

Barrington Review.

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BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS.

A LINGUISTIC TRAGEDY.

A Korean maiden coy was she, whose parents were passing rich;
A Russian of noble birth, with a name that ended in "vitch."
Her matronymic he couldn't pronounce, so simply called her "Dora."
She merrily tried to please his name, but found it too awfully queer.

Now every one knows that by Korean law, which cannot be gotten,
The hubby takes his true wife's name the moment that they wed;
So pity the lot of this wretched Russ who couldn't pronounce his name,
Nor evey the fate of this Korean maid to whom he ascribed the blame.

To them in the course of time was born twin offspring—a girl and a boy;
And then a terrible strife, which closed the parents' joy,
As to whether the "K" or the "G" or the "W" in the name should predominate,
Or whether the "vitch" or "hah" or "soff" should determine the children's fate.

There might be two ends to this horrid tale, as you have probably guessed;
I've tried them both, and I'm flattered only if I know which is the best,
(Which is an ungrateful thing to say, if you stick to the very letter,
That I've tried them both, and I'm flattered only if I know which is the best.)

And this is the first: They solved the puzzle by calling them "Bob" and "Ann."
And tried their lives in accordance with the town of Tungwan-pu.
And this is the other: The wife broke out and the name fell from his foe.
And the widow and orphan annexed a Jap and reside in Pittswo,
N. Y. Times.

THE SPENDERS

A Tale of the Third Generation
By HARRY LEON WILSON

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CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

A servant passed the open door bearing an immense pasteboard box with one end cut out to accommodate the long stems of many roses.

"Jarvis!"
"Yes, sir!"
"What is it?"
"Flowers, sir, for Miss Avicé."

"Let me see—and the card!"
He took the card from the florist's envelope and glanced at the name.

"Take them away."
The stricken man was once more alone; yet now it was as if the tender beauty of the flowers had balmied his hurt—laughed him to hope anew. Let us in all sympathy and hope retire.

For cheerless sighs we might observe Launton Oldaker in a musty curl-shed, delighted over a pair of silver candlesticks with square bases and fluted columns, where they stood the sign of that fortuitous monarch, Charles II.; or we might glance in upon the Higbees in their section of a French chateau, reproduced up on the stately Riverside drive, where they complete the details of a dinner to be given on the morrow.

Or perhaps it were better to be concerned with a matter more weighty than dinners and antique candlesticks.



"TAKE THEM AWAY."

The search need never be vain, even in this world of persistent frivolity. As, for example:
"Tell Mrs. Van Geist if she can't come down, I'll run up to her."

"Yes, Mrs. Millie, I'll be glad to."
Mrs. Van Geist entered a moment later.

"Why, Avicé, child, you're glowing, aren't you?"
"I must be, I suppose—I've just walked down from Fifty-ninth street, and before that I walked in the park. Feel how good my cheeks are—Mutterchen."

"It's good for you. Now we shall have some tea, and talk."
"Yes—I'm hungry for both, and some of those funny little cakes."

"Come back where this fire is, dear; the tea has just been brought. There, take the big chair."

"It always feels like you—like your arms, Mutterchen—and I am tired."

"And throw off that coat. There's the lemon, if you're afraid of cream."

"I wish I weren't afraid of anything but cream."
"You told me you weren't afraid of that—that cad—my word."

"I'm not—I just told him so. But I'm afraid of it; I'm tired trying not to drift—tired trying not to try, and tired trying to try—Oh, dear—sounds like a nonsense verse, doesn't it? Have you anyone to-night? No? I think I must stay with you morning. Send some one home to say I'd be here. I can always think so much better here—and you, dear old thing, to me."

"What's the latest?"
"Papa was on the verge of collapse this morning, and yet he was striving so bravely, and nobly to bear up. No one knows what that man suffers; it makes him gloomy all the time about everything he does before I get up saying that, when one considers the number of American homes in which a green salad is never served, one must be appalled. Are you appalled, auntie?"

"Nothing has happened!"
"Well, there'll be no sensation about it in the papers to-morrow, but a very dreadful thing has happened. Papa has suffered from the golden blow."

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with force of money in no way alters the procedure, it permits the results to vary. On the surface all is cordiality and peaceful negotiation. Beneath is the same immortal strife, the blood-death struggle—pitiless, inexorable.

What would have been a hostile bivouac within the city's gates, but for the matter of a few centuries, is now an elegant, well-kept, and recently concerns us, a noble structure on Riverside drive, facing the lovely Hudson and the majestic Palisades that form its farther wall. And, for the sake of the name, we will call it Huns and Vandals, drunkenly reeling in the sibilant light of camp fires, chanting weird battle runs, fighting for captive women, and bickering in the noisy confusion of the golden spoils, what have we now to make the parallel convince? Why, the same Barbarians, actually; the same hairy ruffians, the same unscrupulous, all-conquering, actual force; a red-faced, big-headed lot, imbued with hearty good nature and an easy tolerance for the ways of those upon whom they have descended.

Here are chiefs of renown from the farthest fastnesses; they and their curious households: the ironmonger from Pittsburg, the gold miner from Dawson, the copper chief from Butte, the silver king from Denver, the cattle chief from Oklahoma, lord of 300,000 good acres and 30,000 cattle, the lumber prince from Michigan, the founder of a later dynasty in the West, and, for the unmaestric but effective Attila, an able fashioner of pork products from Chicago.

Here they make festival, carelessly, untroubled. For, in the lapses of time, the other peoples have learned not only the folly of resisting inevitables, but that the huge and hairy invaders may be treated and bartered as they see fit. Doubtless it often results from this amity that the patrician strain is corrupted by the alien admixture—but business has been business since as many as two persons met on the face of the new earth.

For example, this particular shelter is built upon land which one of the patrician families had held for a century, and which could not be disposed of. Yet the tribesmen came, clamoring for palaces, and now this same land, with some adjoining acres of trailing alfalfa, produces an income that is almost fabulous. The family inside are in its ascent and betting estate.

In this mammoth pile, for the petty rental of \$10,000 or \$15,000 a year, the invaders have found shelter and entertainment in apartments of many rooms. Outwardly, in details of ornamentation, the building is said to duplicate the Chateau de Versailles, the splendid palaces of Francis I. Inside are all the line and color and device of elegant opulence, modern to the last note.

To this palace of an October evening comes the tribe of Higbees, and many another such, for a triumphal feast in the abode of Barbarian Silas Higbee.

The admirable host—his one be broad-minded—now in the dinner, and he has all we have a right to expect that it should be. Among the group of arrivals, men of his own sort, he is speaking of the ever-shifting, fashion in beads, to the evangel of a Texas oil field who flaunts to the world one of those heavy mustaches apologetically extended below the corners of the mouth by means of the chin growth of hair. Another, a worthy tribesman from the backwoods region, wears a beard which, for a score of years, has been let to be its own true self; to express, fearlessly, its own unique capacity for variation from the rest. These two have rallied their host upon his modishly trimmed side-whiskers.

"You're right," says Mr. Higbee, amiably, "I ain't stick my myself on this way of trimming up a face, but the madam will have it this way—says it looks more refined and New York. And now, do you know, ever since I've worn 'em this way—since I had a consultation around under my neck here—have to go to Florida every winter. Come January or February, I get bronchitis every blamed year!"

Two of the guests only are alien to the barbaric throng.

There is the noble Baron Ronault de Pallais, decorated, reserved, observant—almost wistful. For the moment he is picturing dutifully the luncheon certain marriage would enable him to procure for his noble father and his aged mother, who eagerly await the news of his quest for the golden fleece.

For the baron, consumption, explorer, a marriage with a native woman; though he permits himself to cherish the hope that it may not be disappointed when he is negotiating the matter of custom of the particular tribe that he means to honor. Monsieur the baron has long since been obliged to confess that a suitable mesalliance is none too easy of achievement, and his testimony of his visitations—he has written for a Paris comic paper a series of grimly satiric essays upon New York society. Recently, moreover, he has been the verge of accepting employment in the candy factory of a bourgeois compatriot. "But hope has a little revived in the noble breast since chance brought him and his title under the scrutiny of the besetting Miss Millie Higbee and her appreciative mother.

And to-night there is not only the pretty Miss Higbee, but the winning Miss Bines, whose dot, the baron has been told to understand, would permit her to do as she pleased at her club, to say nothing of regenerating the family chateau. Yet these are hardly matters to be gossiped of. It is enough to know that the Baron Ronault de Pallais has discovered himself at table between Miss Bines and the adorable Miss Higbee, some less satiric than has for some time been his wont. He does not forget, previous to the dinner, to despatchly snatch his swartly jaws in commendable superiority to any adverse fate.

The other alien, Launton Oldaker, was present under terms of honor, for his willingness and wily ulterior motive saving—as he confessed to himself—a consuming desire to see "how the other half lives." He was no longer the student and dissipated being Percival had met in that far-off and impossible Montana; but was now untroubled, remembering, it is true, that this "slumming expedition," as he termed it, was not the first time he recognized the bounds of his beloved New York, but serene in the consciousness that half an hour's drive would land him safely back at his club.

Oldaker observed Miss Psyche Bines approvingly.

"We are so glad to be in New York!" he had confided to him, sitting at her side.

"My dear young woman," he warred her, "you haven't reached New York yet." The talk being general and loud, he ventured further.

"This is Pittsburg, Chicago, Kansas City, Denver—almost anything but New York."

"Of course I know these are not the swell old families."

Oldaker slipped his glass of old Glenlivet and murmured, "For, in the 'And our prominent families, the ones whose names you read, are not New York any more, either. They are here in London and Paris. Their furniture, their habits, their pictures and servants come from one or the other. Yes, and their manners, too, their interests and sympathies and concerns, their fashions—almost anything but New York."

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Illinois State News

Recent Happenings of Interest in the Various Cities and Towns.

Veteran Newspaper Man Dead.

Chicago.—William H. Busbey, for nearly 30 years a member of the editorial staff of the Chicago Inter Ocean, died at his home in Vienna, Clark county, Ohio, on February 24, 1894. He was descended from the Busbey family, in Staffordshire, England, members of which came to America and participated in the revolution. Mr. Busbey went to school until the civil war broke out, when he joined company C, First Kentucky volunteer infantry, with which he served until

Fatally Injured by Train.

Lincoln.—C. R. Burnham, commissary clerk of one of the Chicago & Alton grading camps near Griggs, four miles south of this city, was struck by a rail and killed by the train. Burnham was found near the railway track, where he had been laying for some time, suffering from a broken arm, three broken ribs and serious internal injuries. He was brought into Lincoln and placed in St. Clara's hospital. It is not likely that he will recover.

Old Cabin to Be Made Museum.

Lincoln.—Frank Hoblin, cashier of the First National bank, in this city, is having the Kilise log cabin removed from its old site in Kilise township to the chautauqua grounds, where it will be used for a museum of old settlers' relics. The cabin was constructed by Joseph Kilise more than 60 years ago. The township in which it was built was named after the man whose crude knowledge of architecture erected it.

Urgo the Death Penalty.

Chicago.—In an effort to stop the brutal criminal attacks on women and children which have become so prevalent in Chicago recently, the city council unanimously passed a resolution recommending capital punishment for such outrages. The committee on state legislation, to which the resolution was referred, will prepare a report to be transmitted to the legislature at Springfield.

Minister Breaks His Leg.

Rochester.—Rev. T. B. Wright fell from a wagon load of hay and suffered a broken leg, which is now proving troublesome between the ankle and the knee. The accident happened at the Wright home, just west of this place. Dr. J. W. Cantrell was called to attend the fracture and the patient is resting well.

Ricks of Grain Burned.

Virginia.—A wheat rick on the farm of W. V. Davis, south of town, took fire, apparently from spontaneous combustion, and four ricks containing 500 bushels of grain were burned. Men were at work in a wheat field a few hundred yards away and can give no other explanation of the fire than that it started of its own accord.

Peculiar and Fatal Accident.

Chicago.—William Scott, an inventor of hot cleaning preparations, was badly burned on the street by the spontaneous combustion of a bottle of his compound which he had in his pocket. His clothing was destroyed. He was taken to a hospital and may die from his burns.

Woman Shoots Eagle.

Carlinville.—Mrs. Della Williams shot and killed an eagle in North Otter township that measured six feet from nose to tip of tail. Mrs. Williams acknowledged one of the best rifle shots in Macoupin county. She uses a 22-caliber rifle.

Lincoln's New Post Office.

Lincoln.—It is quite probable that Lincoln's new post office building will be erected upon what is now the North post site. This location would be the best to be found in the city and it is said it can be purchased for this purpose very reasonably.

Doctors Tire of Bad Debts.

Mount Vernon.—The doctors of this city are preparing for publication a pamphlet which will contain all the names of those who have been known to neglect their doctors' bills and the list is said to contain some of the highly-respected residents of the city.

Pleased with Asphalt Paving.

Lincoln.—The city council of Lincoln city council were in Bloomington to inspect some of the streets there that are being resurfaced with asphalt. There is about a mile and a half of streets in Lincoln that is in need of resurfacing and it is possible that asphalt will be used on these streets, as the aldermen were well pleased with what they saw in Bloomington.

Firm Closes Hands.

Carlinville.—E. F. Johnson, who has been in the flour and feed business in this city for the last eight years, has sold his stock to C. L. Hamilton of Bend. Mr. Hamilton has been cashier of the National bank of Bend since the institution was started two years ago, but was forced to resign on account of ill health.

Investigate Scientific Methods.

Bloomington.—One hundred members of the graduate school of agriculture of the University of Illinois, representing 30 states and many foreign countries, inspected the Funk farm near here and the scientific methods employed there.

County Official in Trouble.

Oquawka.—For the second time within 12 months Henderson county is stricken by the alleged shortage of one of its county officers. This time the fall of an official investigation rests upon County Clerk John Lukens. Authentic information alleges that Lukens is short, according to the developments at the present time, between \$750 and \$1,000. The maximum amount of the deficit, however, amounts will not be known until after the completion of the checking up of the office by W. M. Robertson.

Drinking Fountains for Dogs.

Champaign.—The dogs of this city soon will have drinking fountains placed in prominent places for their special benefit. The Humane society has ordered that the fountains and they will soon be in place.

Call Cleveland Pastor.

Bloomington.—The First Christian church here has called to Rev. E. J. Jones as pastor of Cleveland, O. Rev. Mr. Jones has preached in Bloomington on several occasions, and probably will accept the pastorate of the church.



William H. Busbey.

June 19, 1864. He acted as a war correspondent for several newspapers. After the close of the war he became city editor of the Ohio State Journal, at Columbus, and remained in that position until March, 1867, when he was appointed private secretary to Gov. J. D. Cox. Under Gov. R. B. Hayes Mr. Busbey was retained as secretary until April, 1868, when he returned to the city editorship of the Journal. In October, 1873, Mr. Busbey went to Chicago as the western editor of the American Agriculturist and Household and Home. He was on the editorial staff of the Tribune for six months, and joined the editorial staff of the Inter Ocean on April 15, 1878, and was in continuous service until claimed by death. Among his associates he was held in high honor and esteem.

Charged with Horse Stealing.

Galesburg.—Mr. and Mrs. George W. Ragan, the former of Pike county, and his wife of Abingdon, were arrested in Abingdon on a charge of horse stealing. The couple were married but a short time ago. The husband is said to have entered the barn of Charles Clark of this city, hitched his horse to a new buggy and drove to Abingdon. There they rented a house and sold the horse and buggy for considerably less than the real value. It is supposed they wanted the money to buy furniture.

Dies in Rescuing Daughter.

Bevidere.—William Hallott sacrificed his life in the river in saving one of his twin daughters from drowning. She had gotten beyond her depth while bathing and he swam to her aid, succeeding in placing her out of danger when he disappeared. Others near by tried to rescue him, but without avail. The body was recovered about two hours later in ten feet of water. He had been camping with his family on the river shore.

None to Take His Place.

A traveler has only passing notice on horseback about the backwoods region where the inhabitants were notoriously shiftless. Arriving at a dilapidated shanty at the noon hour, he inquired what were the prospects for getting dinner.

The head of the family, who had been absorbed in "resting" on a log in front of his dwelling, replied that he "guessed" he had "supped" onto the table.

Thus encouraged, the traveler dismounted. But to his chagrin, he found the food to be such that he could not force himself to partake of it. Making such excuses as could be found for lack of appetite, he happily bethought himself of a kind of nourishment that he might venture to take there, and one sure to be found on a farm. He asked for some milk.

"We don't have milk any more," drawled the head of the house. "The dog's dead—died week afore last."

"The dog!" cried the traveler. "But what has that got to do with it?"

"Well," explained the host, meditatively, "the critters don't seem to know 'nough ter 'em up ter be milked themselves. The dog, he used ter go 'n fetch 'em up."