



"He Will Do," Thought Clara Passavant.

AN HEIR TO MILLIONS

by FREDERICK REDDALE
AUTHOR OF "THE OTHER MAN" ETC.
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS
COPYRIGHT BY J. L. 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 & Cozine, attorneys for the estate of Meelen, Roger Hewa reports the result of his search for heirs of Meelen. He conceals 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 she is the heir to Andy Meelen's millions.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"You see you were right, after all, dearest," said Wilf to Eunice after imparting to her in detail his wonderful news: "It was uncle Andrew!"

He had gone to her at once, feeling that he must confide in somebody or his brain would burst. And who so willing a listener as the girl of his heart?

The winter twilight was shutting in; old Trevecca was not yet come home; the lamp was still unlighted, and they twain had the shabby parlor to themselves.

Eunice ignored the passing tribute to her superior insight. Her woman's vision was leaping far ahead, and although the affianced couple sat hand in hand, and Wilf was the same dear, unaffected fellow as of yore, tenderly affectionate and lover-like, Eunice felt the intangible and impending shadow of a new element in their relations. But she could not as yet define it or put her thoughts into words. She must thresh it out by herself. For neither had there as yet been sufficient time to fully adjust themselves to the novel situation.

"I'm so glad, for your sake, Wilf," she answered; "it is what you have always wished. Do you remember our talk in this very room a little while ago, and the wonderful air-castles you planned?" Wilf chuckled boyishly. "Now you can go ahead and build them all!"

"Rather say that we'll build them together!" he exclaimed loyally. "What's mine is yours, you know." He meant every word he said, but Eunice shook her head.

"What does that mean?" inquired Wilf, drawing her to him so that her head nestled on his shoulder. "Do you imagine that any amount of money can make any difference in my love for you? Why, my Eunice is worth a dozen fortunes!"

The girl suffered his caresses, and it was inexpressibly sweet to hear him talk in that strain, but there was an

ominous tugging at her heartstrings. However, she would not play the part of a kill-joy at such a time.

"Thank you, Wilf," she said simply. "I know you mean it, and it is very dear and lovely of you to come to me first of all with the good news. I want you always to remember this, Wilf—that whatever happens my love for you can never, never change!"

"Nothing's going to come between us, anyway!" affirmed Wilf confidently, sealing his words with a kiss, and stifling her negative. Before Eunice could make any further reply John Trevecca came in, and the wonderful tale had to be gone over again for his especial benefit.

"Eh, lad, but it's a mort o' money! Whatever will 'ee do wi' it?"

Wilf laughed gayly. "Why, Eunice and I are going to build castles with some of it."

"And which one will 'ee live in?" queried the old man, taking him literally.

"Let me tell you one thing," said the impulsive Wilf; "wherever we are, you are going to be with us and share our good fortune."

"Nay, nay, lad. It's kindly meant, and I thank ye; but a million a year! I couldn't live up to it at my age! I'll just bide here."

It was characteristic of the simple nature of young Stennis that he went to his desk downtown the next morning as though nothing had happened overnight. In fact, on waking he found it almost impossible to realize his changed position. To his boarding-house the news had not yet penetrated, but when he arrived at the store he found the tidings ahead of him. Most of the morning dailies had more or less lengthy accounts, for Horatio Passavant had sent for the reporters, apparently creating the impression that the newly-fledged millionaire was under his protecting wing.

The head of Stennis' firm came to his desk at the instant he was opening the big ledger as usual.

"We certainly did not expect to see you here this morning, Mr. Stennis. Let me congratulate you most heartily! Of course, you'll be leaving us soon?"

"Yes, I suppose so," answered Wilfrid, blushing and embarrassed. "But you see, sir, I haven't had time to get used to the thing yet, and if you don't mind I should like to hang on here for awhile, anyhow."

"Certainly—just as you please," the elder man could appreciate the lad's feelings. Not so his fellow employee, who all that day and for the few days that Wilfrid did remain at his old post seemed lost in amazement that any fellow with a million dollars a year coming in should want to work at all.

But, naturally, the hour came around when Wilfrid Stennis balanced his final column of figures, and hung up his threadbare office-coat for the last time. Gradually his mind adjusted itself to the new state of affairs, but the circumstance that helped most to bring him to his bearings was the announcement by Mr. Carboy that there stood to his credit in the Chemical bank a deposit of half a million dollars "just for present needs," the lawyer at the same time handing him a bank-book and a check-book. Then, and then only, Wilfrid Stennis felt that he had really come into his kingdom.

At once he did something for which he always thanked his good angel in after years. He rode uptown to Tiffany's, and selecting for Eunice a marquise ring composed of opals and diamonds, drew his first check to pay for it—a check that ran into four fat figures.

"It's the first of the money I've touched, dearest," he said as he placed the ring on her finger above the little engagement token she already wore. All tears and happy smiles, the girl threw her arms about his neck, exclaiming:

"Nothing you could have done would have pleased me more, you dear, thoughtful fellow! It is far too handsome for me, but I shall always love it and wear it."

In the ensuing early days Wilfrid was more than a little perplexed as to what changes he should make in his mode of life. He soon discovered what was evidently expected of him through an avalanche of circulars from house-agents, tailors, haberdashers, florists, cigar and wine merchants, picture-dealers, horse-marts, and carriage manufacturers, all bespeaking his custom and patronage, to say nothing of begging letters by the gross. Even a so-called College of Heraldry offered to furnish a crest and a coat of arms—for a stiff consideration in cash.

His boarding-house became simply unendurable on this account and because of the notoriety he had already gained. So by Eunice's advice he went to a good hotel, "until he could settle himself in a suitable suite of bachelor apartments," she added.

"But what do I want with a bachelor apartment?" he asked in wonder. "What I would like to do is to get married at once, and then we can look about for a proper house."

To this proposition she demurred resolutely, nor could he dislodge her. The utmost concession he found it possible to extort was that she would marry him in a year from that time—if he asked her. Pressed for a reason, she at first sheltered herself behind the feminine "because," but, driven into a corner at last, said that she wished him to enjoy his freedom under the new conditions; that he must go into gay society and see the world; she would not think of tying him down—and much more to the same effect.

Finding the girl immovable, and, moreover, tacitly confirmed in her decision by wise old John Trevecca, Wilfrid rather ruefully took her counsel as to the bachelor suite. In the selection of this and many other necessary adjuncts to his new environment he found Mr. Passavant's advice of great assistance. Phineas Carboy having returned to San Francisco.

"Everything depends upon the manner in which you start out, my dear boy," said his portly mentor with a return to the paternal manner. "In your position you cannot afford to ally yourself with anything but the very best, from your shoemaker to your visiting-list. You must have a man, of course, and a secretary; send the applicants to me; I will sift them for you. You should have at least two equipages for town use—a hansom and a brougham, with suitable horses for saddle and harness. Do you ride or drive, Mr. Stennis?"

No, Mr. Stennis neither rode nor drove; in fact, he knew or cared very little about horses.

"Ah, then, there my daughter can be of service; she is accounted a very fine horsewoman and one of the best judges of horseflesh in the city. But you young people can talk that over together. You will naturally take an interest in all gentlemanly sports—every man of means and leisure does; but it will do no harm if you are positively identified with some particular pastime, even to the extent of making it a fad. May I inquire what is your favorite diversion?"

"Yachting, by all means," said Wilfrid.

"Excellent! Could not be better!" exclaimed Mr. Passavant. "None but a man of large resources can—ah—indulge in yachting to any extent."

"I am thinking of building a boat," said Wilfrid diffidently. "What would you advise?"

"The very thing, my boy; engage the most expensive designer and the most famous builder, and your reputation is made. An excellent notion—ah!"

"Really, my dear," said the lawyer in narrating this little Chesterfieldian episode to Clara. "I begin to have hopes of young Stennis; he is most tractable and receptive to—ah—sensible ideas."

So it came about that the rather

blaise Clara anticipated with no little interest her first meeting with the new man.

Stennis had never before owned a visiting-card or donned a dresscoat, but when he stepped forward to greet her, in response to her father's introduction, as he entered the drawing-room, she decided in one sweeping glance that he was irreproachable at least in costume and manners, even if the latter were a trifle nervous. At the proper moment he offered his arm to take her in to dinner. Inwardly he was greatly perturbed, for he realized that he was on view; but Clara Passavant excelled in social tact, and, taking a liking to him from the start, before the soup was removed he was chatting with her completely at his ease. The dinner passed off quite successfully on the whole, for by dint of keeping a careful watch on what the others did he was able to avoid any glaring blunders, albeit rather bewildered at the multiplicity of glasses, and wondering at the possible correct uses of the different styles and sizes of knives and forks and spoons. But he committed no solecisms; he took wine sparingly; his little errors might even have been ascribed to a somewhat different geographical environment by those not cognizant of his social pedigree.

"He will do!" thought Clara Passavant, and put forth all her mature powers to fascinate and dazzle her father's guest—in which aim she completely succeeded, for there is nothing more dangerous to a young man's peace of mind than a beautiful, well-gowned, and well-mannered woman of the world in full evening attire. And Clara was all of these things. Moreover, she could be engagingly gracious when she chose—and from this night on she did choose.

She found Wilfrid quickly and even cleverly responsive to the touch-and-go topics of current conversation, and remarkably well-informed as to general knowledge. In truth, he was a better-educated man than her father, so far as wide and desultory reading was concerned; he had been nicknamed "the walking encyclopedia" in the old days of office and boarding-house life. Yet his mental bill-of-fare was like a "picked-up" dinner—it contained a little of everything. But if he had only known it in those early days as he came to know it later, so socially this was rather in his favor than otherwise. Society, with a capital prefix, prefers to be amused rather than instructed, and barely tolerates the man who knows enough to see its blunders and not enough to keep still about them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOUND BOOTY OF PIRATES

Long-Hidden Hoard Recently Discovered in City Close to Capital of Spain.

Word comes from Colmenar, Spain, which is less than 20 miles from Madrid, of an interesting discovery of buried treasure, concealed by buccaners during the eighteenth century.

A workman who was digging on the site of a ruined castle near the town unearthed a number of old Spanish gold and silver coins. He reported his discovery to his employer and a systematic search was made in the castle ruins.

After laying bare the foundations of the castle, which date from the time of the Moorish occupation, the explorers uncovered a dungeon which had been carefully sealed by the buccaners. In this apartment, the walls of which were of extraordinary thickness, were two rusted iron chests filled with treasure.

The contents of the chests were carefully examined by experts, who believe that they form part of the booty obtained from ships captured more than 150 years ago. Old Spanish and Portuguese money formed the bulk of the treasure, but many gold and silver ornaments, including vases, jewelry and ecclesiastical plate, were also contained in the chests. The excavations continue under government supervision.

A Fresh Start.

A girl came in and sat in front of them at the play, she and her escort. "What a lovely profile," said he. "Beautiful! Delicate little upturned nose, small mouth, deep, pretty eyes. Isn't she beautiful, beautiful!"

"Beautiful," said she, "but not half so much so as the man she is with. Isn't he the handsomest chap you ever saw? Look at his color, his mustache, his lovely head of hair. So many men are bald or beginning to be bald. I do love to see a fine head of hair on a man."

"You know," he whispered, "it always makes me sore to speak of people beginning to be bald, and you know why."

"Will you let up on the pretty profile if I cut out the bald head?" she asked.

"Yes," said he. "All right," said she.

If there is anything more depressing than rain falling on an overturned tombstone or the sight of a dining-room table covered with dirty dishes, what is it?—Atchison Globe.

Facts About Motherhood

The experience of Motherhood is a trying one to most women and marks distinctly an epoch in their lives. Not one woman in a hundred is prepared or understands how to properly care for herself. Of course nearly every woman now, adays has medical treatment at the time of child-birth, but many approach the experience with an organism unfitted for the trial of strength, and when the strain is over her system has received a shock from which it is hard to recover. Following right upon this comes the nervous strain of caring for the child, and a distinct change in the mother results.

There is nothing more charming than a happy and healthy mother of children, and indeed child-birth under right conditions need be no hazard to health or beauty. The undeniable thing is that, with all the evidence of shattered nerves and broken health resulting from an unprepared condition, women will persist in going blindly to the trial. It isn't as though the experience came upon them unawares. They have ample time in which to prepare, but they, for the most part, trust to chance and pay the penalty.

In many homes once childless there are now children because of the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes women normal, healthy, and strong. Any woman who would like special advice in regard to this matter is cordially invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. Her letter will be held in strict confidence.

"Fire Fan." Traveler (in a railway car, to fellow passenger): "Sir, what do you mean? This is the third time you have put out my match." Fellow traveler: "Force of habit. I'm a member of a volunteer fire brigade."

"Fire Fan." Traveler (in a railway car, to fellow passenger): "Sir, what do you mean? This is the third time you have put out my match." Fellow traveler: "Force of habit. I'm a member of a volunteer fire brigade."



MUNYON'S PAW-PAW PILLS

The best Stomach and Liver Pills known and a positive and speedy cure for Constipation, Indigestion, Jaundice, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Headache, and all ailments arising from a disordered stomach or sluggish liver. I unhesitatingly recommend these pills as being the best laxative and cathartic ever compounded. Get a 25-cent bottle and if you are not perfectly satisfied I will refund your money. MUNYON.

Rattier May Be Useful. No doubt many uses can be found for a rattier's existence and yet when you have your gun with you and you find one within range, you kill it on principle, not that you are afraid of it biting you, but that there is a chance of its biting the next thing, human or otherwise, that comes along.

When You Take Cold

One way is to pay no attention to it; at least not until it develops into pneumonia, or bronchitis, or pleurisy. Another way is to ask your doctor about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. If he says, "The best thing for colds," then take it. Do as he says, anyway.

Ayer's

When the bowels are constipated, poisonous substances are absorbed into the blood instead of being daily removed from the body as nature intended. Knowing this danger, doctors always inquire about the condition of the bowels. Ayer's Pills.