

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 guest 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 Puget 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 loves 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 remains 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 haven 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 it 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 went by.

On this particular evening Pericles was sitting deeply engrossed in thought when Cordelia, her evening tasks completed, took down the lamp, lighted it, and prepared to enjoy a newly built 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 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 with 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 "unpublished" testimonial and facsimile autograph. With this had come a letter of thanks and two large bottles of the compound in acknowledgement 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, "11 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 Saywamish?"

"Little town up the Skagit. Awfully out of the way. Going up to prospect? That's where the next boom'll strike."

"Yes, I think I'll do a little prospecting," replied the stranger with a rather unconvincing smile, as he left the office.

"Who is that man?" inquired a bystander.

"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 Saywamish, receiving from a garrulous landlord 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 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 in the warm grasp of the other and with a trembling voice, said: "Listen! She is playing on the organ—she'll find me."

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, unforgettun clasp, and while she listened to the voice of her long-ago lover, knew that for her happiness was indeed assured, and she need no longer dread a lovesick, lonely future.

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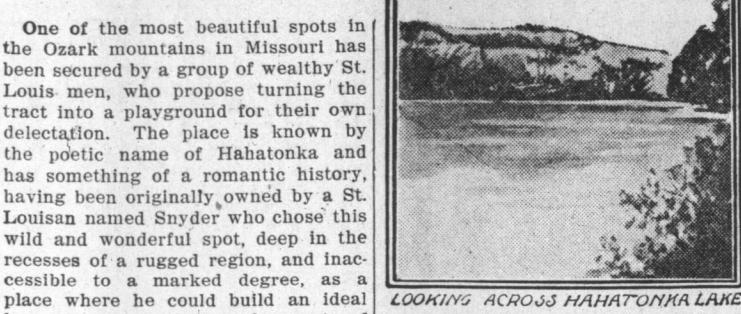
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PLAY PARK FOR RICH IN OZARKS.

WILDLY BEAUTIFUL SPOT ACQUIRED BY ST. LOUIS MEN



COOKED IN CHAFING DISH.

Appetizing Dishes for Those Who Are Fond of Shrimps.

Shrimps may be cooked delectably in the chafing dish in several ways. They are delicious with curried rice. Put four tablespoonsfuls of butter into the blazer with a little chopped onion and allow to remain until brown. Add a heaping tablespoonsful of cornstarch, into which two teaspoonsfuls of curry powder, a teaspoonful of salt, and a dash of pepper have been mixed. Then add two cupfuls of milk, one-half cupful of shrimps broken in small pieces, and a cupful of boiled rice; cook slowly for about five minutes.

For shrimp salad cut the shrimps into pieces and mix with niced lettuce. Arrange lettuce leaves with it and cover with a dressing made with two eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, adding a teaspoonful each of salt and pepper, half cup of vinegar, and a teaspoonful of mustard. The whole should be cooked until it begins to thicken.

Two other recipes have been tested and found not wanting. For one, take half a pint of fresh or canned shrimps, a tablespoonful of tomato sauce, half an onion grated, two and one-half tablespoonsfuls of butter, half a cup of boiled rice, and half cupful of cream. Put the butter into the blazer, and when melted stir in the onion and rice. Then add the shrimps, cream and tomato sauce. Stir until it boils, then allow it to simmer for five minutes. Serve on toast.

The other recipe: Melt a piece of butter in the dish and add half a cup of boiled rice, one cup of cream or milk, and three tablespoonsfuls of catsup. When the mixture is thoroughly heated add one cup of shrimp and cook for three minutes. Serve also on toast.

The Home.

Try cleaning white cloth trimmings with salt and flour, hot. This is very effective, while not injuring the material in any way.

Furniture takes a better polish, if before starting the rubbing, all dirt and dust is rubbed from the wood by a slightly dampened cloth.

A quick and easy method to peel onions for frying or stewing is to cut off the top and bottom of the onion, quarter it and the outside skin is easily removed.

When starching Holland pinafors, if a little tea is put into the starch used they will keep their color, instead of getting that faded appearance we all know so well.

If a small quantity of cream turns sour in the icebox do not throw it away, but with a fork beat it a few minutes and a tiny patch of fresh butter and a little glass of buttermilk will be the reward.

To clean kid shoes put in a saucer a half-ounce of strong ammonia, dip in a clean flannel and rub it on castile soap. Then rub the shoes with this, changing the flannel when it becomes soiled.

Beef Croquettes.

To make croquettes of soup meat, use two cups of very finely chopped or ground meat to one cup of thick white sauce. Season the meat well with a teaspoon or more of onion juice, salt and pepper, and mix with the sauce made from one cup of milk, two level tablespoons of butter, and four level tablespoons of flour cooked five minutes and seasoned with a level teaspoon of salt and a teaspoon of pepper.

Spread on a large plate to cool, then take a heaping tablespoon of the cooled mixture and shape into a little roll, flatten each end by striking on the board, then roll in very fine bread crumbs. Take each roll on a broad bladed knife, and slip into a deep plate in which an egg is beaten with a tablespoon of cold water. Roll over and over to be sure that every point is covered, then roll in fine crumbs until well coated. Fry in deep, smoking hot fat, and serve with a tomato sauce.

Cream Salad Dressing.

This is considered by many to be better than mayonnaise, and in the country, where there is a plentiful supply of eggs, and good olive oil is hard to get, this dressing is an excellent substitute. Here is the recipe: Bake the yolks of six eggs with half a cupful of granulated sugar. Add a cupful of vinegar and cook in a double boiler until it thickens. Remove from the stove and while still hot add a tablespoonful of butter and a tablespoonful of mustard, having first blended them. When cold add a cupful of cream beaten to a stiff froth. Keep in a cold place.

Bacon in Potatoes.

Select large potatoes and cut them so that they stand firmly on end by cutting a small piece off each before baking. When baked soft, scoop out the other end of the potato, scoop out part of the inside. Fill the cavity with chopped boiled bacon, letting it form a small mound. Stand the potatoes up on a dish and place a bit of parsley in the bacon. It can easily be made, and on a warm summer morning will tempt the appetite.

Many Cures, Through Faith, Ascribed to Old Frenchman.

Christian Science is no new thing, and is no American invention. An old wizard of 85, who has just died in Auvergne, practiced the doctrine successfully for half a century among the unsophisticated peasants of that country. He did not call it his method Christian Science, but gave out that he "healed in secret," and seems sometimes to have been as good as his word.

When called he never touched a patient, prescribed no medicine, and advised no change in diet or manner of living. All he asked was: "Have you faith? Are you persuaded that the Almighty can cure you?" If the patient said "yes," the healer merely urged him or her to bear up and "to put faith in God,