

SERIAL STORY

An Heir to Millions

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Illustrations by Ray Walters

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CHAPTER I.

The western 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, jigsaw 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 a-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 cotillon, 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 tinge 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 out, 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 still 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-beaped 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:

"Just 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.

"Understand what I want done?" was the next 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 niver 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 t' 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 enyself 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 20, 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 shovel."

"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 foot-sole! 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' I 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' amblyances 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 niver 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 proings 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.

TRAP FOR KILLING INSECTS

Novel Method of Destroying Moth and Other Insects Which Are Harmful to Grapevines.

A novel method of killing moths and other insects which are harmful to grapevines has been adopted near Rheims. Posts supporting five-candle-power electric lamps were placed in the vineyards, and from each post a dish containing water, with a top layer of petroleum, was suspended. During the first night these traps were placed in three parallel rows at distances of about 200 feet from each other, the distance between each lamp being about 75 feet. On the first clear evening the current was turned on about eight o'clock and the lamps remained burning until an hour or so after midnight. Soon after the lamps were lighted the insects swarmed toward them and were rapidly killed, either by the fumes of the petroleum or by the petroleum itself. The same operation was resumed the next clear night, but the lamps of the two outside rows were placed about 25 feet closer to those of the center row, and this was repeated on each of five subsequent clear nights, so as finally to bring the three rows within about 50 feet of each other. During the succeeding six or seven clear nights the movement was reversed, in the same manner, so as to return the lamps to their position of the first night. As to the position of the lamps, numerous experiments were made during these trials, and it was proved that the greatest number of insects were killed when the petroleum dish was only a few inches above the ground.

MUSIC AS A LIFE-SAVER

Tale From the Vasty Deep That Proves Truth of Song Warbled by Poet.

Up from the vasty deep comes a tale that proves the truth of what the poet sang when he warbled to the effect that "music hath charms to sooth the savage breast."

The story has been delivered in New York by the crew of the bark Pallas, which was wrecked on Grand Cayman island in the Caribbean sea during the recent tropical hurricane. When the vessel struck it was in the night, and in order to cheer up their comrades during the hours before daylight, two of the crew, who happened to be musicians, ground out tunes on a fiddle and accordion. That the performers escaped to tell the tale must be put down as a remarkable evidence of the fortitude and forgiveness on the part of the men who were facing death in watery graves.

However, no murder was done, and when day broke the natives of the island were seen hurrying to the rescue in such boats as they could command. They explained that they had heard the music and had come down to investigate the strange occurrence. The whole lot of shipwrecked men, as well as some chickens and a pig were taken ashore, and a grand barbecue with fiddle and concertina accompaniment, celebrated the rescue.

All of which points to the moral that when one goes down to the sea in a ship he should carry some producer of sweet sounds—even if nothing more than a jewsharp—along as a life preserver.

Ship Narrowly Escaped Meteorite.

The Hull trawler, which recently recorded that during its voyage in the North sea a meteor fell a few yards away from the vessel, shaking it from stem to stern and rendering its compass useless, was not the first vessel to have narrowly escaped disaster by the fall of a meteorite.

The African Prince of the Prince Line was nearly engulfed in the Atlantic from a similar cause in October, 1906, and the captain on reaching Liverpool gave an interesting account of the escape. He and the second officer were on the bridge when the bolt fell from the blue and it seemed to them as it entered the water close to the ship, to be a huge mass of molten metal poured out of the sky. "Had it struck us," said Capt. Anderson, "we would have been entirely annihilated without a doubt—another mysterious loss of a vessel in every way fitted to undertake a voyage."

"I am of opinion," he added, "that to some such cause must be attributed losses so mysterious that neither seamanship, engineering nor ordinary theories can explain them."—London Daily News.

Marriage and Liberty.

Liberty comes in such different ways! For women it comes most often through marriage.

Nine women in ten have more peace after they are married for the exercise of their wills than they had before; therefore we can all see more clearly why they really are. The most tyrannical husband cannot rob a woman of her authority over her children and her household. The good woman is better, the hard woman is harder, the mean woman is meaner than ever she was.

Usually a married woman has a more strongly marked character than her unmarried sister. Her friends find it more easy to call up her mental face; they are more sure how she will act in given circumstances. Marriage is almost always fraught with more surprises to the student of character. These surprises are loosely described as changes; but change in character is so rare an occurrence, more especially in women, that it should never be regarded as an explanation unless all others fail.

FASHION HINTS



Dark green cloth is used for this frock. It is attractively trimmed in black velvet, the wide shawl collar being an especially pretty feature.

EXPERIMENT STATION NOTES.

There has recently come under the observation of the Washington Experiment Station at Pullman, a "borer," present chiefly in the timbered districts where it has attacked the young orchards. Describing this pest and prescribing treatment, Prof. A. L. Melander of the Washington experiment station says:

"This pest is produced by a blackish beetle about one-half an inch in length that flies during the latter part of the summer. An egg is placed on each tree, the borer hatching from it in time killing the young trees. These borers probably live several years in the trees and the larger ones, at least, will enter into the heart wood to pass the winter. If the trees are small, there is little hope of their recovery, and the trees may as well be reset. The pest is native to our pine timber, but seems to be also fond of young orchards. The best treatment is in the way of prevention. Spray a thorough coating of sulphur lime containing an excess of lime on the lower trunks of the trees next June, repeating this, if necessary, so as to keep the trunks coated throughout the summer. The sulphur acts as a deterrent and seems to protect the trees from the egg laying habit of the beetle."

A pest of threatened prevalence in the wheat zone is the wire worm, numerous reports of its presence having been received at the Washington experiment station during the past summer. In a brief report upon this pest, Professor Melander says:

"Treatment for this pest is very difficult and never sure of results. The best treatment is gradually to work the pests out of the soil by repeated fall plowing. Each year that you fall plow you destroy some of the worms, but not all of them. When this is kept up for year after year for a long period, the worms ought to become less and less in number. There is no practical treatment of the seed that has yet been discovered that will keep off the wire worms; nor can you poison them by any sort of trap. I would suggest that, as an experiment, seed be washed with a tobacco liquid. Steep up a pound of tobacco in a gallon or two of water and sprinkle that over the seed. I would not promise that this will be effective. But it may help some at least."

"Mice can be routed by placing traps in their runways or by strewing bits of poisoned fruit where they are apt to run. If you take raisins and insert in each a small crystal of strychnine, and place these poisoned raisins in the burrows of the mice, you will destroy a very great many of them. You must be careful, however, not to let children or chickens get at the poisoned raisins. Prunes or bits of carrots would also answer."

The grain weevil of warehouses can be checked by fumigation, says Prof. Melander:

"The only sure treatment is fumigation. To fumigate you must have your bins perfectly tight and then fumigate them either with carbon disulphide or potassium cyanide. If you have but a small bin I would suggest that you place your grain in it and then put a saucer or plate on top of the grain, pouring in some carbon disulphide, close up the bin overnight, and this will destroy the pest. The fumes of the sulphide are heavy and will penetrate through the feed. After airing, the fumes pass away entirely, and your feed will be as good as ever. If your bins are empty, you can fumigate with potassium cyanide. Do this with one ounce of cyanide to every 113 cubic feet of space to be fumigated. To generate the gas you add one and one-half ounces of sulphuric acid with two and one fourth ounces of water for every ounce of the cyanide. It is well to wrap the cyanide in loose paper and throw it into a tin containing the dilute sulphuric acid. You must remember that the gas formed is deadly poison and must not at all be breathed. The next day you can air out the bins and after thorough airing you can use them for your flour. Bear in mind that carbon disulphide is as explosive as gasoline."

No Criterion.

Once during the progress of a certain case Sir Charles Darling remonstrated with a barrister for the way in which he was arguing a point.

"You will pardon me, my lord," said the latter, "but perhaps I may remind you that you argued a case in a similar way yourself when you were at the bar."

"Yes, I admit it," replied his lordship, with a quiet smile, "but that was the fault of the judge who allowed it."—London Tit-Bits.

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 hongkwa), 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 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 after-ward."—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.

A suggestive par.

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 or Outdoor Air.

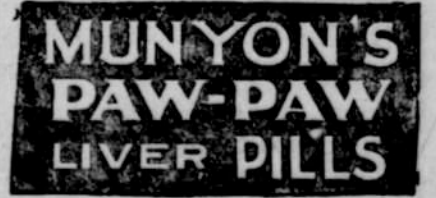
Why is there such a dread of outdoor air in the sleeping room? Science has made great advances in hygiene. In many hospitals children suffering from diseases of the respiratory system are taken up to cots on roofs and there attended by nurses in ulsters. Open air and tent life are part of the recognized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



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 healthful condition and will positively cure biliousness and constipation, or I will refund your money—MUNYON.

