

## Where the Secret Lay

(Original.)

Some years ago there was an American in the French foreign legion. No one knew how he came to enlist in that corps any more than how many other men of different nationalities, some of them of noble and one of royal birth, came to do the same. He called himself John Seymour, but no one supposed that to be his real name, and it was not. He had entered the legion for the same reason others had entered it; that is, he was a fugitive from justice.

At the first fight Seymour entered, in the ranks of the foreign legion, he tried so hard to get himself killed that he was promoted for bravery. He must have tried very hard, for there were many others with shadowy pasts behind them who were competing with him in the same object. Be this as it may, Seymour was made a captain.

A few weeks before the American's admission to this corps of death seekers Samuel Barrett, banker of New York, suspecting that all was not right in one of the departments of his bank, went one night to his counting room to investigate for himself. Barrett had no children except an adopted daughter. His wife had a son by a former husband of whom he was very fond. Barrett's plan was to bring up this boy, Everett Whittemore, to succeed to the business and that he should marry Irene, the adopted daughter. There was no difficulty in either part of this plan, for Whittemore was a fine young fellow with superior business talents, and the two young people were in love with each other.

When Barrett entered the bank he found his stepson there at work. Taking a pile of papers, Barrett went into his private office and shut the door behind him. Half an hour later the younger man heard a sound in Barrett's office. He listened, but it was not repeated. Whittemore went on with his work and when it was finished concluded to ask his stepfather if he would not go home. Opening the door, he found Barrett lying on the floor with a cloven skull. He was dead.

Whittemore was hurrying to call assistance when it occurred to him that he would be accused of the murder. He stopped to consider and soon came to the conclusion that nothing could save him from a conviction of having murdered his stepfather. Should he face the danger or flee? He chose the latter course. Making his way across the Hudson river, he found a steamer on the other bank waiting for the tide to serve. Ten days later Whittemore

enlisted in the French foreign legion under the name of John Seymour.

When the murder was discovered it was found that Whittemore was missing. There was no use to look for the murderer except in him. He had taken money, but none belonging to the bank. Indeed, the whole affair was a mystery, for what motive could there be for him to murder the man who was preparing him for his own place and whose adopted daughter he was engaged to marry? However, flight was confession, and Everett Whittemore was execrated as the murderer of his benefactor.

Not long after Whittemore's disappearance a letter bearing a foreign post mark came for Irene Barrett. She took it to her room, read and destroyed it. Barrett's partner, Enoch Crowell, was in charge of the bank, and Irene went to him, told him that she desired to prepare herself to be able to manage her own interest in the bank and desired a position there. Crowell demurred, but the girl was persistent, and he consented.

Irene worked in subordinate places, but principally studying the principles on which the books were kept. Nearly two years after her father's death she commenced surreptitiously to go the bank nights for the purpose of continuing the work while doing which her father had been murdered. In a pocket in her dress made for the purpose she carried a loaded revolver of large caliber. One night she went to the bank with skeleton keys and into what had been her father's office, but now occupied by Crowell. She entered by the door leading from the bank. There was another door leading to the rear of the bank. She had opened Crowell's desk and grasped a bundle of papers when this rear door opened, and there stood Crowell. Seeing the papers before the girl, he raised an ax and was about to bring it down on her head when she shot him.

Taking up a telephone transmitter she summoned the police, who found Crowell dying from a bullet in his chest, near the heart. Before his death he confessed that he was involved, that he had killed his partner in the same way he had intended to kill Irene to prevent his affairs from being known and to get control in order the better to conceal them.

The next day Captain Seymour was called before his commanding officer and a cablegram handed him, giving him a summary of the events of Crowell's confession and death.

Seymour's or Whittemore's resignation was accepted at once, and he returned to America. The meeting between him and the girl who had taken up the work her father had begun and brought back her lover to his own identity can only be imagined. Whittemore had suspected that some one's ac-

counts in the bank were wrong and had really gone there to investigate when his stepfather entered. At the risk of being dragged back to the scaffold he had written Irene that the secret of the murder doubtless lay in this deficiency.

MARION MAY HALL.

## 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 beetling from 300 to 500 feet above the tide, shagged with trees at the summit, half buried behind a scrap 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 no-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.

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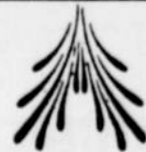
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