

## 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 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 & Co., attorneys for the estate of Andy Meelen, Roger Hewa reports the result of his search in the east for heirs of Meelen. He reveals the fact that a daughter of Meelen is alive. Wilfrid sees an advertisement for information concerning Martha Meelen 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 Meelen, 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 properties 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 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 his 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 that 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 Meelen, 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 owner, 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 Macdougal 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 cats 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 't' or with an 'e'?"

"With an 't'—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.

#### —Outing.

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.

## TIMELY SUGGESTIONS THAT WILL HELP THE HOSTESS

#### A Jolly Out-Door Party.

This was a decided success, for the children were so enthusiastic. The affair took place in the country, but I do not think a city back yard or a park would fall short of the requirements. Of course, all depends upon the weather, for this party requires snow and a frozen pond, if possible.

The hours were from five to eight, and it was quite dark when the gay youngsters assembled. The mothers had been instructed to dress the little guests, who were from ten to fourteen, very warmly with sweaters and mittens. Japanese lanterns were strung all over the lawn and twinkled brightly in the darkness; then there were huge bonfires built along the edge of the pond with caretakers to watch for sparks. There were skating races, running races, tobogganing and a merry game of Hare and Hounds, with red confetti for "scent." The last stunt was storming a snow fort, the children being divided into two sides, white men and "Indians." After this excitement they were called in to a supper consisting of piping hot oyster soup, hot buttered crackers, olives, turkey sandwiches, then ice cream in shape of snow balls with a little flag in the top of each ball; the cakes were balls, too, rolled in coconut form and then in sweet chocolate grated. A big sleigh took all the children home, each with a tin horn which was tied with scarlet ribbon. The horns were presented when good-bys were said.

#### A January Luncheon.

This pretty luncheon was hastily arranged in honor of a friend who was going away, and by accident the hostess learned the day set for her entertainment was also her friend's birthday. As the guests were all very intimate friends and only too glad of the opportunity to show some attention to the departing guest, they all contributed a small sum with which the hostess purchased a charming garnet harpin. It was tied to a bouquet of red roses. On the card was written this couplet, allotted to the month of January:

By her, who in this month is born,  
No gems save garnets should be worn;  
They will insure her constancy,  
True friendship and fidelity.

The flower for the month is the pearly snow drop, and there was a huge bunch of them in a red Bohemian glass bowl for the table centerpiece. Red candles were used with shades of the same color, and a lovely fire blazed in the grate. Altogether it was a most hospitable affair. With the dessert of frozen pudding came a birthday cake with the name of the guest picked out

in small red candles. The cake was on a candle board surrounded by a circle of blazing red candles. Each guest made a wish and blew one out before the cake was cut. After this the maid brought in the bouquet on a silver tray and the pin tied in a white box with garnet ribbon was discovered.

#### For St. Agnes' Eve.

Friday, the 20th, brings Saint Agnes' eve, a special day in the old-time calendar. At this season, young girls were wont to peer into the future to discern the characteristics of their future husbands. They resorted to all sorts of tricks and used rosemary and thyme, as custom, or tradition rather, proclaimed them the flowers for that day. It was the time for love prophecies, so it would be an auspicious time for an engagement announcement, or for a bridal luncheon.

White flowers, with a white menu as far as possible, would be pretty, passing with dessert a tray of marshmallows and a wee glass candlestick containing a white candle, one for each guest to be taken as souvenirs. Toasting marshmallows at the table and watching to see whose candle burns the longest, makes a happy finale to a luncheon or dinner. The first candle to go out foretells, "no wedding for a year," the one with a flickering flame denotes an interrupted courtship; the one that burns clean and clear to the socket means a wedding within a year.

MADAME MERRILL

## IN VOGUE

Imported French atomizers with the bulb sunken into a hollow side of the bottle are seven dollars.

A pretty punchbowl in the domestic Delftware with its odd green coloring, is \$19 and suggests a dainty gift.

A semi-fitted blanket coat, with a shawl collar and revers of plaid, is \$12, and might be acceptable to the girl who motors much during the cold season.

Fruit trays and trays for all uses in the famous Swiss carving, are in many odd designs and sell for two dollars and upward. Four carved fern leaves form one tray, and another is of oak leaves with tiny birds forming the handle.

## Paris Frocks for Girls



THE dainty frock at the left is of white marquisette. The skirt, forming a tunic, is gathered at the top and bottom and finished with a wide band of the material, which is trimmed with tubular pearl beads and ornamented with motifs composed of crystal beads and pink roses. This is edged with pale blue liberty and falls over two frouces of the marquisette, which are encircled with tucks, trimmed with the tubular pearl beads and edged with the blue liberty.

The corsage has a plain corselet of the material edged with the blue, and the sleeves and bretelles are tucked

and trimmed like the frouces. A garland of little pink roses finishes the round, low neck, and the girde is of the light blue liberty finished at the back with knotted sash ends.

The other frock is of pale salmon colored voile. The corselet skirt is made in two parts, both plaited. The lower part is attached underneath the upper to a plain, flat yoke. Both are bordered with wide bands of white lace insertion.

The kimono corsage is trimmed with the lace and knots of silver ribbon are used to ornament the front of the frock.

## 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 flunkily given up until the early part of 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 Bags.

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.—Addison.

#### Making Papoose'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 artistic perceptions.

#### Fabric From Stone.

The Russians are manufacturing a fabric from the fiber of a diamantous 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'Etoile 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 "Tamanduetehy," 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.—Athena 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.