel is something we'll laugh over. You keep forgetting that we are going to be married some day."

A new light came into Barbara's eyes. "You forget that my consent may be necessary," she said.

"You will be perfectly willing when the time comes. I am still in the fight and eventually you will come to my way of thinking."

"Oh! I see it now," said Barbara, and her blood was up. "You mean to force me to it. What you did for father—"

Brewster glowered at her, thinking that he had misunderstood. "What do you mean?" he said.

"He has told me all about that wretched bank business. But poor



"If it had not been for him we might have been ruined."

father thought you quite disinterested. He did not see the little game behind your melodrama. He would have torn up your check on the instant if he had suspected you were trying to buy his daughter."

"Does your father believe that?" asked Brewster.

"No, but I see it all now. His persistence and yours—you were not slow to grasp the opportunity he offered."

"Stop, Miss Drew," Monty commanded. His voice had changed, and she had never before seen that look in his eyes. "You need have no fear that I will trouble you again."

CHAPTER XV.

A TYPOGRAPHICAL error in one of the papers caused no end of amusement to every one except Monty and Miss Drew. The headlines had announced, "Magnificent Ball to Be Given Miss Drew by Her Finance," and the Little Sons of the Rich wondered why Monty did not see the humor of it.

"He has too bad an attack to see anything but the lady," said Harrison one evening when the Sons were gathered for an old time supper party.

"It's always the way," commented the philosophical Bragdon. "When you lose your heart your sense of humor goes too. Engaged couples couldn't do such ridiculous stunts if they had the least particle of it left."

"Well, if Monty Brewster is still in love with Miss Drew he takes a mighty poor way of showing it," Subway Smith's remark fell like a bombshell. The thought had come to every one, but no one had been given the courage to utter it. For them Brewster's silence on the subject since the DeMille dinner seemed to have something ominous behind it.

"It's probably only a lovers' quarrel," said Bragdon. But further comment was cut short by the entrance of Monty himself, and they took their places at table.

Before the evening came to an end they were in possession of many astonishing details in connection with the

was to be given for Miss Drew, and her name was conspicuously absent from his descriptions. As he unfolded his plans even the Little Sons, who were imaginative by instinct and reckless on principle, could not be quite acquiescent.

Nopper Harrison solemnly expressed the opinion that the ball would cost Brewster at least \$125,000. The Little Sons looked at one another in consternation, while Brewster's indifference expressed itself in an unflattering comment upon his friend's vulgarity. "Good Lord, Nopper," he added, "you would speculate about the price of gloves for your wedding?"

Harrison resented the taunt. "It would be much less vulgar to do that, Monty, saving your presence, than to force your millions down every one's throat."

"Well, they swallow them, I've noticed," retorted Brewster, "as though they were chocolates."

Pettingill interrupted grandiloquently, "My friends and gentlemen!"

"Which is which?" asked Van Winkle casually.

But the artist was in the saddle. "Permit me to present you to the boy Croesus—the only one extant. His marbles are plunks, and his kites are made of fifty dollar notes. He feeds upon coupons a la Newburg, and his champagne is liquid golden eagles. Look at him, gentlemen, while you can and watch him while he spends \$13,000 for flowers!"

"With a Viennese orchestra for twenty-nine thousand," added Bragdon. "And yet they maintain that silence is golden."

"And three singers to divide twelve thousand among themselves! That's absolutely criminal!" cried Van Winkle. "Over in Germany they'd sing a month for half that amount."

"Six hundred guests to feed—total cost of not less than \$40,000," groaned Nopper dolefully.

"And there aren't 600 in town," lamented Subway Smith. "All that glory wasted on 200 rank outsiders."

"You men are borrowing a lot of trouble," yawned Brewster, with a gallant effort to seem bored. "All I ask of you is to come to the party and put up a good imitation of having the time of your life. Between you and me, I'd rather be caught drinking ice cream soda than giving this thing. But—"

"That's what we want to know—but what?" and Subway leaned forward eagerly.

"But," continued Monty, "I am in for it now, and it is going to be a ball that is a ball."

Nevertheless the optimistic Brewster could not find the courage to tell Peggy of these picturesque extravagances. To satisfy her curiosity he blandly informed her that he was getting off much more cheaply than he had expected. He laughingly denominated as untrue the stories that had come to him from outside sources, and before his convincing assertions that reports were ridiculously exaggerated the troubled expression in the girl's eyes disappeared.

"I must seem a fool," groaned Monty as he left the house after one of these explanatory trips, "but what will she think of me toward the end of the year when I am really in harness?" He found it hard to control the desire to be straight with Peggy and tell her the story of his mad race in pursuit of poverty.

Preparations for the ball went on steadily, and in a dull winter it had its color value for society. It was to be a Spanish costume ball, and at many tea tables the talk of it was a godsend. Sarcastic as it frequently was on the question of Monty's extravagance, there was a splendor about the Aladdin-like entertainment which had a charm. Beneath the outward disapproval there was a secret admiration of the superb nerve of the man. And there was little reluctance to help him in the wild career he had chosen. It was so easy to go with him to the edge of the precipice and let him take the plunge alone. Only the echo of the criticism reached Brewster, for he had silenced Harrison with work and Pettingill with opportunities. It troubled him little, as he was engaged in juggling down items that swelled the profit side of his ledger account enormously. The ball was bound to give him a good lead in the race once more despite the heavy handicap the Stock Exchange had imposed. The Little Sons took off their coats and helped Pettingill in the work of preparation. He found them quite superfluous, for their ideas never agreed, and each man had a way of preferring his own suggestion. To Brewster's chagrin, they were united in the effort to curb his extravagance.

"He'll be giving automobiles and ropes of pearls for favors if we don't stop him," said Subway Smith after Monty had ordered a vintage champagne to be served during the entire evening. "Give them two glasses first, if you like, and then they won't mind if they have cider the rest of the night."

"Monty is plain dotty," chimed in Bragdon, "and the pace is beginning to tell on him."

As a matter of fact the pace was beginning to tell on Brewster. Work and worry were plainly having an effect on his health. His color was bad, his eyes were losing their luster, and there was a listlessness in his actions that even determined effort could not conceal from his friends. Little fits of fever annoyed him occasionally, and he admitted that he did not feel quite right.

"Something is wrong somewhere," he said ruefully, "and my whole system seems ready to stop work through sympathy."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

His Queer Question.

Mudge—What an aggravating habit Wickwire has of answering a question by asking another! Yabsley—I never noticed it. Mudge—Now, for instance, last night I asked him if he would lend me \$10. He didn't say whether he could or not, but asked me if I took him

BRICE LAW PROHIBITION.

Constables Destroy Illicit Distilleries in Greenville County.

Spartanburg, May 1.—The Spartanburg constabulary force, composed of Constables F. R. Mulligan, J. F. Miller, W. D. Whitmore, M. P. Hayes and W. B. Dean, this morning destroyed three distilleries in Greenville county near Hogback mountain. The stills had the following capacities: 100 gallons and two with a capacity of 65 gallons each. There was a quantity of contraband found at each place and this was poured on the ground. The entire plants of the distillers were destroyed. The force also seized 15 gallons of liquor at the home of Lewis Scoggins, which is located near one of the stills destroyed.

The electric fire alarm system is on the bum and the fire alarm is now operated by police power as in ante-Gamewell fire alarm system days. The trouble is said to be due to the lack of sufficient batteries to operate the alarm bell.

An effort is being made to have the Southern and Atlantic Coast Line railways build a Union depot in Barnwell.

Why take a dozen things to cure that cough? Kennedy's Laxative Honey and Tar allays the congestion, stops that tickling, drives the cold out through your bowels. Sold by all druggists.

The Charleston board of city school commissioners have decided not to recommend to city council the conversion of the Thomson auditorium into a city school as had been proposed.

For a painful burn there is nothing like DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. There are a host of imitations of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve on the market—see that you get the genuine. Ask for DeWitt's. Good, too, for sunburn, cuts, bruises, and especially recommended for piles. The name E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, is on every box. Sold by all druggists.

There are 134 Confederate pensioners in Sumter county and they receive \$3,352.30. Lee county has 134 pensioners and they receive \$3,432.95. Clarendon county has 145 on the rolls and they receive \$3,770.60.

A torpid, inactive liver can produce more bodily ills than almost anything else. It is good to clean the system out occasionally. Stir the liver up, and get into shape generally. The best results are derived from the use of DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Reliable, effective, pleasant pills with a reputation. Never gripe. Sold by all druggists.

Governor Heyward has requested Attorney General Youmans to investigate the status of the bond case against the State Treasurer and to take such steps as may be necessary to protect the interest of the State.

Deaths From Appendicitis
* Decrease in the same ratio that the use of Dr. King's New Life Pills increases. They save you from danger and bring quick and painless release from constipation and the ills growing out of it. Strength and vigor always follow their use. Guaranteed by Sibert's Drug Store. 25c. Try them.

Mr. LeGrand Dickson, formerly with China's Drug Store, is now at Duran's Pharmacy.

It is Dangerous to Neglect a Cold.
* How often do we hear it remarked: "It's only a cold," and a few days later learn that the man is on his back with pneumonia. This is of such common occurrence that a cold, however slight, should not be disregarded. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy counteracts any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia, and has gained its great popularity and extensive sale by its prompt cures of this most common ailment. It always cures and is pleasant to take. For sale by all druggists.

Not if as Rich as Rockefeller.
* If you had all the wealth of Rockefeller, the Standard Oil magnate, you could not buy a better medicine for bowel complaints than Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. The most eminent physician cannot prescribe a better preparation for colic and diarrhoea, both for children and adults. The uniform success of this remedy has shown it to be superior to all others. It never fails, and when reduced with water and sweetened, is pleasant to take. Every family should be supplied with it. Sold by all druggists.



The proud old man was before him as a suppliant.

ceptibly. Brewster's pity went out to him in a flash.

"What can I do, Colonel Drew?" he cried. "I'll not take my money out, but I don't know how I can be of further assistance to you. Command me, sir."

"You can restore a certain confidence