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Property of the Legal Heir

Horace Wood was one of those young men, so numerous in New York, who had been brought up without regard for money except as a means of obtaining amusement. The only son of well-to-do parents, he had been denied nothing during their lifetime and at their death was left with a fortune of fair size. He was about to begin the study of medicine when he was left an orphan, and he continued in his course But he was naturally extravagant, and now, ten years later, he had tapped his principal so often that his fortune had dwindled to figures he did not like to think about.

Dr Wood had not fulfilled the expectations of his instructors. He had shown an ability which had led those over him to predict great things for him, and so far he was a disappointment. He himself knew that his trouble lay in his lack of application to work. He felt dissatisfied, almost mortified, at his achievements. The life in New York distracted him. He lived beyond his means, and was beginning to realize that his money would not last forever at the present rate.

Dissatisfaction was growing upon him rapidly. He had reached the age of 30 and knew that the best he was capable of was still unrealized. To work meant self-denial, foregoing his clubs, all the amusements that his accustomed life offered Although he had as yet made no change in his

HE ASKED WAY TO FAIRVIEW.

life he was dissatisfied with himself, with those about him, with everything. He felt that he ought to leave the city and buy a country practice, while he had funds sufficient to do so. But the idea of leaving New York was a hard one to face.

While Dr. Wood was in this self-torturing state an extraordinary thing happened. Arriving at his home one evening, he found a letter from a lawyer in a small Connecticut town, which contained astounding news. It said:

"Dear Sir: It is my duty to inform you that Mrs. Henry Wood, who died recently, has left you the legal heir to her property in this town. If you care to sell Fairview I have a purchaser from whom I think you could get $20,000. But I should advise you to come as soon as possible and look at the property.

The place will be ready for you after the 14th of the month. Yours truly, GEORGE BROOKS"

"And I didn't know I had a relative in the world!" exclaimed the legal heir to Fairview.

His father had told him long ago that he came to New York as a boy after a quarrel at home, and had made his own way. More than that he never said, and Horace did not know that any of his race existed. He had never given them a thought.

"Sell it, of course I want to sell it! It's all to good to be true. But why should I wait until the 14th? This is only the 10th. I'll go and have a look at my property tomorrow."

Horace Wood was the only passenger to leave the train at the little station. He asked the way to Fairview, and after a long walk through the shaded streets of the old New England town, he reached his property.

It was a beautiful place, he saw at once. The drive swept around a lawn of green velvet under spreading elms, to the white colonial house Dr. Wood felt a strange sensation as he approached the old mansion, "This is the home of my forbears, and therefore my home," he thought. He had not counted on this emotion. How beautiful it was, so calm and restful, with the air of being long-established and venerable.

The door was opened, much to his astonishment, by a young and extremely pretty girl. He named himself, and the girl blushed painfully as she stepped back to admit him.

"You were not expected so soon," she said, regaining her composure. "Had you given me time, you would have found your house empty. I will have Anna show you everything."

She left him, and presently Anna, in cap and apron, appeared. He was taken over the house, but could hardly put his mind on it, so occupied was he in wondering who the young woman might be, and why both she and Anna treated him with cold, almost bitter disapproval. Anna answered his questions, but was as uncommunicative as possible. He felt like an impostor.

"That is the library," said Anna, pausing before a closed door. "Please excuse me a moment. You can be looking at the books." It had suddenly occurred to Anna that perhaps this man was not the one he pretended to be, and while he was in the library, she sped away to find Mr. Brooks.

Dr. Wood opened the door and found himself face to face with the pretty girl who had opened the door to him in the first place. She looked now as if she would like to run away. She was dressed in deep black which set off her golden hair wonderfully, and her skin, which was of an exquisite pallor. She was very slender, and stood like some wild creature, trapped, but poised ready for escape.

"I beg your pardon," said Horace, "for disturbing you."

"You have a perfect right to disturb me," the girl said coldly. "I should not be here at all. I shall be gone this evening, and leave you in unmolested possession of your property."

Who on earth could she be? And why did she and Anna hate him so?

"Will you tell me, please, who you are?" he asked

"Do you mean to pretend you do not know?" Then, with a scornful look, she swept from the room.

As he stood in utter dismay where she had left him, the door opened and Anna appeared, followed by an elderly man. It was Mr. Brooks, the lawyer, and Horace Wood established his identity beyond a doubt.

"I had no difficulty in finding you, for I have kept track of you through New York lawyers always. Your father refused every overture of peace that was made, and your grandfather left everything to your uncle. He died years ago, leaving everything to his wife, on the condition that at her death the estate should go to his brother's son, whom he had never seen."

"But this young lady, who despises me, who is she?"

"She is Margaret Leslie, the daughter of Mrs. Wood by a former marriage. She has been brought up here and loves the place dearly. She believes you will sell it and it seems a sacrilege to her. You must not blame her She is being turned out of the place that is home to her and it is very hard. She did not know of your existence until after the sudden death of her mother."

"Where will she go?"

"To some distant cousins, who live in New York. She dislikes the city, but what can she do? She has not enough money to be entirely independent and she is too young and too pretty to live alone. The other property in the town that falls to you has yelded a good income and without that she has very little."

"It ought to be hers," said Horace. "It is a great injustice."

When Mr. Brooks had gone Horace paced up and down the library for an hour, deep in thought. Then, with an air of determination he went to look for Anna, and asked her if she would beg Miss Leslie to grant him a short interview before he left.

She came to the library with apparent reluctance. "Miss Leslie," Horace began at once, "I have just learned who you are. This place is yours by every moral right and I intend to deed it over to you."

"You you don't know what you are saying. I could never accept such a thing. And even if I could I have no money to keep the place up."

"Then you can sell it."

"Sell it? Never! I love it too much." Then she added, more kindly: "It is yours, you are the legal heir. I am saying good-by to it all ——" Her voice broke.

"There is one way left," said Horace, speaking rapidly. "Miss Leslie, you are alone in the world and so am I. I have enough to maintain this place, which is yours. Marry me and let us share it. I cannot suppose that in this short time I have made such an impression on you as you have on me. I will be very kind and considerate to you. I want to stay here and work and build up a practice. I am sick of my life in New York. But I can't turn you out. I know this is unusual, but so are the circumstances. Say you will make it possible for us both to stay."

"You are carried away by your kindness," said Margaret Leslie. "It is quite impossible."

But Horace saw that her eyes were full of tears, and it gave him courage.

"Tell me, do you love any one else?"

She shook her head.

"Then let me go away and we will both think it over."

"I can't stay here. I must go to my cousin's to-night."

"But may I come to see you there and will you think it over?"

"Yes; you may come and I will think it over. She held out her hand. "Good-by. Don't think I do not appreciate your offer, only I am afraid——"

"Don't be afraid," Horace said, earnestly. And the eyes she raised to his grew trustful, and he read in their depths a promise, shy and sweet.

Cider Making in France.

The French are more careful than Americans in the making of cider. In Bordeaux 80 kinds of apples are grown, but only 12 of these are used for making cider. No green, decayed, nor worm-eaten apples are ever used.

Wife, and Mother.

Mrs. Wiggs—Can't you make less noise, John? You'll wake the baby in a minute.—Pick-Me-Up.

LEATHER FROM HUMAN SKIN.

Made Into Purses and Belts Closely Resembles Pigskin.

Human skin can be prepared, tanned and made into durable articles as successfully as can the skin of horses and other animals. The resulting leather is very much like dogskin or pigskin. William Hansell of Philadelphia has the largest article which has ever been known to be made from human skin—a beautiful pure white saddle—and any one examining it would be at a loss to tell the kind of skin from which it is made. The pores have a familiar look, but the skin itself is of an astonishing thickness The saddle was made from the skin of one man. A woman's skin, generally speaking, would be too delicate. Human skin leather is a very rare article and there is no general trade in it. Sometimes a physician will have a piece, made into a cover for an instrument cast and occasionally medical students get enough to be made into a purse or a pair of slippers. Patients sometimes have a belt or a book cover or some such article made from a limb which has been amputated.

The work of tanning human skin is pretty much the same as that of curing any other skin. Curiously enough tattooing goes through the epidermis to the under skin and not a little of the tanning of human skin is done for the purpose of preserving the designs tattooed upon it. Scalps with the hair on them so tanned are said to make the best wigs known, and because the tanning is done with alum instead of with oil, as in the case with furs and most of the hair-covered skins of commerce, the resulting leather is much more durable.

It is very hard to get workmen to handle the leather. Mr. Hansell, owner of the saddle spoken of above, gave his piece of skin, after it had been tanned, to an old workman who had always made up all his leather goods and told him to make it into a saddle. Three weeks the workman kept the skin and one day he brought the partly finished saddle to Mr. Hansell with some question about finishing. "By the way, Hansell," he remarked, "I wish you would tell me what this skin is. It is the most contrary stuff I ever worked with." Very injudiciously Hansell informed him that it was human leather. At that the workman dropped the half-finished saddle and left without a word He never returned and nothing would induce him to finish the job Mr Hansell turned the unfinished saddle over to another workman, but he took good care not to tell him what kind of leather the "contrary stuff" was.

Treatment of Dutch Children.

The Dutch peasant lives with canals all about him, and reaches his cottage by way of a drawbridge. Perhaps it's in the blood of a Dutch child not to fall into a canal. At all events, the Dutch mother never appears to anticipate such a possibility. One can imagine the average English or American mother trying to bring up a family in a house surrounded by canals. She never would have a minute's peace until the children were in bed. But then the mere sight of a canal to the English child suggests the delights of a sudden and unexpected bath.

An Englishman inquired of a Dutch woman: "Does a Dutch child by any chance ever fall into a canal?"

"Yes," she replied; "cases have been known."

"Don't you do anything for it?" continued the questioner.

"Oh, yes," she answered; "we haul them out again."

"But what I mean is," explained the Englishman, "don't you do anything to prevent their falling in, to save them from falling in again?"

Yes," she answered; "we spank them."

White as Mourning Color.

The news that a European has been noticed in Jamaica wearing white as mourning recalls the fact that that color was originally employed in many countries to indicate reverence, for the dead.

In fact, the custom obtained in Europe as late as the reign of Charles VIII. of France, and in Italy, too, it lingered, though for women only, the men wearing brown. In Ethiopia the white soon changed to gray, and in Egypt to yellow.

China, however, employs it to this day. Other colors have had their vogue—blue, for instance, which even now is used in Turkey, Armenia and Syria. The latter signifies the heavenly region, white stands for purity, gray and brown typify our mother earth, and black, most repellent of mouring colors, would seem to suggest an eternity of night.—London Chronicle.

American Getting Bigger.

A tailor whose firm has been continually in business for 105 years has compiled from his books of measurements some statistics that discount the statement of pessimists.

These statistics show that the American in the past century has grown taller, stronger and slimmer—greater in height and in chest girth, less in the girth of waist and hips.

The average chest of 1795 was 36 inches. It is 38 inches now. The average height was 5 feet 7 inches. It is now 5 feet 8½ inches. The length of leg has increased in the same proportion. The shoulders and chest have greatly developed. The waist, on the other hand, has lost two inches.

CRADLEY'S WIFE AND OTHER WOMEN

There had been a little discussion the night before. Mrs. Cradley had presented estimates relating to the dress appropriation—sinfully extravagant estimates, it seemed to Cradley. Material ran up to somewhere about $15, and the making—"well, from $10 to $12. Then the trimming——"

"Trimming!" exclaimed Cradley. "Isn't trimming material? What are you springing that on me twice over for?"

"Material is goods" explained his wife, lucidly. "I've got to have lace and a little silk and then the findings will come to something extra"

"What do you mean?" demanded Cradley, irritably, "You were saying just now that the making would cost only about $10 or $12."

"That's the dressmaking. I said findings," the thread and buttons, sewing silk and lining. You see——"

"Never mind," said the man. "I don't care about the details. Tell me what it will cost altogether. What's the least you can get along with? I don't see why you couldn't do without a new dress for a while longer anyway. How much altogether? Come!"

Mrs. Cradley looked worried. After a little consideration she said that she might get the dress made for $30—"or a few dollars more."

"What!" shouted Cradley.

"Perhaps it might come to a little less," said Mrs. Cradley, nervously. "If I can find some white alpaca——"

"I guess it will come to a little less," snorted her husband. "Thirty dollars for something you'll wear about half a dozen times!"

"I expect to wear it for a year, at least, as it is, and then I expect I shall have to get it made over two or three times. You know, the last ——"

"We won't get into all that again," Cradley declared. "I'll let you have $25 and that's a good deal more than I can afford. My mother had a black silk dress that she wore—"

When the matter was settled on the $25 basis Cradley spoke of going to the Gunters'.

"Didn't you tell Mr. Gunter that we couldn't go?" asked his wife.

"Why, of course I didn't. Why should I? There isn't any reason we can't go that I can see. You're always complaining that you don't go out enough, and when you are asked you act as if you didn't want to——"

"You know very well that I told you we couldn't go," replied Mrs. Cradley, almost tearfully. "I haven't a thing decent to wear. I wouldn't dream of going."

"Nonsense!" said Cradley. "You're just talking that way because you know you've got a closet full of dresses. What kind of dress do you want, anyway? It isn't going to be a charity ball. You've got waists enough. Why don't you wear that blue one?"

"It wouldn't be suitable——"

"I tell you it's just an informal affair—a few of her friends may drop in; it isn't at all likely they'll be dressed up, and if they were, what would it matter? That blue waist, it seems to me, would be suitable for any occasion."

"It's a cheap bought waist, and I wouldn't want to wear it to the Gunters' if it were new. but it's frayed at the seams, anyway, and it

"MONEY FOR ELBOW GLOVES"

needs cleaning, and the sleeves are altogether out of style. If I had a little more time I might fix up that little brown silk, but that's out of style, too."

"Of course they're all out of style," sneered Cradley. "If they're more than forty-eight hours old you've no use for them. Well, I don't care what you wear. I told Gunter we'd be there and I'm not going to back out now."

"Could you spare me a little money for a pair of elbow gloves?"

"What do you want of elbow gloves? Didn't I tell you it wasn't going to be a ball? Certainly not!"

Mrs. Cradley sighed.

"I hate to go looking this way," said Mrs. Cradley as they started.

"What are you talking about?" said Cradley. "You look all right."

It is quite likely that he thought she did. She had fixed up the brown silk waist and had sewed fresh ruchings in the neck and sleeves, and with her string of real coral beads and her hair fluffed up she presented a more than ordinary smart appearance. But Cradley had his first misgivings when the Gunters' maid opened the door and Mrs. Gunter came forward to welcome them. She was a handsome woman and there was something in the creamy richness of her light gown—something—well, Cradley couldn' say exactly what it was, but there was something about it and about her marcelled coiffure and her diamonds. He was not all together satisfied with Mrs. Cradley. He rather pitied himself.

There were four or five other women in the company. No one of them wore a silk waist, Cradley noticed. There was a general gauzy effect about most of them and they were bare armed. Why the dickens couldn't Laura have cut off her sleeves at the elbow? When she came down he surveyed her furtively, but critically, and his dissatisfaction increased. She might have known better than to put on those coral beads. The woman he was talking to wore a light golden chain with topaz pendants set in a sort of filigree. It looked particularly dainty and pretty against the filmy white of her dress. Her fingers were white and the nails rosy and polished; she exhaled a delicate perfume—very faint and delicate. Something very feminine about the woman, something attractive just in the way she got herself up—about all of them, in fact. Why is it, Cradley mused, that some women never seem to understand how to make themselves attractive to men?. . . . . .

"You seemed to enjoy yourself," remarked Mrs. Cradley on the way home.

"That's more than I can say for you," said Cradley. "I never saw you more glum and mum-chance in my life. And, do you know there was a safety pin showing under your belt?"

"I had to pin the skirt," explained Mrs. Cradley. "It was made all wrong in the first place and the girdle was to narrow. It was that cheap dressmaker."

"I don't see other women going about all falling to pieces," said Cradley. "Why in the name of common sense don't you get a good dressmaker? I should think you would have something to wear for evenings, too. Why don't you notice what's being worn a little? You looked like sin in that waist."

"I know I did," sighed Mrs. Cradley, "and that's what made me feel so awkward. I just wanted to get away. Do you suppose I wouldn't get some pretty things if you'd let me?"

"Let you!" echoed Cradley, stung by the injustice of the implied accusation. "Can't you get anything you want? Didn't I give you $25 only yesterday for another dress?"

"If I had had that dress I would have looked a little better, perhaps," said Mrs. Cradley, "but, of course, I couldn't get a gown like Mrs. Giddington's or Mrs. Gunter's."

"Do you suppose they cost $25?" asked Cradley, incredulously.

"I don't," replied his wife. "If they paid less than $80 for them without the lace they got wonderful bargains, but they probably cost a great deal more, and that duchesse lace Mrs. Giddington wore must have cost more than the dress."

"You can't make me believe that," said Cradley.

"I know I can't," agreed Mrs. Cradley, sighing again.

"The trouble is, you haven't the knack."

"The trouble is, I haven't the money," retorted Mrs. Cradley.

"You know well enough you can get all you want for the asking—if it's reasonable."

"I asked you for $30 for that dress, and——"

"That wasn't reasonable," said Cradley.

"Twenty-five's plenty."

Noise and the Nerves.

It was Schopenhauer who said that insensibility to noise was the surest indication of a low and undeveloped nervous organization. On which assumption it is certain that we as a nation can hardly be reckoned very far advanced. Certain it is that we are more tolerant under this head than any other nation professing to call itself civilized, though I fancy the Americans run us pretty close in this respect. Sir Arthur Sullivan was wont to compose in the middle of the night, because he could never obtain quiet other time, and without expecting the impossible or looking for legislation on the subject which is merely of concern to the community at large, irrespective of party issues, surely it is not too much to ask that the local authorities shall put their heads together on this matter and exercise the powers which they possess. Mr. Bernard Shaw once expressed the opinion that it was the "state-aided noises," as he called them, which were the worst offenders—as, for example, the church bells and the military bands.

Special Privelege of the Shah.

The long tails of the Shah of Persia's horses are dyed crimson for six inches at their tips—a jealously guarded privilege of the ruler and his sons.

Fortune for a Mausoleum.

Melody Choir, as he called himself his real name being Melchior, died in Seattle recently, a bachelor, and left $150,000, all of which is to be expended, according to a 145-page will he left, in the erection of a mausoleum.

Getting In Deadly Work.

"Poetical Pete says he has some new thoughts to give the public."

"That's the only way the public would get 'em—it would never buy 'em.