Barrington Review

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An Heir to Millions

By Frederick Reddale

Author of "The Other Man" etc.

Illustrations by Ray Walters

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SYNOPSIS

Andy Meleen, 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.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

"Well, that's on'y right. The money kem out o' old Nevady, 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?" Meleen answered anxiously, as though the functionaries referred to were of a species noxious and undesirable.

"Undoubtedly; they are necessary evils."

Meleen 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 fellers act?" he inquired dubiously at length—"you fellers"—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 Meleen 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 eyrie 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 Meleen.

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 Meleen 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, brunett 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.

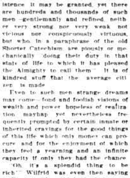
So at least thought young Wilfrid Stennis, who sat opposite to her, and who certainly enjoyed the best opportunities in the world for knowing. He was a pleasant, wholesome lad, fair and florid, with light golden-brown hair and mustache, slim and with slightly stooped shoulders. A rather weak face on 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 piously 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 possession 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!"



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

"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 pique 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 cannot buy some things in this world, Wilf," a truism 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 unpractical 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, as 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 Cavendish, 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 wi' dollars! But let's hear abart 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 "napkin tied." 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.

ELDEST SON OF ROOSEVELT WEDS

Theodore, Jr., and Miss Eleanor Alexander Are Married.

CULMINATION OF LOVE MATCH

Former President Witnesses Ceremony in New York Church—San Francisco to Be Home of the Couple.

New York.—Of all the June weddings of 1910, the one that has aroused the most general interest was that of Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and Miss Eleanor Alexander which was celebrated in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church on June 20.

A large number of prominent people witnessed the ceremony, but naturally the most noticed person in the church, after the bride and groom, was Col. Theodore Roosevelt, father of the young man who was entering the state of matrimony. The date of the wedding had been set to permit the attendance of the former president, and this was one of his very first social engagements after his return from abroad, for he landed in New York only two days before.

Mrs. Snowden Fahnestock, who before her own recent marriage was Miss Elizabeth Bertron, was the matron of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Ethel Roosevelt, Miss Jessie Millington-Drake, Miss Janetta Alexander, Miss Jean Delano and Miss Harriet Alexander.

Rev. Henry M. Sanders, a great uncle of the bride, officiated, assisted by Dr. Gordon Russell of Cranford, N. J.

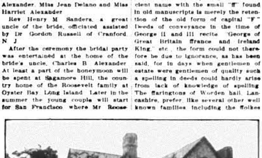
After the ceremony the bridal party was entertained at the home of the bride's uncle, Charles B. Alexander. At least a part of the honeymoon will be spent at Sagamore Hill, the country home of the Roosevelt family at Oyster Bay, Long Island. Later in the summer the young couple will start for San Francisco, where Mr. Roosevelt is to be in charge of the interests of the carpet manufacturing firm with which he has been associated for some time.

Reading from left to right: Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Mrs. Roosevelt, Mrs. Longworth, Lars Anderson.

The love story of the young couple has been a quick-moving romance. Their engagement was announced only last winter and the news was cabled to Colonel Roosevelt, resulting in the speedy receipt of his approval and congratulations. The bride, who is the daughter of Henry Addison Alexander of New York, is twenty-one years old, of a little more than medium height, slender and of very attractive appearance, having an especially beautiful complexion. She is as animated as her famous sister-in-law, Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth, whose house guest she was for a time just before Mrs. Longworth sailed for England to join her father.

Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., strongly resembles his father in looks, but is decidedly reserved and is generally credited with being far less democratic than certain other members of the family. As a boy he rode horseback and engaged in all the other outdoor pursuits of the juvenile Roosevelt clan at their home at Oyster Bay and he took some part in athletics during his preparatory school course at Groton and his collegiate course at Harvard, but in the main he has been less enthusiastic on the subject of life in the open than his father and brother Kermit. He has always been of a studious nature and his romance with Miss Alexander is said to have had its beginnings in the mutual love of these young people for music. For all that "Teddy, Jr.," has eschewed the sensational in outdoor athletics, he did participate two years ago in a balloon flight from Washington, in which he and the two army officers who were his fellow passengers had some rather exciting experiences.

There was no little surprise on the part of the public when Theodore, Jr., upon the completion of his college course two years ago, chose a business career as his life work, and still more wonder was aroused when he took employment in a Connecticut carpet factory in order to gather knowledge at first hand of the practical side of carpet manufacture. He started at the lowest round of the ladder as an unskilled workman at a small salary. Of course he was promoted as he mastered the intricacies of the business, but he continued to live quietly in a modest boarding house. Many persons were skeptical as to whether young Roosevelt would stick to so prosaic an existence, but he is evidently determined to win his fortune in this sphere.



The Roosevelt Home at Oyster Bay

The ff in ffarington

Mrs. ffarington, who is engaged to Mr. Tom Curtis, is the widow of the late Mr. W. E. ffarington of Worden, Lancashire. The spelling of this ancient name with the small "ff" found in old manuscripts is merely the retention of the old form of capital "F." Deeds of conveyance in the time of George II and III recite "George of Great Britain, ffrance and Ireland King," etc., the form could not therefore be due to ignorance, as has been said, for in days when gentlemen of estate were gentlemen of quality such a spelling in deeds could hardly arise from lack of knowledge of spelling. The ffaringtons of Worden hall, Lancashire, prefer, like several other well known families, including the ffolkes and ffrenches, to retain the archaic capital "ff." The family trace their descent from Hugo de Meolis, who came to England with the Conqueror, and they have been associated for generations with the court, army and church, and with public life.—From the Court Journal.

Raven's Sharp Trick

The best talking-bird new to the big collection in the London Zoo is a raven who came to the aviary last year. "Hullo, Jack!" is his favorite remark, and it is the voice of one who meets an unworthy friend. Soon after he arrived he used his conversational powers with great effect upon a lammergeier who shares his cage (relates the London Spectator). The lammergeier had a piece of meat which the raven desired, but he was unwilling to surrender it. The raven hopped up. "Hullo! Jack!" he began, and the lammergeier, aghast at the voice of man, dropped his dinner and fled. But the lammergeier was never a bird of much spirit.

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Lazy William

"You are advertising for a chauffeur, I see, Mrs. De Payste."

"Yes, we had to let William go last week."

"I thought you were well pleased with him."

"At first we were, but a new broom sweeps clean, you know, and we found that William was lazy. He was fine at washing the windows, spading the garden, pumping the vacuum cleaner, mowing the lawn, tending the furnace, running errands, pressing clothes, sweeping the walks, polishing the floors, oiling the furniture, preparing the vegetables, waiting on table and doing the dishes. But he was lazy. He used to go to sleep at midnight regularly, no matter where he was. Many a time Mr. De Payste has left the club for home at two o'clock in the morning and found William snoring in the car outside. Imagine how it must have looked to our friends to see our chauffeur asleep in the street."

Wrong Diagnosis

A drummer was taken ill suddenly. He went to see a physician of considerable standing and the following conversation ensued: "I feel very sick," declared the drummer. "What's the trouble?" asked the physician. "Severe pain in my side." "Humph," said the doctor slowly. "I think you have appendicitis." "You have made a mistake, doctor," replied the salesman. "I'm not a millionaire, just a plain drummer." "Well, I guess you just have the cramps, then," replied the indignant personage. "Five dollars, please."

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