

## Pericles P. Pemberton: Cured

By Jessie Reno Odlin

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Miss Cordelia was neither tall nor short, plump nor slender. Simply a well-proportioned, well-poised woman, dainty in dress and manner. Hers was not a young face, and yet the smooth, fair skin showed no telltale wrinkles.

The clearing was not large, not quite ten acres; yet, lying as it did in the midst of the great forest, it was a beautiful and restful sight to guests or chance traveler. Like a rose blossoming in the wilderness it seemed to Miss Cordelia when she returned from her brief and infrequent visits to the little town three miles away.

Ten years before, with his only daughter, Pericles Pythagoras Pemberton had left his Illinois home, left lifelong friends and neighbors to try his chance with fortune in the booming West sound country. At first his anticipations seemed likely to be realized. In a short time he had acquired wealth and reputation as a prominent, pushing capitalist in a town of mushroom growth and marvelous promises.

As for his daughter, she presided over a pretentious, well-appointed home. Having her heart's content of every procurable luxury, and every dainty finery. Of social gayeties, flattering attention and would-be lovers she had also enough and to spare.

And then—well, things began to change. Money did not flow in such uninterrupted streams. Desirable corner lots declined in value with unheard of suddenness. Stock companies ceased to declare dividends, and then, one by one, ceased to exist at all. Banks failed, real estate companies disbanded, and one enterprise after another sank into hopeless oblivion. The population melted away perceptibly. Whole blocks of stores and office buildings were vacated, and the wharves began to assume a forlorn and deserted appearance. The remnant of the residents, dismayed, bewildered, trying in vain to stem the current, finally found itself practically stranded and forced to the stupendous realization that the bottom had fallen out of the boom.

When the actual truth of the situation was borne in upon Pericles P. Pemberton, all his late financial ambitions, all his energy, all his interest was gone in one breath, and he turned, helpless, confused, defeated, to Cordelia. There seemed but one thing left to do, and Cordelia determined to do it. But she need not have feared opposition from her father. He was as clay in her hands, passive, disinterested. So they moved to a little half cleared ranch in the Skagit valley, taking such of their household goods as seemed necessary, converting all else into money. This ranch Pericles had in prosperous days jestingly deeded to his daughter, and now it opened out to them a new life of rest and refuge after troublous times.

Here Pericles found new channels for energy, time and strength, and fell to work with a will, having apparently no thought beyond the clearing away of cedar stumps, the digging of ditches, and the raising of poultry and potatoes. Under his hands the clearing improved as if by magic.

To the past he never referred, and had not been for one instance, Miss Cordelia would have believed that he had indeed lost all consciousness of anything beyond the present existence.

So Miss Cordelia lived her quiet life, managing not only the household, but the limited financial affairs, wholly unquestioned by her father, who grew more dependent and child-like as the months passed by.

On this particular evening Pericles was sitting deeply engrossed in his work, when Cordelia, her evening tasks completed, took down the lamp, lighted it, and prepared to enjoy a newly cut magazine.

"Cordelia," said the old man, at last.

"Yes, father?" questioningly.

"It is a year ago to-morrow since Mr. Benton and Susie took dinner with us."

"Yes, father." "It was that day, Cordelia, that Mr. Benton recommended to me the use of the Quick Conquering Compound. I used it, and you know the result. I am a different man to-day—I have been a well man for three months. You must admit, Cordelia, that I derived great benefit from the use of that valuable compound."

"Yes, father." Miss Cordelia conquered the smile that rose to her lips as she heard the stereotyped phrases of the patent medicine testimonial glide from her father's lips. He was silent for a moment; then rising, he spoke with inspired decision.

"Cordelia, I hold it my duty not only to acknowledge this benefit to those who provided it, but to give my testimony to the world, that others may profit by my experience."

"In what way, father?"

"By sending my testimony and my photograph to the manufacturers that they may place it before the general public in the next pamphlet they issue." He spoke slowly and solemnly, with the air of one who has resolved to do his share towards the enlightenment of mankind.

Miss Cordelia looked gravely up in to his face.

Summer came once more to the Skagit valley, and the rose bushes, rich in color and fragrance, vied with the ivy and honeysuckle in hiding beauty; the quaint little Pemberton cottage.

Pericles P. Pemberton had been a happy man for the past month. He had received a pamphlet from the Conquering Compound Co., in which a badly executed woodcut of himself appeared above his carefully worded "unsolicited" testimonial and facsimile autograph. With this had come a letter of thanks and two large bottles of the compound in acknowledgment of his flattering praise of the justly famous remedy. Indeed, all things were looking bright to the old

man just now—the fruit trees, the vegetables, the chickens, had never promised so well before. There were rumors of valuable mineral finds in the surrounding hills.

Miss Cordelia, too, felt the impress of new hopes and brighter prospects that seemed to permeate the whole atmosphere.

"Eleven years," she whispered, sometimes, "I years—how old I must be growing, for I was 25 when we left home." No other place had really been home except that little town far east of the mountains.

It was about this time that a man, a stranger in Seattle, had stood in a drug store, listening to the conversation about him and mechanically turning the leaves of a patent medicine pamphlet. Suddenly his attention was arrested by a signature. He studied it and the accompanying woodcut very carefully, then gave a little surprised exclamation.

"What is it?" asked a man beside him.

"Nothing," he answered; "just noticed an odd name. Pericles Pythagoras Pemberton."

"Distinguishing name," said the other; "sure to be only one."

"Yes, surely only one," muttered the stranger, absently.

"Know him?" jested the other. But the stranger laughed, pocketed the pamphlet and left the store. At the hotel he questioned the clerk. "Where's the man?"

"That," said the clerk, "is Armstrong—traveling for a big Chicago mining syndicate."

Meantime Armstrong was soliloquizing. "Of course it's her father. She's probably married long ago. Won't hurt to look them up, though. I wonder, after all these years, if—"

The next day he was in the little

town of Snymanish, receiving from a garrulous landlady a full account of Pericles P. Pemberton, his daughter, his ranch and his eccentricities.

Later he met the old man on the village street, accepted his hearty invitation to "Come right out to the ranch" and set off upon the three-mile walk with what Pericles would have called "a complication of curious sensations."

As they reached the opening in the woods, and entered the little clearing, beautiful again in the sunset glow, Frank Armstrong turned to his companion and said, earnestly: "Mr. Pemberton, will you do me a favor? Years ago Cordelia and I were lovers, and when you left home, parted in a lover's quarrel. All these years while we have drifted apart I have never forgotten her, never loved any other, and it has been the dream of my life to meet her again. Will you let me go to her alone?"

The old man gazed at the speaker in awestruck amazement. Then his eyes grew dim, as he placed his hand to his forehead and murmured in a trembling voice, said: "Listen! She is playing on the organ—you'll find her."

But Armstrong was already on his way.

Suddenly the low, sweet music stopped, and Cordelia, coming at the sound of footsteps, to the little rose-colored porch, found her hands held in a tender, unforgetting clasp, and while she grasped upon other and when you left home, parted in a lover's quarrel, all these years while we have drifted apart I have never forgotten her, never loved any other, and it has been the dream of my life to meet her again. Will you let me go to her alone?"

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## PLAY PARK FOR RICH IN OZARKS

WILDLY BEAUTIFUL SPOT ACQUIRED BY ST. LOUIS MEN



THE UNFINISHED MANSION ON THE BLUFF AT HAHATONKA

One of the most beautiful spots in the Ozark mountains in Missouri has been secured by a group of wealthy St. Louis men, who propose turning the tract into a playground for their own delectation. The place is known by the poetic name of Hahatonka and has something of a romantic history, having been originally owned by a St. Louisian named Snyder who chose this wild and wonderful spot, deep in the recesses of a rugged region, and inaccessible to a marked degree, as a place where he could build an ideal home far removed from the marts of men. The original tract of land, consisting of about 2,000 acres, was purchased from Maj. Kellogg, Col. R. C. Scott and others. The present estate comprises 5,400 acres, lying in a narrow, irregular shape, the extreme length being 14 miles. Col. Snyder had planned to acquire not less than 10,000 acres.

When Mr. Snyder found he had a bigger contract on his hands than he could manage there was a move to have the place purchased by the government and turned into a national park, Congressman Shackelford putting forth earnest effort in this direction. Failing in this, the place has remained in a neglected condition until it was recently purchased.

The name Hahatonka is Indian—meaning laughing waters, it is said—and there is an Indian legend connected with every scenic feature of the place, most of them lugubrious, as Indian legends are inclined to be. It is said that Mr. Snyder put a quarter of million dollars into the improvements on the place and the visitor is surprised at the extent of the improvements, the estimated cost being \$300,000. The pay roll at one time amounted to \$1,100 per week. The location of the mansion—such it is called and so it is—is on a high hill, once the site of an Indian burying ground. Many skeletons were unearthed when the excavation for the building was made, and tomahawks and other implements of Indian warfare are yet found.

In the mansion are 28 large rooms and many smaller ones—about 60 in all. The entire building is wired for electric lights and piped for water and gas, 7,000 feet of steel piping having been placed in position. Immense furnaces in the basement supply the heat. Rooms had been planned for the various members of the family. Then there were the guests, a smoking room, a billiard hall, winery, etc., each facing on an inclosed central court extending from the first to the fourth floor. Mr. Snyder had selected his own suite of rooms on an upper floor and in the southwest part of the building. From the windows one catches a view of unsurpassed and indescribable loveliness and grandeur. From here one sees the sun sink behind the blue ridges far beyond, lighting with tenderest glow the lake below, and, a little later, as the day dies, kissing good-bye to the heights on Sunset hill, the highest point for many miles.

To the west of the mansion are the greenhouses—five buildings, two of which are 25 by 120 feet, and three 20 by 50 feet. The floors and pipes are in place, and the thousands of panes of glass are on the grounds, ready for the frames. A hundred yards or more to the east of the mansion is the stone stable, 45 by 110 feet, and of even finer workmanship than the house, the stone work having been done by Scotch workmen. Beyond the stable, on a higher point, is the water tower, 80 feet in height and with stone walls five feet thick at the bottom. Counting from the bottom of the bluff to the top of the tower, the height is about the same as that of Washington monument—555 feet. Two pumps, run by water power at the old corn mill, half a mile to the west, force the water into the tower tank, from which it is piped to other buildings and to distant parts of the grounds, including an ice pond built on the hill, as the water in the lake never freezes. It had also been planned to have water furnish power for the electric light plant.

The Ha-Ha-Tonka region is an ideal place for the hunter and fisherman. Boating and bathing are also fine. The streams abound in trout, bass, crappie and many other game fish. The late Col. Snyder was an enthusiastic fisherman and stocked the streams with a carload of rainbow trout. The finest trout shown at the St. Louis world's fair were taken from these waters. It has been several years since bears were seen, but there are yet a number of deer in this region. Wild turkey are so plentiful that no game hunter who knows the haunts of the "bow" need fail in a day's hunt to bag a bird. Wild cats are occasionally killed and small game of all kinds is plentiful.

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One of the most beautiful spots in the Ozark mountains in Missouri has been secured by a group of wealthy St. Louis men, who propose turning the tract into a playground for their own delectation. The place is known by the poetic name of Hahatonka and has something of a romantic history, having been originally owned by a St. Louisian named Snyder who chose this wild and wonderful spot, deep in the recesses of a rugged region, and inaccessible to a marked degree, as a place where he could build an ideal home far removed from the marts of men. The original tract of land, consisting of about 2,000 acres, was purchased from Maj. Kellogg, Col. R. C. Scott and others. The present estate comprises 5,400 acres, lying in a narrow, irregular shape, the extreme length being 14 miles. Col. Snyder had planned to acquire not less than 10,000 acres.

When Mr. Snyder found he had a bigger contract on his hands than he could manage there was a move to have the place purchased by the government and turned into a national park, Congressman Shackelford putting forth earnest effort in this direction. Failing in this, the place has remained in a neglected condition until it was recently purchased.

The name Hahatonka is Indian—meaning laughing waters, it is said—and there is an Indian legend connected with every scenic feature of the place, most of them lugubrious, as Indian legends are inclined to be. It is said that Mr. Snyder put a quarter of million dollars into the improvements on the place and the visitor is surprised at the extent of the improvements, the estimated cost being \$300,000. The pay roll at one time amounted to \$1,100 per week. The location of the mansion—such it is called and so it is—is on a high hill, once the site of an Indian burying ground. Many skeletons were unearthed when the excavation for the building was made, and tomahawks and other implements of Indian warfare are yet found.

In the mansion are 28 large rooms and many smaller ones—about 60 in all. The entire building is wired for electric lights and piped for water and gas, 7,000 feet of steel piping having been placed in position. Immense furnaces in the basement supply the heat. Rooms had been planned for the various members of the family. Then there were the guests, a smoking room, a billiard hall, winery, etc., each facing on an inclosed central court extending from the first to the fourth floor. Mr. Snyder had selected his own suite of rooms on an upper floor and in the southwest part of the building. From the windows one catches a view of unsurpassed and indescribable loveliness and grandeur. From here one sees the sun sink behind the blue ridges far beyond, lighting with tenderest glow the lake below, and, a little later, as the day dies, kissing good-bye to the heights on Sunset hill, the highest point for many miles.

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