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Brewster's Millions

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By GEORGE BARR M'UTCHEON (RICHARD CRAVES)

"You mean—that people might talk?" "She might feel conspicuously present."

"Do you think so? We are such good friends, you know."

"Of course if you'd like to have her," said Monty, "but you'd better not name down. But you evidently haven't seen that." Mrs. Dan pointed to a copy of the Transcript which lay on the table.

"When he had handed her the paper she said, 'The Censor is growing facetious at four o'clock.'"

"I am getting on in society with a vengeance if that starts in to write about me. Listen to this!"—she had pointed out to him the obnoxious paragraph: "If Brewster drew a diamond flush do you suppose he'd catch the queen? And if he caught her how long do you think she'd remain Drew? Or if she drew Brewster would she be willing to learn such a game as Monte?"

"The next morning a writer who signed himself The Censor got a thrashing, and one Montgomery Brewster had his name in the papers, surrounded by fulsome words of praise."

CHAPTER VIII.

ONE morning not long after the incidents just related Brewster lay in bed staring at the ceiling, deep in thought. There was a worried pucker on his forehead, half hidden by the rumpled hair, and his eyes were wide and sleepless. He had dined at the Drews' the evening before and had had an awakening. As he thought of the matter he could recall no special occurrence that could really use as evidence. Colonel and Mrs. Drew had been as kind as ever, and Barbara could not have been more charming. But something had gone wrong, and he had endured a wretched evening.

"That little English Johnnie was to blame," he argued. "Of course Barbara had a right to put any one she liked next to her, but why she should have chosen that silly ass is more than I know. By Jove! If I had been on the other side I'll warrant his grace would have been lost in the dust."

"His brain was whirling, and for the first time he was beginning to feel the unpleasant pangs of jealousy. The Duke of Beauchamp he especially disliked, although the poor man had hardly spoken during the dinner. But Monty could not be sure. Barbara had said she was looking upon a new personality. He was no longer Montgomery the brother, but she could not explain how the change came 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 eyes coming down from red once more. "Does she know?"

"I haven't told her in so many words, Peggy, but—"

"This evening?"

"I can't wait," Monty said as he rose to go. "I'll tell you. Remember, Peggy, I need your good wishes. And, Peggy," he continued, with a touch of boyish wishfulness, "I don't think there's a chance for a fellow? I've had the very deuce of a time over that Englishman."

From the window she watched him swing off down the street, wondering how he would turn to wave his hand to her, his custom for years. But the broad back was straight and unbending. His long stride carried him easily out of sight, but it was many minutes before she turned her eyes, which were staring 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 Mrs. Jones: "Suck to your knitting, you fool."

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 was reading accounts of the big prize fight which was to take place in San Francisco that evening. He revelled 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 Sweeney Jones could not object to such a display of sportiveness, 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 \$5,000 on his man. The young financier felt so sure of the result that he had entered the bet on the profit side of his ledger the moment he received Harrison's report.

This done, he telephoned to Miss Drew. She was not inattentive 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 morose and occasional periods of irritability. 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 the air of a man who was trying to get to her, for she cared enough for Montgomery Brewster to have made

WHEN THE KING OF ENGLAND TRAVELS

Elaborate Precautions Taken by the Railway Authorities to Ensure the Safety of His Majesty



"I love you, Babe," he cried. Montana for less than \$5,000. 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 haysend expect me to spend a million for newspapers, cigars and Boston berries? I thought he would be reasonable."

"He evidently has seen the newspaper accounts of your dinner," said Mr. Ripley.

"Yes," he said. "It's either a warning or else he's ambiguous in his compliments," growled Brewster disgustedly.

"I don't believe he disappointed, 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 telegram blank, Mr. Ripley?"

Two minutes later the following telegram to Sweeney Jones was awaiting the arrival of a messenger boy and Brewster was ready to assure Miss Jones that he did not care a rap for the consequences:

New York, Oct. 18, 1—Sweeney Jones, New York: No doubt you could do it for less than \$5,000. We are 800 feet above the level of the sea. I suppose that's why it costs more to live here.

MONTGOMERY BREWSTER.

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

Butte, Mont., Oct. 18, 1—Montgomery Brewster, New York: We are 800 feet above the level of the sea. I suppose that's why it costs more to live here.

S. JONES.

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

"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 all ready know? It won't bother you, will it?"

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

"I love you, Babe," 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 fact that you may not care for me has driven me nearly to distraction. It couldn't go on any longer. I must know to-day."

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 her to her knees.

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—to marry you."

"We haven't known each other very long, Babe," 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 love you if I expect to be happy with the man I marry?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MISS ROOSEVELT MUST PAY DUTY

Gifts Received by the President's Daughter During Her Journey Will be Taxed When Brought Home.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 17.—Secretary Shaw and the Collector of Customs of San Francisco, Cal., have had a load of trouble for several weeks about which the public has known nothing, but it was lifted today.

The trouble was on account of the presents which Miss Alice Roosevelt, daughter of the president, has received during her trip to the Philippines, China, Japan and Korea. She has been given many pretty and some valuable presents. One newspaper reported several weeks ago that the actual value of her gifts is about \$100,000. She has received valuable silks in China and Japan and pearls in the island of Japan, and wherever she has gone gifts have been showered on her.

Customs officials have been wondering what they ought to do when Miss Roosevelt arrived in an American port with the riches of the mines and looms of the Orient. Some of them suggested that as she is the daughter of the president she ought to be allowed to bring in the gifts duty free, as she was treated with all the honor of a princess and did much to cement friendship between the United States and foreign countries. The belongings of crowned heads of royalty and of diplomats are admitted free into the United States.

Secretary Shaw received suggestions still he was almost tired out. All that stood out before his official gaze was that the presents had been reported as worth probably \$100,000, and if the usual rate of duty was imposed it would cost Miss Roosevelt or her father more than \$50,000. Neither Miss Roosevelt nor her father are wealthy, although the young woman is understood to have a modest fortune in her own right.

Secretary Shaw finally took his burden to the president and told him about it.

"There is only one thing to do," replied Mr. Roosevelt. "That is to treat my daughter's baggage as you would the baggage of any other private person. She will pay duty on everything that is dutiable."

Members of the tariff party say the value of Miss Roosevelt's presents has been exaggerated. But whatever the value, it will be determined by the local appraisers in San Francisco, or the port at which she lands.

TO SAVE MOTHER SLAYS HIS FATHER

Young Man Shoots Murderous Parent Who Boards Houseboat With Knife and Hatchet.

TRENTON, N. J., Oct. 17.—William T. Bevins, of Trenton, who was shot and almost instantly killed to-night by his son, William T. Bevins, Jr., the shooting was the result of a quarrel between the father and son, which took place on the Delaware River, to which place the older man had rowed with the intention of killing his wife, with whom he had quarrelled about a sale of their home in South Trenton several weeks ago.

Young Bevins, after shooting him, placed his father, who was unconscious, in the latter's boat and rowed to shore, calling to persons on land as he approached to summon an ambulance. One met the boat and the driver whipped his horses to a gallop, but Bevins was dead when the ambulance reached the hospital.

After helping a surgeon place his father in the ambulance Young Bevins signed his intention of surrendering himself to the police. He went to his old home to wash and change his clothes and was there when a police station he admitted the shooting and explained that he had done it in self-defence and to save his mother.

He expressed regret that his father was dead, but that he had acted as he did.

Young Bevins said his mother's life had been threatened to-day by his father, who was drunk and had threatened to kill her with a knife and hatchet. He had promised her protection and provided she would leave the house with him. He had then taken her to the river and had threatened to kill her with a knife and hatchet. He had then taken her to the river and had threatened to kill her with a knife and hatchet.

ENGINE RUNS OVER BOY TO SAVE HIM

Driver of Fire Apparatus in New York by His Quick Wit and Skill Averts Fatal Accident.

NEW YORK, Oct. 17.—By the presence of mild and coolness, a fireman saved Joseph Cunningham, nine years old, from being crushed to death beneath the heavy wheels of an engine in Second avenue yesterday afternoon.

Engine No. 52, the headquarters of which is in East 14th street, was responding to an alarm sent from No. 1,707 Second avenue and was dashing down that thoroughfare at a high rate of speed, when suddenly a small boy who had been stealing a ride on a southbound car ran out from behind it.

The engine was running on its own power, and the fireman, who was in the front of the engine, saw the boy and, knowing that it was not in his power to stop his team in time, pulled the horses up, causing them to swing apart. By this means he not only saved the prostrate child from the horses' hoofs, but guided the engine over the boy's body without so much as touching him.

As soon as the engine could be brought to a standstill the captain of the company sent Wm. Frederick, a fireman, back to the aid of the child and then proceeded to the fire.

Frederick took the child to a neighboring drug store, where it was found that his only injury was a scratch on the left hand and a bad scare.

He was taken to his home, at No. 1,829 Second avenue.

"What did you do with all those unpaid bills, Julia?" "I saw they were beginning to worry you, dear, so I destroyed them."

Grand clearance sale of Furniture, COMMENCING MONDAY, OCT. 2nd.

Bustin & Withers, 99 GERMAIN ST.

In Time of Peace

Prepare to fight the bitter cold of winter. In order to do this, your furnace must be in good condition. It is not, then the fault is yours, you should have had it looked over by

Keenan & Ratchford, WATERLOO STREET.

TONIGHT! 30 Minute Sale, 8 o'clock to 8.30, Ladies' - Lace - Collars worth 20cts., for 6cts. each.

PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT STORE, 142 Main St. St. John, N. B.

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MEGARITY & KELLEY Telephone 820.

We Have a Stock of the Best Quality Mixed Dry Hardwood. Which we can give you sawed and split ready for use. It is a good time to get it in now clean and dry.

Spruce Kindling or Pine Kindling. Cut up ready for use, we can supply by the load or in small quantities put in bunches. Spruce kindling, 50c. per dozen bundles, and Pine kindling, 60c. per dozen bundles.

J. S. CIBBON & Co. 595 St. and 61 Charlotte St. and Market St. Telephone 676.

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SUNDAY. Leaves Millidgeville at 9:00 and 10:30 a. m. and 6:00 p. m. Returning at 8:45 a. m. and 5 p. m. JOHN MCGOLDRICK.

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