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This wonderful man has made a life study of the properties of Roots, Herbs and Barks, and is giving the world the benefit of his services.
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—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

SERIAL STORY

An Heir to Millions

By Frederick Reddale
Author of "The Other Man" etc.

Illustrations by Ray Walters

(Copyright, 1911, by Jos. B. Lippincott Co.)

12

SYNOPSIS.

Andy Meleen, aged millionaire miner, is dying and orders a will drawn up, leaving his property to the son of a sister of whom he has heard nothing for years, she whose married name he does not know. Meleen was married years before. He left his wife after a quarrel in which she struck her. He learned later that she and their daughter were dead. The scene shifts to New York, introducing Wilfrid Stennis, who is telling his fiancee, Eunice Trevecca, what he would do if he were the possessor of wealth. In the law office of Carboy, Passavant & Cogine, attorneys for the estate of Meleen, Roger Hews reports the result of his search for heirs of Meleen. He conceals the fact that he has discovered that Meleen's daughter is living. Wilfrid Stennis replies to an advertisement for information concerning his dead mother, Martha Meleen, and is told that he is the heir to Andy Meleen's millions. He wants to marry Eunice at once, but she resolutely demurs. He meets Clara Passavant, frivolous daughter of the attorney. Eunice becomes jealous of Wilfrid's attentions to Clara. He builds a yacht and starts on a trip abroad, the Passavants being included in the party. Roger Hews, having discovered that Eunice Trevecca is the daughter of Andy Meleen, plans to use the information to his own advantage. He proposes to Eunice and is rejected. Jaded after two years of gaiety in Europe, Wilfrid returns and immediately calls on Eunice. His attempts to renew his former relations with her meet with no encouragement. Roger Hews becomes Wilfrid's secretary. The engagement of Clara Passavant and Wilfrid is announced. Hews is again rejected by Eunice, and reveals his true nature. Hews attempts to blackmail Wilfrid and fails. The latter forces him to reveal the fact that Eunice is the rightful heir. He turns over the entire fortune to Eunice and breaks his engagement with Clara.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

He found Eunice in the old parlor, but not alone. John Trevecca was now confined to the house, and only ventured out on very fine days. The girl was bending over him, arranging his pillows, as Stennis was announced. With a little cry of astonishment she straightened up at the sight of him, and after a slight hand-clasp stood idly by while Wilf—once more, it seemed, the kindly, simple Wilf of old—sat down by the side of the sick man and strove to cheer him up.

But something told Eunice it was not for this or for a merely friendly call that he had come.

"Eunice," he said at length, rising and standing before her, "I have brought you some wonderful news. There has been a dreadful mistake, and for these three years past I have been occupying the place that is rightfully yours."

The girl stared at him with affrighted, wide-open eyes.

"Don't be alarmed," said Wilfrid reassuringly. "It's nothing to be afraid of. I only learned the truth an hour ago, and I wanted to be the first to tell you. It seems that you are the daughter of my Uncle Andrew—we are first cousins, you see—whom he believed to be dead, and all his money belongs by right to you. It is what he would have wished—if he had known that he had a daughter he would never have thought of me, you know. . . . So from this moment I retire in your favor. The lawyers will tell you all about it, and I shall instruct them to turn everything over to you. I believe that's all I came to say, Eunice. Good-by."

He took her hand in farewell, which she yielded to him mechanically, and before she could detain him by look or word he was gone. She took one step in his direction, her arms outstretched in a gesture of great yearning, uttered one heart-cry, "Wilf!" and then fell to the floor in a dead faint—something she never did in her life before, nor has since.

Then followed for a few days a perfect whirl of excitement, for Mr. Carboy appeared upon the scene and verified in detail all that Wilfrid had sketched in outline. And when it came to considering the narrative dovetailed together so astutely by Roger Hews, old John Trevecca was able to add many little corroborative details which had lain dormant in his memory for years.

So Eunice Trevecca found herself in all probability the richest single woman in America. Her first thought was to give her stepfather the best of care and attendance, under which his health speedily mended, being of a constitution naturally hale and hearty.

At first Eunice insisted that Wilfrid should share and share alike. Finding this impracticable, she offered to settle a certain definite sum upon him. But not a dollar would he accept, saying that if she would forgive him the large sums he had disbursed during his false tenure he would be content.

All these attempted negotiations were conducted by the lawyers; not once did the cousins meet, not a line passed between them.

"I treated her too shabbily when I was well off," said Wilfrid to himself; "I can't and won't go hanging and waiting about for a chance done now that our positions are reversed."

On her part Eunice was hurt and offended that her generous and kindly meant offers had been so steadily rejected.

"It looks as if he wanted to put me in the wrong," she reflected, yet a second thought told her that such was not Wilfrid's way.

CHAPTER XI.

The summer swooped down on New York in the latter days of June with a rush, as is its wont. The walls of the new house on Riverside drive were up to the heavy cornices, and the roof was closed in, for Eunice had given orders that the work was not to be stopped nor the original plans one whit altered.

Nearly every afternoon she and old John would drive up there after the heat of the day, for, having made the seductive acquaintance of the Claremont, the old man developed a perfect mania for dining on its covered piazza, and so there was usually reserved for the young beauty and her rough and rugged escort his favorite corner-seat, whence they could see the noble river losing itself in the haze northward.

On one of these trips, as they drove slowly past the new mansion, Eunice was sure she saw Wilfrid walking away with hasty strides, his back towards them.

"Poor fellow!" she sighed. "How he must miss it all! What a dreadful change for him to go back to the life he always hated so!"

For by dint of careful inquiries she had found out that Stennis had applied to his old firm, and was again doing desk work drudgery from nine to five at $18 a week.

Perhaps—for who may fathom the heart of a maid?—it was the knowledge of this that kept her in town all that summer. She often talked of going away somewhere, discussing the merits of several places of which she heard—the Berkshires, the Hamptons, and even Newport—but John Trevecca seemed very hard to move just then.

"Bide a bit, lassie," he would say. "There's a mort o' time ahead o' 'ee. Who'll see ta th' iron-work 'round th' new hoose if I'm away'?"

Eunice laughed good-humoredly. "Oh, well," she agreed, "if you are quite comfortable I am content to stay in town, dear. There is plenty of leisure before us, as you say. We

"Eunice Means 'Happy Victory,' You Know."

must go somewhere this winter, though, or I shall be having you on my hands again with that dreadful asthma. What do you say to going to Bermuda to escape the damp and the cold?"

"Any place so's there's plenty o' warm sunshine," he would answer, and she let him off for the present with that understanding.

So the torrid months of July and August slipped by, and September came in with the Dog star dying hard. Despite the heat, they really were very comfortable in their new abode high up in one of the great apartment hotels overlooking the park. Eunice had never appeared lovelier. All her good points were enhanced by the pretty toilets in which she felt she could now indulge, and with feminine quickness she soon adapted herself and her personal adornments to her new circumstances. Of one thing she was secretly very glad: Wilfrid's beautiful ring, which had been often out of place in the latitude of Macdougal street, now never left her finger—a trifling fact which did not escape the keen scrutiny of old John Trevecca. But never a word said he.

One evening, after a scorching hot day, when all the city to the southward lay shredded in a steaming haze of heat, Eunice and her father, having just finished dinner, were sitting at the open window in the fast-deepening twilight, the old man puffing at a great meerschaum pipe which had been one of Wilf's earliest gifts in his opulent days.

"A gentleman to see Mr. Trevecca," announced the voice of a maid-servant out of the dusk of the inner room.

"Who do you suppose it can be?" said Eunice, switching on the lights. "Did the gentleman give any name?" she inquired.

"No, ma'am; he said he wanted to see Mr. Trevecca personally," was the reply.

Old John rose heavily out of his spacious chair and went shuffling into the reception-room, closing the door behind him. A young man rose upon his entrance, saying:

"My name's Matthews, Mr. Trevecca. I've looked you up because there's a friend of mine who I fancy is a friend of yours also, and who needs some attention—Wilfrid Stennis."

"Eh, lad 'ee doan't say so!" rumbled the old fellow. "An' what do 'ee say's th' matter wi' th' lad?"

"Well, sir, as far as I can make out he's all gone to pieces—pegged out—down on his luck, y' know," was the jerky answer.

Old Trevecca nodded and smoked furiously, as was his wont when inwardly excited.

"He rooms across the hall from me—same room's he had before he came into all that money. Been working pretty hard all summer—no vacation, y' know—and I guess he's about tuckered out. Little off his head when I got home tonight. Kept mumbling a lot of rubbish, but I caught on to your name. Remembered he used to know you, and so I came up here. Beastly boarding-house—people don't care—no place for a sick man, y' know. Ought to have a doctor or a nurse, I guess!"

During this speech old John was a study. His huge bulk heaved and swelled, his eyes flashed fire from under their bushy thatches, and he fairly belched smoke.

"Eh, lad!" he rumbled, gripping the hand of young Stanley Matthews and nearly dragging him off his feet, "y' ccom ta th' reet shop, y' did! Ah've got summun in there as'll be both doctor and nuss to poor Wilf. Be y' gcin' reet back? Yes? Then we'll be wi' y' in th' twinklin' o' a bedpost! Bide ye there!"

He fairly trotted into the room where he had left Eunice.

"Pit an y' thing [illegible]!" he cried, struggling out o[illegible] fashionable lounging jacket and into a street-coat, and j[illegible] the soft felt wide-awake, to which he still clung, on his grizzled head. "I want 'ee ta coom wi' me this minute!"

Eunice's maid at a signal fetched her hat and gloves, and in five minutes they were out on Columbus avenue and boarding a passing car. The introduction to Matthews was accomplished in this wise:

"This is th' nuss an' th' doctor I was tellin' 'ee of, Mr. Matthews—my daughter, Miss Trevecca," accompanied by a mighty jab of the elbow that nearly knocked the breath out of the astonished Stanley.

They alighted at the corner of Waverley place and Broadway and walked through to Washington square. It was many weeks since Eunice had been in the neighborhood, and she looked curiously at the once familiar scenes, and sniffed the heavy and fetid air with something of disgust.

Matthews led the way up the stoop of one of the old-fashioned houses on the south side of the square, which was filled with boarders of both sexes taking the air, who looked wonderingly at the daintily dressed Eunice as they made way for the trio.

"If you'll wait here," said Stanley, showing them into the boarding-house parlor, "I'll just run up and see if he's fit to receive company."

"I'll go wi' 'ee, lad," said Trevecca. "Bide here a bit, girlie."

Left alone, her heart in a tremor, for all she had been able to elicit from her father on the way down was the admission that Wilfrid was ill and needed looking after, the girl was a prey to emotions which there was no time to analyze, for in a very few minutes old John appeared at the door again and beckoned her silently. He led the way up the wide, uncarpeted stairs, pausing a moment outside the room to say, in a rumbling whisper:

"He's in there, lassie, an' he needs 'ee badly." Then he opened the door and gently pushed her in. As he looked back for one instant he saw Eunice on her knees by the bedside, with Wilfrid's head in her arms. Then he closed the door gently and waited, confident of the result.

"They've both been tried in th' crucible, but th' fire hasna hurted them!" he muttered in his native brogue.

CHAPTER XII.

Upon the sheltered deck of a southbound steamer a month later stood two figures, Wilfrid Stennis and Eunice, his wife. They had been married that morning. John Trevecca was also on board, but in the smoking-room, out of the night air.

The Highland lights on Navesink were flashing like twin-stars against a pale streak of clear autumn sunset which threw into relief the rounded hills of Staten island.

His arm was around her waist, and her head was pillowed on his shoulder, careless of any chance beholders. Two sentences are all we need to overhear of their murmured conversation:

"Eunice means 'happy victory,' you know," the girl was saying. "It has certainly proved so for us. Don't you think so, Wilf?"

He pressed her closer to him for answer, and then with his free hand he pointed to the dying day, saying:

"At evening time it shall be light!"

THE END.

Founding of Khartum.

Khartum is not yet a century old and it owes its existence to an oriental form of treachery. When Khedive Mohammed Ali invaded the Sudan in 1820 he marched triumphantly to Shendi, where his troops were entertained at a banquet by the submissive natives. But while the khedive's high officials were seated at the feast they shared the fate of the viands and were themselves reduced to funeral baked meats. Full of fury the army fell on Shendi and demolished it. Marching south, the invaders reached the junction of the Blue Nile and White Nile. With the conqueror's instinct they recognized that the strip of land, with its few fishermen's huts, of straw, formed ideal strategical headquarters. So Khartum finally grew into the most sensitive part of the Sudan organism.

VALUE OF STRAW FOR FEED

Cattle Are Apparently More Fond of It When Fed With Ensilage Than Either Grain or Hay.

(By W. M. KELLEY.)

On many farms the straw is considered of little practical value outside of bedding and litter for the stock, but during the past few years opinion seems to be more favorable toward straw as a feed for horses, sheep and cattle. To a large extent this has been brought about by the use of the silo in preserving the corn crop and also by the shortage of hay during the same period.

With the silo to provide the animals with plenty of succulent food we have been enabled to feed our cattle all of the oat straw to a very profitable advantage when otherwise they would refuse to eat it up clean. The animals are apparently more fond of straw when fed with ensilage than either grain or hay.

Sheep are also fond of good bright straw and will eat quite large quantities in connection with ensilage and hay. The great trouble with a great many feeders is that they will feed out every kind of forage and fodder crops before they feed the animals straw and then complain if they fall away in condition when put on straw alone.

Properly handled and fed in connection with other feeds I have been able to derive considerable feeding value out of straw, but I do not claim that it will do wonders toward keeping stock in high condition.

There are times on all farms where a large number of animals are kept when it will prove profitable to feed out everything to the best advantage with as little waste as possible, even though we do not make the greatest gains possible. The most successful farmer is in most cases the one who utilizes the odds and ends of his feed to the best advantage.

Another mistake that is made in feeding straw is to expect the animals to consume all that is placed in front of them. Don't expect them to do this for an animal will go without feed before it will eat straw that is tough and woody. The waste will do for bedding and to work into manure. I consider that I am doing well if I can get the stock to consume half of the straw when fed in connection with hay and ensilage.

For horses that are not being worked straw will take the place of hay and if fed a liberal ration of grain and an occasional handful of oil meal here will be no loss of condition. Oat straw is the best for feeding horses as wheat straw is coarse and woody and very hard to digest.

SCIENCE IN KEEPING EGGS

By New Process Shells Are First Disinfected and Then Immersed in Paraffin Wax Vacuum.

Science seems to be making an active inroad on prejudice and ignorance and even the man who has been fighting book farming is willing to confess that great strides have been made along certain lines that have been beneficial to his own interests. The latest we have had up to the present in the preservation of eggs and the prolonging of their edible qualities has been by the water glass system, which is quite generally known. Now comes a scientist who claim a method that will even up the egg business at a wonderful rate. The shells by the new process are first disinfected and then immersed in a vessel of paraffin wax in a vacuum. The air in the shell is extracted by the vacuum, and atmospheric pressure is then allowed to enter the vessel, when the hot wax is forced into the "pores" of the shell, which thus hermetically seals it. Evaporation of the contents of the egg, which has a harmful effect, is thereby prevented, and the egg is practically sterile. — Register and Farmer.

Lighting the Farmhouse.

With the increasing education of farmers' children and the increasing intellectual and social life in farm-homes, the use of artificial light in farmhouses is increasing, and the money economy, but more the sanitary economy of artificial lighting is of increasing importance. Nor may the esthetic element, the effect on life of attractive lighting, be left unconsidered. All kerosene lights without mantle are very unlike daylight, hard on the eyes, and hence likely to produce pain and nervous irritation and injury to health.

The Business Side of Farming.

A special feature of the Farmers' course in agriculture this year at the University of Wisconsin will be the "business side of farming." The farmers of Wisconsin have capital to the amount of over $1,000,000,000 invested in lands, buildings, machinery and live stock and this capital should be made to yield its largest possible returns. Emphasis will be placed on these farm investments and the "Business of farming" will be specially emphasized from the soil, plant and animal sides.

Selecting a Rooster.

If you intend to keep males for breeding, select one cockerel for each dozen pullets. Pick out the most masculine appearing bird in the lot. He should be a good fighter, strong and vigorous and active. Keep these breeders by themselves until three weeks before you begin to save the eggs for hatching; then change the males in the breeding pens every week.

NEW KIND OF APPLE PIE

Use of Molasses as Sweetening Makes Delicious Desert—Nice Hot or Cold.

Apple pie sweetened with molasses made as follows is delicious: Take a baking tin (ten by six) and about an inch and a half deep. Line with pastry in which a little soda and cream of tartar have been used. Leave enough around the edge to turn up over the top crust to keep the juice in. Fill with quartered baldwin or greening apples, a pinch of allspice and a large pinch of nutmeg. Use the molasses according to the size of the tin. Enough to sweeten. Shave salt pork just as thin as possible and lay over the apples, nearly covering them. Make a few slits in the top crust, brush over with cold milk and bake very slowly three hours. Afternoon is the best time to bake, as the temperature is more even. When removed from the oven cover with a cloth to stew a little while. The juice will be thick like sirup if just a sprinkling of flour is used. Nice hot or cold.

Pettit's Eye Salve 100 YEARS OLD QUICK RELIEF EYE TROUBLES

Limit of Trouble.

Three times on the run between Worthing and Shoreham the beautiful prima donna's nearly new car had broken down. Ultimately coaxing it to enter Brighton, the fair lady received in the hotel porch the solicitude of a sister artiste who had passed her on the road. "Much trouble with my car, dear?" she echoed, bitterly. 'Why, I couldn't have more trouble if I was married to the blessed machine!"—Sporting Times.

Can Courtship Be Cut?

Let us see if there be aught which may be condensed. May we cut short the length of the courtship? Not in these days, for it requires more time than ever to amass means sufficient for marriage. Thinking upon the matter, point by point, we are unable to discern any sweet pleasure of courtship which could advantageously be abbreviated.—Judge.

It Was Inevitable.

An exchange tells us that a man named Cxyzowski has been charged with forgery. Is it any wonder he wanted to write some other man's name?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Thousands of Consumptives die every year. Consumption results from a neglected cold on the lungs. Hamlins Wizard Oil will cure these colds. Just rub it into the chest and draw out the inflammation.

The Nursery Window.

If the nursery window is not protected by outside bars, hammer a large screw or nail into the groove of the lower sash, so that the window cannot be raised more than six inches. If the top sash is drawn down, this is quite enough for ventilation, and no matter how ingenious or venturesome the little ones may be they cannot wriggle through the small lower opening.

No Lazy Children.

It is now asserted that there is no such thing as a lazy child. There is always some other explanation of the backward child, generally sickness or hunger.

FERRY'S SEEDS
To grow the finest flowers and most luscious vegetables, plant the best seeds. Ferry's Seeds are best because they never fail in yield or quality. The best gardeners and farmers everywhere know Ferry's seeds to be the highest standard of quality yet attained. For sale everywhere.
FERRY'S 1911 Seed Annual
Free on request
D. M. FERRY & CO.,
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NO DUST
SWEEPING COMPOUND
Cleans and brightens Carpets, Rugs, Linoleums and Floors. Absorbs the germ-laden dust. Saves dusting and beating carpets.
Per bbl., 200 lbs., $5.00
Per bbl., 150 lbs., 4.00
75-lb. metal drum 2.50
Order by mail or through your grocer.
CRESCENT CHEMICAL CO.
526 Washington St., Portland, Or.

Life Without Food.

How long is it possible to live without food? We have all read of a case not many years since, where some French miners were entombed for twenty-one days, and rescued alive long after everyone thought they must be dead; of course they were in a very weakened condition, and required the utmost care before they were out of danger. This, however, is by no means the longest time that a human being is known to have existed without food, and in a recent issue of the British Medical Journal, there is the record of a woman suffering from cancer, who could take neither food nor drink of any kind, yet she existed in that condition for fifty-six days, and was, moreover, quite conscious till her death. In India the fakirs include among their wonderful performances abstention from food for a very long period, but when they do this they put themselves into a condition closely resembling sleep, and, of course, during that time the body is called on to perform none of its usual functions, and wasting of tissue is reduced to a minimum.