

Uncle Peter

By EDITH M. DOANE

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Thomas Coleman, cold, reserved, ambitious, sat at the head of the heavy library table. Beside him his pretty, fashionable wife drummed softly with her finger tips on the polished mahogany and watched her husband sideways out of her dark, inscrutable eyes.

The other Coleman, Elizabeth, stood by the window, a letter with a queer South American postmark in her hand. "Poor, lonely old man," she said softly. "Listen, Tom. I'm kind of hungerin' for the sight of a face that belongs to me, and this—I jest want to get acquainted with my own folks—isn't that pathetic?"

"I ain't beholdin'," she went on, scanning the letter swiftly. "I don't ask no favors, but I'd kind of like to feel that them that is to have the little something I leave will have a kindly feelin' for the old man who scraped it all together, when he's gone."

She looked up with swift comprehension at the tense attitude of the other two. "You do not suppose that 'little something' can be a fortune, do you?" she said half nervously.

"It might be as well," Thomas Coleman suggested, "to acquire more definite information concerning it before—ah—committing ourselves." Thomas Coleman was a man whom his friends called "level headed."

"May be nothing in it," he added. "But if there should be?" suggested his wife, still drumming softly on the polished wood. Only his wife knew how fearfully Thomas Coleman had been hampered in money matters lately.

"Whether there is or not, he has a claim upon us," put in Elizabeth, hotly. "He's a poor, lonely old man—our father's brother."

Thomas Coleman raised a remonstrating hand. "Be reasonable, Elizabeth. We do not know him. It is not to be supposed that we can offer him



"I HAVE COME TO TAKE YOU HOME WITH ME."

a home indefinitely unless we receive some little—ah—remuneration in the end."

"Although it would be in line with Elizabeth's quixotic ideas to do so," said Tom's wife, sharply.

Elizabeth was a standing grievance with her sister-in-law—Elizabeth, who was supremely indifferent to the value of money—Elizabeth, tall and straight and splendid, who preferred a self-supporting life in a tiny flat to dependence in her brother's beautiful home, and who proposed to "throw herself away" on a fellow whose only lack was that of money.

She confronted them now indignantly. "It is a shame!" she flashed, looking like an enraged princess, with her flaming cheeks and heavy, red gold hair. "A lonely old man begs for affection. He freely offers us all he has. Be it much or little, it is all. In return you weigh and appraise and calculate. Oh," she broke off, "I am ashamed of you. Let us make him honestly welcome, whatever he brings."

And in that first day, while the others held aloof, it was Elizabeth who, in warm hearted, impulsive fashion welcomed the little old man enveloped in a shaggy greatcoat, who regarded his "own folks" with shrewd blue eyes which looked out rather wistfully from under the shaggy brows.

On the second day Uncle Peter approached Thomas Coleman.

"Some mornin' when it's convenient I'd like to go downtown with you. I want to find Willie Moore's office," he added apologetically.

Thomas Coleman looked up quickly. "William T. Moore, the lawyer?"

The old man nodded. "Willie Moore's father and me was boys together, and I always had considerable confidence in Willie. I've got a few papers I'd kinder like him to keep," he added.

The few papers turned out to be \$5,000,000 worth of shares in the El Juarez gold mines.

Uncle Peter's welcome was assured. For six months he was the recipient of every attention which the solicitude of his beloved and happily surprised nephew and his wife could devise;

then, one day, like a bolt from a clear sky, the storm burst.

The El Juarez mines were flooded! The rumor started in the Mining Exchange when stock that had been \$150 was quoted at \$25 a share; then the reporters got it and the journals flaunted great headlines of "Panic in Wall Street!" "El Juarez Mines Flooded!" Later the report was confirmed and by 3 o'clock the shares of the El Juarez mines were not worth the paper on which they were written.

The old man to whom the mines had been a lifelong companion stared desperately at the flaunting headlines then, covering his face with his rough worn hand, gave way to his grief with the abandon of a child.

"Them mines was jest like my own child," he sobbed. "I knowed they wasn't actin' up jest right when I left 'em, but I never suspicioned they'd fetch up where they hev, and again tears flowed unrestrainedly down the furrowed cheeks.

Disappointed, unbittered, almost maddened by the loss of sorely needed wealth just within his grasp, Thomas Coleman broke the silence.

"Don't worry," he said coldly. "You are not too old yet to find some suitable employment."

Uncle Peter looked up in astonishment, then as the meaning of the cruel words dawned upon him his face went suddenly and pitifully white.

"I kinder thought if I was ever in trouble I could depend on my own folks." The old voice quavered pitifully as the curtains parted and Elizabeth entered the room. Sweeping past the others, she took the old man's hands in her young ones.

"I have come to take you home with me," she said simply.

"But the mines," he said unsteadily.

"Never mind. There isn't much room in my little flat, but there's a loving welcome, and soon"—she blushed happily—"there will be a little house in the suburbs."

"But how about that young feller you're goin' to marry?" questioned the old man doubtfully.

"He told me to come for you," answered Elizabeth, with proud, happy eyes.

The old man rose and, still holding Elizabeth's hand, faced Thomas Coleman and his wife.

"You said I wasn't too old to find suitable employment," he said, "and I ain't. I've found it. I'm goin' to buy that house out in the suburbs, and it won't be no little one, either. An' I'm goin' to set the young feller up in whatever business he wants to be set up in, an', what's more, I'm goin' to give Elizabeth a million dollars in government bonds fer her weddin' gift. I ain't through with the other million yet, but when I am she an' her children gets it. My money wan't in them mines. I told Willie Moore how they wuz actin' up, an' he took it out fer me three months ago. I ain't denyin' I felt bad about 'em, but 'twarn't the money I wuz thinkin' of."

"No," he repeated, "I warn't thinkin' of the money, an'—he patted her hand lovingly—"neither wuz Elizabeth, but," he added slowly, with a shrewd glance at Thomas Coleman's white, baffled face, "it kinder looks as though there's others that wuz."

The Crumplet Story.

Oliver Wendell Holmes professed to have a profound respect for the Dutch, possibly on account of what he used to call "the European aboriginals of America" being Dutch. He gave an aspect of slyness to his respect which inspired the idea that it was not untempered by humor, but he maintained that the Dutch, in spite of their stolidity, had a great deal of humor themselves. "For instance," he would say, "the crumplet story has a Dutch origin." "What is the crumplet story?" people would ask. And he would tell them that it had many variants, but the one with which he was familiar was about a man who was going to be hanged and was asked whether he had any last request to make and said he would like to have a dozen hot crumplets, very buttery, because he had never dared to eat more than one before.

Mechanism of the Human Body.

The human body is an epitome in nature of all mechanics, all hydraulics, all architecture, all machinery of every kind. There are more than 310 mechanical movements known to mechanics today, and all of these are but modifications of those found in the human body. Here are found all the bars, levers, joints, pulleys, pumps, pipes, wheels and axles, ball and socket movements, beams, girders, trusses, buffers, arches, columns, cables and supports known to science. At every point man's best mechanical work can be shown to be but adaptations of processes of the human body, a revelation of first principles used in nature.

The Trunkfish.

The trunkfish is one of the peculiar inhabitants of the ocean. It is called the trunkfish because its back is completely covered with bony plates of a regular shape, forming a complete coat of mail. It is protected so completely that it can move only its tail, mouth and a small part of its gills, which pass through the armor. It is quite a small fish and is found only in the warm waters of the southern tropical seas.

An Innocent Diversion.

"Poor woman!" sighed the prison visitor to the convicted murderer. "Does not the thought of your impending doom cause your mind to revert to the days of your innocent childhood? Do you not wish you could be playing again as you did then?"

"Why, yes," replied the poor woman. "I would like to skip the rope."—Philadelphia Press.

Sentiment vs. Realism

(Original.)

One morning in the sunny state of Louisiana a group of men were lounging on the porch of a plantation store telling stories. Jean Benoit, a creole, had the floor. The French people are much given to rhapsody, and Benoit was no exception to the rule. A drummer from the north sat on the head of a barrel listening to the creole's tale.

"M'sieur Coquenard came from La Belle France with his son Adolphe and his ver' beautiful daughter Lucille. When M'sieur Coquenard come to America his little girl was five year old, and she grow up with all the bravery of the true southern girl. She could ride and shoot and pull at the oar. Mam'selle Lucille were ver' fine girl. Her eye flash like lightning, her hair was black as the raven."

"Black cats is better to describe hair of that kind," interrupted the drummer.

"Her neck was like the swan!"

"Just the kind for the new collar—the Bernhardt—just out," put in the drummer. "I've got samples in my trunk."

The story teller cast a glance at the Yankee, but, seeing no trace of any intent to poke fun, continued:

"One ver' fine morning Mam'selle Lucille was pulling her boat on the river, and coming to an opening in the canebrake where there was a ferry she go ashore to look for wild flowers. The first thing she see beside the path was the dead body of her brother Adolphe with a dagger in his heart on the hit of which sparkled a ver' large and beautiful diamond. With a shriek she threw herself on the body, calling on her brother like the wall of a harp to speak to her.

"When this brave girl get more composed she tak' the body of Adolphe, put it in the boat and row to the plantation. At the landing she leave it, go to the stable and mount her milk white horse."

"Kaintuck' stock?" inquired the drummer.

"Mam'selle ride away to avenge the murder of her brother," continued Benoit, without noticing the query.

"How did she get her clew?"

"She know ver' well who kill Adolphe. M'sieur Octave Moustot wish to marry her. She not wish to marry M'sieur Moustot, and her brother tell him to come no more to the house."

"Mam'selle Lucille ride straight to M'sieur Moustot's plantation. She rein in her horse before the gallery and, drawing a dagger from her bosom, call on M'sieur Moustot to come out and she will kill him. But his slaves tell her

that their master have gone away that morning. They say he gone down the road toward the city. She wheel her horse and follow like the wind."

"She'd ought to have had one of the new autos. They're better 'n the wind. When the wind makes a hundred miles an hour, that's a hurrienn. These autos do a hundred an hour with the chauffeur asleep."

The listeners cast a look of impatience at the drummer and the story teller continued:

"Mam'selle Lucille ride till the afternoon, when she come to a river. The ferryboat was just leaving and she was ver' certain her brother's murderer was on it. Just as she got a hundred feet from the stream her horse fell exhausted. Mam'selle Lucille ran to the boat, but it had left the shore. On it was a man holding a foaming steed. Mam'selle went back to her horse, and, opening a holster on the saddle, took out a pistol."

"What make?" from the drummer.

"How I know what make the pistol was when this happen' befo' the war?" cried the creole, at last becoming impatient with the drummer's interruptions. Presently he continued:

"Then Mam'selle Lucille ran forward again and fired, hitting—"

"The horse?"

"The horse! No. She shot the man!" shouted the narrator.

"Well," said the drummer, "if she's like most women sending missiles she must ha' turned around and fired at her milk white steed."

"Didn't I tell you Mam'selle Lucille was a ver' fine shot?" shrieked the story teller.

"Go on with the yarn."

"The ferryboat came back to shore, and they laid the man on the bank. Then Mam'selle Lucille see that she have shot the wrong man."

"Did he swear any?"

"No. He was ver' handsome man, and he looked up reproachful with his fine eyes, and then Mam'selle Lucille was struck with self accusation. The man smiled at her a beautiful smile of forgiveness."

"My old woman would like to have a man like that," muttered the drummer to himself.

"He was a young planter who raised ver' much sugar, and he say to Mam'selle Lucille that if she smile on him his wound will not hurt him. She beg him to be taken to her father's plantation so that she can atone for her wrong by nursing him. They got a conveyance and first took him to a doctor, who said his wound would not be mortal if he had good care. Then they tak' him to M'sieur Coquenard's plantation, and Mam'selle Lucille nurse him, and he recover. There was one grand passion between these two, and they were married, with all the planters within a hundred miles at the wed-

ding."

"What became of the Mousetrapp man?" asked the Yankee.

"M'sieur Moustot? He go to Paris, where he get killed in a duel."

"Waal," said the drummer reflectively, "you can't most always tell. Marriage is a lottery. Mebbe he got of better 'n the other feller."

F. A. MITCHEL.

TIDAL FLUX AND REFLUX.

Complicated Movements of the Billows of the Oceans.

Those who see the rise and fall of the tides in our Atlantic harbors seldom think of the wonderful course of the ocean waves which cause the tidal flux and reflux. Such billows not only cross the sea, but flow from ocean to ocean, and in this way complicated movements are set going.

Thus, for instance, once in every twelve hours the moon raises a tide billow in the southern Indian ocean. When this billow passes the Cape of Good Hope at noon its successor is already born, and by the time the first billow has reached the Azores islands at midnight the second is rounding the cape, and a third has come into existence in the southern ocean. By 4 o'clock in the morning following its passage of the cape the tide billow reaches the English channel, and there the shallow waters delay it so much that it does not arrive at the strait of Dover until 10 a. m. Here the narrowing channel causes the tide to rise very high and almost puts an end to the wave.

In the meantime another branch of the billow runs around the western side of the British islands, rounds the north point of Scotland and moves slowly down the eastern coast of England until it finally flows up the Thames and laps the wharfs of London.—Philadelphia Record.

The Palisades.

This uplift of volcanic matter, resting on baked sandstone and inclining westward at a gentle slope, presents in its riverward aspect the columnar or palisaded appearance that so impressed the early voyagers—a gray wall beeting from 300 to 500 feet above the tide, shagged with trees at the summit, half buried behind a scrip of talus, that is also verdurous. At Nyack it bends into the amphitheater where that pretty town has nestled, surges riverward again to form Point-on-Point and, still ascending behind Haverstraw, reaches in High Tor a lift of 820 feet. As the dike extends southward also to Bayonne, its total length is forty miles, but the Palisades proper front the river for half that distance.—Charles M. Skinner in Century.

THE PEOPLE OF PARIS.

Their First Movements in Revolutions Are Usually Generous.

I know the men of the people in Paris too well not to know that their first movements in times of revolution are usually generous and that they are best pleased to spend the days immediately following their triumph in boasting of their victory, laying down the law and playing at being great men. During that time it generally happens that some government or other is set up, the police return to their posts and the judge to his bench, and when at last our great men consent to step down to the better known and more vulgar ground of petty and malicious human passions they are no longer able to do so and are reduced to live simply like honest men. Besides, we have spent so many years in insurrections that there has arisen among us a kind of morality peculiar to times of disorder and a special code for days of rebellion. According to these exceptional laws, murder is tolerated and have permitted, but theft is strenuously forbidden, although this, whatever one may say, does not prevent a good deal of robbery from occurring upon those days for the simple reason that society in a state of rebellion cannot be different from that at any other time, and it will always contain a number of rascals who as far as they are concerned scorn the morality of the main body and despise its points of honor when they are unobserved.—"Recollections of De Tocqueville."

A Deferred Call.

In a certain town in the county of Wexford there is a house the door of which must be raised a little to be opened, and for this purpose the hatchet is generally used. One night lately a knock came to the door, and a youngster was sent to see who was there.

"Who is there?" he inquired. "Me," said a voice outside. The youngster, knowing the voice, shouted back (in such a tone that the person outside could hear him): "It's Mrs. Murphy. Get the hatchet!" Needless to say Mrs. Murphy didn't wait.—Pearson's Weekly.

He Wouldn't Wake.

One evening last week Mr. Poindexter, a traveling man, had a remarkable dream. He seemed to be exploring an old and unused attic in his dwelling house. Presently he uncovered an ancient chest. He opened it and found it full of gold and silver.

So strong was the impression upon him that he realized at once the utter folly of waking up. Thereupon he slept on and continued to dream.—Chicago Tribune.

To the People of Klamath Falls:

When I came to Klamath Falls I was fortunate enough to find a "ground floor" proposition in the Mitchell ranch, known by all old timers for its splendid soil, fine orchard and ideal location as "the best ranch in Klamath County."

Through the co-operation of men of wide experience in land matters this tract was acquired and has been cut into small tracts and offered at prices and on terms that will enable the purchasers to realize handsome profits. A portion of this has been platted into blocks and lots and is now the Mills Addition to Klamath Falls. It was the original intention to dispose of this addition in blocks only, but so great has been the demand for single lots that I have decided, for a short time, to give the people of this city and county an opportunity to buy in smaller area than originally planned.

The Mills Addition is located within about a thousand feet of the yard location of the California Northeastern Railway and within about three blocks of the depot site, as indicated on the new City Map. It is admirably located for homes, with the natural slope for drainage, requiring very little grading to make the streets, every lot being practically level and now in alfalfa, timothy and meadow grasses. Its location insures rapid increase in value, for the greatest growth of the city will inevitably be towards this property. I have the fullest confidence that this property will double in value in the next year.

It is the purpose to sell this property at a price that will allow the lot buyer to make something on the investment just as you are willing that the present owners should do likewise. These lots are to be offered one block at a time, beginning with one of the unsold blocks nearest the depot location (Block No 102) and the prices will be \$200 for the corner lots and \$125 for inside lots.

The lots are 50x120 feet, and this price makes them by far the best lot bargain offered in Klamath Falls.

FRANK IRA WHITE

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