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**An Asset of Loveliness.**  
 Perhaps with a keener perception of the charming things in life than if he had not been sightless, Milton says in "Paradise Lost": "Nothing lovelier can be found in woman than to study household good."

**Varied Interests.**  
 "What we want," said the citizen, "is an era of economy."  
 "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "but there is always bound to be more or less alteration about the way we do it."

**Terrible Suffering**  
**Eczema All Over Baby's Body.**  
 "When my baby was four months old his face broke out with eczema, and at sixteen months of age his face, hands and arms were in a dreadful state. The eczema spread all over his body. We had to put a mask or cloth over his face and tie up his hands. Finally we gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla and in a few months he was entirely cured. Today he is a healthy boy." Mrs. Inez Lewis, Barling, Maine.  
 Hood's Sarsaparilla cures blood diseases and builds up the system.  
 Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsatabs.

**SERIAL STORY**

**An Heir to Millions**  
 By Frederick Reddala  
 Author of "The Other Man" etc.  
 Illustrations by Ray Walters  
 (Copyright, by J. B. Lippincott Co.)

**SYNOPSIS.**  
 Andy Meelen, aged millionaire miner, is dying and orders a will drawn up leaving all his property to the son of a sister, of whom he has heard nothing for years, and whose married name he does not know. Meelen was married years before, but left his wife after a quarrel. In which he struck her. He learned later that she and their 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 wealth. In the law office of Carboy, Passavant & Coane, attorneys for the estate of Meelen, Roger Hewes reports the result of his search for heirs of Meelen. He reveals the fact that he has discovered that Meelen's daughter is living. Wilfrid Stennis replies to an advertisement for information concerning his dead mother, Martha Meelen, and is told that he is the heir to Andy Meelen's millions. He wants to marry Eunice at once, but she resolutely demurs. He meets Clara Passavant, frivolous daughter of his attorney.

**CHAPTER V.—Continued.**  
 When Clara happened to broach the subject of music at their third or fourth meeting she found she had touched the dominant chord of Wilfrid's nature; being no mean executant herself, they at once met on common ground. She found that he had seen most of the modern operas (at a dollar admission) and some others of which she had never even heard, and he laughingly confessed to the possession of a tenor voice.

"But you know what the great Von Bulow said about tenors, Miss Passavant?"  
 "No; tell me, please; something spiteful, I am sure."  
 "Judge for yourself; he said that a tenor was a disease!"  
 Clara laughed. "That recalls Hervey's—was it Hervey's?—clever generalization of the human race," she said. "You know he divided us up into men, women, and curates."  
 "That was certainly rather severe on the gentlemen of the cloth," commented Stennis, "unless he had in mind the old saying about the last not being the least."  
 Upon another occasion they were discussing the feminine passion for fine clothes.

"Women dress to please themselves," valiantly asserted Clara, championing her sex.  
 "Are you sure?" said Stennis. "No true woman would be content with such a simple motive as that; it must be something far more complex."  
 "For instance?" she asked, with one of her challenging glances which dared him to do his best or say his worst.  
 "I think they dress to please themselves first; secondly, to please the men; and, thirdly, to make other women envious."  
 "For shame!" was the laughing retort, tapping him with her fan; "time enough to be cynical when you get to be as old as papa."

Such little verbal passages at arms as these—and there were many of them as time passed, for upon Stennis was conferred the freedom of the house in Park avenue after that initial dinner—served to put them more and more at their ease and to cement their friendship. The rather shop-worn society woman of eight or ten seasons discovered a new sensation; in matching wits with Stennis she was sure to strike responsive fire in him every time, nor was it certain that in so doing her own wings were not in danger of being singed; she certainly, and perhaps unwittingly, revealed to him oftener than to others a softer, more womanly side of her nature.

On Stennis' part he ever delighted to be with her, because she possessed the happy knack of edging his brightest thoughts; she became his social mentor and the arbiter of his slowly forming tastes. He really wondered at himself, after an evening in her society, when he recalled the consumedly bright things he had said, and he began to take no little pride in his social and fashionable progress. For he was everywhere voted a success. His wealth, his pristine freshness, his total freedom from the too frequent vulgarities of the newly rich, made him everywhere welcome; he was put up at two or three good clubs; starting with a few valuable introductions from the Passavants, his circle of acquaintance widened rapidly, and not the least surprising feature of it all to Stennis was the ease with which he assumed his place among the elect of New York society. It was as though he had been to the manner born.

So the winter passed, in "high jinks and perpetual holidays," and the young spring found Wilfrid firmly seated in the society saddle; fairly launched on his career as one of the jeunesse dorée; popular alike with men and with women; invited everywhere, and apparently as happy as the day is long.

True, thus far he had not realized any of his pet projects, except to lay the keel of a fine schooner-yacht—he had been too busy socially—but there was, as he told himself, plenty of time.

Nor must it be inferred that the glamour of these newer interests completely eclipsed the memory and the influence of Eunice Trevecca. Throughout that winter Wilfrid was a constant and even a regular visitor in far-away old Greenwiche.

To the girl he carried full accounts of his social progress, sketched for her his constantly widening circle of friends and acquaintances, and spread his daily life before her like an open page. Thus far there had been no subterfuges, no secrets between them.

And if, as was to be expected, he developed a little of the exquisite in manner, affecting or having acquired the society drawl and a new style of hand-shake, which he unsuccessfully endeavored to transplant to the arid and awkward soil of Macdougall street, to Eunice and her stepfather he was the same old unaffected, generous Wilfrid of former days. In only one thing had he failed in perfect faith; he had never told Miss Passavant of his conditional betrothal to Eunice Trevecca—never so much as mentioned her name! Somehow Eunice divined this. True, there were excuses for him, and it was, partly her fault; by her own act Wilfrid had been left foot-loose. Had it been otherwise, the chances are that he would have acquainted Clara Passavant with the true state of affairs very early in their intimacy. Later it became more difficult.

The faded old parlor and sitting-room ran riot in flowers, and many a dainty keepsake found its way to Eunice. But with a woman's inconsistency she wished with all her heart that Wilfrid had shown himself more masterful, refusing to let her put him off, even for a probationary year.

At first Wilfrid honestly tried to maintain the old lover-like relations, but was so uniformly though good-naturedly repulsed that at length he gave up trying. He little knew that poor Eunice cried herself to sleep the first time he omitted to kiss her good-by.

Yet it was by her own wish and mandate that matters between them took this course. There came the frequent mention of Clara Passavant, the beautiful, the brilliant, and for

the first time in her life Eunice was horribly jealous. It was no longer Cherchez la femme, she felt, but La femme est trouvee!

"And so you and this Miss Passavant are coming to be great friends?" said Eunice one night as they sat together, though not in the old familiar way.  
 "I wish you could meet her!" he exclaimed enthusiastically; "I feel sure you would like each other."  
 "What makes you imagine that?" inquired Eunice demurely, threading an obstinate needle with catenatious care.  
 "Oh, because—well, partly because you are so unlike each other."  
 "Don't be too sure!" said Eunice vindictively. "For my part, I believe we should scratch each other's eyes out!"

Wilfrid looked at the usually gentle Eunice in polite astonishment. Then he laughed, for his social training had already taught him a thing or two.  
 "Oh, no, you wouldn't," he said confidently. "Women don't do things in that way. If you were introduced you would both take little steps, bending forward in the latest mode; you would approach each other smiling sweetly; you'd dab her on one cheek, and she'd peck you on the other, and you would both say: 'Delighted to know you; Mr. Stennis has often spoken of you. What lovely weather we are having!'—all in the key of B-flat major with the tremolo stop 'way out.'"

Eunice could not but laugh at this clever little skit, but in her heart she adhered to the belligerent part of the program.  
 "Tell me, what is she like?" she said by way of answer.  
 "I have just told you," rejoined Wilfrid; "you are complete opposites. For instance, she is very fair, you are dark; she is all artificial polish and society veneer, you are as genuine and simple as a wood-violet; she thinks of nothing but dress and money and the social whirl, of seeing and being seen, you are a perfect home-body."  
 "That isn't what I wanted to know,"

persisted Eunice. "Is she very beautiful?"  
 Now, women can never comprehend that a man may honestly estimate or admire another woman from a purely impersonal standpoint, without being in love with her or even markedly attracted by her. In talking of a woman to most women, therefore, it is always safe for a man to "damn with faint praise." Here was where Wilfrid made a bad play.

"Why, yes," he admitted dispassionately. "I should say she was a very handsome woman. She has been perfectly charming to me all winter, and so has her father. In fact, I don't know how I should have managed if it had not been for their social indorsement."  
 "Is she accomplished as well as fascinating?" persisted Eunice, hugging her pain.  
 "In a way—yes; she is a very good pianist; she can talk interestingly on most subjects; she has been everywhere and seen everything. She tells me I must go abroad."

"Isn't that what you always wanted to do?" queried Eunice, her head bent over her work to hide the tears that would come.  
 "Certainly. I am thinking of taking the yacht across with a party this summer; the Passavants have promised to go. And that reminds me, Eunice; the launching takes place next week. Won't you and your father run down to Bristol? How would you like to christen her? You may if you want to."  
 "No thank you," said Eunice very stiffly; "you'd better ask Miss Passavant." And to Wilfrid's astonishment, John Trevecca coming in at that instant, the girl pleaded a headache and abruptly said good night.

In the seclusion of her own chamber she threw herself on the little white bed, sobbing out the words: "He has never told her! He has never told her!"  
 The launching took place as announced, in the presence of a gay assemblage who went to Bristol on a special train by invitation of the young nabob. Moreover, Clara Passavant broke the bottle of champagne and spoke the magic words, "I name thee Kestrel." All of which reached the eye of Eunice through the newspapers.

Wilfrid planned to sail as soon as the yacht was fitted out, and he was naturally very busy and thoroughly in his element, for he had always loved the water. He called but once on Eunice in those few weeks, but the woman-servant said she was out—which caused him to wonder if the conventional taradiddle was becoming acclimated in Macdougall street. He decided to write to her, but kept putting it off, until at last he grew a little bit ashamed of his neglect, and so made bad worse by writing not at all.

On the 10th day of May the Kestrel set sail for the Azores with her owner and a party of congenial friends aboard, and for two years his native land managed to get along without Wilfrid Stennis, although far away in the west men were toiling and molling, piling up more millions to replenish those squandered or spent in the gay quest of pleasure.  
 (TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Carrying It Too Far.**  
 "Precedence, so far as it goes, is a very fine thing," said Frederick Townsend Martin at a dinner at the Cafe de l'Opera in New York. "The English, though, carry precedence perhaps too far."  
 "A bishop entertained a number of clergy at his episcopal see. His guest of honor was another bishop. This gentleman, at breakfast one morning, said to the butler:  
 "Why, this is a bad egg! Phew! Pah! What an atrocious odor! Really, my man, I'm surprised."  
 "The butler, with a serious face, examined the egg closely. Then he said, frowning and shaking his head:  
 "I beg pardon, my lord. A most regrettable thing has happened. The stupid servant has given your lordship, in mistake, a curate's egg."

**Unwarranted Assumption.**  
 A youth from the Horton neighborhood went to Nevada and got a marriage license. He supposed he was the girl's first choice, although he had never come to any "definite understanding" on the subject. The Sunday following the purchase of the license the couple went to church, and during the progress of the service the young man unfolded the certificate and, showing it to the girl beside him, said: "Let's go up after the preacher gets through and get married." The young woman was so shocked that she could not speak for a few moments. Then she told him he had spent his money foolishly and asked that he never speak to her again. The "sympathy of the community" is divided.—Kansas City Star.

**Her Objection.**  
 Carlyle's dictum, "Not on morality, but on cooking let us build our philosophy," is recalled by the following: "An aged aunt, though in the position of guest, protested against the appearance of a really noble rabbit pie on her nephew's breakfast table. It was not that she feared ptomaine poisoning. Her objections were ethical. Rabbits, she declared with a wonderful mid-Victorianism, were 'such immoral animals.'"

**Himself One of the Many.**  
 "Oh, yes," said the waiter, "people do sometimes order queer combinations. Any man," the waiter said, with some emphasis on the "any" as he handed over the check, "any man is liable to do that sometimes." And then this man who had been seeking information about odd things reflected that he had himself just taken for luncheon sausages, wheat cakes and a milk shake.—New York Sun.

**Price of Ivory Increasing.**  
 Ivory continues to make rapid gains in cost and may sooner or later be in a class with gold. At the sales in Europe the tremendous demand pushes up the price. The allotment for each sale seems to be the same and with a gaining consumption it is logical to expect a price advance.  
 This will continue until a substitute ivory is discovered or ivory is secured in greater quantities. Although we buy a great many tusks for piano keys and use the very latest method of cutting and bleaching, the margin of profit in finished key ivory is exceedingly small. With the best of skill in blocking the waste is enormous and there are many other details in connection with key ivory manufacture that require time and money.  
 Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.  
 George C. Conner.  
 Philip, eight years of age, already is a close if silent observer. In his town a number of men in the past few years have died, leaving their families unprovided for. One day Philip's teacher asked him to define the word "widow." "A widow," replied thoughtful Philip, "is a poor woman with a large family."  
**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. Hasher," he replied, "but I am inclined to think the chicken will be able to prove an alibi."  
**Strong Winds and Sand Storms**  
 CAUSE GRANULATION OF THE EYELIDS. PETTIT'S EYE SALVE soothes and quickly relieves. 25c. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.  
**The Only Way.**  
 To try to make others comfortable is the only way to get right comfortably ourselves, and that comes partly of not being able to think so much about ourselves when we are helping other people. For ourselves will always do pretty well if we do not pay them too much attention.—George Macdonald.  
**TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY**  
 for Red, Weak, Weary, 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 Booklet and Eye Advice Free by Mail. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.  
**Local Pride.**  
 "How did Crimmon Gulch manage to get such a showing in the census?" "Diplomacy," replied Broncho Bob. "We got the census taker into the Rosy Glow saloon and didn't let him go to work until he was seeing double."  
 more modern.  
**The Trance Medium.**—"You're looking pretty prosperous, Ferdinand—I thought the slate-writing stunt was played out!" Former Slate-Writer—"Oh, I cut that out many moons ago—why, the spirit messages I dispense nowadays are written on souvenir post cards!"  
 Stiff neck! Doesn't amount to much, but mighty disagreeable. You will be surprised to see how quickly Dr. Williams' Oil will drive that stiffness out. One night, that's all.  
**Play Before Bedtime.**  
 Give the children their tea early, so that they can have a good play before going to bed. This play will induce a healthy tiredness and sleep will soon follow.  
**PHLEGS CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.**  
 Your druggist will refund money if PEARL OINTMENT fails to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. 50c.  
**What She Needed.**  
 Just at the busy hour in the evening on the "L," a woman rushed madly into the station. She had just a minute to buy a copy of Life and catch her train.  
 There was another customer at the news stand when she got there, and, getting impatient, she waved her ten-cent piece in the air and said to the clerk in a frenzied tone: "Give me Life, quick! Give me Life," then she pranced in her tracks when the clerk continued to wait on the first customer.  
 "Quick, I want Life," she repeated forcibly.  
 "You don't need Life, madam; what you need is air," placidly replied the news agent.  
**Only One "BROMO QUININE"**  
 That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.  
**How to String Beads.**  
 In stringing any precious beads, and pearls especially, never use a needle. Simply wax the end of the silk as I pass it through the hole. The knotting is also an important point. It must be large enough to hold the bead, but not large enough to show. Pearl stringers use an intricate knot of their own, and that is why it is, on the whole, better to have very expensive jewels strung by a professional. When there is a collarette or something of the sort to be made, this is absolutely necessary.  
 Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take.  
**Always Something to Miss.**  
 "I see that a man has succeeded in flying from a ship to shore."  
 "When they get so that they can fly from shore to a ship there may be some chance for the man who always misses the boat."  
 "True, but then we'll have to contend with the man who always misses the aeroplane."

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