

SERIAL STORY

An Heir to Millions

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

Illustrations by Ray Walters

(Copyright, by J. B. Lippincott Co.)

CHAPTER I.

The westering sun was casting lengthy shadows among the gaunt pines and sturdy aspens along the steep upward slope of a certain wild canyon in the Nevada Sierras.

Five hundred feet below the dry floor of the gulch, which here widened to a narrow valley, was filled from wall to wall with a motley huddle of rough cabins, log-saw cottages, a glaring red-brick opera house, hotel, and bank all in one, and a pair of clapboarded, whitewashed churches.

Upon the sultry and drowsy air of a summer afternoon there arose the confused hum and the hoarse murmur of strenuous industry, above which, like the footsteps of the animated stone statue in "Don Juan," the insistent note of the busy "stamps," at work night and day, three "shifts" in each 24 hours, dominated all other sounds.

This was the little mining town of Meleen, named in honor of its founder, who was likewise the discoverer, manipulator, and chief owner of the rich Peacock lode, which gave employment to 300 men and netted over a million a year for its stockholders.

Rough and ready, ignorant and shrewd, was old Andrew Meleen. Originally a Welsh miner in Cardiff and later in the Pennsylvania coal fields, he by turns had been volunteer soldier, pioneer, prospector, and finally many times a millionaire, after weary years of fortune-chasing up and down the gold and silver country of the great west.

For the crude affairs of this typical raw western camp, with its bizarre admixture of civilization and savagery, we have only a passing interest in that it is the starting point of the story in hand. Our present and most vividly human concern is with the creator of all this industry and potential wealth—and he lay dying.

Far up the eastern hillside commanding the town, whence one could almost fancy he was looking over the next divide to where the flaming sun was setting amid cloudy billows in the wide Pacific miles beyond, on a sort of bench or plateau an acre in extent, stood a curious and rambling wooden structure, in triple part log cabin, hunting ranch, and modern country house.

This unique huddle of divers styles of pioneer architecture really represented as many different periods in the fortunes of its eccentric owner. The rough, unbarbed logs of the original single-roomed cabin which formed a prominent wing or angle marked the poor-pro prospector stage; then, with more prosperous times, came an addition framed by a wandering Yankee carpenter and sheathed with boards of red wood, now beautifully weathered to a rich mahogany hue; finally, as if to mark the ultimate rise to affluence of the occupant, a two-story structure had been added, shingled as to walls and roof, while upon three sides a covered veranda wide enough for a fashionable cotillion, approached by generous steps and a peaked porch, gave comfortable assurance of cool shade and a constant breeze shifting with the sun.

Around and above porch and cabin there clambered festoons of grape vines and wild creepers, the dark-green leaves lending a deeper tint to the background of cedar and redwood posts and walls.

From this eyrie the old man who was its chief occupant could easily toss a lump of his own shining ore on the roofs of the little town beneath; viewed by day, the smoke of its furnaces went winding away in long spirals and ribbons of vapor; at night, the spurts of colored flame from the chimneys of retort house and smelter lit up the opposite sides of the canyon in fitful flashes of murky red, or paled to an orange glow under the wan light of the moon.

The solitary dweller on the hillside never wearied of the changing picture. It was his; he had called into being the town and its throbbing industries; he loved it with the passionate, yearning love of a wifeless and childless old man. For him the cities of the coast—Los Angeles or San Francisco, Portland or Seattle—possessed few charms. They only served to bank his constantly increasing millions. The rough little town, with its amazing monthly output of gold and silver and copper, stood to him in place of wife and child; the queer old ranch overlooking it all was his real home—his pride, his passion, his delight.

And now the time was come when he must leave it all and go hence, for

Andy Meleen, was dying, and chiefly of that most incurable of diseases, old age, while his vast wealth must descend to an heir whom he had never seen.

Upon a curious contrivance of domestic devising, half bedstead, half reclining chair, set upon casters so that it could readily be wheeled indoors and but, lay the old millionaire. Each livelong day, from sunrise to sunset, he insisted on being placed in his wide porch, whence he could still oversee his beloved town, and gaze at the noble prospect, with its constantly shifting panorama of lights and shadows. Only nightfall drove him within doors.

Rugged and gnarled as his own native hills, originally of great girth and mighty in stature, he was now shrunken to mere skin and bone. All the life and virility of the man seemed to have retreated to the massive head, as beleaguered forces take refuge in some strong keep for a last desperate rally. From beneath a square forehead and a thatch of grizzled eyebrows a pair of piercing gray-blue eyes flashed imperiously, while from the heaving chest there issued tones surprisingly strong for one so evidently near his end. There was no sign of senility when he shot a curt query at his only servant, an old pioneer like himself, who sat in the doorway stolidly cleaning a rifle, out of sight but within call.

"Putty nigh time that lawyer fellow was here, eh?" said Andy over his shoulder, striving vainly to raise his head from the high-heaped cushions, but only succeeding in moving it from side to side.

Even rose and went to the railing of the veranda, whence one could see the winding road, scarcely more than a well-trodden trail, which led from the town to the house on the hill. Shading his eyes from the blinding glare of the nearly level sun rays, he peered downward for some moments before responding. Then, saying laconically:

"Jest comin' up the rise," he returned to his seat and his task.

Shortly there became audible the soft thud of hoof-beats and the creaking of straining leather, punctuated by the cracking of a whip and the encouraging "cluck-cluck" of the driver. The road curved behind the house, and as the sounds drew away Meleen followed them with a "hearkening, rolling motion of the head infinitely pathetic in its yearning helplessness and impotence.

Soon there was the sound of footsteps within the house, and there appeared upon the veranda the long-expected arrival, Phineas Carboy, a well-known San Francisco practitioner in the law, whose firm had transacted most of Andrew Meleen's affairs since



"That's the Law, Ain't It?"

he had been wealthy enough to afford the luxury of eminent legal advice. Never in his life had he needed it more than now.

His eyes flashed with feverish impatience as he responded to the lawyer's formal greetings. Hardly was he seated, note book in hand, than the dying man rapped out curtly:

"Are y' ready?"

"Quite so, Mr. Meleen," was the response; knowing his man, Mr. Carboy wasted no words on formal condolences or tame civilities.

"Un'erstand what I want done?"

"The point question."

"Your telegram intimated that you desired to give me instructions for your last will and testament."

"Instructions—yes—ye'll get enough of them!" with a grim smile; "but I want the thing fixed up this blessed night. My time's short, as y' see. Can y' do it—will it stand?"

Mr. Carboy nodded gravely, and with pen ready poised looked expectantly at his client. But the latter's next words were not exactly those he anticipated.

"How much sh'd you say I wuz wuth, Carboy, if everything wuz cleaned up an' turned into cash?" inquired the old man. The legal mind hesitated, but only for an instant.

"Twenty-five or thirty million dollars at the very least," was the quiet reply.

"I guess that's about it," sighed Andy Meleen. "Now, man, stick a pin through this: I'm going to leave all that I'm wuth to a feller I've never seen!"

He shot a keen glance at Mr. Carboy to judge of the effect of this somewhat startling announcement, but the lawyer was too well trained to show any mark of surprise beyond a slight contracting and lifting of the eyebrows.

"You know his name, I presume, and where he can be found?"

"No, I don't!" was the reply snapped back; "that's for you t' find out. This is the way of it: I had an only sister over there in th' old country named Mattie. She kem t' Ameriky ten year after I did, an' I heard she wuz mar-

ried an' had a son. But I've forgotten her husband's name if I ever knew it. Ha'n't seen her since she wuz a slip of a girl. 'Course, she may be dead, an' the boy, too, though she wuz younger'n me by four or five year; but you've got to try an' find 'em."

"You never saw your sister after she arrived in this country, and held no communication whatever?" asked the lawyer, making notes.

Meleen shook his head. "I wuz mighty poor myself in those days, Carboy, an'—oh, well, I'd troubles of my own, an' then I drifted west an' out here."

"Where was this sister living when you last heard of her?"

"N' York."

"How many years ago would that be?"

"'Bout 30, I reckon."

"And her son, if living, is to have everything?"

"That's it!" was the emphatic reply. "Gosh! I'll bet he'll be astonished wherever and whoever he is!"

"Doubtless!" was Carboy's dry comment. "But had you no other kin, Mr. Meleen?"

"Nary a kin," was the reply. "There was on'y me an' Mattie, an' we wuz left orphans when I wuz no bigger'n a shovell."

"No cousins, for instance?" persisted Mr. Carboy.

"Nary a cousin."

"Were you ever married yourself?" was the next query. Simple and necessary as it was under the circumstances, and put in a colorless, matter-of-fact manner, its effect on the recumbent figure of old Andy Meleen was like that of a galvanic battery applied to a corpse. His nervous and shrunken frame twitched and quivered; the once mighty chest heaved as though it would burst asunder; great beads of sweat broke out on face and forehead, and his strong mouth and chin trembled with emotions entirely apart from causes due to age and weakness. Mr. Carboy was genuinely distressed at the effect he had so unwittingly produced. Something in the question had touched Andy on the raw. In halting and fragmentary phrases he said:

"God forgive me, Carboy, I wuz married, an' to the sweetest little woman that ever trod God A'mighty's footstool! I wuz a man full grown then—45 years old—old 'nuff to know better! I wuz workin' in the Pennsylvania coal mines. A month after the weddin' we had a main bitter quarrel. There kem a strike, an' I went out along o' the rest o' the boys. Minna didn't like my bein' out o' work, an' told me so. There wuz hot words, an' in a blindin' rage I struck her an' left the house, swearin' I'd never go back! Then, like a fule, I went an' listed for Uncle Sam. At the fightin' in th' Wilderness, my fust battle, I got hit in three or four places, an' th' ambylances left me on the field for dead. But an old farmer picked me up, an' after puttin' in a year o' hospital I kem out putty nigh as fit as ever! Th' war wuz over, an' then I heard that my wife, my Minna, had died in her time o' trouble an' her girl baby with her. As heaven's my witness, I've never squared myself with myself for leavin' her alone at such a time. I tramped west—niver showed my ugly face east ag'in—an' you know the rest."

"Forgive me for arousing such painful memories, Mr. Meleen," said Carboy, "but the inquiry was inevitable; we must know where we stand."

Old Andy signified that he heard and appreciated. The strain of this long recital had come mighty near to parting his mortal coil then and there, and he lay as one indeed very near to death. Mr. Carboy waited a few minutes—he was not yet done with his probbings into the past. At length Meleen opened his eyes once more and turned them mutely on his inquisitor, who interpreted that as a sign for him to proceed.

"I presume these matters can be verified—the time and place of your marriage and the date of demise of your wife and child?"

For answer the old miner produced a well-worn leather wallet from under the blanket which covered him.

"You'll find th' dates an' names there," he said faintly. "Anythin' more y' want t' know?"

"One other point must be settled: Suppose this nephew of yours is dead, or cannot be found—who is to inherit in that case?"

Another spasm contorted Andy's rugged features.

"It goes to the state, I s'pose; that's the law, ain't it?"

Carboy nodded.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Ultimate Aim.

Life is given us primarily to develop character, to unfold and evolve the soul, and the physical organism, our body, is the testing ground and gymnasium for its development, says the Philadelphia Record.

The ultimate aim, then, of living should be making the life beautiful within, which always insures loveliness without—the masterful conquest of the lower nature, the willing renunciation of trifling and unnecessary habits; love of the true and perfect and avoidance of the untrue and imperfect; a realization that whatever else others may do or be, that our conscious universe will be made for and by ourselves. The key of life and the art of living are expressed in the words mastery and attainment. This can be done by right thinking, by finding our soul center. We will claim our divine birthright, our royal privilege of standing erect and free with brow bared to the white light of truth, veritable sons and daughters of God.

Don't overdo a thing unless you are also prepared to do it over.

BRUNSWICK IS MODEL

GERMAN CITY HAS THE BEST SYSTEM OF CHARITIES.

Organization Headed by the Mayor by Which Poverty, With Its Attendant Evils, Is Reduced to the Minimum.

"The subject of organized charities forms a most interesting study to the political economist and the humanitarian," said J. W. F. Kanzler of Woltenbuetel, Germany, at the Arlington.

"It is generally admitted that the city of Brunswick, Germany, has the model system of organized charity. Brunswick, I should judge, is about half the size of Washington. It is only a few miles from my home, and as I am especially interested in the subject of the amelioration of the condition of the poor, I have paid considerable attention to the methods employed here. Brunswick is, fortunately, provided with a number of small parks near the center of the compactly built district, much like those of Washington. These are utilized as playgrounds and make the work for the relief of the children much easier.

"The city is divided into 26 administrative districts for the supervision of giving aid to the poor, and an equal number for the work of taking care of orphans and dependent children. The mayor of the city is president of the board of administration. He has an official staff, which includes a head physician, a specialist in diseases of the eye and another in diseases of the ear. Each poor district is under the supervision of a director. He is assisted by a dozen or more men, who are known as guardians, and by half as many women. A practicing physician is assigned to each district. The districts for orphans also have their guardians, usually the same persons as those in charge of the relief work for the poor. These guardians are chosen from different classes, merchants, teachers and persons with independent incomes. They serve without pay. By this systematic organization poverty, with its attendant evils, is reduced to a minimum.

"There are more than a hundred benevolent organizations in the city, but no unofficial charity organization society. Many of them are devoted entirely to furnishing recreation in the country and at the seashore for poor children. These institutions are supported by contributions of small amounts made by the citizens. Brunswick has excellent public baths, which the children are taught to use often. The little ones who live in that city have a great advantage over the children of most large cities as a result of the kindness and the wisdom of the influential men and women of the place."—Washington Herald.

Genuine Enthusiasm.

William J. Orthwein, at a dinner that preceded his departure for St. Moritz, told, naturally enough, a number of curling stories. For Mr. Orthwein is one of the great curlers of Switzerland, and, stalwart and rosy, he is to be seen morning after morning, on the Kulum ring, plying the smooth stones all winter long.

"I am almost as devoted a curler," so Mr. Orthwein's last story ran—"as Dougal MacDonald.

"Dougal MacDonald and his old crony, Donald MacDougal, were once opposed to each other in a famous match, and the last two stones to finish the game were the two cronies.

"Donald MacDougal, with enormous deliberation, threw his stone. He threw it well. He made what is called a 'pat lid,' and jumped for joy.

"Then it was Dougal MacDonald's turn. His case seemed hopeless, but such a splendid throw did he make that the pat lid was knocked off and his own stone lay at the side of the tee, winning the game.

"In his joy the old fellow jumped sky high. He came down so hard that he broke right through the ice. He sank, but, bobbing up again, he shouted from the cold water:

"Hi, lads, we've won, and if I dinna come out o' here alive be sure ye pit that stone on my grave."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Making Good.

"Wake up, cull!" says the burglar, shaking the man by the shoulder.

"The man wakes up, and jumps up, too.

"Wha-what do you wa-wa-wa?" he asks.

"I went troo dis house las' week an' got \$10 an' a bum gold watch," explains the burglar, "an' de papers said dat you said your loss was \$100 an' joolry to de amount o' five or six hundred."

"Ye-yes?"

"Well, make good, sport. Me pardner dat was watchin' on de outside made me cough up de difference between what I got an' what you said I got. Now, you got to make good. You can't beat me dat way."—Judge's Library.

Sport.

"Well, Bill," said Dawson, as he met Holloway in the avenue, "did you get any good hunting up in Maine?"

"Fine," said Holloway.

"How did that new dog Wilkins give you work?" asked Dawson.

"Splendid," said Holloway. "Fact is, if it hadn't been for him we wouldn't have had any hunting at all. He ran away at the first shot and we spent four days looking for him."—Harper's Weekly.

ALFALFA GROWING.

Washington Experiment Station at Pullman Gives Valuable Instructions.

For the guidance of persons desiring to grow alfalfa, the Washington Experiment Station, Pullman, has issued the following instructions:

"In preparing to seed alfalfa, it is usually best to plow in the fall, leaving the furrows rough over winter, in order to secure the benefits of weathering, and to permit the settling of the furrows by the action of the fall and winter rains. This also encourages the early germination of weed seeds, so that the soil may be partially cleaned of foal stuff in the spring preparation of the soil for seeding.

"As soon as the soil is fit to work in the spring, the surface should be given a light working in order to form a mulch to conserve the moisture and to smooth the surface of the furrows to encourage the germination of weed seeds that lie near the surface. The amount of cultivation must be determined by the condition of the soil, but should be sufficient to work up a good mulch of loose earth. Deep cultivation is not desirable. Up to the first day of May the land should be given sufficient cultivation to preserve the mulch, and to prevent weeds from securing too much of a start. About the first of May the final preparation for seeding should be given.

"If the surface has been well worked prior to the first of May little more than a single harrowing may be needed, but the aim should be to secure a well pulverized seed bed of two or three inches depth with the bottom of the furrow left firm. In case of spring plowing, the firming of the furrow may be brought about by the use of a roller, planker or other compacting tool.

"Soils west of the Cascade mountains seem to require inoculation for successful alfalfa production. This is best accomplished by harrowing in at the final preparation for seeding, a light sprinkling of soil taken from some old alfalfa field where the crop has grown successfully. Soils secured from persons in this region who have succeeded with alfalfa would do admirably for this purpose.

"In securing seed, be very careful to purchase seed possessing high vitality and free from the seeds of noxious weeds. It is more important to be sure of these two points than to seed alfalfa of a certain strain. Persons who are not able to determine the purity of samples furnished them should send samples to the botanist of their state experiment station, who will examine free of charge, and report the results.

"If good seed is secured, ten pounds per acre seeded broadcast on very thoroughly prepared soil and well-harrowed in will be ample. The Washington experiment station has secured better success by seeding with a grain drill, slipping the spouts of the drill off the grain box and attaching them to the grass seed box, so that the seed will be conducted into the shoes of the drill, as in the case of wheat and oats. Setting the shoes of the drill to run shallow will result in the seed being placed in moist dirt where the greatest number will germinate, and it will not be put in too deep, if the soil has been prepared as previously indicated.

"During the first season the alfalfa should not be pastured before it has made a growth of at least a foot, as the plant needs an opportunity to develop its root system. If weeds are apt to seed run a mower over the piece with the cutter bar tilted to cut high. There is no advantage in clipping back the alfalfa if weeds do not become troublesome. After the alfalfa has thoroughly established itself, it may be mowed or pastured off. Each spring as soon as the ground is fit to work, it is best to give the soil a thorough working with a spring tooth harrow and disc, or some other effective tool."

Prosperous Outlook.

"Since bein' in the city," the Billville man wrote to his home folks, "I have been hit by three automobiles, and of my lawyer tells me true, I'll get enough money in damages to fetch the whole family for a good long stay, an' of the balance of you kin continue to git run over we'll be able to buy a big farm an' live happy ever afterward."—Atlanta Constitution.

For Any Disease or Injury to the eye, use PETTIT'S EYE SALVE. Absolutely harmless, acts quickly. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Goethe's Voluminous Product.

Besides the books which are best known to English readers, "Faust," "Wilhelm Meister," etc., Goethe is the author of 44 dramas, melodramas and farces, and any amount of travel and criticism, and even his poetical writings constitute a sort of enormous dumpling, with very few currants indeed in proportion to the dough.—Buchanan.

The poet, Malherbe, the founder of the purity of the French language, was very sensitive on the score of diction. When, during his last moments, his confessor, by way of encouraging him, began to enlarge on the joys of paradise, "Stop," cried Malherbe, "Your ungrammatical style is giving me a distaste for them!"

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Dread of Outdoor Air.

Why is there such a dread of outdoor air in the sleeping room? Science has made great advances in hygiene. In many hospitals children suffering from diseases of the respiratory system are taken up to cots on roofs and there attended by nurses in ulsters. Open air and tent life are part of the recognized treatment of tuberculosis nowadays.

It Surely is.

Pure buckwheat flour, "set" the night before with yeast mixed with a pinch of salt and enough water to make batter, and finally supplied with a tablespoon of molasses to insure the inviting shade of brown that affords the visual delight inseparable from all perfect buckwheat cakes—this is a combination and a cake indeed.

If Abe Martin Has No Objection.

Link Gillenwater says no man kin be religious when he's breakin' in a pair o' new shoes. More'n half o' the cocoanuts ain't wot they're cracked up to be.

A Restroom.

A room the woman of the house calls the "restroom" is papered in soft gray and has green hangings. The furniture is light oak with green sofa pillows here and there, and the big sofa is upholstered in green. The window shades are dark enough to subdue the light. Thus the room is in the most admirable taste and soothes the nerves. When the woman of the house is tired she runs to the rest room for a few minutes and gets her mental balance.

Popular Chinese Fruit.

A fruit popular in North China, and which is most excellent for the table, either stewed or as jam, is in appearance like a crabapple. The flesh is pinkish in color, and when served at table it has the color of cranberry sauce. The taste is pleasant, with a subacid flavor, and very refreshing. The Chinese call it "hung-kuo" (pronounced hongkwu), which means "red fruit."

THE KEYSTONE TO HEALTH IS HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

You will find the Bitters worthy of your confidence in cases of Poor Appetite, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Colds, Grippe and Malaria. It has given satisfaction for over 57 years. Try a bottle and be convinced.

Prosperous Outlook.

"Since bein' in the city," the Billville man wrote to his home folks, "I have been hit by three automobiles, and of my lawyer tells me true, I'll get enough money in damages to fetch the whole family for a good long stay, an' of the balance of you kin continue to git run over we'll be able to buy a big farm an' live happy ever afterward."—Atlanta Constitution.

For Any Disease or Injury to the eye, use PETTIT'S EYE SALVE. Absolutely harmless, acts quickly. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Goethe's Voluminous Product.

Besides the books which are best known to English readers, "Faust," "Wilhelm Meister," etc., Goethe is the author of 44 dramas, melodramas and farces, and any amount of travel and criticism, and even his poetical writings constitute a sort of enormous dumpling, with very few currants indeed in proportion to the dough.—Buchanan.

The poet, Malherbe, the founder of the purity of the French language, was very sensitive on the score of diction. When, during his last moments, his confessor, by way of encouraging him, began to enlarge on the joys of paradise, "Stop," cried Malherbe, "Your ungrammatical style is giving me a distaste for them!"

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Dread of Outdoor Air.

Why is there such a dread of outdoor air in the sleeping room? Science has made great advances in hygiene. In many hospitals children suffering from diseases of the respiratory system are taken up to cots on roofs and there attended by nurses in ulsters. Open air and tent life are part of the recognized treatment of tuberculosis nowadays.

It Surely is.

Pure buckwheat flour, "set" the night before with yeast mixed with a pinch of salt and enough water to make batter, and finally supplied with a tablespoon of molasses to insure the inviting shade of brown that affords the visual delight inseparable from all perfect buckwheat cakes—this is a combination and a cake indeed.

If Abe Martin Has No Objection.

Link Gillenwater says no man kin be religious when he's breakin' in a pair o' new shoes. More'n half o' the cocoanuts ain't wot they're cracked up to be.

MUNYON'S PAW-PAW LIVER PILLS

I want any person who suffers with biliousness, constipation, indigestion or any liver or blood ailment, to try my Paw-Paw Liver Pills. I guarantee they will purify the blood and put the liver and stomach into a healthy condition and will positively cure biliousness and constipation, and I will refund your money—MUNYON.

TPISO'S THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS & COLDS