

SERIAL STORY

An Heir to Millions

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"The Other Man"
etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

Andy Meleu, aged and eccentric millionaire miner, 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. The scene shifts to New York, introducing Wilfrid Stennis, who is telling his fiancée, Eunice Trevecca, what he would do if he were the possessor of twenty or fifty millions. In the law office of Carboy, Passavant & Cosine, attorneys for the estate of Andy Meleu, Roger News reports the result of his search in the east for heirs of Meleu. He conceals the fact that a daughter of Meleu is alive. Wilfrid sees an advertisement for information concerning Marcha Meleu or descendants. He recognizes the description as that of his dead mother and decides to answer the advertisement.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"She occasionally spoke of an elder brother somewhere in this country, but she never heard from him, that I can remember, and we always supposed he was killed in the war."

"And his name—surely you have heard her mention his name, Mr. Stennis?"

"Why, certainly. It was Andrew—Andrew Meleu, of course!"

The lawyer's indifferent manner had disappeared, and he had leaned forward anxiously in his chair pending this answer, but now he resumed his former position, with as much satisfaction shining in his fat face as the legal proprietaries ever permitted.

"Well Mr. Stennis, I am warranted in going so far as to say that this interview has been eminently satisfactory up to this point, and I am delighted to have made your acquaintance. I will have those little details to which I alluded looked up, and if you will do me the honor to call here at the same hour this day week I may have some interesting news for you—some exceedingly interesting news, in fact."

"But—but," stammered Wilfrid, "I am not a bit wiser than when I came in! You've pumped me dry, and I should like to know something about the advertisement—what it means—and so would my friends."

Mr. Passavant looked at the quivering Wilfrid compassionately and dispassionately over his gold-rimmed glasses.

"Your impatience is quite excusable under the circumstances, my dear sir, but until we have in our hands the collateral proofs of which I have spoken, it would be manifestly improper for me to commit myself further. Good-morning!"

"And so," as Wilfrid ruefully told Eunice that evening, "I came away like the king of France, who marched up the hill and down again, and got nothing for my trouble."

Eunice made him tell the story of the interview twice over, and then sat quietly ruminating, her forehead and eyebrows puckered in a puzzled frown.

"It must be—I am sure of it, Wilfrid," she exclaimed at length. "The advertisement has something to do with that long-lost uncle Andrew of yours!"

"Do you really think so?" said Wilfrid dubiously. "Why, all old Passavant's talk was about mother; he only mentioned uncle Andrew once."

"You silly boy!" the girl exclaimed with pretty petulance, giving him a little push, "that's the very thing that makes me sure!"

From which it may be seen that Eunice Trevecca possessed what has been called the "leaping mind."

So there was nothing for it but to wait the week out with what patience the trio could muster—for Eunice and old Trevecca were equally interested with Wilfrid. The time passed in all sorts of feverish conjectures, and Wilfrid, it must be confessed, was a somewhat idle and careless apprentice all that week.

Hence it was with a beating heart and all sorts of nameless and formless expectations that Stennis presented himself in Temple court at the appointed hour one week later.

This time his reception was cordially itself, tempered with such marked respect as to be positively embarrassing to a youngster so inexperienced in the ways of the world. There was a third person present also, introduced as Mr. Phineas Carboy, the senior member of the firm.

Both partners impressively shook hands with their visitor and were quite deferential in manner. Mr. Passavant's demeanor might even be described as parentally affectionate.

Wilfrid sat on the edge of the proffered seat in some trepidation, and found himself focussed by a battery of four eyes and two pairs of eyebrows, so respectfully solicitous was

the manner of his reception. Mr. Passavant led off in one of his pompously rounded periods:

"It is a pleasure to renew the acquaintance of so presentable a young gentleman as yourself, Mr. Stennis, and to be the bearers of what will, I am sure, be most grateful tidings. Not the least item in our gratification consists in the fact that you bear a most dignified and euphonious name—one eminently fitted to grace the good fortune we are about to announce: 'Wilfrid Stennis, Esquire'—ah!" He rolled out the full title in his best forensic manner, and our unsophisticated Wilfrid, who was staggered by all this unexpected homage and flattery, hardly recognized his own familiar appellation.

Here Mr. Carboy, with an impatient cough, took up the tale, as though he would say: "We have had the fancy touches and the flummery; now let's get down to business."

"The facts are briefly as follows, Mr. Stennis: This firm for many years past has numbered among its most valued clients your late lamented maternal uncle, Mr. Andrew Meleu, whose reputation in the west was largely merged in the town named after him in the state of Nevada."

Wilfrid could not repress a gesture of surprise at the mention of old Andrew's name. Eunice was right, after all.

"Three months ago, Mr. Stennis, your uncle died, not very suddenly, but full of years, and childless. He was, I am happy to say for your sake, a very wealthy man. I had the honor to draw his last will and testament, in which he named Mr. Passavant and myself as co-executors. The estate will foot up at \$25,000,000, partly in paying mining properties, but mainly in cash and available securities. Besides this principal, there is also a yearly income, at the present market values of silver and copper, of something like \$1,000,000. Your uncle's will makes you sole legatee, and it becomes our very pleasant duty, Mr. Stennis, to congratulate you upon your good fortune. From what we can learn of you personally, I have no hesitation in expressing the opinion that this vast wealth could not have fallen into better hands."

Both partners rose to their feet at this peroration, and each grasped a hand of the dumfounded Wilfrid, who stood speechless before them, saying never a word, vainly essaying to moisten his parched lips. Then he sat down, saying piteously:

"I'm afraid I don't quite take it all in, gentlemen! You must give me time to realize the news!"

"Oh, you will soon get used to the situation, my dear sir," said the bland and beaming Passavant, with a return to his fatherly manner.

"Surely!" echoed Mr. Carboy, with a compassionate smile. "You will be one of the richest young men of the age—twenty-five millions in realty and a yearly income of a million besides!"

It was more than poor Wilfrid could comprehend at a moment's notice. With these words ringing in his ears he staggered out of the office and gained the street, there to "walk it off."

CHAPTER V.

Horatio Passavant occupied a residence on Park avenue, that dullest of New York's many dull uptown streets. The place and its furnishings, like their owners, were heavy, eminently respectable, pompous, and quite pretentious.

The household consisted of himself, his daughter, and his spinster sister—the latter tolerated chiefly because she made an admirable sheep-dog for the second, being conveniently deaf, quite colorless as to opinions, and capable of complete self-effacement upon occasion.

Clara Passavant, the daughter, was commonly accounted a handsome woman, of a pale, blonde, stately type of beauty; she was thoroughly mercenary, brilliant as an icicle and nearly as cold, heartless, vain, and ambitious. Her all-consuming aim in life was to contract a splendid marriage; in her eyes money was the indispensable requisite for human happiness; and, although she probably never shaped the thought in so many words, she would undoubtedly sell herself to the highest bidder.

Father and daughter were sitting over their dessert on the evening of the day which brought to Wilfrid the tidings of his stupendous change in fortune. The scene was far as the antipodes from the humble interior over in Macdougall street, where another and a more momentous interview was at that very moment also taking place.

"Now tell me about this Mr. Stennis of yours, papa," said Clara after the servants had retired. "Is he at all presentable?"

"Not half bad, my dear," returned the lawyer; "a trifle raw and unformed, perhaps, but under the proper tutelage I imagine he will become a very valuable adjunct to society. He is one of the richest young men in the world, remember!"

"How rich, for example?" queried Clara, absently admiring the flash and shimmer of her bracelet.

"His income from his mining properties alone is \$1,000,000 a year, and there is a capital nest-egg of at least twenty-five million back of that."

"A million dollars a year," mused Clara aloud; "one could support an establishment anywhere very comfortably on that!"

Her father gave vent to an exclamation that was very like a snort of disgust. "One year of his income is more than I have amassed in all my professional life!"

"When does he come into his property?" was the beauty's next question.

"Oh, practically immediately. There are but few legal formalities to be observed."

"I should think he would feel very grateful to you," continued Clara, "for rescuing him from poverty and obscurity."

"Well, you see, my dear," said Mr. Passavant, rubbing his double chin dubiously at this characteristic feminine bit of logic, "the facts being as they were, we could hardly help finding him; there was really no trouble at all; any other firm could and would have done as well. I do not exactly perceive why he should be especially grateful on that score. No doubt the young man feels kindly towards me—I have every reason to believe that he does, in point of fact."

"What has he been doing for a living all these years?"

"His vocation has been that of a bookkeeper in a large export house downtown."

"I suppose he knows nothing whatever of society, papa? He could have no really nice people among his acquaintances?"

"Highly improbable, I should say," was the rejoinder. "I was thinking, Clara, that we might do the poor fellow a signal service by taking him up—introducing him in the right quarters, and all that sort of thing," with an airy wave of the hand.

"Very likely he gobbles his soup and eats with his knife! Do you suppose he ever walked through a cotillion in his life?" said Clara, with supercilious disdain. Her father gave a ventral chuckle.

"Come, come, my dear, we must not be too hard on young Stennis. He has really quite passable manners, and impresses me as a man who would quickly fall into civilized ways."

"Oh, you men do that better than women anyway," commented this mature girl satirically. "Has he any drawbacks in the way of detrimental relatives—any sisters?"

"He is absolutely alone in the world, my dear. He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. His father was a civil engineer by profession."

"That's something in his favor," admitted the daughter of the house. "What is his full name, papa?"

"Wilfrid Stennis."

"Does he spell it with an 'f' or with an 'e'?"

"With an 'f'—W-i-l-f-r-i-d. Rather a well-sounding name—don't you think so?"

"Oh, it will do," said Clara indifferently.

"Suppose we invite him to dinner some night?" suggested Mr. Passavant at length; "just by ourselves, you know. Then you can take his measure—and—er—er—form your own estimate of his possibilities."

This was precisely what the scheming Clara had been leading towards, although she knew full well that,



It Was More Than Poor Wilfrid Could Comprehend.

man-like, her father would probably claim credit for the idea should the experiment turn out well.

"As you please, papa. Shall we say a week from next Wednesday?"

"The sooner the better, my dear. And so Wilfrid's social fate was settled."

In the privacy of her own room that night, before she slept, Clara Passavant went to her dainty escritoire and, taking pen and paper, wrote several times in a dashing, bold hand the words "Mrs. Wilfrid Stennis," scanning the sheet at arm's length. Then she tore the paper into shreds, laughed softly to herself, and proceeded to make her quite elaborate toilet for the night.

Almost at the same hour another equally interesting episode of talk was in progress amid far different surroundings, and yet the subject was almost identically the same, the actors only being different.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Broadminded Norwegians.
Ecclesiastical recognition has been given the sport of skiing in Norway in the special short, early services held in all the churches during the season for the convenience of skiers. These services are called skiing prayers, and a stranger coming into the sacred edifices on such an occasion might think he had blundered into the barracks of a ski corps. However, the services are much liked and very well attended, and there is no difference of opinion about the wisdom of the church authorities in thus encouraging a sport making so strongly for healthy bodies and therefore going a long way toward making healthy souls.

Live in the Light.
Never do anything that involves secrecy or the want of candor, or it may lead to dark methods of inquiry by your neighbors.

POVERTY NOT ALL AN EVIL

Writer Unable to Perceive Manifold Advantage in Being Heir to Great Riches.

Passing more or less friendly comment on the recent birth of another Rockefeller, a grandson of the elder Rockefeller, the Denver Republican says: "If the thinkers with and dabblers in psychology and sociology can show how to make this new boy a Rockefeller in more than name they will render the world a real service."

This latest possible heir to one of the world's largest material fortunes is a problem. What manner of man he will make cannot be determined by all the psychologists, sociologists and biologists of the world. Some allowance must be made for predispositions, for the inherency of the child, and for environmental forces which may either accentuate or check and weaken his inherent inclinations. Like begets like only sometimes. The law of variation, in favorable circumstances, is as unfailing as the law of persistence. Often the boy is his father or his grandfather enlarged or reduced, or merely modified in order to fit into his own social groove.

Born to a fortune of staggering magnitude, the Rockefeller baby cannot be regarded as a promising biological asset; not that any fair man will hold aught against him on account of his wealth, but it must be realized that such a child can ordinarily have little chance to develop the carving qualities of the pioneer, initiative and originality of thought and action, and, therefore, must be in constant danger of lapsing into a life of indifference, ease and indolence.

Poverty is too much lamented, riches too much praised; mere poverty makes a beggar of no man; on the contrary. Want, lean-faced want, is one of the world's greatest benefactors, and the man or woman who has not at some period of life known the spice and impetus of this influence, has missed something worth while.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Frenchwoman Kills Boars.
Shooting down three boars after being surrounded and threatened by fourteen of these savage animals is a record that has been established by a courageous chateleine of Spezet, near Brest. The inhabitants of several neighboring communes had been complaining of the ravages made on their lands by wild boars, which were even threatening the lives of the farmers. A number of the landowners assembled to get up a regular drive around the woods known as the Bois du Couvent, in the hope of shooting down the beasts. The mistress of the chateau of Menez, Mme. de Boisfeury, joined the expedition, carrying a gun herself. It was lucky for her that she did so, and also that she was a good shot. Being quite alone some distance from the rest of the party she was suddenly surrounded by a troop of wild boars, fourteen in all, which ran at her savagely. She leveled her gun at them and shot down three of the animals. The rest soon dispersed when the other members of the party, after hearing the shots, came to the lady's rescue. One of the boars that she had killed weighed more than 255 pounds.—Paris Correspondent, London Telegraph.

Dog's Brave Effort Futile.
A touching story of a dog's fidelity was told at an inquest held before the North Carnarvonshire, Wales, coroner, on the body of William Hughes, a carriage proprietor living at Llanfairfechan, who was found drowned in the sea not far from his home. A son of the dead man stated that his father, accompanied by a dog, went out for a walk, and he followed him, but failed to find him. He was told that the dog had been seen near the bridge, and he found it there with its coat wet. He asked the dog, "Where is he, Nell?" whereupon the animal proceeded towards the sea, and the dead body of the father was discovered. A boy named Jones said he saw a man slipping into the water, and a big black dog which was with him rushed into the water and tried to drag him out by the coat, but the waves were too strong.

Her Recommendation.
Richard Carle, the actor, lately engaged as cook a Swedish giantess who proved unsatisfactory. On departure she asked for a written testimonial, and Mr. Carle presented her with the following: "To whom it may concern: I have lately had in my employ Hulda Swanson, who was engaged to cook for a family of three and do such things as would be possible when not cooking. Under this head might come a little dusting and dishwashing and answering the doorbell. Taking these things into account, I wish to say that Hulda is absolutely the tallest cook I ever saw."

Heroism.
A woman is charged with bringing gems into this country imbedded in Gorgonzola cheese. Persons familiar with Gorgonzola cheese—and we don't see how anybody can be—will faintly appreciate the heroic measures that customs officers are called upon to take at times in the pursuit of duty.

Probably they worked in relays digging out the jewels—the asphyxiated being carried from the field as fast as they dropped, and fresh volunteers taking their places.

But what's the punishment that will fit a crime like that?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CAP and BELLS



TAKING THE HOPEFUL VIEW

Jury in Case of Man Charged With Stealing Ham Find Him Guilty Despite Brilliant Plea.

The prisoner's lawyer was addressing the jury.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the attorney for the prosecution refers to my client as a 'double dyed villain.' That's what he is, gentlemen, and that's all he is! He is only a villain by reason of the dye—the double-dye, if you please—with which the infamously false testimony in this case has colored him! And those dyes are not fast colors; they will come out in the wash. I confidently look to your verdict, gentlemen of the jury, to remove those spurious stains from the character of a cruelly and unjustly persecuted man and reveal him as he really is, an upright, honest citizen, white as the driven snow!"

Thereupon the 12 jurors, good men and true, without leaving their seats, unanimously found the defendant guilty of stealing the ham.

In the Far West.
What is the cause of such uproarior mirth?" demanded the new arrival in the western town.

"Lot of motorists have arrived on a tour," explained Amber Pete, "and the cowboys are laughing at their funny-looking bearskin coats."

"And what are the motorists laughing at?"

"Oh, they are laughing at the cowboys' bearskin trousers."

Sorry He Asked.
"Have you any special terms for automobilists?" asked the man in bearskin and goggles.

"Wal, yes," responded the old toll-gate keeper, whose gate had been broken down by speeding machines.

"Sometimes I call them dead beats 'n' sometimes I call them blamed rascals. Anything else you want to know, mister?"

DIFFERENT WAYS.
He—When a woman says no, she is always ready to be convinced.

She—Yes; and when a man says no, he only wants a little persuading to make him say: "I don't care if I do."

Not Always.
"Distance lends enchantment to the view," remarked the man with the quotation habit.

"It doesn't," objected the man with the quotation habit.

"It doesn't," objected the contrary person, "when you have to go the distance!"

Reputation Is Known.
"I say, a man of the same name as mine has just been run in for fraud by credit. Heavily awkward, you know."

"Don't alarm yourself, my dear fellow. Everybody knows you can't get money or credit at all."—Fliegende Blätter.

All Off With Them.
"The Chinese government has issued an edict commanding all the Chinese to cut off their queues."

"But it has been a long custom with the Chinese to wear queues!"

"Well, they will be ex-queued from it from this time on."

After Her Gum.
"Why did you ask Miss Rich to change places with you at the dinner table?"

"I left my gum under her chair and I wanted to get it before we left the dining-room."

Almost a Necessity.
"I see where a writer says some snakes are useful."

"Trained biting snakes are very useful in prohibition territory."

Roots Barks Herbs

That have great medicinal power, are raised to their highest efficiency, for purifying and enriching the blood, as they are combined in Hood's Sarsaparilla.

40,366 testimonials received by actual count in two years. Be sure to take

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsatabs.

Wearing of the Hood.

In England the hood was not finally given up until the early part of the fifteenth century. The "great velvet hat furred" worn by the mayor of London, John Welles, in 1432, is cited as a singularity by Stow, who states that previously "the coverture of men's heads was hoods, for neither cap or hat is spoken of." In point of fact there are a few earlier instances of hats being worn by nobles and even the middle classes.

Refreshing Disinfectant.

The following is a refreshing disinfectant for sick room or any room having an unpleasant odor pervading it: Put some fresh ground coffee in a saucer and in the center place a small piece of camphor gum, which light with a match. As the gum burns allow enough coffee to consume with it. The perfume is pleasant and healthful, being far superior to pastilles, and much cheaper.

A Use for Salt Eggs.

I have found a use for the little cotton bags which salt comes in. I wash them very carefully to get the lettering out, then put them away for use as wanted. When I bake poultry, as well as some kinds of meats, I make an extra lot of dressing, stuff one of these bags full, sew it up, and bake it with the rest. It makes a roll of just the right size to slice with cold meats.—Suburban Life.

Don't Tell Everything.

Do not tell everything, even to a friend. When you undertake great affairs, confide in but few. Never love a man; he will not rescue you from calamity nor share what he has with you. To do good to the base is like sowing the sea. The mean are never satisfied; one slip cancels all former benefits. Comrades in feasting are plenty; not in serious matters.—Theognis.

Sheep Flocks Diminishing.

Because sheep need such extensive ranges in order to get enough to eat, sheep flocks are uniformly diminishing in all countries, even in Argentina, where sheep farming was believed to be one of the best sources of wealth for an indefinite time. Only in districts where the immense area of pasture land is out of proportion to the hands available for tilling it can sheep be kept at a profit.

Knowledge.

Knowledge is indeed that which next to virtue, truly, and essentially raises one man above another. It finishes one half of the human soul. It makes being pleasant to us, fills the mind with entertaining views, and administers to it a perpetual series of gratification. It gives ease to solitude and gracefulness to retirement.—Aldison.

Making Papouze's Cradle.

The poorest of Indian mothers must have a beautiful baby basket or cradle, fashioned by her own careful fingers. The general design depends upon the customs and traditions of the tribe, and the materials used are determined by the natural resources of the region inhabited; but the ornamentation is dictated by the mother's ingenuity and perceptions.

Fabric From Stone.

The Russians are manufacturing a fabric from the fiber of a filamentous stone from the Siberian mines which is said to be of so durable a nature that it is practically indestructible, says Tit-Bits. The material is soft to the touch and pliable in the extreme, and when soiled has only to be placed in a fire to be made absolutely clean.

Long as the Stream.

The state of Sao Paulo, in the republic of Brazil, says L'Etiquette du Sud, a French paper, published in Rio de Janeiro, has a river that carries one of the longest names of any stream in the world. The name is of Indian origin and is "Tamanandestehy," and is also called without saving anything in length, "River of the Great Tamanoir."

The Best Way.

When you resist the temptation to go the Sour Way, don't go too far and go the Sweet Way. Some people have such sweet dispositions that they are disagreeable. The best way is the Quiet Way—to let people alone as much as possible.—Atchison Globe.

Are Like Chestnuts.

Many Christians are like chestnuts—very pleasant nuts, but inclosed in very prickly burrs, which need various dealings of nature and her grip of frost before the kernel is disclosed.—Paul Chatfield.

Swallowed Toothbrush Fatal.

Howard Bolton, on whom an inquest was held at the London, England, hospital, died from the effects of swallowing a toothbrush while endeavoring to dislodge a piece of meat that had stuck in his throat.

Found Fossil Stag.

While French railroad builders were digging a tunnel recently a fossil stag was unearthed in clay one hundred feet below the surface of the ground.