well,
or fine
troin
mele,
ught
to a

John smiled a little ruefully. "It depends on the point of view." He slowly produced a letter. We are to have a visitor," he said "A visitor! "-she echaed.

"Yee. He says he'll come CORVERIENT. "What did you answer him?" "Nothing. He's on his way here John hurried to it. mow. He's coming in person to find

out whether It's convenient." "Who is he, John?" "He's my great-uncle. I'd forgot-tes all about him, but he hadm't forsotten me. He's my mother's Uncle fire?"

"Uncle By?"

By, her youngest uncle."

his acquaintance with his dear nep the office he was called again. wiece if there is one

sity for worrying about that until we drew her attention.

You're all right, Clare, cried the young bushead. "And if he doesn't his somewhat startling greeting.

prove to be too long he can sleep in the ball bedroom And if he is too room and camp down in the hall bed. his hat and shabby little bag. mom ourselves. "Read the letter, John." Sure. It isn't much to look at. ?

but the spelling is fair and the writer seems to understand how to make himself understood. Here goes. "He dear nephew John You may have some difficulty in recalling me. but I am your great uncle. Byron Train the youngest of your great-grandfath. to stay." er's some. I want to come and see you, John, and if you have a wife I want to see her, too. I've been knocking around the earth for a good many were and I want to have a little me over night, John, tell me so frankly I know I'm not much to look at but I'm your great-uncle, and on your dear mother's account—she and I were playmates in our youthful days-I wan't to know you. I'll give you a Uncle Byron." call anyway and then ou can let me know whether it is convenient or not my regards to Mrs. John-if there is Byron."

Mrs. John smiled

"Not much of an index to his obsracter," she said. "Nor does it con-guest chamber." Jure up any picture of the man. Wel

She was interrupted by a quick blast from the speaking tube. "Eh'" said John Holmen. "There's the man now "

"Good gracious" cried Mrs. John as she reached for a wandering lock of hair

John looked around "Is he welcome?"

"He is." John picked up the tube.

A gentleman to see Mr. Holman? John's wife cast a hurried giance

about the room. "It's fuck his letter reached

There is something in that," John admitted.

was a light knock at the door.

"Sit down and try to look unconopened the door and extended his purse. He watched her closely.

But the man in the doorway failed to notice this friendly overture. He about this," he said as he took the er noted enterprises, who has kept was a tall man, very erect, with a money. white mustache, and a somewhat flushed countenance. He was irreproachably dressed and in his hand he bore a silk hat.

"I beg your pardon," he said, with a slight inclination of his head. "I the money." am looking for Mr. Holman, Mr. John "I am Mr. Holmam," said John, "Will

you come in?" The tall man accepted the invita-

"I am Mr. Cuthbert Marsh," he said.

"My wife, Mr. Marsh." The tall man bowed a little stiffly. "I am sorry to trouble you," he said, "but my errand will be a brief one.

Thank you, I will not take a chair." He hesitated a moment. "I have called to meet a guest of yours, Mr. Byron Train." "Mr. Byron Train." repeated John.

"Yes. is he here?" "No." John replied.

"Pardon me, but have you seen him?"

No. I have never seen him. "Excuse my insistence. You know of his whereabouts?"

"Nothing whatever." The tall man again hesitated.

back against it. "What do you think of that?" he

John Holman drew an enveloped our notabbors across the half saw the

"You don't suppose, John, that he's

an spartment house on a rainy night."

"Well?" he called. Then he drop venor, and there as ped the tube. "I'm wanted on the house phone.

De said "You dow't suppose the office is or

"They wouldn't bother to tell me of it" He looked around in the door a species laugh. "Short for Byron. Uncle Byron way. "I'll bel it's some new development in the Uncle Byron mystery." "And what is he?"

It was fully twenty minutes later sersion, you see. Going to camp down in golf, there is a certain demand "He neglects to say. Writes that when he returned to his room. There indefinitely. Fixed it all with Mrs. for almost labuman partection, not he's been knocking around a good was confusion on the wires and he John. What do you think of an incu-jonite in skill, but in form, etiquette, deal. Sort of rolling stone, I fancy, had trouble in finding out who had bus like that?" Foor, too, no doubt. Wants to renew called him. Before he could leave

with Mrs. John. Scarcely had the visitor. "And where is he to sleep, John?" elevator bearing her husband gone "You are heartily welcome, Uncle If saything in the entire anima" don't think there is any necessity when a light rap at the door Byron," he said. "What Mrs. John hingdom would seem to be a matter

"If he comes here. John we are not his wrinkled face had a weather-heat-leyes twinkled as he medded seward bornhory at Harvard, shows pretty going to turn him from the door. And en look. He was very plainly dressed, the young wife. I feel sure he wouldn't have written the string the about his old style colthat letter if he wasn't fit to come. lar was out of place and the soft hat man heartily agreed. We'll keep him one night, anyway, he held by the brim was much the worse for wear.

"Then there is a Mrs. John," was Mrs. John suddenly laughed.

"Come in. Uncle Byron," she said. long we will have to give him our and drew him into the room and took "Uncle Byron, eht That sounds

good." He stared at Mrs. John. "Am that perse." welcome!

"Certainly, Uncle Byron."

Mrs. John suddenly laughed. "Haven't I an homest face?" You have a very nice face; my

Mrs. John's face Sushed. "He thimks he does."

"That's different. How's John!" "Quite well. He will be back in

"I will. Snug little place." "Rather too snug. It's the Bost we

Ed. Why! "Because we are going to put you into the hall bedroom. It's our-enly "Rather close quarters, eh? But

will have to see him before we pass that's all right I'm used to camping fortable." down anywhere is there a window where I can get lots of air?"

"Yes' "Fine. How "John doing?" Fairly well. "Takes good care of you, eh?"

Mrs. John was much smused. "Do I look like an abused woman?" And you are quite sure I'm welcome?

"Very sure," "I'm not much to look at. You'll be the door. ashamed of me.

"That's unkind." thing by it. And there's to be noth-tered. ing said about naving heard?" "Nothing. You are our guest."

"Good. That suits me." A muffled creak and rattle from denly fumbled in his pockets. "I'm the hallway announced the stopping awfully careless about money. Could man.

of the elevator. A moment later there you let me have a couple of dollars. She didn't hesitate, but opened

cerned," walspered John. Then he table drawer and drew out a little like to know why the owner of the She lacked the training of the others "Here it is, Uncle Byron." "I wouldn't want John to know Southern railway, and numerous oth-limit expired.

"Then you mustn't tell him." "Good. I like you still better, my

get along amazingly well. And Mrs. John modded at him. "I'm, not worrying about that." She paused with a little laugh. "I think

you borrowed it just to test me?" The old man laughted too. "You're as sharp as tacks, my dear again. Rest assured of that." more about it. There, I mustn't for is all right. get to tell you that you had a caller

'his evening.' "A caller? Who?" . "Mr. Cuthbett Marsh."

Good." "He seemed quite anxious to find be John Holman."

"Very likely. He wasn't home when called. I saw Mrs. Marsh. Very swift glances. impressive woman. Kept me waiting too long in her grand parior. I told Too many details for one old man her that Cuthbert was the son of my I'm going to rely a good deal on you half-brother Robert. She wasn't a John. And now I wish Mrs. John bit overcome by the information. Il would show me to that little half "I am very sorry to have bettered I expected to be asked to stay to dis bedroom." W. E. you," he said, "I was led to believe her I was disappointed. She showed Plate Dealer.

and turned me over to the batter little hard and a little hasty."

"Mrs. Cuthbert Marsh is one of the "I think we are highly honored." "Well, I'm not one of her subjects," to suppose that there is any casual re-hirs. John replied. "I only hope that the old man chuckled. lattin hatween golf and sulcide, yet

She looked at also reflectively.

chuckled again.

only the squark of the speaking tube, to find Uncle Breez; there are are looked upon as a common pest. That somewhere,

"Hallo, John." quiethy.

The younger man s "Uncle Byros," said John's

The old man put out his h "How are you, my best Takes pos-hair-trigger character?

eyes caught Joka's attention. Some the imperfect human being. hew, and incidentally with his dear But the time had passed rapidly how he seemed drawn to this odd

"Not a bit of doubt of te.

The old man drew a quick breath.
"You looked just fike year mother when you said that, Jehn." He sighed even perch on its back, and be quite and was silent for a moment. That safe, so long as it does not run away. seems a weary while ago. But there -I know more about you than you chang any amail moving object-bal think, may boy. Give me your hand spool, tail, mouse-indifferently. again. There are but two of my kingle not the moure that interests it, but

a fine looking officer, his gold hadge indicating the rank of captain. "My errand can be briefly sind

old man drily interrupted.

few moments. Take this easy chair, himself. A particular friend of mine were improperly brought. Brown was who stands pretty high in the flear mud all over. Swelling with indig-cial world is very auxieus about the matter, he arose and said: "You matter and applied to me personally. Honor, will you please tell me how i for me to stay So expect me most could afford. She auddenly faughed. We learned that Mr. Train had enter is possible in this court to get justice any time Goodby until I see you, and I'm glad you are not taller. Uncle ed this apartment house and I decid-against a railroad company? ed to follow the trail myself." His Judge Cantt quetly ignored the con gaze rested on the

"YRE" "And you are all right?" "All right, thank you, and very con-

"Glad to know it," said the big cap tain. "Sorry to have troubled you heard." Good evening all."

And he was gone John looked at Mrs. John and Mrs. to life a lawyer." John looked at John, and they both looked at the old man.

"What a lot of medding people "Not a bit of it. I wouldn't ask for there are in the world," he chuckled. better recommendation for John. "Oh, you are going to find me a regular nuisance.

young man with keen, gray eyes. He cotton pickers from all parts of the "So it is. But I didnt mean any made a sweeping little bew as he sa cotton growing belt, averaging about

nervous fashion. "I am looking for try is the daughter of a wealthy
He sud-Mr. Byron Train."

"Thank you," the young man said with a quick nod. "I am from the body then she began to lag from a Daily Argus' and the 'Argus' would weary arms and cramps in the fingers. famous Byron sine mines and the but showed her pluck by holding on Byron silver mines and the Utahjand retaining her lead until the time

his identity so long concessed, is in the city." dear. I can see that we are going to said the old man. "But I haven't of heroes, Dumas" "Three Musketmuch for your readers to-night. I'm eers" (and the Gascon who made the haven't said a word about paying back looking the ground over. There are greater fourth, with their oath, "Each will do well to get under cover-com- "kingdom of romance." How soldom panies that have been trading on the one pauses to think of the infinite strength of my developments. You meaning of friendliness, how little it may also say that I am going to organize a company to open up certain cumference. new mining properties that look very But you'll never see this money promising. And I want you to men tion that I am the guest of my nep

turned toward the door.

"One moment," the old man called to him. "In your reference to that "Oh, yes. Looking for me, is he? new company you may say that the secretary and assistant manager will

"Good night," said the reporter. John and Mrs. John exchanged one-half of the world attends to its "I'm pretty tired," said the guest

queens of society," said John's wife suitche. Though there is no resemb the lacidant calls to mind certain "I don't understand you. Uncle the characteristics of the game, at least ened our portain."

"Be serious, Clare. What does that
"You'll understand me better if I serious Intensity required far outold blue-blood want of our great unstay here long enough," he cried and done that demanded by blacked. temple. Good-satured indifference is And then the door speecd and John regarded on the links an an anothelic came in For a moment be didn't crime. A man who contemplates the done anything?" came in. For a moment ha dient crime, a man and who atmosphere "Well, mothing had enough to call notice the old man in the high backed landcape, or enjoys the atmosphere with a the fifth story of rocker.

[18] A Philistips of the frances kind; or continues the continues of the frances kind; or continues the continues of the first story o Cuthhert Marsh to the fifth story of rocker.

an apartment house on a rainy night."

The mystery despens," he said if he includes in conversation over.

They both suddenly started. It was "Someholy at The Setherland is wild heard by the serious ones, be in telegrams awaiting him at The Gree gloriously free thing, the baseball renor, and there seems to be a wild "rooter," store not affect the navves of impression that I'm esacealing him the calm and automatic player; but a laugh, a careless motion, or an irrefexamt genture on the golf links is a

> semethilities, that the game has the and the mileor moralities; and such A queer twinkle in the old man's demand for excellence is a strain on

sian of moral and sestimatic turnitude:

In it because the golf player begins

the sport later in life, when he has

fully developed nerves and moral

Not instinct, but Habit. If saything in the cutire animal atty for worrying about that until me drew her attention.

Says always goes.

Of pure hatinet, that thing is the time make up our minds whether we want.

An elderly man confronted her on /"I took that he granted. She said ditional antipathy of cat and mouse, the threshold. He was a man of less I was welcome and that was enough. Yet a recent study by C. H. Berry, afthe."

The wind he ght, quite gray and A little too goed for you." And his made in Professor Munaterberg's law clearly that a cut has no instinctive impulse to kill and est mice-nor the mones any instinctive fear of cata Berry finds that a mouse may smell

For the instinct of the kitten is to left, and one of them-ch, well, let the mense in motion. Some day, often by moddent, the kilten plays too "And your telegrams, Uncle Sp roughly with its captive, and discoy-"Certainly, Uncle Byron."
"Talked it over with John, chi"
"Yes."
"He agrees with you!"
"Better think it over. I may want o stay."
"Butter think it over. I may want o stay."
"Botter think it over. I may want o stay."
"Good evening." he said, so he catching with a strong instinct for the most?"
"Honest?"
"Stay as long as you like."
"Good evening." he said, so he catching wice, but one with a strong instinct for a fine looking officer, his said badge! era that there is ment innide. It is

Alvice Frem the Soneh. Some years ato many farmers along rest and get occusinted with my sur dear. And a very sice voice. I hope looking for an alderin man, by the the May of the Mission Tanan.

Texas Railway Prought and against Texas Railway Prought and against Texas Rallway brought suit agains "What's the charge, efficer" the it and eggaged a young lawyer named id man drily interrupted. Brown. Judge Gaint, who was pre-"Kidampping," he snewared. "The siding, was compelled to throw many party is supposed to have kidnapped of the cases out of court because they

You tempt of court shown by the lawser and anked: "Do you wish an answer

to that question, Mr. Brown?" "Yes, sir." defiantly replied the in diguant lawyer; "yes, tir, and I want to know how a farmer can get his have into this court so that it will be

Judge Gaatt smiled and said: "Well first, Mr. Brown, I'd advise the farmer

Brown witted.—Cleveland Leader.

Woman Champiers Cotton Picker. The world's record for cotton pick ing is hold by Miss Margaret Mont gomery, of Stillwater, Okla. In And then came snother knock at four-hour contest she nicked 350 pounds, or eighty-seven and a half This time the caller was a trim pounds an hour. She defeated crack five pounds an hour more than her "Good evening," he said in a quick, nearest competitor. Miss Montgom ton grower and she picks only, for he "I am Byron Train," said the oldlown amusement. Their were mer and we men in the field against her. For three hours she easily led every

Cultivate Friendlinees. It is the self-centred hero who lays "That's very kind of the 'Argus," hold of us-it is ever the comradeship several wildcat mining compales that for all, and all for each," inherit that costs and how ever-widening is its cir

Had Sensitive Ear for Music. A Munich servant giri has given no "Very well, Uncle Byron. Say no hew, John Holman, and his wife. That tice because she says her mistress persists in playing classical music for "Thank you," said the reporter, and a couple of hours overy morning, although she has not the slightest no tion how it should be interpreted.

> The Reason. "One-half of the world does not know how the other half lives." "Well, it is gratifying to think that own business."-Puck.

What They Really Are good many so-called optimists merely cheerful fdiots.

Italian Prower Marie The Endite

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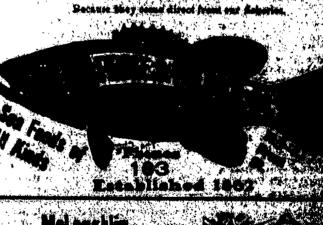
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