He Matched it.

After ten years he returned, footsore and weary. His wife met him at the door.

"I thought you were dead," she told him."

"You should have known better than that," he said. "Do you remember that last piece of net I tried to match for you? You scolded me because these was a difference of an eighth of an inch in the width of the folds, and I vowed that I would never again return from matching anything for you until I had found the exact thing you wanted."

He handed her a package.

"Here is that old rose binding braid that you told me to buy. I found it last Monday in Billings, Mont. I have looked for it in 37 states."

She tore off the wrappings.

"It is a little too dark," she said.

"But the sample faded some in 10 years, he reminded her.

"It is a little too heavy, besides."

"But handling by thousands of clerks has worn the sample away some. It was heavier when I started out."

"I suppose I can make it do," she said.—Newark News.

Natural Conclusion.

Mrs. Simmonds glanced at the scare headline, "Bank Robbed! Police at Sea!" and laid down the sheet. "Noaw, look at that, Ez!" she ejaculated, repeating the headline alound. "Here's a big city bank broke into by burglars, and th' city police force all off fishin' somewhere! What a scandal!"—Judge.

Hard-Headed.

A cavalry sergeant had endured the stupidity of a particularly hopeless recruit for days. The "rookie" having more flagrantly disregarded instructions than ever one morning, was admonished thus by his disgusted sergeant:

"Don't ever dare, your numskull, to come at the horses from behind without speaking to them first. If you don't they'd be kicking at that thick head of yours, and then soon there'll be half the mounts of the squadron gone lame!"—Scraps.

An Obedient Child.

The curly-naired little sprite of the house came running to he father in the study, and, throwing her arms about his neck, whispered confidentially in his ear.

"Oh, papa, it's raining!"

Papa was writing on a subject that occupied his mind to the exclusion of matters aside, so he said, rather sharply, "Well, let it rain."

"Yes, papa; I was going to," was her quick response.—Harper's.

The Art of War.

"Do you think airships could be used effectively in warfare?"

"They might," replied the skeptical person, "if we could provide the airships and induce the enemy to go up in them."—Washington Star.

Fortunate.

"So the book has been withdrawn from publication? A good job, too; it was perfectly scandalous. When was the order made?"

"Just a week after you had read it."

"Ah! I was in luck, then."

Cheap Blowing.

Roderick—"Why was the count so anxious to blow the horn when invited on the coaching trip?"

Van Albert—"Why, that's the only way he could blow himself without spending any money."—Chicago News.

A Ruling Passion.

"The thermometer was a hundred at noon yesterday," said the man who watches the weather. "Today it is down to 98."

"My!" rejoined his wife. "Isn't that a bargain?"—Washington Star.

THOUGHT SHE HAD PRACTISED

Frenchman's Suspicions Really Something of a Compliment to the Men of America.

Claude Grahame White, the English aviator, praised, at a dinner in New York, the good fellowship of Americans.

"The American woman is regarded abroad as an angel," he said. "The man is admittedly a good fellow, but an angel he is far from being.

"You've heard of the Frenchman, perhaps, whose sweetheart spent the summer in America? After her return the poor Frenchman seemed quite blue.

"'What's the matter with you?' a friend asked.

"'I am worried,' the other muttered, 'about my fiancee. You see, since her return from America she kisses so much better than she used to.'"

Reporter in Luck.

City Editor (hurriedly)—Anything new about that suicide in the St. Fashion hotel?

Reporter—Not much. The man was a stranger, about my size. Shot himself with a .32 caliber revolver. Had on a dress suit at the time. The body had been taken to the morgue.

City Editor—'Bout your size. That's lucky. I want you to report a big society wedding in an hour. Rush around to the morgue and ask the keeper to lend you that dress suit.

Good Arrangement.

A genial looking gentleman wanted an empty bottle in which to mix a solution, and went to a chemist's to purchase one. Selecting one that answered his purpose, he asked the shopman how much it would cost. "Well," was the reply, "if you want the empty bottle it will be a penny, but if you want anything in it you can have it for nothing." "Well, that's fair," said the customer; "put in a cork."

The Preface of Trade.

"I had a curious experience yesterday," said Farmer Corntossel.

"What was it?"

"A stranger came along and told me a funny story and didn't try to sell me anything."

Appreciation of good accomplished helps more than much advice on the good yet to be done.

"You Must Take Me Away to Europe."

AN HEIR TO MILLIONS

by FREDERICK REDDALE

AUTHOR of "THE OTHER MAN" ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS.

Andy Meleen, 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. Meleen 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 fiancee, 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 Meleen, Roger Hews reports the result of his search for heirs of Meleen. He conceals the fact that he has discovered that Meleen's daughter is living. Wilfrid Stennis replies to an advertisement for information concerning his dead mother, Martha Meleen, and is told that he is the heir to Andy Meleen's millions. He wants to marry Eunice at once, but she resolutely demurs. He meets Clara Passavant, frivolous daughter of his attorney. Eunice becomes jealous of Wilfrid's attentions to Clara. He builds a yacht and starts on a trip abroad, the Passavants being included in the party. Roger Hews, having discovered that Eunice Trevecca is the daughter of Andy Meleen, plans to use the information to his own advantage. He proposes to Eunice and is rejected. Jaded after two years of gaiety in Europe, Wilfrid returns and immediately calls on Eunice. His attempts to renew his former relations with her meet with no encouragement. Roger Hews becomes Wilfrid's secretary. The engagement of Clara Passavant and Wilfrid is announced. Hews is again rejected by Eunice, and reveals his true nature.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

"You'll get the proofs fast enough when I'm ready to give 'em out. What I want to know first is, are y' open to make a deal?"

"Explain yourself," said Wilfrid with admirable self-control.

"I say y're a fraud; that y're not the true heir; that a word from me'll turn y' out neck and crop tomorrow. Now, how much is it wuth to hush the hull thing and go on as y've been doing?"

"You must be a little more explicit, Mr. Hews," said Wifrid gently, upon whom the conviction was forcing itself that he had to deal with a maniac whom it were best to humor. "You cannot expect me to make any arrangement—a deal, you call it—in the dark. I must first know what it is all about."

But the next words of Roger Hews dispelled this idea. The situation was actually serious, as was perhaps best indicated by the savagely insolent manner of the man.

"I've got evidence t' show—legal evidence, mind y'—that Andy Meleen left a daughter, born in lawful wedlock, although he didn't suspect it when he made his will. That girl's alive yet. Nobody knows it now but me, and I can perdooce her any minute. You've got sense enough to see that in any court of equity this knocks you out completely. If only Andy'd 'a' known it, you wouldn't 'a' been in it at all. These three years past you've been spending her money—money belonging to Andy Meleen's orphan daughter!"

"Go on," said Wilfrid, looking Hews squarely in the eye as the latter paused to note the effect of this knockdown statement.

"As I was sayin', not a soul knows this but me. How I know it is my business. I do know it, an' I c'n prove it. The girl doesn't dream of it, neither does her—her folks. Now, then, here you stand: You're fond of soft living—I can see that; you've got in with the smart set, you're engaged to be married to one of 'em, and you're personally liable to Andy Meleen's estate for every dollar you've spent of his money. That's so, ain't it?"

Wilfrid nodded assent, merely for argument's sake, his eyes still glued to the face of his tormentor.

"Then I ask you, as man to man: What's it worth to you to purchase this information?"

"Meaning what is it worth to me to buy your silence?" inquired Stennis.

"That's what I mean, exactly!" ejaculated Hews with cool effrontery.

Stennis studied the man's face, with its assumption of easy swagger and a gleam in the eyes of deadly hatred and malice. Then he spoke in low and level tones:

"Before we go any further, Mr. Hews, let me have the satisfaction of telling you to your face that you are an infernal scoundrel!"

"I've been told that before in my business," retorted Hews, with a callous laugh. "It don't hurt any. The question is, Are you in on this deal? There's others'll pay for the stuff if you won't."

"That's my business; there's no need for you to know—leastways not yet."

"And her name?"

"That's another secret," laughed Hews, with a cunning wink.

"We'll see about that," commented Wilfrid significantly. "If what you say be true, I am probably her nearest relative. Besides, you idiot, don't you suppose I can find out after what you have told me already?"

"Perhaps you can," admitted Hews, "but you're not going to be such a ninny. You're safe in possession; if you do the right thing by me, the thing's dead and buried so far as I'm concerned."

"What is your price?" demanded Wilfrid, apparently getting down to business.

Roger Hews drew a long breath and moistened his lips nervously. It was a crucial moment.

"Now you're talkin'," he began. "I won't be too hard on you. All the same, I want a fair rake-off. Suppose we say $5,000,000. Cash, mind! You'll never miss it, and that'll about set me up for life."

"And supposing that I close with this very liberal offer of yours, what assurance have I that in the near future you will not be at my heels again with a similar demand? I've always heard that the way of the transgressor who pays hush-money is hard."

"I'll put all the proofs in your hands and you can destroy 'em," exclaimed Hews eagerly. That five millions began to take tangible shape.

"What is the nature of these so-called proofs?" inquired Stennis. Roger considered a moment, then:

"Mostly documents—copies of marriage and death certificates, and affidavits of various persons bearin' on the case. Of course, my story comes in an' makes the hull thing plain; but I shall be mum if you come to terms

"I see," said Stennis, appearing to fall in with Roger's proposition. "But suppose you go a little further and outline the situation for me, Mr. Hews. You need not mention names or dates unless you choose. I may as well tell you plainly I am not going into this thing with my eyes shut. I must know how the case stands."

"Well, I guess that's only fair. Here's the story in a nutshell: Nearly 30 years ago, when y'r uncle was a man of 45, he married a girl much younger'n himself. By all I can make out she had a pretty face an' a devil of a temper. When they'd been married a month they quarreled, he quit her, and enlisted. The wife thought he'd deserted her, so, havin' to shift for herself, she left the place where she was known, went to another town some miles away, dropped her married name, resoomed her maiden name, and passed herself off as a widder. In due course a daughter was born, and about the same time the news come to her that she really was a widow, Andy Meleen being reported as killed in battle. So bein', as she supposed, legally free, she married again, and died a year later, a second infant, also a girl, dyin' with her. Your uncle heard of this latter event and thought it was his child that died. But this wasn't so. The Meleen girl thrived and grew up under the care of her stepfather, who never knew that his marriage to her mother was illegal, Andy bein' alive all the time."

During this interesting recital some things became clear to Stennis.

"Presumably you found out all this when, as you told me, you were sent east after my uncle's death?"

"Some of it—not all," admitted Hews with cheerful candor.

"Why did not you acquaint the lawyers with the true state of affairs?"

"Well, you see," replied Hews, with another knowing wink, "at that time I only suspicioned certain things. I meant to work up the case later. If the fact turned out to be as I thought, it looked as though a good thing might be made out of it."

"Meaning to turn it to account with me afterwards?" inquired Stennis.

"Sure!" was the unabashed answer, now that his unsuspected plot to marry Eunice had ignominiously failed.

Silence ensued, both men being busy with their thoughts; Hews looked for a quick and easy capitulation. At length Wilfrid spoke again:

"How much time will you allow me to consider this proposal of yours?" he inquired composedly.

"Time? Why, how much time do y' want? Not a day, not an hour! It's take it or leave it, now or never!"

"I rather think I'll leave it, Mr. Hews," drawled Wilfrid, a half-smile lifting one corner of his tawny mustache.

"You'll never do it!" exclaimed the astounded and mortified Hews.

"Won't I?" queried Stennis. "You have made one grand mistake, Mr. Hews: You took me for as big a rogue as yourself! A fool I may be, but not that! Why, you despicable villain, do you imagine I would conspire with such a rat as you to defraud a woman, a motherless girl, and she my own flesh and blood?"

The tempter stared at the tempted in blank dismay. That any one with a sane head on his shoulders should reject such a plain business proposition passed the moral comprehension of Roger Hews—a man without a conscience.

"And now I'll tell you what you may do," said Stennis, hugely enjoying the other's discomfiture. "You can go right downtown and tell Mr. Passavant what you have just told me."

"See here, Mr. Stennis," began the other, cringing, anxiously.

"Not another word on that subject, Mr. Hews," insisted Wilfrid decidedly. "But first I will trouble you to write the name and address of that young lady, my cousin."

"I'll be damned if I do!" retorted Hews passionately.

"You'll certainly be damned if you don't!" exclaimed Wilfrid grimly, clutching his riding-whip firmly and advancing towards the now trembling conspirator. "The name, you scoundrel, before I shake it out of you!"

"Oh, you know her well enough, curse you!" he blurted out. "It's Eunice Trevecca!"

Stennis fell back a pace, his face the picture of blank wonder and astonishment.

"Eunice Trevecca!" he gasped. "She my cousin and the daughter of Andrew Meleen!"

"That's what I said!" Hews answered sullenly. And then, with vehement spite, he added: "A sweet mess you've made of it in that quarter, haven't you? If you'd only played your cards right, you'd have been her husband by this time and fingered the money anyhow."

But Stennis, if he heard them, paid no attention to the words; his brain was busy taking in the full significance of this amazing climax to the strange disclosures of the day, the truth of which he could no longer doubt. However, this was no time for connected thinking; the main thing was to let the truth be known at once.

He went to the door and unlocked it, then turned to the crestfallen Hews with these words:

"Oblige me by immediately taking your story and your proofs to Mr. Passavant. He will not value your information quite as extravagantly as you do, but he will doubtless pay you something for your trouble. As for Miss Trevecca—I shall have the pleasure of breaking the news to her myself!"

CHAPTER X.

"I was never so sorely disappointed in any one before," said Horatio Passavant pathetically to Clara after recounting to her the complete collapse of fortune that had come to Wilfrid Stennis.

"Will he have nothing at all?" inquired Miss Passavant, the money, as usual, uppermost in her mind.

"Under the will he could legally hold on to all, but if Miss Trevecca chose to contest she could probably break it, seeing that the instrument was executed under a total misapprehension on the part of the testator. But Stennis insists upon relinquishing everything—quite quixotically, as I told him; but he is obdurate. He says it is what Andrew Meleen would have wished, and declares he is going to earn his own living once more."

"I admire him for that," said Clara, with a half-sigh.

"What shall you do, my dear?" inquired the lawyer anxiously.

"You must take me away to Europe at once, papa; it will be all over town in 24 hours, and I will not permit myself to be commiserated or made the recipient of polite condolences."

"Perhaps that would be the best thing," assented the old worldling. "Carboy is coming on, and I can get him to take charge of the office for awhile."

Clara had her way, as usual, and thus escaped much of the gossip anent the breaking off of the marriage. A year later she married a Russian count twice her age, and New York society knew her no more.

It was even as lawyer Passavant had said. Wilfrid chivalrously refused to touch another dollar of Andrew Meleen's money!

The interview between him and Eunice Trevecca, though very brief, was a touching and a trying one. Acting on one of those boyish impulses which will never leave him, and actuated by an exalted idea of making restitution and doing penance, he rode and walked straight to Macdougal street after leaving Roger Hews.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Poor Ananias.

"This," said the guide as he led his little band of tourists about the odoriferous byways of Damascus, "is the home of Ananias."

"That's funny," said the thin Connecticut man from Danbury, "I s'posed old what's-his-name lived in Pittsburg. But mebby this is his summer home."

The guide shook his head.

"His summer home is not mentioned in ears polite," he said and passed on.

COUNTRY AWAKE TO DANGER

Increase of Sanatoria and Hospitals for Consumptives Is Most Gratifying.

The growth of the crusade against tuberculosis in the United States is shown to good advantage in the two directories that have been issued by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis and the one in preparation. The first tubeculosis directory published in 1904, by the tuberculosis committee of the New York Charity Organization Society and the National Association listed 133 sanatoria and hospitals for consumptives in the United States, for some of which preliminary provision only has been made. The combined capacity of these institutions was only 8,000 beds. Thirty-two special dispensaries and thirty-nine anti-tuberculosis organizations summed up practically all of the fighting force enumerated in the first directory. The second directory was prepared by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis and published under the auspices of the Russell Sage Foundation in August, 1908. This directory listed 240 sanatoria and hospitals, an increase of 107 from the former directory; 158 dispensaries, an increase of 126; and 195 associations, an increase of 156. The number of hospital beds listed in 1908 was 14,014.

The new directory that will be issued soon, will list over 400 sanatoria and hospitals with a bed capacity of nearly 25,000; more than 300 special tuberculosis dispensaries; and fully 450 anti-tuberculosis associations and committees. Since the first directory was issued in 1904, the increase in the number of agencies fighting consumption aggregates nearly 500 per cent.

The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis would like to get in touch with all agencies engaged in the fight against tuberculosis, in order that they may be listed in the new directory.

An Effort to Oblige.

"Mr. Lobrow does his best to be agreeable," said the sympathetic young woman. "It's too bad that he has so little tact."

"I understand that Miss Coddleyap refuses to speak to him. He sent her a box of candy and she fed it all to her pet terrier. So he tried to be still more kind and thoughtful and sent her a box of dog biscuit."

Pride.

"Chicago has a lot of local pride, hasn't it?"

"Well," replied Mr. Lakemish; "it depends on whether you are talking about baseball or the grain business."

The average man would not perjure himself if he pleaded guilty to the charge of amounting to but little.

W. N. U., Salt Lake City, No. 46–1910.