RICH MEN'S CHILDREN

By GERALDINE DONNER

Author of THE PIONEER, TOMORROW'S TANGLE, etc.

Illustrations by DOM J. LAVIN

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SYNOPSIS.

Bill Cannon, the Bonanza king and his daughter, Elena, are aboard yacht Columbia Spray bound for San Francisco to attend the wedding of Elena's friend, Dominick Pitkoma. Bill calls on the wedding a half invitation for his wife, and is disappointed when Elena tells him Dominick has chosen the daughter-in-law Donald had been trapped into a marriage with. Bill's wife, Rose, is a woman who never leaves the ranch; she squanders her money, they have frequent quarrels, and Bill is sorry he married her. Bill's son, Eugene, is a recent graduate of Harvard. Dominick Bijna is received from state in uniform, wounded and decorated, and taught in Antwerp Bonanza Pitkoma, Dominick's father, Tomas, owns Bonanza Saloon in Virginia City. Dominick's fiancée discovers he is a proper Bonanza heir and writes letter to Bill Cannon, who is Dominick's godfather. Dominick's mother, Bijna, is a proper Belgian matriarch disapproves in local parlance, of her son's marriage to a Cannon girl. After a quarrel with Rose, Bill is apprehensive in case. Telegrams and radio arrive. Dominick's mother is coming.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

He dodged and looked toward the table and, turning to the chinaware, pretended one hand upon it and gazed down at the legs. A charred end projected and he pushed it with his stippened foot, his down been feels the lips set and brows wrinkled, looking like like the face of a sullen boy who has been unjustly punished. An tiny, trending shift of Bonanza made Rose's heart sink down into bottomless depths. She faltered in faltering tones:

"Well, you'll be there soon now."

"I don't know," he answered without meeting. "I don't know whether I shall."

"You don't know whether you'll go home soon?" The words sounded, she pouttman has come in."

"I don't know where I'll go home," he repeated.

The emptying of the fire sounded loud upon the silence that followed. The thrill of strong emotions rising toward expression held them in breathless, inescapable quietude.

"Don't you want to go home?" said the young girl. Her voice was low and she cleared her throat. In this tabernacle of silence consciousness her heart had begun to beat so violently that it interfered with the ease of her speech.

Dominick heard and dropped the crumpled letter into the fire.

"No, I don't want to. I hate to."

To this she did not reply at all, and after a moment he continued: "My home is unbearable to me. It isn't a home. It's a place where I eat and sleep, and I'd prefer doing that anywhere else, in any dirty boarding house or fourth-rate hotel—I'd rather—"

He stopped abruptly and pushed the log farther in. The letter was caught up the chimney in a swirl of black cloud scraps.

"Put your wife?" said Rose.

This time her voice was coarse but she did not know it. She had lost the consciousness of herself. It was a profound moment, the deepest she had so far known, and the forces of life being were concentrated upon it. The young man answered with deliberation, still not moving.

"I don't want to see my wife. Never—we are—unmanageable. There is nothing but unhappiness between us."

"Don't you love her?" said the girl.

"No. I never did," he answered.

For a moment neither dared speak. They did not look at each other or sitr. They hardly seemed to breathe. A movement, a touch, would have rent the last bits of reserve that still covered what were no longer unexpected feelings. Dominick knew, but the girl did not. She was asked by what he said, as a sudden, intolerable fear, and the increased, suffocating beats of her heart made her feel dizzy. She suddenly wished to fly, to escape from the room, and him, and herself. She turned to go and was arrested by his voice in the hall.

"Say, you folks, are you in there?" Cora's vinegar followed her voice like thrust of a round the door post, beaming smiling under a recently applied coat of powder.

"Do you want to take a sample of nutcha? Mr. Willoughby and I'll lay you out cold nutcha that Dominick's story of his his arose back on him and has forgot all I gave him last time."

They were too bewildered to make any response. Dominick pulled out a coat and dropped it again, looking anxiously from the door to the intruder. Cora turned back to the passage, calling:

"Here they are, Mr. Willoughby, all ready and waiting for us. Now well show them how to play nutcha."

Before Willoughby appeared, reappeared in the central hall, Cora had pulled the chairs round the table and brought out the cards. A few moments later, they were seated and the game had been begun. Cora and her partner were soon fabulous. Not only did they hold the best hands, but their adversaries played so badly that the rain of many old oranges was wiped off.

The second day the last movements of departure began. Early in the afternoon Buford and Judge Washburne started for Rocky Bar in Perley's stagecoach. The mail had been broken by the mail-carrier, but was still so deeply drifted that the driver said he need a fortnome undertaking not without real danger. Perley's two powerful horses were harnessed in tandem, and Perley blew the a mere guitar of a trap phase, drove them, squealed on a snap box in front of the Bonanza Saloon. There were cries of farewell from the porch and laughing on the windows as the sleigh started and sped away to the diminishing jingle of bells. A and ness fell on those who watched it. The little light of festivity was over.

On the following day Bill Cannon and his daughter were to leave. A telegram had been sent to Rocky Bar for a sleigh and horses of the proper excellence to be the equipage of a Bonanza Princess. Rose had spent the morning packing the valises and late in the afternoon began a drawing search for possessions in the parlor.

The dark was gathering as she entered the room, the corners of which were already full of shadows, the fire playing on them with a warm, varying light. Waves of radiance spread and rippled on the ceiling, here and there touching the gross or a picture glass or china ornament. The crude taffeta cover of the piano was hidden in little mysteriously, transforming combination of shadow and glow. It seemed a rich, romantic spot, flushed with fire that pulsed as an inner soul of particulous charity, a center of familiar, intimate life, warm and cheerful and the dark present.

She thought the room was unoccupied and advanced toward the table, then started before the uprising of Dominick's tall figure from a chair in a shadowed corner. It was the first time they had been each other alone since their conversation of the day before. Rose was startled and agitated, and her brain backward movement showed it. Her voice, however, was natural, almost easy to casualness as she said:

"I thought there was no one here. You've hidden yourself in such a dark corner. I came to gather up my books and things."

He advanced into the light, looking somberly at her.

"Do you mean that you're going to-morrow?" he said almost gruffly.

"Yes, we're going. Everything's been arranged. Horses and a sleigh are dispatched any moment now from Rocky Bar. They rest here in the stable and take us down in the afternoon. I think papa'll go crazy if we had to wait a day longer—I'm sure I'll follow in a day or two," he said, "probably go down on Tuesday, the doctor says."

She began gathering up the books, the pens, the titles, and putting aside the chairs in the room.

"I'm so sorry it's over," she said in a preoccupied voice without any particular regret in it. "The Mill on the Floss' is Mrs. Perley's, I think."

"I'm sorry, too," he commented, very low.

She made no reply, selected another book, and as she held it up looking at the back, said:

"But I am not. I'm glad to go. It's not as if you were going in one direction and I in another. We'll see you in San Francisco, of course. I don't think we'll be scattered."

She laid the book on the table and turned her face toward him. He stood looking into the fire, not seeing the fire, but conscious of it, of its expression, of its every line.

"Do you mean that we're not going to see you in San Francisco?"

"Yes, that's just about what I mean," he replied.

"Mr. Ryan?" It was hardly more than a breath of protest, but it was as stirring to the man as the wildcor of love.

He made no comment on it, and she said, with a little more of intensive and volume:

"But why?"

"It's best not," he answered, and turned toward her.

His shoulders were squared and he held his head as a man who does epic prepares himself for a blow. His face was looking straight into hers, enveloped her in a glance soft and burning, was a savage glance, but the softening, possessing glance, caressing and effect, it pleading and masterful of a lover.

The books that she was holding fell to the table, and they looked at each other while the clock ticked.

"It's best for me not to come," he said huskily, "never to come."

"Very well," she faltered.

He came a little nearer to her and said:

"You know what I mean."

She turned away, very pale, her lips trembling.

"And you'd like me to come if I could—if I were free?"

He was close to her and looked down to see her face, his own hard, the bones of the jaw showing through the thin cheeks.

"Don't like me to?" he urged.

She nodded, her lips too dry to speak.

"O Rose!" he whispered, a whisper that seemed to melt the strength of her heart and make her unvanquished, sudden pride class to into feebleness.

He leaned nearer and, taking her by the arms, drew her closer the elbows, close and impassioned, that crushed her against him. She submitted passively, in a dizzy dream that was neither joy nor pain, but was like a moment of drugged unreality, fearful and beautiful. She was unconscious of his lips pressed on her hair, but she felt the beating of his heart beneath her cheek.

They stood thus for a moment, rising above time and space. They seemed to have been caught up to a pinnacle of life where the familiar world lay far beneath them. A joy, divine and dreamy, held them clasped together, motionless and mute, for a single point of time beyond and outside the fascinations that had never force bound them.

Bill Cannon had a question to ask his daughter and he came down stairs to the parlor where she had told him she was going. He had dressed himself for supper, the most important meal of his toilet being a pair of brown leather slippers. They were soft and made no sound and stopping briskly in them he advanced to the ball-room parlor door, pushed it open and omitted the quiet room. On the hearthrug before the fire stood a woman clasped in the arms of Dominick Pitkoma.

Though the face was hidden, the fine glossy coil on the back was sufficient. The young man's head was bowed to hers, his brows hard frowning above the gleaming blindness of hers. They were absolutely motionless and silent. For an amazed moment the three stared at them, then turned and tiptoed out of the room.

He mounted several steps of the staircase and then descended, stopping as briskly as he could, and, as he advanced on the parlor door, with aggressive loudness. He was on the threshold when he encountered his daughter, her head lowered, her gait quick, almost a flight. Without word he stepped aside and let her pass, her face was hidden in little hair, and he stood looking after her, a man search for possession of the parlor.

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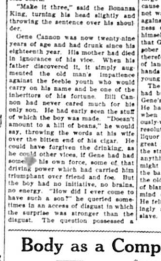

LAVIN

Dominick Ryan." He Said, in a Low Voice, "I Saw That."

ess from a remaining woman, once loved and trusted, now finally proved false.

In those short years of mourning and lost faith between the downfall of Crown Point and the rise of Rose Virginia and the Rey del Monte, Bill Cannon "lay low." His growing reputation as an expert mining man and a rising financier had suffered. Men had disbelieved in him as they did his brother, and he knew the awareness of revenge when he and the great Comstock lode. He was unconscious of his lips pressed on her hair, but she felt the beating of his heart beneath her cheek.

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A HIDDEN DANGER

It is a duty of the kidneys to filter the blood of uric acid, and when they fail, uric acid accumulates and causes rheumatic attacks, headaches, dizziness, gravel, urinary troubles, weak eyes, drowsy or short disease.

Doan's Kidney Pills help the kidneys fight off uric acid—bringing new strength to weak kidneys and relief from backache and kidney ills.

An Indiana Case

Mrs. Ella Mae Hoover, Rochester, Ind., says: "I had a dull ache in my back and my kidneys were weak. I felt tired and lame. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me and I recommend them highly."

Get Doan's at any Store. 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, New York

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. 25 Pills for dinner dose. Sallow complexion, Indigestion, Sick Headache.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Improve the complexion, brighten the eyes.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

ONE DROP

OF BORDEN'S PRETTY CREAM

drops a child's thirsty little mouth, a drop of Borden's Pretty Cream drinking water clove and cinnamon, makes it palatable and healthful. Borden's Pretty Cream. Borden's Pretty Cream. Borden's Pretty Cream.

FOR SALE ON TRAINS—IN A HANDSOME PACKAGE—AT GROCERS—ON THE WAGON. Write for Borden's Recipe Book, "Pretty Cream Recipes." Dept. 2, Borden Building, New York.

Body as a Compass Needle

Ants Have an Unfailing Method of Finding Their Way Back to Their Nests.

Not only naturalists, but every one who has walked in the woods wonders how they find their way to and from their nests. A French naturalist, M. Cornetz, has been observing ants in Algeria and in a recent issue of La Nature he gives an account of his observations.

The ant, he says, in its outward journey, proceeds throughout in the direction initially chosen; on its return the insect places its body at the same angle to the sun as it occupied on the outward journey. The body of the ant would therefore be in a sharp, eighty-seventh degree, if the sun shone brightly and steadily in about degree zero for the sun's rays are then parallel to the ground and the ant would be unable to change its relief. The return is effected directly, regardless of the obstacles chosen, on its return the insect places its body at the same angle to the sun as it occupied on the outward trip, and an ant which has left its nest on a voyage of exploration finds its way back both because it has made the outward journey

The ELECTRICAL WORLD

CURRENT TAPPED AT SOCKET

Contrivance May Be Used for Lighting and Operating Power—Made of Glazed Porcelain.

The device shown in the illustration is a means of tapping the current supplying the current from an electric light fixture to any of the small lighting and power devices now on the market.

The incandescent lamp is attached to the ordinary manner, while the attachment cord is inserted in the side. In this manner the light and device may be operated separately or together, as desired.

The body is made of one piece of glazed porcelain, with bronze ornaments tips.

Device for Tapping Current.

CURTAIN AS BURGLAR ALARM

Electrical Device Successfully Tested by Police Authorities of Berlin and Dresden.

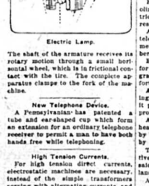
An electric burglar alarm from Dresden has been tested thoroughly by the police authorities of Dresden and Berlin. The most experienced experts were called in to try the apparatus or to enter into the protected premises without starting the alarm. The appliance is exceedingly simple, just consisting of a curtain or portiere wired with fine conductors. A certain place on the curtain is provided with small metal knobs which are connected with the electric circuit. The curtain is then drawn across the window or door and fastened. Any and the slightest disturbance of this position immediately breaks the circuit, as the metal knobs are thrown out of contact with each other.

Should the burglar notice the wires and cut one or several thereof, the breaking of the circuit would also start the alarm. Any other attempt to destroy the protective curtain would be noticed. Any curtain, unless made of fireproof material, would also act as a fire alarm. The alarm itself may consist of a bell, a flash light, or other electrical appliance. This invention can be used to protect doors, windows, safes. The curtains, forming the most important part of the device, can be designed and arranged to suit individual taste.

ELECTRIC LAMP FOR BICYCLE

Complete Apparatus Clamps to Fork of Machine—Current Is Generated by Small Dynamo.

An electric lamp for motorcycles and bicycles, receiving its power through the revolution of the front wheel, is the invention of a German engineer, says the Popular Mechanics. The current is generated by a dynamo, which consists of a fixed field magnet in which the armature is revolved



Electric Lamp.

The shaft of the armature receives its rotary motion from a small hard metal wheel, which is in frictional contact with the tire. The dynamo apparatus clamps to the fork of the machine.

New Telephone Device.

A Pennsylvanian has patented a tube and earshaped cup which form an extension for an ordinary telephone receiver to permit a man to have both hands free while telephoning.

High Tension Current.

For high tension direct current, electricians have adopted a rule, instead of the simple transformers serving with alternating current, a powerful machine has been built in Paris for the experiments of M. Chabbat and P. Villard. It has twenty double disks, 36 inches in diameter, driven by a motor of 1,500 revolutions per minute. The disks are mounted in pairs on a heavy machine tool base. The disks are insulated and separate the combs in a given time produced maximum tension. In a preliminary trial the voltage reached 320,000.

Electric Waiter.

An Australian has invented an electric waiter for hotels and restaurants, operated by the customer seated at his table. A wooden frame, holding the menu card, is fitted with push buttons opposite each item, and "pressing the button" rings a bell in the kitchen and displays the order and the table number. The kitchen apparatus also prints a check, the original of which comes to the customer, with a duplicate on an endless tape. This device has been in successful use in New Zealand.

ELECTRICAL HOUSE IN PARIS

Everything in Dwelling From Opening of Front Door to Laundry Work Done by Electricity.

In the heart of Paris is an electrical household. The door is opened by pressing a button, the telephone receives the object of the visit. In the dining room there is no waiter, but an electric dumbwaiter rises from the kitchen to the center of the table. On the table there are four or five small buttons. When the host presses the white button a little drum bears in the kitchen. Immediately the doors of hot water containers open and the turneen accosts to the table and the dinner course and commence the opening.

By pressing a red button to the right of left the chair is caused to travel around the table in the corresponding direction. It is secured at any point by removing the finger from the button. The function of the button is to cause the dish to rotate in order to assist the guest in helping himself. The dish is returned to the elevator and thence to the kitchen by the operation of the buttons.

Attached to the electric range in the kitchen are a switchboard, an electric clock, a rheostat by which the strength of the current can be regulated, and a meter which measures the current consumed in cooking each dish. With the clock every dish can be cooked for the precisely proper degree. At the moment when the desired number of minutes has elapsed the current automatically is cut off and an electric bell announces the fact to the chef.

In the laundry are electrical washing machines, electric irons, irons and ironing machines. In the bedroom is an electrical hand warmer. Irons a bed ion and an elevator concealed in a table by the bedside operate during the and the morning paper. Electric spies afterbreakfast and fill the rooms with wallpaper and hangings and connecting with sensitive microphones make it possible for the master of the house to hear everything a baby or invalid in the bed to know all that is being said and done in the house.

BELL MADE TO STRIKE HOUR

Gong Installed by Being Mounted on Wooden Sounding Board—Closed Circuit in Striking.

It was necessary that I arrange to have the bell in my clock strike at exactly the hours at the same time as the gong.

The gong of the clock was connected to a closed circuit battery. These two wires were at

Bell That Strikes the Hours.

tached to batteries and run to the distant bell as shown, writes J. P. Wood in Popular Mechanics. The bell side of the clock was insulated by being mounted on a wooden board. The hammer closed the circuit with each stroke of the hammer. The bell is not a vibrating bell may be used.

ELECTRICAL NOTES

New York has six blind operators at telephone switchboards.

More than 200,000 lamp filaments of 10-candle power each can be manufactured from one pound of tungsten.

Tourists will be able to reach the famous Lake Como in Italy, Switzerland by an electric street car line in the near future.

Paris expects to get 200,000 electrical incandescent lamps by damming the Rhone at a point 200 miles from the city.

For preserving garments a North Carolinian has patented a pair of electrically heated tweezers which at least resembles large shears.

An Illinois inventor has patented a telephone receiver casing made of the shell of a species of alfalfa, no farmer goes generally used.

Electrical boomerangs have been built for a German railroad that has heavy freight traffic over a single line of forty-two miles an hour.

Although Burma has been producing tungsten only for about two years it produces the largest output in the world for the production of that metal.

A electric furnace in which the heat is applied to metals to be melted by a tungsten tube has been made by a German scientist.

The oldest submarine cable in active operation in North America is said to be that across Northumberland Strait, which was laid in 1885.

A Danish scientist has designed an electrical apparatus for use in warding up the energy of sunlight and transforming it into the form of electric energy.

Experimentally, at least, a young Italian inventor's wireless telegraph apparatus transmits written messages, which can be read without pencil and sorts of designs.

The wireless telegraph apparatus which may be used on an aeroplane without the necessity of a long antenna has been wire, often troublesome or dangerous, successfully tested in Germany.

Many tramcar lines in Germany are now being equipped with electric heaters.

BACK YARD FARMER

Interesting Pointers on Gardening, for the City Man or Suburbanite.

WHAT TO PLANT AND WHEN

Advice by an Expert on Agricultural Matters—Squash Raising Hazardous—Growing Mushrooms—Growing Vegetables in a Flat.

By PROF. JOHN WILLARD BOLTE.

Squash raising as a commercial venture is a hazardous one. They are of the very highest importance to fowls which do not have free range.

Lime, for egg shells, is supplied in crushed oyster shells, plaster or marble grit.

Grinding material must be had, and marble grit seems to be a good purpose.

The coal is an excellent corrective for digestive disorders.

Salt is also necessary for fowls as digestive aids and it should be clean and free from adulterants.

Vegetables in Window Boxes.

If you live in a flat and have no ground available for gardening, do not give up the idea of raising some delicious fresh vegetables of your own. Many people have tried the experiment and succeeded in growing parsley, chives, and other vegetables in window boxes just as well as if they were growing in the open. They have devoted money in "breeding stock" houses and yards. Most of their money is still invested, but a wide acquaintance with poultry and its conditions all over this country has fitted me for the writer in touch with a single squab farmer who has made a financial success of it, and the poultry papers do not write about them, which is a pretty sure sign that this business has not been followed successfully up to this time.

You might qualify this statement by admitting that some of the sellers of squab breeding stock have been quite successful in their field. But, the fact remains that the success of the prospective squab raiser.

It is too bad, too, because it is such a fine way to make a living on paper. Many people have written to me about it.

Ground grain or mash, is absolutely necessary for economical results, and it can be kept before them at all times in an automatic hopper; an excellent mixture is two parts cornmeal, one part middlings, one part bran, one part oil meal, one part alfalfa meal, one part meat meal.

Green food is essential to the fowls' health and the color and body of the eggs. Pasture in summer and alfalfa, electrical cabbage, chard, spinach, etc., in winter will serve the purpose.

Vegetable food is necessary for health, and a semi-weekly feed of roots, potatoes or cabbage will keep all bowel troubles away.

Animal products are best supplied by a little green cut bone every other day; but meat meal in the mash is an excellent substitute. They are of the very highest importance to fowls which do not have free range.

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