

M. T. LAMAY, Ed. and Pub. BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS

AGGRESSION

What time I led a bachelor life, Except from the daily strain of strife, I had the wardrobe all Within its precincts ample.

I took a wife, and I agreed, Though 'twas not written in the creed That joined us two in wedlock's tie, That she might have an even half To store her varied female chaff

She took the half and stored the stuff, Sweet heaven knows she had enough Of wafers and skirts and such! But then began in Russian wiles To slow extend her boundaries

In vain I strove! By day and night, As stubborn as a Moscow wite, She pressed on my frontier: Until one more quail boldly she Announced in its entirety

And now where once were hung my things Her large assortment grows, and clogs, And naught is changed in her abode, And I, in need of some attire, Knool down and search, while I peruse, The bottom bureau of my wife

—N. O. Times-Democrat.

THE SPENDERS A Tale of the Third Generation By HARRY LEON WILSON Copyright, by Lothrop Publishing Company.

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED. In the far night, when he awoke to sudden and hungry loneliness, he would feel his arms feel his hunger for her. The vision of her would be flowers and music and sunlight and time and all things perfect to mystify and delight, to satisfy and—great of all boons—to unsatisfy.

They came before him with especial clearness when he met her from time to time during the winter. He watched her in talk with other women, noting the contradiction in her that she would at one moment appear knowing and masterful, with depths of reserve that the other people neither fathomed nor knew of.

When the reserve showed in her, he became afraid. When she was hot and capable off in the other mood, frankly appealing, she drew him mightily, so that he abandoned himself for the moment, responding to her fresh exulting glow, longing to take her, to give her things, to let her laugh, to unfold and protect her, to tell her secrets, to feather her cheek with the softest kiss, to be the child-mate of her.

delicately awakening within her while she was with him a sense of her own light superiority. She knew the distress of her native land. She liked Mauburn, too. More impressive than either of these, however, was the Baroness Romaine. Tall, swarthy, saturnine, a polished man of all the world, of manners finished, elaborate and ceremonious, she found herself feeling foreign and distinguished in his presence, quite as if she were the heroine of a romantic novel, and might at any instant be called upon to assist in royalist intrigues.

"I'm afraid I shall not be able to do this secret sorrow she had inflicted, but he was fascinated at all times, with a grace at least not less sinuous than that with which he bowed at their meetings and partings. It was not unpleasant to think of having daily in the abode of this grand manner, even if she did feel friendlier with Milbrey, and more at ease with Mauburn.

"If the truth must be told, Miss Bines' own impressions were not either of the three would have wished. Her heart seemed not easy to reach; her impulses were not inflammable. Young Milbrey early confided to his family a suspicion that she was at least a hard-headed, and the definite information that she had "a hobbled western way" of treating her admirers.

"I'll keep you before her," promised Mrs. Dremler, "and I wish you'd not think you can't win her. 'Tisn't like you." Miss Bines accordingly heard that it was young Milbrey whom she was to have for a husband, and she was not to be proud, even if he were not heir to a title—one of the best in all England, and an ornament of the most exclusively correct set of a land, and was truly a gem.



BARON RONAULT DE PALLIAC. except when you have only two, neither of them better than the Jack. Then play the higher first, so that when the lower falls your partner will know you are out of the suit, and ruff it.

Mrs. Bines declared that it did seem to her very much like out-and-out gambling. But Percival, looking over the table his sister's check-book, warmly protested her inane ignorance of this game. "Heaven knows she has her shortcomings," he observed, patronizingly, in that young woman's presence, "but she's no gambler; don't say it, ma, I beg of you! She only knows five rules of the game, and I judge it's cost her about \$3,000 each to learn 'em. And the only one she never forgets is 'When in doubt, load you highest check.' But don't ever accuse her of gambling. Poor girl, if she keeps on playing bridge she'll have her cramp; that's all I'm afraid of. I see her a new load of yellow on the market, and an improved fountain pen that doesn't slobber. I'll have to get her one of each."

Yes, Mrs. Bines' experience, like her brother's, was not without proper leaves of sentiment, there was Fred Milbrey, handsome, clever, amusing, knowing everyone, and giving her a pleasant sense of intimacy with all that was worth while in New York. His own suit-very friendly to her. Then there was Mauburn, presently to be Lord Cassethorpe, with his lazy, high-pitched drawl; good-natured, frank, carrying an atmosphere of high-class British worldliness, and

two days after she had ceased to be afraid of him. She knew the distress of her native land. She liked Mauburn, too. More impressive than either of these, however, was the Baroness Romaine. Tall, swarthy, saturnine, a polished man of all the world, of manners finished, elaborate and ceremonious, she found herself feeling foreign and distinguished in his presence, quite as if she were the heroine of a romantic novel, and might at any instant be called upon to assist in royalist intrigues.

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Heating the qualifications, one could earn \$31 a month in salary, and three or four times as much in gratuities. Philippe's income was never less than \$150 a month, and he was at least \$100 a month more from Europe as a master, after two seasons at Paris, where a man acquires his polish—his perfection of manner, his finish, his grace. Philippe could never not be subject to an elaborate course at the Maison d'Or, where he had personally known—madame might not believe it—the incomparable Casimir, a chef who served two generations of emperors, princes, kings, statesmen, traveling Americans—all the truly great.

For that matter, since one must live in America, Philippe preferred it to be in America, for in no other country could an adept acquire so much money. And Philippe knew the whole dining world. With Celine and the baby, he would really amaze madame by his appointments of luxury, in East Thirty-eighth street, and only the four lights to climb. And Paul was there, the largest, that either Philippe or Celine had ever beheld. Even the brother of Celine and his wife, who had a restaurant of their own—serving the table d'hôte at two and one-half dollars a head—was with them.

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He was toward the end of the civil war, said the veteran, nodding reminiscently, and I was on the spot. One day I happened to be in Cincinnati, and was standing in front of a hotel talking with a crowd, when the conversation turned to the likelihood of the war ending soon. The general opinion was that it would be some time before the country was at peace, but finally an old man spoke up and said: "My son thinks it will be all over in a few weeks."

It is true that the heart of Miss Bines is in quite unbroken peace, and it was not more than a cool, dim, aesthetic light in which she surveyed the three suitors impartially, to be hold the impressive figure of the baron towering above the others. Had the baron proposed for her hand, it is not impossible that, facing the question directly, she would have parried or evaded.

"I admit," wrote the baron to his expectant father, "that it is what one calls 'very chances' in the English, but one must venture in this country, and my son is in quite without much hope. And if not, there is still Miss Higbee."

"He conducts himself like a pork," the baron would declare to himself, by way of perfecting his English. The text of his subsequent determination not to propose for the hand of Miss Bines lay in the hopelessly middle-class leanings of the lady who might have incurred the supreme honor of becoming his mother-in-law. Miss Bines had been above talking to low people, a catastrophe might have been averted. But Mrs. Bines was not above it. She was quite unable to suppress a vulgar interest in the fact that her mother-in-law had been a pig.

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Illinois State News Recent Happenings of Interest in the Various Cities and Towns.

Charges Against Elgin Police. Elgin—Specific charges are said to have been laid against certain members of the Elgin police department, and each officer has been served with a written notice to appear before the police committee of the city council, when it is said the charges will be lifted thoroughly. The charges are being made by Charles Blakeley, a former member of the department.

Gypsy Finds Lost Wife. Decatur—After traveling over the country in search of his wife, whom he is said to have purchased for \$900, Charles Georgiana, a gypsy located the woman at a camp near Warrensburg, Georgia, appeared in Justice McCoy's court and related his story, and when told to secure a warrant, took the matter under advisement and said he would return later.

Chicago—All theories that Paul O. Steenland was the sole forger of the \$1,000,000 worth of crooked notes in the locked Milwaukee Avenue bank were smashed lately. At least three other men in addition to the fugitive president are thought to have been engaged in the production of bogus signatures. The big forger, however, is Cashier Mering. The authorities now believe that he has penned the signatures to over \$400,000 worth of crooked paper.

Arrested at Edinburg. Taylorville—State's Attorney Nef went to Edinburg to prosecute in Harold's court Chester Miller, Fred Anderson and Thomas Schaggs, of near Berlin, on a charge of disturbing the peace by brawling and raising on the public highway. They pleaded guilty and were fined three dollars and costs, amounting to \$15.50 each. Schaggs will board his own in the county jail.

Illinois Man in Luck. Stoughton—Fortune was smiling upon Gerald R. Livengood, formerly of this city, but now living at St. Joseph, Mo. He has patented a device for calling out stations along street car lines and has been offered \$200,000 for the patent. He refused the offer.

Hanged Here—William Inzana. Kewanee—Mrs. William Jones, of Chicago, who had been visiting her parents here this month, hanged herself at the hospital. She was taken to the hospital for treatment for demented while her nurse was bringing her dinner.

Child Drowned at Pana. Pana—Ernest, the 15-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. William Schwartz, was drowned. He never came up after diving into the water.

Sergt. Logan Wins Shoot. Chicago—Sergt. Logan, of the Ninth Cavalry, won high score in the competitive ball at Fort Sheridan, with a mark of 779 out of a possible 1,000. The team of 30 men to represent that division has been selected.

Drowned in Creek. Taylorville—Alfred Jacobs, living north of this city was drowned while setting a trout line in South Fork creek. Orville Wheeler, companion, called near losing his life in an attempt to rescue Jacobs.

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