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 beholden,' 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, imbittered, 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 piteously 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 gits 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."

Puncturing a Fallacy.

The barber applied the rich brown dye with a fine tooth comb, combing it evenly into the grizzled locks of the old man.

"Hair dye, sir," he said. "Plain, unvarnished hair dye is the base of that absurd fallacy about people turning gray in a single night.

"If you investigate those yarns you find that invariably they concern persons in prison. Orsini, pining in jail, had his hair go back on him. Marie Antoinette, languishing in a cell, found the deep hue of her hair changing to an ugly gray. Raleigh, imprisoned in the tower, developed grayish streaks with incredible speed.

"The secret of all that, my dear, is this:

"These prisoners in order to conceal their gray hair dyed it, using a poor sort of dye, one of those sorts that have to be applied every day or two. In prison, naturally, they could not get hold of this dye, and hence their locks whitened at a miraculous rate. When people said of them pityingly that their terror of sorrow had turned their hair gray in a single night they acquiesced themselves in the deception, for is it not embarrassing—I leave it to you, sir, is it not embarrassing—to explain to the world at large that one uses hair dye?"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Well Timed Puns.

A southern clergyman, an inveterate punster, says that while he is well aware that puns belong to the lowest order of wit he is seldom able to resist the temptation to make one when opportunity offers.

On one occasion after preaching an eloquent sermon he was met by two friends, one of whom began to praise his discourse in enthusiastic terms. When he paused for breath the other man said, with a laugh:

"Well, doctor, can you stand as much soft soap as that?"

"Indeed I can if there isn't too much lye in it," returned the minister quickly.

At another time he was present at the marriage reception of a young couple of the name of More. The occasion was somewhat stiff up to the time of the minister's entrance, and he quickly discovered the state of affairs.

"Madam," he said, with his radiant smile, addressing the awkward young bride, "how fortunate you are! There are so few people who can say with truth, 'The More I want the More I have.'"

The laugh which followed put the company at ease.

THE ANNUAL ROMANCE.

They met beside the tossing waves,
This summer lad and miss,
The first eve 'neath the glistening moon
They sat somewhat like this.

The second evening Cupid came,
And life was filled with bliss.
Fair Luna smiled as she looked down
And saw them sit like this.

October came around, and so
This summer lad and miss
Broke all the tender vows they made,
And then they sat like this.

—Perrine Lambert.

Her Advantage.

"A man's vocabulary is always larger than a woman's."

"Yes, but a woman's is more persistent."—Philadelphia Press.

Arithmetical History.

Mrs. Russell Sage often speaks of the days before her marriage, when she taught school.

In an address that she made last winter before a charitable society Mrs. Sage said:

"That method of giving was not satisfactory, was it? So vague and uncertain were its results indeed that I was reminded of the answer that a pupil of mine once made in a history lesson.

"'How many wars,' I asked this pupil, 'did England fight with Spain?'

"'Six,' she answered.

"'Six?' said I. 'Enumerate them, please.'

"'One, two, three, four, five, six,' said the little girl."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Very Little to Say.

"Yes," said Bragg, "I've decided to have a long talk with the boss and tell him just what I think."

"Is it possible?" replied Knox.

"Why, don't you believe I've got the nerve to tell him what I think?"

"Oh, yes! But if you tell him just what you think how are you going to have a long talk?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Counter Irritant.

"Have you made arrangements to prevent fraud in the election?"

"No," answered Senator Sorghum. "I couldn't quite manage that, but I've done the next best thing to defeat the opposition's inquiry. I've made arrangements that'll make their fraud so insignificant by comparison that it won't be noticed."—Washington Star.

Friends No More.

"Do you believe that disease germs are transmitted by kisses?"

"I don't think they are."

"That young man who came to see me last night has a theory that they are."

"Don't you believe it. He was just lying to you to keep you from kissing him good night."—Houston Post.

Taking In the Coin.

"Talking about inventions," said the business man, "I have a little machine in my place that would make me a millionaire if I could only keep it going all the time."

"What is it?"

"A cash register."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Haw, Haw!

Larry—'Twas th' funniest joke Oi iver hur-rud in all me born days. Faith, Oi laughed all day long.

Denny—Yez did?

Larry—Yis. Ivery bone in me body filt loike a funny bone.—Chicago News.

A Way to Raise Money.

Physician's Wife—I need a new evening dress.

Physician—All right, my dear. I'll look over my list and find some fellow who can afford an operation for appendicitis.—Boston Transcript.

More Essential.

De Style—At last we are in our own little home. I suppose the first thing I must get you is a good cookbook.

Mrs. De Style (wife of a week)—No—er—you'd better get me a strong can opener.—New York Press.

Usual Thing.

"What is it a sign of," asked the innocent maid, "when a young man begins to tell a girl his troubles?"

"It's a sign that he will soon ask her to share them," answered the pretty widow.—Judge.

A Prospective Snub.

Edith—You would hardly know Bobbie since he got back from Europe. He lost all his money there, and—

Ethel—Hardly know him! Why, I shan't know him at all!—Detroit Free Press.

POLICE OF PARIS.

How the Third Brigade Spies Upon the Whole Force.

Vance Thompson describes in Everybody's the famous Third brigade of the Paris police, whose business is to supervise the police. It is composed of an officer de paix, a principal inspector, a brigadier, five subbrigadiers and about seventy-five picked men. About half are assigned to watch the patrolmen. He is a bold policeman who commits any of the little sins dear to the patrolman's heart. There is hardly a chance that he will not be detected in time. Reprimand follows, after that fine and lastly dismissal. There is always a long "waiting list" of candidates, sound young fellows fresh from the army, and the city can choose its new servants among the best.

The other half of the Third brigade is engaged in work of a more typically Latin kind. It investigates all complaints made against the patrolmen by chiefs and citizens, and it maintains a regular system of espionage upon the private lives of all policemen.

"This, of course, is the Latin way of doing things," writes Mr. Thompson. "Wrong as it may be in principle, it serves to weed out the men of bad character and bad habits and bad associations, and it prevents that monstrous alliance of the police and the lawbreakers."

The Third brigade in turn is watched by a smaller body of detectives, who report directly to the prefect of police.

DESERT THIRST.

Its Five Phases, Two of Which Mean Certain Death.

Half of the people dying from desert thirst perish in thirty-six hours, a quarter within forty-eight or fifty hours and all others of which the history is known within eighty hours.

The phenomena of desert thirst may be arranged in three stages—namely, normal thirst, functional derangement and structural degeneration. These three stages are made up of five phases—the clamorous, cotton mouth phase, the shriveled tongue, the blood sweat and the living death. There is hope in saving the lives of the victims whose thirst is diagnosed in the first three phases, but for the fourth and fifth death is certain.

The clamorous phase of desert thirst may be relieved by water, or in some instances fruit acids or similar substances. The second, or cotton mouth, phase should be treated by giving the victim quarts of water taken in small sips and flooding his body. Practically the same treatment may be applied to the third, or shriveled tongue, phase, with the addition of a medicine to counteract the fever and a tonic for the heart. Water would only prove a damage in the fourth, or blood sweat, phase, and even if it were possible to satisfy the thirst of the victim his mental condition would never be clear. Death from thirst is often painless.—Los Angeles Times.

The Valley of Quillota.

"Whoever," says Charles Darwin in his "Voyage of the Beagle," "called Valparaiso the valley of paradise must have been thinking of Quillota." Quillota is a thriving town twenty-six miles from Valparaiso in a northeasterly direction. Any person, he declares, who sees only the country around Valparaiso, barren of vegetation, would never imagine that there were such picturesque spots in Chile. "As soon as we reached the brow of the sierra the valley of Quillota was immediately under our feet. The prospect was one of remarkable natural luxuriance. The valley is very broad and quite flat and is thus easily irrigated in all parts. The little square gardens are crowded with orange and olive trees and every sort of vegetable."

According to Contract.

A man who was very miserly hoarded up his stacks of hay year after year in the hope of making double the price he was offered for them. A well known hay and straw buyer in the district one day asked the price of a stack. An enormous price was asked, which the buyer accepted.

"How about the terms of settlement?" asked the old miser.

"Well, you see," said the buyer, "my terms are to settle when I fetch the last load away."

"That's a bargain," said the miser, slapping the other's hand. The old chap watched every load go away except the last, and that the buyer never did fetch away.—London Standard.

No Salute For a Dirty Prince.

The crown prince of Germany had as a child a great dislike of being washed. The emperor tried various means to cure him, and he at last hit on the right one. The young prince came running to him one day in a great rage, saying the sentry had not saluted him as he passed.

"To be sure," said the emperor. "I gave orders they were not to salute a dirty prince, but only a clean one." The child's pride was hurt, and he took to the bath.

He Must Have Had Faith.

The church was packed, even the aisles lined with chairs. Just before the benediction the thoughtful clergyman, who loved order as he did the gospel, thus admonished his hearers: "In passing out please remain seated until the ushers have removed the chairs from the aisles."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Man often feels himself independent of all the earth, but let the sunshine and rain fail for a little while and he realizes how meanly dependent he is.—Salisbury Democrat.

THE FRENCH HUSBAND.

Always, as a Rule, Anxious to Do the Agreeable Thing.

The French husband has a faculty that amounts almost to a genius for bestowing the delicate attentions which cost little except the exercise of a modicum of tact and thoughtfulness, but which carry joy to every true woman's heart. He not only thinks to take home to her often (in the absence of the means to make a larger offering) a ten cent bunch of violets, pinks or roses from the flower market or the itinerant flower vender's barrow on his route, but he presents them gallantly with the compliment and the caress the occasion calls for, and this makes them confer a pleasure out of all proportion to their intrinsic worth.

He remembers her birthday or fete day with a potted plant, a bit of game, a box of bonbons, a cake from the pastry cook's or a bottle of good wine. He is marvelously fertile in expedients for making the time pass quickly and agreeably for her. He has a thousand amusing and successful devices for helping her to renew her youth. He projects unique and joyous Sunday and holiday excursions. He improvises dainty little banquets. He is a past master especially in the art of conjuring up amiable mysteries and preparing charming little surprises. And in all these trivial enterprises he vindicates the old French theory that true courtesy consists in taking a certain amount of pains to so order our words and our manners that others "be content with us and with themselves."

The American husband is particularly solicitous to do the proper thing; the French husband to do the agreeable thing.—Independent.

WATER IN TURKEY.

Must Meet Many Conditions to Be a Perfect Beverage.

"Turks are extremely particular," writes a traveler, "in regard to the quality of the water they drink and are willing to be at much trouble and expense to obtain water of the kind they prefer. To be a perfect beverage water must issue from a rock, fall from a height, be of medium temperature, flow rapidly and copiously, taste sweet, spring in high and lonely ground and run from south to north or from east to west. The excellence of any water is accordingly determined by the number of these conditions it fulfills. It is remarkable how much pleasure Turks find in visiting a famous spring in the country, to spend the whole day beside it under the shade of trees, doing little else than drink carafe after carafe of the water as the elixir of life. Resorts of this description abound on the shores and in the valleys of the upper Bosporus under such names as the Water of Life, the Silver Water, the Water Under the Chestnut Tree, the Water Beside the Hazels. The spectacle of the great gatherings there on Fridays, arrayed in bridal colors, seated tier above tier on the terraced platforms built against the green slope of the hill, the women above, the men below, all in the deep shade of the branches meeting overhead, forms a picture beyond a painter's power to reproduce.—Chicago News.

Hot Drinks For Thirst.

It is a mistake to suppose that cold drinks are necessary to relieve thirst. Very cold drinks, as a rule, increase the feverish condition of the mouth and stomach and so create thirst. Experience shows it to be a fact that hot drinks relieve the thirst and cool off the body when it is in an abnormally heated condition better than ice cold drinks. It is far better and safer to avoid the use of drinks below 60 degrees. In fact, a higher temperature is to be preferred, and those who are much troubled with thirst will do well to try the advantages to be derived from hot drinks instead of cold fluids, to which they have been accustomed. Hot drinks also have the advantage of aiding digestion instead of causing debility of the stomach and bowels.

The Harshness of Orators.

American political orators are often charged with being unduly harsh to the other side. The following extract from a speech of the late Earl of Shaftesbury, published in his memoirs, shows that if our stump speakers exhibit harshness they come honestly by it. The noble earl thus described and prophesied: "When Gladstone runs down a steep place, his immense majority, like the pigs in Scripture, but hoping for a better issue, will go with him, roaring in grunts of exultation."—Boston Transcript.

Noah's Advantage.

Mrs. Noah was complaining that her clothes looked as if they had come out of the ark.

"On the contrary," returned her spouse, "they have just come across the water."

Herewith he congratulated himself on the cheapness of imported gowns.—New York Sun.

As the Boy Saw It.

An Englishman tells the story of a boy who saw an exceedingly bowlegged man standing in front of a hot fire. Finally he could restrain himself no longer and said, "Hey, mister, you'd better get away from there; you'se warpin'."

Politeness.

The greatest thing in the world is politeness. And no schooling is necessary to be agreeable. Simply have a little consideration for others and be quiet and modest.—Atchison Globe.

There is no virtue in the Sunday that makes children say, "I wish it was Monday."

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CHARTER NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the governor of Pennsylvania on Friday, November 9th, 1906, by John W. Dawson, H. Alex Stoke and W. H. Moore, under the act of Assembly, entitled "An act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations" approved April 29th 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called the Reynoldsille Amusement Company the character and object of which is erecting and maintaining an Opera House and a place of entertainment and amusement, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said act of assembly and supplements thereto.

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