

SERIAL STORY

An Heir to Millions

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"The Other Man"
etc.

Illustrations by Ray Walters

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SYNOPSIS.

Andy Meelen, aged and eccentric millionaire, is dying and orders his attorney to draw up a will leaving all his property to the son of a sister from whom he was separated years before and of whose name even he is ignorant. Andy tells the attorney that he was married in his youth, but left his wife after a quarrel in which he struck her. He learned afterward that she and his daughter were dead.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

"Well, that's on'y right. The money kem out o' old Nevada; let her have it back ag'in. But mind you, Carboy, not till you've raked all creation with a fine-tooth comb to find Mattie's boy."

"Whom will you name as executors or trustees?"

"Must you have 'em?" Meelen answered anxiously, as though the functionaries referred to were of a species noxious and undesirable.

"Undoubtedly; they are necessary evils."

Meelen frowned in perplexity. It seemed as though it were costing him far more trouble to leave his money behind him than it had been to amass it and guard it during his eventful life.

"Can't you fellows act?" he inquired dubiously at length—"you fellows"—indicating Mr. Carboy and his partners.

"Certainly, if you wish it. Two will be sufficient. Suppose we say Mr. Passavant and myself?"

With a gesture as of one wearied with the whole subject Meelen signified assent. Then, as the lawyer rose to go indoors, he said:

"Fix it up quick, Carboy, I'm mortal tired!"

By this time the sun had set behind the western wall of mountains, and Evan appeared to wheel his master within. But the tough old fellow demurred. Half his nights had been spent in the open air with only the starry canopy for a tent. Now that the end was near, he dreaded the cribbed and cabined confinement of four walls. So a lantern was brought and hung to the rafters of the porch, where its dim radiance could not interfere with that piercing gaze which to the last roamed lovingly over the mountain prospect.

One, two hours passed, and save for the steady, harshly rhythmic "crunch-crunch" of the "stamps" the town below was strangely quiet. Every soul therein knew that the master-mind in the hillside eyrie was passing away; hushed were the usual sounds of rude revelry and "wide-open" license. It was felt to be a fateful night for the town of Meelen.

At length Mr. Carboy's task was done. A table was carried on to the porch; by lantern-light the will was read to the testator, who turned his eyes to meet those of the lawyer in mute approval when the reading was ended. Then, lifted and supported by old Evan, he affixed his uncouth and sprawling signature, the witnesses followed, and the deed was done which bequeathed a princely fortune and a royal revenue to—whom?

Next morning Andrew Meelen was found lifeless in bed, his gnarled and knotted features composed in a peaceful, almost ecstatic, smile.

"Perhaps he has found Minna!" mused the lawyer, with humid eyes, as he stood by the side of his strange client.

CHAPTER II:

In an old-fashioned sitting room in an antiquated brick house in that unfashionable quarter of "downtown" New York formerly known as Greenwich village there sat, one autumn evening, a young couple, both of whom were exceedingly good to look upon.

To the judicious observer it would have been apparent from their attitude and bearing each towards the other that they were something more than mere friends, yet less than man and wife. In fact, they were contented and happy dwellers in that delectable border-land known as Being Engaged.

The girl was fairly tall of stature, brunette as to complexion, with a wealth of fine and glossy dark hair which rippled and waved around a small but shapely head and above a witchingly feminine forehead, white and broad and low. Her eyes were of a very steadfast dark gray, set widely apart, giving one the impression of quiet repose and cool judgment. A firm chin above a strong and supple throat made her look older and more womanly than her years really warranted. She was hurried with one of those trifles of needlework which keep the fingers busy without curbing one's tongue, and at the same time serve to display to admiring and even coquettish advantage a very shapely

wrist and hand. Yet even the dearest of her feminine friends would never have intuited that Eunice Trevecca was the least bit of a coquette. Indeed, it needed but a glance into the depths of those quiet gray eyes to convince you that that there was a nature tender and true as that of the Douglas himself.

So at least thought young Wilfrid Stennis, who sat opposite to her, and who certainly enjoyed the best opportunities in the world for knowing. He was a pleasant, wholesome lad, fair and florid, with light golden-brown hair and mustache, slim and with slightly stooped shoulders. A rather weak face on the whole, one might say, though perhaps this was partly owing to a rather querulous droop of the mustache, which barely veiled the sensitive mouth; a beard would better have hidden a chin which was far too pretty for any mere man.

Had you guessed him to be a clerk or a bookkeeper you would not have been far astray—one of those men who make exceedingly valuable and faithful servants but very poor masters. As to character, he was neither better nor worse than thousands of other youngsters who start out in life in some downtown office or store at \$3 a week, the goal of whose ambition is to earn fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars a year, to marry some pleasant girl, settle down in a Harlem flat or a little one-of-a-row house over in Brooklyn, raise a small family, get along on a couple of new suits of clothes each year, with a semi-occasional visit to the theater in winter and an outing on Saturday afternoons at Coney Island or Rockaway.

Not a wildly hilarious or thrilling existence, it may be granted, yet there are hundreds and thousands of such men—gentlemanly and refined, neither very strong nor very weak, not vicious nor conspicuously virtuous, but who, in a paraphrase of the old Shorter Catechism, are piously or mechanically "doing their duty in that state of life to which it has pleased the Almighty to call them." It is of kindred stuff that the "average citizen" is made.

Even to such men strange dreams may come—fond and foolish visions of wealth and power, hopeless of realization, mayhap, yet nevertheless frequently prompted by certain innate or inherited cravings for the good things of this life which only money can procure, and for the enjoyment of which they feel a yearning and an infinite capacity if only they had the chance.

"Oh, it's a splendid thing to be rich!" Wilfrid was even then saying to Eunice. "Just think of what a man could do if he were really in possession of more money than he knew how to spend! I don't mean a paltry hundred thousand dollars, but—well, say twenty or thirty or even fifty millions!"

"Why stop there?" put in Eunice with a quizzing little smile. "Why not say a hundred millions at once and be certain of having enough?"

"Because for practical purposes twenty millions would be ample," said he. "The income from that should be—let me see—doing a rapid sum in mental arithmetic—"over half a million a year."

"Well, and what would you do with it, Wilf, if you had it?" questioned Eunice, willing to humor his fancy.

Wilfrid drew a long breath and lay back in his chair. "In the first place, I'd build me a city house right here in New York on the east side of the park or else at Riverside, and a country place somewhere up the sound or on Long Island near the water. I'd want to live in the city not more than three or four months in the year. Then I'd have a yacht—none of your smelly, fast-sailing schooner fit to go around the world—and I'd sail her myself, too. There would be horses for riding and driving, with perhaps a four-in-hand coach. Best of all, I could travel—south in winter, of course, but I'd see the world; London, Paris, Berlin, Italy, the pictures, the statues, and the libraries. Oh, I'd go everywhere and do everything, even to a little gaming at Monte Carlo! nothing wicked or vulgar about it all, you know, but the utmost enjoyment in a refined way, and all the experiences that money could give."

The girl smiled at his boyish enthusiasm, nor did she evince any pique or annoyance because Eunice Trevecca was somehow left out of the picture. It was all mere idle talk, of course. Wilfrid was not really unhappy or discontented; he had a good position with nine hundred a year, and they were to be married in the spring.

"You certainly could give some of our American nabobs a few lessons on how to be happy though rich," she smilingly commented. "It has often seemed to me that our really rich

men do not get half as much out of life as they might."

"Of course they don't!" assented Wilfrid dogmatically. "Why, look at me," he rambled on; "I'm only half-baked; never had any education to speak of; had to keep my nose to the grindstone all my life; as you know, there were always two ways for every dollar to go as long as mother was alive, on account of her many years of hopeless illness; but, in spite of my few opportunities, I'll bet I could show some of those fellows how to enjoy their wealth!"

"Of course you could," Eunice agreed, with a loving woman's fatuous fondness and indulgence for the man she has promised to marry. "But we'll be just as happy without the money, won't we, Wilf?"

"Not a doubt of it!" he exclaimed, starting to her side, bending over her and pressing his lips to her shining coils of hair. "Why, possessing you and your love, dearest, I'm the richest fellow in New York today."

She tilted back her head to look into his eyes as he gazed fondly down into hers.

"That's the way I love to hear you speak," she murmured. "Money cannot buy some things in this world, Wilf, a truism which was sealed in a very expressive and satisfactory manner by the naturally ardent Wilfrid."

Eunice, though very well educated and refined—in England she would have been described as "quite above her station, my dear"—was only one remove from being a working woman herself, and had no foolish or impractical longings. As housekeeper for her stepfather, John Trevecca—her mother she could not remember—she was beyond the necessity of earning her own living; but Trevecca himself was but a foreman in some iron works up on Tenth avenue. So to Eunice the prospect of marrying so presentable a young fellow as Wilfrid Stennis, both of them being very much in love with each other, seemed the acme of good fortune, leaving nothing to be desired of the Fates.

And though Wilf was her senior by some four years—he was twenty-eight—the girl was really the elder in point of steady principle and cool, sober judgment. In fact, Wilf, as she often acknowledged to herself, was rather boyish, sanguine, mercurial, easily led. But she loved him for these very qualities; some women mother their husbands before the children arrive to keep their affections busy.

When old John Trevecca came in, contented and bringing with him a strong aroma of cut Cavendish, for he had been smoking his pipe with some cronies on the "front porch," as they still call the house entrance up Greenwich way, the light of Wilfrid's rosy visions had not yet died out of his eyes. There was even an atmosphere of suppressed excitement in the homely room which caused the old man to look shrewdly at Eunice. If there were anything amiss between the lovers Trevecca knew he would find it in the girl's face. But apparently all was serene.

"Wilf has been telling me what he intends to do with all his money when he gets to be very rich," she said smilingly.

"That's easy spending," said Trevecca, sinking heavily into a chair. "There's more money got rid of that way in a year than I'd pay 't York w' dollars! But let's hear about it, lad," he added.

"Oh, it was just foolish talk," said Wilfrid, on whose late enthusiasm the blunt words of his prospective father-in-law were like a bucket of cold water on a bonfire.

Nevertheless, as he walked home to his lodgings on Washington square the exaltation of the earlier evening still clung to him, and as he swung along in the clear, crisp autumn night his step was jaunty, his head held high, and he was potentially as rich as he was actually poor.

To such a man as Wilfrid Stennis, uneducated as the college world counts learning, but eager, receptive, possessing an eye for beauty and for color, with a love for music, an unformed, omnivorous appetite for books, and an instinctive shrinking from the sordid and the mean, the bonds of even respectable poverty are apt to prove especially galling. Like Bella Wilfer, he realized to the full what it meant to be "beastly poor, miserably poor."

What wonder, then, that his longings, his aspirations, his day dreams, were centered about that wealth he so often saw others abusing, or misusing, or keeping napkin-tied? Not for the miser's greed of possession, but for the gratification of the best that was in him, did he long for money—hopes and heaps of it.

Overnight day dreams, fortunately, come cheap, and they leave no dark-brown taste in the mouth. The next morning, when Wilfrid Stennis went downtown to the Front Street store, he was again the prosaic and methodical young clerk. No one would have suspected him of secret yearnings for fast horses, a faster yacht, and a little flutter around the tables so hospitably maintained by the prince of Monaco.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sexes Divided in Church.

The separation of the sexes seems to have been formerly by no means an uncommon practice in the Church of England. In fact, Edward VI.'s prayer book specially mentions that at the communion service "the men shall tarry on one side and the women on the other." The papers of a church in Westmoreland include elaborate directions for the division of the sexes at its services.

Give your children pretty names; there are more than enough ugly ones already.

ROCK OR STEEL FOR BRIDGES?

Stone Structures Cost About as Much as Steel and Are Practically Indestructible.

(By ISAAC MOTES.)
Nothing is truer than that the best is cheapest. Especially is this true in road and bridge building.

A small rock bridge that costs a thousand dollars or so and lasts a hundred years, with almost no repairs, is a great deal cheaper than an iron one costing about the same that lasts twenty-five or thirty years, with expensive repairs during the latter period of its life.

There is a sense of endurance and permanence about stone bridges that is lacking in iron bridges, for a good stone bridge may last five hundred years, while an iron bridge that remains in good condition for twenty-five years is doing well.

Naturally good roads and good bridges go together, and it is extravagance for any county to put a great deal of money into rock roads unless the bridges are both good and enduring.

When you put money into an iron bridge ("tin bridges," they are called) over a small stream, you are investing the people's money in a make-shift.

The country that has good building stone convenient would far better build substantial rock arches over all its streams.

By this means the work can be performed by local people, and the money for labor of masons, and the hauling of material, would be left in the country where it would circulate.

If made sufficiently massive and the abutments were as secure as they should be, with run-round spaces for high water to get by without flowing over the bridge, it might remain there in good condition for hundreds of years.

It might be impracticable to build rock bridges over wide streams, certainly without the help of masons qualified to superintend and direct such construction work, but plenty of the bridges in every country are small ones and might safely be built of stone by those masons of average efficiency, using home material and home labor for all the work.

I have recently been talking with my pastor, who is just back from a long trip to Europe, and he says the greatest contrast between America and Europe, especially in England, France and Germany, is in the roads and bridges.

Over there every road is a good one, and every bridge is a good one, and almost always of stone. The roads are wide and well macadamized and laid out on scientific lines, and they add greatly to the charm of the scenery and contribute to the wealth of the farmers and the nations.

MAKING MONEY WITH SHEEP

Small Flock of Shropshires Make Excellent Returns for Owner During Course of Year.

(By C. W. COFFE.)

A neighbor of mine had 38 high-grade ewe Shropshires last spring. The business was new to him, and he studied the sheep and the available bulletins upon their care as he went along, learning the way over one difficulty as they arose. Only 33 ewes produced lambs—47 lambs—and only 40 of these lived to a marketable age.

These ewes sheared 330 pounds of wool, which brought 29½ cents per pound, netting him \$112.10, or \$2.95 per ewe.

The farmer determined to save 17 of the best ewes and thus enlarge his flock to 55 for next year. This left him 22 lambs to sell. These had been contracted for in advance at 6½ cents per pound at home, and they weighed 1,480 pounds when sold in June.

This makes an average weight of 64.13 pounds, a price of \$4.18 per head, and a total of \$96.20. The 17 lambs which he kept, at \$4.18 per head, would add \$71.06 to the account. The total income was thus \$279.86.

These sheep have done some excellent work in cleaning weeds out of the farm, to say nothing of the value of the manure, which is worth at least \$25.

My neighbor did not keep a separate account of the cost of keeping the sheep, but the reader can form a fair judgment as to whether there is a good profit at these figures.

When Fodder Is Best.

Fodder is the best feed while the stalks are new and the leaves have not become dry and broken off. When it has been allowed to stand in the field and run the gauntlet of rains and rats half or more of its value has been lost. Cutting and feeding immediately from the fields saves both feed and labor.

Cost of Poultry.

Have you ever figured it out that it costs no more to produce 100 pounds of poultry than it does 100 pounds of beef, and that if the beef brings six cents on the hoof, chickens will bring 12 cents per pound alive?

Attending Poultry Shows.

Attend the poultry shows in your neighborhood and if you have any extra fine birds, take them along. They may not win, but your interest in them will prompt you to learn what a really good bird is.

Alfalfa Is Hardy.

Alfalfa is as hardy as clover and should be sown early in the spring to get a good start and to have the spring rains which will insure its growth.

ORGAN GRINDER RICH

FAMOUS "MONKEY JOHN," DIES AND LEAVES FORTUNE

John Zignego, Energetic Italian, In His Years of Wandering Across American Continent Amasses Great Wealth.

St. Paul, Minn.—An estate valued at more than \$30,000, resulting from the wanderings of an energetic Italian across the American continent with a hand organ and a monkey, is in the Hennepin county probate court, to be divided between charity and well-to-do relatives, according to a will deposited with the court many years ago for safe keeping.

The property is that of John Zignego, who died November 19 at 2304 Fourteenth avenue, at the home of Joseph Zignego, a nephew. The dead man was known to thousands of people only as "Monkey John." He talked little of himself, and few knew that he was in better than easy circumstances.

The Catholic Orphans' home at Minneapolis is left \$10,000 unconditionally. Zignego was a great admirer of this institution and was a frequent visitor there.

Two aged sisters, who live in a small Italian village, will get the bulk of the estate. These sisters have always refused to leave their native home. The Minneapolis nephew and his two daughters are also remembered in the will.

For 40 years Zignego carried his estate with him. Many years ago he settled in Red Wing, where he has a brother. From Red Wing, with his organ and monkey he used to start his travels through the northwest.

About twelve years ago his health began to fail and he took up his residence with his Minneapolis nephew. He gave up the management of his own affairs in 1904, and the will previously made was turned over to the court for safe keeping.

WON HER STEPFATHER'S LOVE

Now Court Has Granted Wronged Mother \$9,800, the Daughter to Pay It, for Heart Injury.

Milwaukee, Wis.—Mrs. Johanna Husselmann has been awarded \$9,800 damages from her daughter, the wife of Dr. William Becker, in the circuit court in a \$25,000 alienation-of-affections suit of mother against daughter.

Mrs. Husselmann and Dr. Becker were married in Chicago, on March 17, 1900. She was then forty-six years old. He was thirty-one. She had two daughters. One of them was Mrs. Hattie Bott, aged twenty-six. Mrs. Bott was then living in St. Paul. Her husband was Dr. Henry C. Bott.

Shortly after the marriage Mrs. Bott went to Milwaukee to visit at the home of her mother and her new stepfather. The result was that on September 29, 1905, Mrs. Becker and her husband separated. On November 3, 1906, Mrs. Husselmann got a divorce, resuming the name of Husselmann.

On November 9, 1906, Mrs. Bott began suit for divorce from Doctor Bott. She got the divorce November 24, 1907. Five days later, according to testimony, Mrs. Bott and her stepfather were married. The mother said, among other things, that her daughter "willfully, maliciously and wickedly" gained the affections of Doctor Becker and sought to entice him to desert his wife.

WHY PARROT LOST ITS HOME

Bird's Love Chatter Is Obnoxious After Senator Quay's Daughter and Husband Separate.

Pittsburg, Pa.—An old parrot which has been in the family of the late Senator Quay of Pennsylvania, at his Beaver home, has been sold for a curious reason. Before Lewis Davidson of Beaver won Miss Mae Quay, a daughter of the senator, her sister had taught the bird to say "Goodby, Lou," followed by snark sounds like those of kissing. The bird was a good talker and as Miss Quay would sing out "Goodby, Lou!" as her sweetheart was leaving, the parrot would mimic her.

It was all right, even if the neighbors did hear it, for a time, but a year or more after the marriage of Miss Quay and Mr. Davidson they separated. After that the parrot constantly harped on "Goodby, Lou!" Snark, snark!

The neighbors heard it, of course, and the street in front of the Quay home became quite a boulevard, all because of the curious persons who wished to hear the parrot. Finally the bird became so hateful to Mrs. Davidson that she wanted to sell it. The other members of the family objected, as the bird had been a favorite of the senator, but finally Mrs. Davidson prevailed and the bird was sold.

Church Boiler Blows Up.

New York—Just as they were settling up accounts after a fair in the Methodist church at Caliton, N. J., the proceeds of which were to pay for the balance due on a nice new boiler for the heating plant, and the accounts showed that there was enough money to almost meet the debt, the pesky boiler had to go and blow up. The plant was installed during the summer by the Ladies' Aid society of the church. Some scheme must now be devised to raise money for a new boiler.

You May Need It

Ask your doctor about the wisdom of your keeping Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, ready for colds, coughs, croup, bronchitis. If he says it's all right, then get a bottle of it at once. Why not show a little foresight in such matters? Early treatment, early cure.

We publish our formulas
We banish alcohol
from our medicines
We urge you to
consult your
doctor

Many a boy is called dull and stupid, when the whole trouble is due to a lazy liver. We firmly believe your own doctor will tell you that an occasional dose of Ayer's Pills will do such boys a great deal of good. They keep the liver active.

Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Cure for Scratches.

Scratches are caused by exposure to cold and wet, local irritation or low condition, all of which should be avoided if possible. In simple cases apply cloths wet with a weak solution of sugar of lead and in winter cover to keep out cold. When cracks have appeared, apply a similar lotion with the addition of a few drops of carbolic acid. In case of discharge or pustules, make a lotion of chloride of zinc instead of the lead; finely powdered charcoal may be sprinkled over the cloths.

The "Country Churchyard."

Those who recall Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" will remember that the peaceful spot where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep" is identified with St. Giles, Stoke Poges, Buckinghamshire. In the prosaic pages of a recent issue of the Gazette there appears an order in council providing that ordinary interments are henceforth forbidden in the churchyard.

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

An Ace Up His Sleeve.

Munch has once more become the scene of a "painful incident" through ignorance on the part of a young man, the son of a high official, as to how to hold his cards when playing, says the Munchener Post. A game was in progress at a club when some one saw the young man draw an ace from his sleeve. When the excitement caused by the operation had somewhat subsided a prominent citizen prevented criminal proceedings by banding the card sharp into an automobile, which took him without stop across the Bavarian frontier.

Good for Sore Eyes.

For over 100 years PETTIT'S EYE SALVE has positively cured eye diseases everywhere. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Men Were Loony About Clothes.

Old-time cobblestones and mud demanded a thick, clumsy boot, and old Yankee leather was good stuff, all right enough, but it did not agreeably lend itself either to beauty or ease. A paper of 1850 tells of a statesman going to a big ball in velvet breeches, with a scarlet satin coat lining and scarlet bows on his pumps. Men then used to be almost as loony about clothes as women are now.

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

For Red, Weak, Watery, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids, Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Murine Eye Salve, in Asseptic Tubes, 25c, \$1.00. Eye Books and Eye Advice Free by Mail. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Pollution of Our Streams.

Pollution of streams in America is rapidly getting to be a grave for making graves. Things done by the old country to keep peace, public morality and health are the very things we are gradually finding out we Yanks have got to get down to and imitate, and so eat humble pie.

An Ancient Anæsthetic.

A Chinese manuscript lately discovered proves that anæsthetics were used in China seventeen hundred years ago. A certain concoction, it states, was given by the doctors before performing an operation, which rendered the patient unconscious. The anæsthetic was a simple preparation of hemp.

Selling Horse Flesh.

Dealers selling horse flesh in Paris are required to indicate the nature of their business by placing a horse's head in a conspicuous position, so that it can readily be seen by purchasers. Annually \$29,700,000 pounds of horse and mule meat are sold, representing a slaughter of 61,000 animals.

Raise Cattle on Sahara.

The cattle raised on the fringe of the Sahara are known to be of good quality and are estimated at 2,000,000 head. With a little scientific feeding during the dry season their numbers might rapidly be increased and the Soudan region might become a sort of second Argentina.

The Missing Bird.

"How do you find the chicken soup tonight, Mr. Newcomb?" queried the boarding house landlady. "I have no difficulty in finding the soup, Mrs. Husher," he replied, "but I am inclined to think the chicken will be able to prove an alibi."