Barrington Review

M. T. LAMEY, Ed. and Pub.

BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS.

An Heir to Millions

By" Frederick Reddale
Author of
"The Gilded Man"
etc.

Illustrations by Ray Walters

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SYNOPSIS.

Andy Mclean, a good and scientific middlewaist miner, is dying and orders his son Andrew to go to Pasavant and find the man by the name of a stone from which he was separated years before and of whom Andy seems to be afraid. Andy tells the attorney that Andrew is his heir and that he is not his wife's child. He afterward dies and his daughter arrives. Andrew is left a fortune by the mysterious Pasavant. Stennis, who is leading his fiance, Eunice Trevecca, what he thinks is a safe life, is disappointed at the news of the death of Andy. He sees the son of Carboy, Pasavant & Carlisle, at Pasavant, and Carlisle tells him that Roger Hawes has proved the death and search in the war for heirs of Melrose Pasavant, and that Andrew Mclean is the man. Stennis and Wilfrid Hawes are in partnership for information concerning Martin Pasavant, who is thought to be 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 knew his name. She, I can remember, and we always sup posed he was in the war."

"And his name—surely you have heard her mention his name Mr Stennis?"

"Why, certainly. It was Andrew—Andrew Mclean, of course!"

The lawyer's indifferent manner had disappeared, and he had leaned forward anxiously in his chair pronouncing this answer, but now he resumed his former position, with a much easier faction sibsing in his fat face as the legal proprieties were permitted.

"Well Mr Stennis, I am warranted in going so far as to say that this bequeathed fortune, eminently satisfactory up to this point, and I am delighted to have a prospective acquaintance. I will have those little details to which I alluded attended up, and if you will do me the honor to call here at the same hour this day week I may have some interesting news for you—some news that will be interesting in fact.

"But—but," stammered Wilfrid, "I am not a bit wiser than when I came in. You've mentioned one drs that I should like to know something about the advertisement that it mentioned and would my—my friends"

Mr Pasavant looked at the upset lay Wilf exceptionally and dispas sionately over his gold rimmed glasses.

"Your friends are quite satisfied under the circumstances, my dear sir, but until we have a little longer 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 rudefully told Eunice that evening, "I came away like the king of Prance, who marched up the hill and then marched down and got nothing for my 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 a mistake at it, Wilf," she exclaimed at length. "The advertisement has something to do with that long-lost uncle Andrew—yours."

"Do you really think so?" said Wilf dubiously. "Why, all old Pasavant'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 "feminine mind."

So there was nothing for it but to wait the week and see what patience the into could master—for Eunice and the Trevecca were equally interested with Wilfrid. The time passed in all sorts of feverish conjectures and Wilf, it must be confessed, was a somewhat little and careless approvitie at the week.

Hence it was with a beating heart and all sorts of nameless and formless expectations that Stennis presented himself in Pasavant court at the appointed hour one week later.

The office boy receptionist was cordially itself, tempered with such marked respect that the positively embarrassing to a youngster so inferior in the scale 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. Pasavant's demeanor might even be described as greatly affectionate.

Wilfrid sat on the edge of the proffered arm chair in trembling excitement, and found himself focussed by a battery of four pairs of eyes—and four glasses, so respectfully solicitous was the manner of his reception. Mr. Pasavant led off in one of his pompously rounded periods.

"It is a pleasure to renew the acquaintance so pleasantly begun—gentleman as yourself, Mr. Stennis, and to be the bearer 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 appropriate name—one eminently fitted to grace the good fortune we are about to announce—Wilfrid Stennis. Esquire—ah!" He rolled out the full title as he spoke, pompous manner, and our unsophisticated Wilf, who was always rather in awe of 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 fine flourishes 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 been concerned among its most valued clients your late lamented maternal uncle, Mr. Andrew Mclean, whose reputation in the west was largely merged in the fame earned after him in the state of Nevada."

Wilfrid could not repress a gesture of surprise, the memory of his father's name Eunice was right, after all.

"Three months ago, Mr Stennis, your uncle died, our principal, but full of years, and childless. He was, I am bound to say, a very eccentric man. I had the honor of his confidence for many years, which he named Mr Pasavant and myself executors jointly. The estate will foot up at $25,000,000 partly in paying stamina properties and partly in well secured railroad securities. Besides this principal, there is also a yearly income from the same market values of silver and copper, of something like $1,000,000 more, which makes you side legatee, and it becomes our very pleasant duty, Mr Stennis, to congratulate you upon your good fortune, and to wish you joy of learn of you personality. I have no information, in addition to the fact that this vast wealth could not have been left to a more worthy."

Both partners rose to their feet at this peroration, and shook hands on behalf of the dumfounded Wilfrid, who thought it rather hard that he should never a word "calmly assuring to himself that he was sitting in a dream, saying physically.

"Mr Stennis, I quite take it all in, gentlemen! You must give me a little time to realize it."

"Oh, you will soon get used to the situation, my dear sir," said the lawyer and bounding from his arm chair to his fatherly manner.

"Meanwhile, Mr Carboy, with a compassionate smile "You will be able to do a great deal more than age twenty-five millions in reality and income in the interim, I suppose."

It was more than poor Wilf could comprehend. He stammered out with those words ringing in his ears he unlocked a door, and, as he stepped the street, there he walk of

CHAPTER V.

Horatio Pasavant occupied a residence on Park avenue that dulled of the Knickerbocker Club, and it was a fine house, with fine furnishings, like their owner, rich, heavy, and somewhat stiffly pompous, and quite generous.

The household consisted of himself, his daughter, and his spinster sister—a rather lackadaisical lady, who had made an admirable chaperon for the two young people, and was quite colonious as to opinions, and quite ready to express them upon occasion.

Miss Pasavant, the daughter, was commonly accounted a handsome woman, of the Junonian type of beauty, she was thoroughly merry and good natured, and was loved by as cold, heartless, vain, and amiably as her father idolized her. She was to contract a splendid marriage, and was, indeed, the very ideal of a presentable requisite for human happiness, and although we may thought to so many words, she would undoubtedly sell her soul for a coronet.

Father and daughter were sitting at their dinner table one evening the day which brought to Wilfrid the tidings of his unexpected change in fortune. The scene was far as the Pasavant's house, the handsome house over in Madonigal street, where an hour or two before Wilfrid Stennis's view was at that very moment also sitting at dinner.

"Now tell me about this Mr Stennis and Eunice," said Miss Clara, as the servants had retired. "I am EQUALLY interested."

"Not half bad my dear," returned the lawyer, with a little yawn and formed, perhaps, but under the proper circumstances, quite a fine figure, and very valuable adjunct to society. He is one of those fresh young men in the Western mode.

"How rich, Papa?" inquired Miss Clara, evidently admiring the flash and shimmer of her bracelet.

"Well, considering the mining properties alone is $1,000,000 a year, and the shares in the mine are very well 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 could do far more than I have amassed in all my lifetime with it."

"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 yet."

"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 Pasavant, rubbing his double chin dubiously at this characteristic feminine bit of logic "the facts being as they were, we could hardly help find him, as we did, for we not only found all, any other firm could and would have done so, but we do not exactly perceive why he should be especially grateful to us for it. Young people in young man feels kindly towards more have every inclination to make us a dons, in point of fact."

"What has he been doing for a life ing all these years?"

"His vocation has been that of a bookkeeper in a large export house downtown."

"I suppose he knows nothing what ever of society, papa." He could have no reality one person among his acquaintances."

"Highly improbable, I should say," was the reminder. "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," will an easy matter for us."

"Very likely he gobbles his soup and eats with his knife" Do you suppose he ever walked through a cotillion in his life" Said the young lady superfluous disdain Her father gave a vestibule ejaculation.

"Come, come, my dear, we must go to work and make a gentleman of him. He has really quite passable manners, and impressive face, and I think we will foot up at $25,000,000 partly in paying stamina properties and partly in well secured railroad securities. Besides this principal, there is also a yearly income from the same market values of silver and copper, of something like $1,000,000 more, which makes you side legatee, and it becomes our very pleasant duty, Mr Stennis, to congratulate you upon your good fortune, and to wish you joy of learn of you personality. I have no information, in addition to the fact that this vast wealth could not have been left to a more worthy."

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Wonders

TOY WIRE WALKER IS UNIQUE

Mannikin's Legs Move Back and Forth as Arms Do the Pendulum of Ordinary Clock.

An automatic tight rope walker has been invented by a Tennessee man. This toy marches along a slack wire or cord with all the assurance of an expert equilibrist, its legs moving back and forth in the same manner as the swinging of a pendulum. The arms and legs of the figures are jointed.

Toy Wire Walker.

ed and the movement of one affects the other by means of a series of connections operating in unison with the other. The feet of the mannikin have projections intended to hook on to a gage the wire or cord on which it walks. Fed with a wound-up clock spring, a pendulum is attached to the head of the figure. As this pendulum swings it moves the arms back and forth and the connected mechanism causes the legs to move backward and forward and the figure to walk as if human. The case with which the mannikin retains its balance is due to the ingenious mechanical features of this entertaining performance.

TO TRAIN CRIPPLED CHILDREN

Bodily Defects Sometimes Entirely Cured by Physical Exercises Directed by Teacher.

Corrective physical training for crippled children and for those with weak ness or bodily defects can be partly and sometimes entirely cured by special physical exercises under the direction of a competent teacher.

Twenty three such classes for crippled children, with an enrollment of over 350 children, were carried on free of charge in New York last year by the Society for Crippled Children's society of No 105 East Seventeenth street.

Ninety six free classes in annual and domestic training were given to an enrollment of about nine hundred crippled children, and there were 25 free classes for mentally defective children.

The manual work taught included knitting, crocheting, sewing, fancy embroidery, cooking, dressmaking, electrical work, sewing shirtwaist making and weaving. The boys taught consisted of ten learned chair caning so quickly that he soon hung out a sign for other pupils.

One of the largest departments of the work of this society is supplying free lectures by physicians to mothers of crippled children, to enable them simple practical advice about hygiene and the prevention of contagious and other disease. More than 5,000 copies of a special set of instruction last year in English, Italian, German and Yiddish.

LADY THAT ALWAYS SMILES

How Servant Identified Caller on His Mistress—Left Surbaun in Hall.

Some of us would be more surprised than pleased if we knew the impressions we make on the minds of those who know us only slightly. How many a person who is considered pleasantly as was the lady described in the following letter written:

A lady called at the house of a neighbor on an errand, but, as the lady herself, she said, was not a man to tell his employer that she called upon such a errand, she said and not thinking but that the man would know who she was, she left her name. The lady of the house returned home from a long visit and the man told her that a lady had called and left her name. She said:

"Who was it?" inquired Mrs H

"I don't know her name," replied the man.

"But you should have asked her," said Mrs H., "so we would know who had been here. Can't you tell me anything by which I can know who came? Where does she live?"

"I don't know," said the man, "but she's the one that always smiles when she speaks."

The pleasant look and the courtesy which accompanies it are so unusual to the servant that been noticed and remembered, leaving a sunbeam in that man's heart.

UNKING.

When Little Boy Blue counted poetry
Was dead to him
Bo still was nearly
ing for his Sheep
"I wonder where
girls" she
Said to Little Bo Peep
"You look so
sheepish
Blame it, why
don't you

UNIQUE GAME OF SALMAGUNDI

Differs From Other Progressive Games in Your Dinner Time Is Played at Each Table.

Of all progressive games none is more popular than this game, to all others, a small table is provided for every four players, but Salmagundi is distinguished from other games in that a different game is played at each table.

Games of cards may be chosen, if preferred, such as hearts, euchre, five hundred, auctioneer, or other games as dominos, jack straws, lotto, bingo, pit, fish-pond. The rules for playing these are supplied with the game purchased. There is no rule against such games as "Parlor Medicine," "Shadowgraphs," which certainly contribute to a merry uproar.

The winners progress at sound of the signal given by the hostess, and play a new game. The loser at each table remains and must play the same game over again.

The introduction of variety adds to the pleasure, and as there is a change of partners at each "progression," everybody meets everybody else.

When every couple has made the round of the tables and played all games, the prizes are awarded and refreshments served.

TENT REQUIRING NO POLES

Minnesota Man Invents Handy Arrangement for Boys on Camping Out Tour.

A novel form of tent that is just the thing for boys on a camping out tour, or for hunters on fishing trips has been invented by a Minnesota man. This tent requires no poles on which to hang and can be put up in a few minutes, making an abode as substantial as can be wished for in the military occupation. The tent when in

Poleless Tent.

place resembles a pyramid blocked off in the shape of a parallelogram, ridden in the ground and attached to the stake in the usual way.

It is necessary to pitch the shelter close to a tree and throw the rope over a convenient limb. The rope is then tied to the tent and drawn up to an upright position and the free end of the rope is attached to a fifth stake on the other side of the tree.

TENDING TO PITCHU'S TEETH

One of Latest Fricaiah Fads for Paris is Dentist Who Cares for Canine Molars.

Paris is an incessant incubator of fresh novelties, and it is a fitted that of patronizing a dentist for dogs. An attractive young man named Le Vcau which unpolitically translated, means the Lily of Paris, has set up a tender of canine teeth. Handsomely gowned and coiffured, he sets out every day carrying some bewildered bit of fluff and fashion in his brougham, a brougham or lacquered automobile in the shape of a big shell, and drives to the Here Pitchu or Dodo or whatever the poor pet's name may be, to operate upon its companions by gas or ether form and M. Le Vaca's sharp electric instruments are scrutinizing and probing among the pointed molars.

"You really must see that his teeth are cleaned oftener, madam," is the frequently given advice of the professional man.

And meantime he sets about the work which may result in the son gilt-edged party on little Jocko's gold bridge and fillings next time the dog comes to rawn on the Champs Elysees.

TUMOR OF YEARS GROWTH

Removed by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Holly Springs, Miss.—"Words are inadequate for me to express what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I was sick and had a tumor, and I had so much pain I could not walk, but was soon as bad as ever after the operation, and I had to go to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for relief. I do. I am glad to say that my tumor is gone and I feel so well that my friends keep telling me what has happened to me much, and I gladly recommend your Vegetable Compound to all my friends." Eula Jones, Holly Springs, Miss.

Mrs. Jones is one of the triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the conquering of women's dread enemy—tumor. If you have mysterious pains, inflammation, ulceration or displacement, don't wait for time to confirm your fears and go through the torment of a Surgical Operation, but try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable compound at once.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been relieving and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and such unquestionable testimony as the above proves the value of this famous remedy, and should give every sufferer hope.

If you would like special advice about your case write confidentially to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Are the only pills that will relieve you in a few days and are a positive cure for the troublesome complaint.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

are equally valuable for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Torpid Liver, Pimples, Pain in the Side, etc.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

GENUINE must bear signature of

Brent Good

When Father Helped

The book agent was with the manuscript while his son practised the oratorio.

"Shall we permit the ruthless hand of time to wipe out the dreams of youth, to—to—to well, what is it?"

The father was repeating the manuscript.

"Oh, you'll be muttered, there it is: 'to desolate.' Go on."

"It's desolate," cried the boy, indignantly "Shall we permit the ruthless hand of time to desolate the dreams of youth? Shall we permit the ruthless hand of time to desecrate the dreams of youth? Shall we permit—"

The father was stating hard at the manuscript.

"Shall the poetic paddle pudding of our dreams be desecrated?"

"Its the jabbiness of our illiterate pen that has made the phrase that paper—I'll say it myself."

And he shouted it away nightly.

Authority on Dogs

A little boy promoted to company dinner at his mother's table. Ignorant of his superiors, he hungrily pulled the same dish towards him from the bottom of the pile.

"What is that?" the hostess asked, doubtfully, responded the child's mother, sharply appealed to.

"Why dat dog food is it?"

"Oh, to make the soup good."

"He can learn to eat next time," the big epicure decided. "The soup's good enough without that."

Diplomacy is the art of making others believe you are interested in what they think, when they think you weary

A Pleasing Combination

Post Toasties

with Cream and Sugar.

Adding strawberries or any kind of fresh or stewed fruit makes a delicious summer dish.

The crisp, golden-brown bits have a most delightful flavour—a favouration that appeals to the appetite.

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by Grocers.

Pkgs. 10c and 15c

POSTUM CEREAL CO. LTD.
Battle Creek, Mich.