

# SERIAL STORY

## An Heir to Millions

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"The Other Man"  
etc.

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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 rhythmical "crunch-crunch" of the "stamps" the town below was strangely quiet. Every soul therein knew that the master-mind in the hillside erylle 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 busied 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 insinuated 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 here 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 pliously 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 posses-



"Oh, it's a Splendid Thing to Be Rich!"

sion of more money that 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 smoky, greasy teakettles, but a sweet-smelling, 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 plus 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 can't buy some things in this world, Wilf, a truisim 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, coatless and bringing with him a strong aroma of cut Cavenish, 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'd pave ' 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 unappreciated? Not for the miser's greed of possession, but for the gratification of the best that was in him, did he long for money—heaps 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 entry 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.

## Decoration for Fur Hats



The home milliner has been able to find a turban covered with fur of almost any description and almost any shape. The matter of trimming it at home is a problem of easy solution. Fur turbans are not exactly trimmed—they are decorated. The soft shapes, made without wire, carry bows, rosettes or motifs, applied flat to the body of the hat; or tinsel and silk roses, a smart cockade or an algrette fastened on with an ornament, all easy to procure and the trimming easy of accomplishment. Fashion permits the trimming to be placed anywhere, from back to front, at the sweet will and sense of style possessed by the wearer.

Where the turban is made by covering a buckram shape with fur, plumes

and fancy feathers, wings and ribbons are all available. The soft caps are more simply trimmed.

Soft caps of fur or fur fabrics are easily made at home. The crown is in four sections, like a boy's jockey cap, and the brim a slightly curved collar, which is wide enough to turn up about the crown. This is lined with silk or satin. A fine wire may be introduced in the outside brim edge to advantage. It should be put in between the fabric and the lining, and will serve to keep the hat shapely.

Such hats of plush or fur are very comfortable—a real protection to the head, and the becomingness is a new discovery. It is all in adjusting the right shape to the head in the right way.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

### CHECKED SILK WAIST.



This most attractive waist is of checked old blue and white foulard, with pretty yoke of old blue cashmere. The gumpie, undersleeves, and frills are of white tulle. The girle is of plain blue liberty.

### THE NEW SHOE BUCKLES

Cut Steel and Rhinestone Predominate for Decorating Evening Slipper This Season.

Cut steel and rhinestone predominate in the shoe buckle for decorating the evening slipper this season. In the cut steel, which has a very refined appearance, the designs are very beautiful. The buckles made of this material seem to be the leading ones.

They are made oblong and large, and though this is actually the choice among the metals, there are other sizes and other metals still available, for though it is quite new, it does not exclude any of the others that with some are still popular.

Rhinestone buckles are favored next to steel and there is a wide variety of these from which to make a choice. Small and large ornaments, square and round ornaments, oblong and star-shaped ornaments—in fact, in the rhinestone one can get an ornament in almost any shape a person desires.

### Butterfly Note Paper.

The butterfly, a dominant novelty of this season's fashions, trails its frivolous wings across the latest note paper. Flights of sulphur-colored insects upon a delicate green ground, and of bright, soft blue ones over a cream white surface, none of them too perceptible are seen. It is a fanciful idea, to have these decorated missives as frivolous and brief as their own short lives.

### CONCERNING USE OF PLUMES

Newest Trimming in Millinery Shows Styles Such as Our Mothers Never Dreamed Of.

The newest trimming in millinery emphasizes the use of plumes. Such plumes! The word conjures up an infinite variety of styles of which our mothers or grandmothers knew nothing, and fair women of today can be doubly grateful for the efforts of milliners.

Garlands of plumes are used on broad, low hats. They are spotted and flecked with color, and some are made of layers of iridescent shades, giving a wonderfully iridescent effect.

On velvet turbans the use of a single plume attached at the front, and extending toward the back in a slanting line, is quite evident. This line for the plume is used on large hats as well. And speaking of the wide, flat shapes leads us to the introduction of ostrich feathers to edge the brim. Two successful Paris milliners have done this with great effect.

Feather rosettes are made of ostrich plumes. Concentric circles of cut feathers are placed around a jeweled center. At the side of a turban or on the upturned brim of a large velvet hat this new type of ornament is extremely chic.

A feather band is being used on many large hats. Black and white plumes are favored for these ornaments. They are detachable, hooking at one side. This idea is attractive, for a change of trimming means a change of hat.

### To Freshen a Lace Waist.

A tight-cut lingerie waist of white lace and embroidery gains wonderfully in elaborateness by the addition of the latest French fancy. This is a broad band of net in a pastel shade, embroidered in soutache braid of the same color and applied just over the bust. With this is worn one of the new neck scarfs of chiffon, in a color that exactly matches and with the ends embroidered in the soutache. Both of these are easily made up at home by any clever needlewoman, and will go a long way toward hiding the deficiencies of a pretty but aging lingerie waist. The chiffon scarf is especially charming when embroidered its entire length with large coin dots in satin stitch.

### Cretonne Lampshades.

The very newest and prettiest thing in home decoration is the lampshade of shirred cretonne or flowered silk. For these, heavy wire frames are purchased, the round shape being the best. The cretonne or silk is then shirred tightly under this frame, and clamped or glued to it. A narrow border of furniture gimp conceals the joining place.

In tapestry, this variety of lampshade becomes really gorgeous. The idea, of course, can be applied in any of these materials to candle shades as well.

## 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.



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 a great deal of good. They keep the liver active.

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

### Cure for Scarcities.

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 soles.

### 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 special 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 bundling the card sharp into an automobile, which took him without stop across the Bavarian frontier.

### Good for Sore Eyes.

For over 100 years FETTING'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 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 Anesthetic.

A Chinese manuscript lately discovered proves that anesthetics were used in China seventeen hundred years ago. A certain concoction, it states, was given by the doctors before performing an operation, which render the patient unconscious. The anesthetic 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 fringes 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 Boudan 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. Haasler," he replied, "but I am inclined to think the chicken will be able to prove an ailment."