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Brewster's Millions

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

CHAPTER XXI.

MONTY'S situation was desperate. Only a little more than \$6,000 had been spent on the carnival, and no opportunity of annihilating the roulette winnings seemed to offer itself. His experience at Monte Carlo did not encourage him to try again, and Peggy's attitude toward the place was distinctly antagonistic. The Riviera presenting no new opportunities for extravagance, it became necessary to seek other worlds.

"I never before understood the real meaning of the phrase 'tight money,'" thought Monty. "Lord, if it would only loosen a bit and stay loosened!" Something must be done, he realized, to earn his living. Perhaps the role of the princely profligate would be easier in Italy than anywhere else. He studied the outlook from every point of view, but there were moments when it seemed hopeless. Baedeker was provokingly barren of suggestions for extravagance, and Monty grew impatient of the book's small economies. Noticing some chapters on the Italian lakes, in an inspired moment he remembered that Pettingill had once lost his heart to a villa on the lake of Como. Instantly a new act of the comedy presented itself to him. He sought out Pettingill and demanded a description of his castle in the air.

"Oh, it's a wonder," exclaimed the artist. And his eyes grew dreamy. "It shines out at you with its white terraces and turrets like those fascinating castles that Maxfield Parrish draws for children. It is fairyland. You expect to wake and find it gone."

"Oh, drop that, Petty," said Brewster, "or it will make you poetical. What I want to know is who owns it and it is likely to be occupied at this season?"

"It belongs to a certain marquise, who is a widow with no children. They say she has a horror of the place for some reason and has never been near it. It is kept as though she were to turn up the next day, but except for the servants it is always deserted."

"The very thing," declared Brewster. "Petty, we'll have a house party."

"You'd better not count on that, Monty. A man I know ran across the place once and tried for a year to buy it. But the lady has ideas of her own."

"Well, if you wish to give him a hint or two about how to do things, watch me. If you don't spend two weeks in your dream castle I will cut the crowd and sail for home."

He secured the name of the owner and found that Pettingill had even a remote idea of the address of her agent. Armed with these facts, he set out in search of a courier, and through Philippe he secured a Frenchman named Bertier, who was guaranteed to be surprisingly ingenious in providing methods of spending money. To him Brewster confided his scheme, and Bertier realized with rising enthusiasm that at last he had secured a client after his own heart. He was able to complete the address of the agent of the mysterious marquise, and an inquiry was immediately telegraphed to him.

The agent's reply would have been discouraging to any one but Brewster. It stated that the owner had no intention of leasing her forsaken castle for any period whatever. The profligate learned that a fair price for an estate of that kind for a month was 10,000 francs, and he wired an offer of five times that sum for two weeks. The agent replied that some delay would be necessary while he communicated with his principal. Delay was the one word that Brewster did not understand, so he wired him an address in Genoa, and the flitter was made ready for sea. Steam had been kept up, and her coal account would compare favorably with that of an ocean liner. Philippe was breathless with joy when he was paid in advance for another month at the hotel on the assumption that the party might be moved to return at any moment. The little town was gay at parting, and Brewster and his guests were given a royal farewell.

At Genoa the mail had accumulated and held the attention of the yacht to the exclusion of everything else. Brewster was somewhat crestfallen to learn that the lady of the villa haughtily refused his princely offer. He won the lifelong devotion of his courier by promptly increasing it to 100,000 francs. When this, too, met with rejection there was a pause as well as a serious consultation between the two.

"Bertier," exclaimed Brewster, "I must have the thing now. What's to be done? You've got to help me out."

But the courier, prodigal as he was of gestures, had no words which seemed pertinent.

"There must be some way of getting at this marquise," Monty continued reflectively. "What are her tastes? Do you know anything about her?"

Suddenly the face of the courier grew bright. "I have it," he said, and then he faltered. "But the expense, monsieur—it would be heavy."

"Perhaps we can meet it," suggested Monty quietly. "What's the idea?"

It was explained, with plenty of action to make it clear. The courier had heard in Florence that madame la marquise had a passion for automobiles. But with her inadequate for-

ter. "With Pettingill to follow, I suppose," he said icily. "It would certainly give you more privacy."

"And Mrs. Dan more opportunities," she retorted as he dropped back toward the others.

The artist instantly took his place. The next moment he had challenged her to a race and they were flying down the road in the moonlight. Brewster, not to be outdone, was after them, but it was only a moment before his horse shied violently at something black in the road. Then he saw Peggy's horse galloping riderless. Instantly, with fear at his throat, he had dismounted and was at the girl's side. She was not hurt, they found; only bruised and dazed and somewhat lamed. A girth had broken and her saddle turned. The crowd waited, silent

and the many demands upon it it was a weakness; not readily grudging. The machine she had used during the winter was by no means up to date. Possibly if monsieur— Yet it was too much. No villa—

But Brewster's decision was made. "Wire the fellow," he said, "that I will add to my last offer a French machine of the latest model and the best make. Say, too, that I would like immediate possession."

He secured it, and the crowd was transferred at once to fairyland. There were protests, of course, but these Brewster had grown to expect, and he was learning to carry things with a high hand. The travelers had been preceded by Bertier, and the greeting they received from the steward of the estate and his innumerable assistants was very Italian and full of color. A break in their monotony was welcome.

The loveliness of the villa and its grounds, which sloped down to the gentle lake, silenced criticism. For a time it was supremely satisfying to do nothing. Pettingill wandered about as though he could not believe it was real. He was lost in a kind of atmosphere of ecstasy. To the others, who took it more calmly, it was still a sort of paradise. Those who were happy found in it an intensification of happiness, and to those who were sad it offered the tenderest opportunities for melancholy. Mrs. Dan told Brewster that only a poet could have had this inspiration. And Peggy added: "Anything after this would be an anticlimax. Really, Monty, you would better take us home."

"I feel like the boy who was shut in a closet for punishment and found it the place where they kept the jam," said Subway. "It is almost as good as owning Central park."

The stables were well equipped, and the days wore on in a wonderful peace. It was on a radiant afternoon, when twelve of the crowd had started out after tea for a long ride toward Lugano, that Monty determined to call Peggy Gray to account. He was certain that she had deliberately avoided him for days and weeks, and he could find no reason for it. Hour after hour he had lain awake wondering where he had failed her, but the conclusion of one moment was rejected the next. The Monte Carlo episode seemed the most plausible cause, yet even before that he had noticed that whenever he approached her she managed to be talking with some one else. Two or three times he was sure she had seen his intention before she took refuge with Mrs. Dan or Mary Valentine or Pettingill. The thought of the last name gave Monty a sudden thrill. What if it were he who had come between them? It troubled him, but there were moments when the idea seemed impossible. As they mounted and started off the exhilaration of the ride made him hopeful. They were to have dinner in the open air in the shadow of an abbey ruin some miles away, and the servants had been sent ahead to prepare it. It went well, and with Mrs. Dan's help the dinner was made gay. On the return Monty, who was off last, spurred up his horse to join Peggy. She seemed eager to be with the rest, and he lost no time with a preamble.

"Do you know, Peggy," he began, "something seems to be wrong, and I am wondering what it is."

"Why, what do you mean, Monty?" as he paused.

"Every time I come near you, child, you seem to have something else to do. If I join the group you are in it is the signal for you to break away."

"Nonsense, Monty! Why should I avoid you? We have known one another much too long for that." But he thought he detected some contradiction in her eyes, and he was right. The girl was afraid of him, afraid of the sensations he awoke, afraid desperately of betrayal.

"Pettingill may appeal to you," he said, and his voice was serious, "but you might at least be courteous to me."

"How absurd you are, Monty Brewster." The girl grew hot. "You needn't think that your million gives you the privilege of dictation to all of your guests."

"Peggy! How can you?" he interjected.

She went on ruthlessly. "If my conduct interferes with your highness' pleasure I can easily join the Prestons in Paris."

Suddenly Brewster remembered that Pettingill had spoken of the Prestons and expressed a fleeting wish that he might be with them in the Latin quar-



Instantly he had dismounted and was at the girl's side.

and somewhat awed, until the carriage with the servants came up and she was put into it. Mrs. Dan's maid was there, and Peggy insisted that she would have no one else. But as Monty helped her in he had whispered: "You won't go, child, will you? How could things go on here?"

(To be continued.)

DRESS HINTS.

Never dress older than you are. Dress younger.

Velvet that has become crushed may be restored by placing the linen side over a basin of hot water.

Make bloomers of the same material as the dress for schoolgirls. Make quite full, with elastics at the knees and waist.

To dry damp feathers throw a handful of salt on the fire and hold the feathers over, shaking them vigorously. Don't put them so near the fire that they will burn.

If a new wash dress is mussed, but not soiled enough to go into the tub, make a little thin cold starch, squeeze a rag lightly in this, brush the wrong side of the dress first with the starchy rag, then with your bare hand, and iron as you go along. It will look like new.

A Hint About Garnishing Dishes.

The garnishing of a dish has a good deal to do with its appetizing appearance, but there is one hint which it would be well for all cooks to bear in mind—no dish should look as if it had been fingered. The idea is repugnant to a nice taste and takes away more than any added prettiness could compensate for. What can be put to the dish in question that may look as if it were carelessly and easily done is one thing. It is quite another if the result has the appearance of having been handled much.

Welsh Wedding Custom.

In the following quaintly formal letter the parents of Welsh brides sometimes bid their friends attend the wedding and bid them also not to come empty handed: "Whatever donation you may be pleased to bestow will be thankfully received and cheerfully repaid whenever called for on a similar occasion. The parents of the bride and bridegroom elect desire that all gifts due to them will be returned to them on the above date and will be thankful for all favors granted."

Bath Bags.

Bath bags are rather an expensive luxury if bought at the store. They may be made at home, however, at small cost. Bags of cheesecloth are the best. These should be made about three or four inches square and filled with the following mixture (not too much should be put into each bag): Two and a half pounds of oatmeal, one-half pound of almond meal, one-half pound of powdered orris root and one-quarter pound of castile soap which has first been scraped to a fine powder.

Bath Buns.

Rub with the hand one pound of fine flour and half a pound of butter; then beat six eggs and add them to the flour, with a tablespoonful of good yeast. Mix these together with half a teacupful of milk and set the result in a warm place for an hour. Now mix in six ounces of sifted sugar and mold the dough into buns. Bake them in a hot oven for about ten minutes. These quantities should make eighteen buns.

Velvet and Velveteen.

Imitations of velvet are now so cleverly made that it is sometimes hard to distinguish between the real and velveteen. When the two qualities are placed side by side there is an unmistakable difference, for the rich, glossy, silk-like surface of real velvets fairly glistens beside the dull velveteens that abound all the light. The back threads in velvet are silk, while in velveteen they are cotton.

MODERN MUSIC.

No more the youth with light guitar
Awaits the evening shade
To tune beneath the twinkling star
A tender serenade.

No more beneath her casement there
Onc in the moonlight's glow,
Of eyes so bright and golden hair
He sings full sweet and low.

The old guitar is laid aside,
The casement closed for keeps,
And Cupid, humbled in his pride,
Oat in the starlight weeps.

The youth walks in—the girl, would
Laugh
Should be all bashful wait,
They listen to the phonograph
And say: 'Gee! Aint that great!'

—Washington Star.

MUDDLED LAWS.

(Toronto Saturday Night.)

The best brains of this and every country are engaged, generation after generation in confusing the laws and complicating legal procedure. In these times when the average of education is so high, the laws have to be very complicated or all the people would understand them, and a great, powerful, and profitable profession would be no more. Moses had laws on tables of stone. Now the slabs of stone have been broken into a million fragments, and there is not one steadfast, granite law to which you can turn with absolute confidence. The slabs of stone have been broken into innumerable odd-shaped fragments, of which laymen can make nothing but which a skilled lawyer, for a high fee, can piece together with whatever result he is retained to accomplish. He can pick out a fragment here and a fragment there, and delve away down underneath for another that nobody else seems to know about, and gradually patch up a case in law that the bench views with the greatest professional admiration—and your case is won. That is to say, it is won for the time being! Then your opponent gets an expert to rummage among the million odd-shaped fragments and he pieces together a case in law more admirable from the professional viewpoint than that your expert has rooted out—so you lose. But it is not over. There are all shapes and sizes of pieces left, the combinations are inexhaustible. You and your enemy can fight it out for life if you can stand the expense; the law is exhaustless, the courts almost countless, always increasing, and each devoting itself more and more to some neat specialty. When an action appears to have about run its course, some lawyer representing some third party, can arise and score a new point altogether, which will have to be referred to another court. Away they go at a dollar per minute to investigate this new phase of the question.

Quite recently one of our local judges in hearing a case arising out of an estate, flatly declared that he would not permit three separate suits to proceed at the same time, involving the same property and the same dispute as to facts. He ordered that the suits must be bunched into one and the costs not multiplied unnecessarily. Some day a patriot lawyer will write a book in which he will give cases, names, facts and figures, showing how properties have been eaten up in the local courts by what may be described as wanton litigation, or, legal proceedings inspired only by the fees that would attach thereto. Judges should be instructed by Parliament to use what authority they possess, and they should be given greater authority, to stifle vexatious and unnecessary litigation. When a

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STEALING OUR FISH.

American Fishermen Will be Disturbed by New Canadian Cutter.

The Government's new gasoline launch, "I'll See," which will be employed in the work of discouraging poaching by Americans in Canadian waters, has arrived in Windsor, and will do duty on the St. Clair river of 26 h. p. and has a speed of 20 miles an hour, crossing from Toronto to Port Dalhousie in two hours and 20 minutes, with a heavy sea running at the time.

Advice was received at the Fisheries department yesterday that United States poachers were at work within two miles of the Canadian shore on Lake Erie, and the patrol boats will bestir themselves to place a check on the bold operations under way.

Fisheries Overseer George Shelley, who was dismissed a few days ago, and reinstated on Wednesday, yesterday, seized 29 boxes of fish at Niagara and Bridgeburg, and at once reported the seizure to Deputy Commissioner Bastedo.

Now's the time when every ham-mock is expected to do its duty.

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