

An Unofficial Saint

By Grant Owen
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"The little parlor with its lacinated furniture, its gaudy rag carpet, its stuffed birds and its impossible chromos was a dismal place at best, but now with the double row of chairs still ranged stiffly about the sides of it and the feeble light of an unshaded love-lamp emphasizing all its barren ugliness it seemed a veritable desert of a room.

Sarah Biddle sat primly erect on the sofa, her black bordered handkerchief crushed between her hands. She was vaguely resentful of this unwonted solitary dignity she was forced to maintain. She wanted to be out in the kitchen washing dishes. This sitting still with folded hands like a visitor in one's own house was in no wise pleasing to her, but she realized that to-night at least it was expected of her, and Sarah was not one of those intractable souls who can throw conventionalities to the winds.

It was all over. The last mourning relative—fortified by the ample post funeral supper—had consoled with her, went with her and departed trainward. The only sound but dead stillness was the clatter of disarranging at the kitchen sink, where two sympathetic neighbors piled their dish towels and discussed the late sad function very minutely.

Sarah moved uneasily on the sofa. No one could wash dishes to suit her; she would have to do them all over tomorrow before she put them away. She sighed to get to them now, not only to have them done properly, but to relieve the strain of this unwonted activity. This, however, was clearly impossible according to the precedent of the community. To have a maid for household duties before the morrow would savor of callousness.

She heard the gate latch click and then the sound of heavy footsteps coming up the gravel walk. She leaned forward, listening intently. Any diversion would be welcome to her tense nerves. Presently the front door opened softly and was softly closed.



"I was going to name a regular saint of mine," she said to Sarah. "I was aware that some one had tipped into the room. She looked up to find a pair of good natured eyes regarding her whimsically.

"Good evening, Seth," she said without rising. "Won't you sit down?"

Seth Carlton selected a straight backed chair in the front row, jerked it forward and sat down awkwardly.

"I'm over to see how you was getting on," he explained.

"Oh, nicely," she replied. "Everybody's been so good. Ah, Seth, I want to thank you very much."

"What for?" he demanded brusquely. "After all you does," said Seth, "sit up the hedge an' lookin' after the horses today an' bettin' one of the bears." She paused a moment. "Don't you think everything passed off well?" she asked.

He nodded abstractedly. He appeared to be thinking deeply.

"Sarah," he said at length, looking at her with that penetration of gaze she always found rather disconcerting. "Do you know I was sort of provoked today?"

"Provoked?" There were surprise and wonder and disbelief in her voice.

"Yes, provoked," he repeated faintly. "Her eyes questioned him, but she waited silently for him to go on.

"I was letinin' to what lots of them folks had to say to you today," he resumed slowly. "I heard 'em talkin' about his sufferin' an' his patience. I heard one of 'em say he was a regular saint on earth."

"Wasn't he?" Her tone was very calm, but there was a hint of challenge in it.

"Oh, he was just one to deny it," he said. "But what made me provoked was that them folks only looked at one side of it. There wasn't none of 'em that spoke of your sufferin' or your patience."

She was silent. Her hands were nervously twisting and untwisting the black bordered handkerchief. A spot of color came into either cheek.

"Mind, I know your father was one

"of the best men," he said sturdily. "But it made me mad that they didn't tell the other side of it—that you are one of the best women. Didn't you give up everything for him? Where have you been for the past ten years? Nowhere. Who have you done all that time except take care of him? Nothin'. Ain't you suffered an' been patient? Didn't you give up the man you loved so you could spend all your time takin' care of your father? Sarah, if I was goin' to name a regular saint on earth I'd name you."

It was a long speech for Seth Carlton to make. He sat back in the chair, rather surprised at his own statement of his feelings. Sarah smiled feebly.

"It wasn't so much as you make out," she protested.

"Didn't it mean nothin' to you that night, ten years back, when you told me you could never marry me so long as he lived?"

The color spots brightened in her cheeks.

"Didn't it?" he persisted.

"Yes," she admitted slowly.

"An' hasn't it meant somethin' all them ten years?"

She nodded in reply, but her eyes brimmed with tears and there was a lump in her throat.

"Talk about patience an' sufferin' an' saint on earth!" he exclaimed. "Then talk about patience to see beyond that phase. That's what made me provoked."

He rose and stalked up and down the room. At last he paused before her.

"You've been waitin' for it about long enough," he said. "You've done your duty—more'n due it—an' I've waited for you for ten most ungodly years. Now, next Saturday I want you."

"Not so soon as that, Seth," she begged.

"Next Saturday," he said inexorably. "An' we'll go on to Washington an' stay a month, an' to New York an' to Philadelphia. Your saintin' days are over. It's time you had a chance to be just a woman for awhile."

"I can't leave my father," she protested.

"Did I say a word 'bout' them ten years?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"Hain't that ought to count for somethin'?"

"Yes, I suppose it had; but, Seth—"

He smiled almost grimly as he played his trump card.

"I've bought the tickets," he said.

Suddenly she began to weep without restraint. He watched her in silence. Instinctively he knew that these were not tears of sorrow. After a time he sat beside her on the sofa and awkwardly stroked her hair.

"You ain't goin' to know what care or sorrow is if I can help it," he declared. "Unconsciously he had raised his voice.

"Blush—oh, blush," she whispered.

"They'll hear you out in the kitchen. Miss Jones an' Miss Parsons are out there gettin' dishes," she protested.

"Think I care if they do?" he said defiantly. "I ain't a nite ashamed of it. Are you?"

She lifted her eyes to his and smiled. It was a wonderful smile. Somehow the room seemed to lose much of its desolation, even as her face lost its many traces of years and patient suffering.

"I'll be ready Saturday," she said.

THE JUROR FROM BAY

By M. J. Phillips
Copyright, 1906, by D. M. Parker

"Indictment against Samuel J. Hawkins," read the indictment clerk in his singsong voice. "This information charges him with perjury in certifying to the presence in prison of fictitious persons and receiving fees from the county therefor to the amount of \$1,280.70, said Samuel J. Hawkins being at that time and at the present time the sheriff of Baltimore county. The indictment is before you."

The grand jury, first of its kind for years, had been in session in Baltimore county for forty-two days, and its labors had resulted in the voting of seventeen indictments. The name of Sheriff J. Hawkins was last on the list to be considered.

There was a motley crowd on the stairs of the courthouse waiting to hear the result of the jury's deliberations. A few dependents had their hands folded comfortably across his stomach.



"You won't let me explain!" he began again.

sat at the head of the corridor leading to the ground glass door behind which the jury sat in deliberation. Some of the waiting throng about him were attracted by motives of curiosity only; others, restless and impatient, were there to gather crumbs of information from the friends who flocked. Then there were three or four newspaper men with pleasant, cynical faces and keen eyes.

There was silence inside the courtroom after the indictment clerk had finished his reading. Juror Vanderbeck was first to speak. "I would like to hear from Mr. Scarborough as to the matter."

The prosecutor smiled as he testified his brova mustache. "You can't shift any responsibility, gentlemen," he replied. "The law does not allow me to dictate as to who shall be indicted. It's up to you."

"Boys, I wish you'd hear me on this matter," the speaker was John Kerns of Bay township, a silent, kindly man, who, during the previous weeks of the session had thought much and said little. There was a rustic of interest as he rose, a tall, lanky figure in rusty black. His eyes, lined face was somewhat shaven, and he had the stoop of hard work in his powerful shoulders. John Kerns was only thirty years old, but he had never been regarded as young. His intimate thought of him, though, with affectionate respect that had nothing of contempt in it as "Old John."

"I don't believe that my better friend Sam Hawkins," he said. "I know him as if he was my own brother, for we were raised on neighboring farms. He ain't bad; he's only weak. Sam would never have got into trouble if you'd left him on the farm."

"Oh, I know all about it, and so does every man on this jury! Our party agreed to trade sheriff for register of deeds, and so you fellows put up a poor candidate so Jim Connors could win, and in a while, this Sam didn't know he was to be a sacrifice. He went in to win, and he did win! He had to mortgage his farm to do it, and after he had been in awhile he found out he wasn't wanted and that he'd have to walk the plank at the end of one term. All the bosses want Jim Connors, and next fall he'll be elected. The same accident don't happen twice. Ain't that so?"

Nobody answered, though several had shifted uneasily during his talk.

"Well," continued the speaker, "Sam didn't feel very good when he found out what he'd got against. The mortgage was still on his farm, and he had to get it off this term or not at all. They say he's made fictitious entries to collect fees and board bills from the county. You don't know what you'd done or I'd done under the same circumstances. Now, let's all shoulder a little of Sam's responsibility and let him pay that money back. The county won't be out anything, and to prosecute Sam would—would break hearts."

"He ain't a man to stand a true bill," they muttered in silence. "None for a true bill; twenty-three against," said the clerk, a little emotion even showing in the singsong voice which had been so much a part of his life.

He walked to the end of one term. All the bosses want Jim Connors, and next fall he'll be elected. The same accident don't happen twice. Ain't that so?"

"This jury stands adjourned sine die," called the foreman.

Laughing and talking like schoolboys, now that the long strain had been removed, the jurors filed out of the room.

Molly Dwyer was baking bread in the kitchen of her home, three miles from the county seat, and a pretty picture she made, her cheeks glowing from the ardor of the fire, while her eyes rivaled the color of her hair.

The snow was falling steadily. Suddenly Molly stopped to listen. On the crisp air came the faint chime of sleigh bells, and she looked out of the window by moment. Molly went to the window to watch. Around the turn of the road swept a cutter drawn by a fine team of trotters.

A man in a fur coat was driving it was Sam Hawkins, the sheriff, and the light faded from Molly's eyes as she watched the team sweep gracefully into her father's driveway and never stop, until she had lighted up by the side porch of the house.

The sheriff sprang from the sleigh and, without waiting even to blanket the horses, rushed up the steps and into the house. With the assistance of the accepted lover he nodded and smiled genially to Molly's mother in the sitting room, but did not pause. Instead he rushed into the kitchen and with a flourish unlocked the door and stepped into the arms of Molly.

He kissed her eagerly on face and lips and hair. Although she submitted patiently to the caresses the girl did not respond for a moment, and with a nervous smile of relief escaped her when the young man finally released her and stood back beaming to look at her.

"Happy, Molly?" he cried. "The grand jury has adjourned and I'm not indicted."

"Was there any danger, Sam?" she asked quietly, although her attitude expressed her doubts.

In his relief from the strain of self imposed silence and gnawing anxiety during the six weeks that the jury had been in session the man was too wrapped up in his selfish joy to notice anything amiss.

"Was there any danger?" he echoed. "Well, I should think there was. I was caught with the goods, all right. And who do you think saw my only son John Kerns. Do you know, Molly," he babbled on, almost drunk with exhilaration. "I used to fancy Old John was sweet on you, but I saw my mistake when I heard of her old boy."

The girl was white about the lips, but her voice was low, almost gentle.

"Then you did steal from the county, as they say you do?"

Sam looked up quickly, for he had noted the danger signal. "Oh, no, Molly; steal is hardly the word, but—"

"Did you steal from the county?" His face fell suddenly. "You won't let me explain," he began again.

"Did you?"

"I suppose some of them call it stealing. What of it? I'm going to get it back." Then gaze at the men around him, and he saw how overcame him. "It serves them right. They put me up to knock me down, and they'll have to watch things the balance of my term; that's all. But what of it?" he asked up quickly, for he had noted the danger signal. "Oh, no, Molly; steal is hardly the word, but—"

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"What of it?" Her scorn and loathing seemed to crush him.

"What of it? This much: No Dwyer ever married a thief, and I'm not doing so. The first one I have ever married—mechanically he took the extended bundle and slipped it in his pocket—before you go I want to tell you John Kerns got you off—because he thought I loved you and that it would break my heart if you were indicted; that's why. And, thank God, I've found out before it's too late that John Kerns cared that much for me, because—and he raised her head proudly—"I care for him just as much." Then she went crimson, for Kerns stood in the doorway.

As John advanced into the room came the sound of the sheriff slipping the door without a word. The chime of his sleigh bells grew fainter and fainter, to die out finally in the distance. And all was well.

Penstock Feathers.

Undisputed seems to be confined to the bringing of the tall feathers of Junco's bird into a house. I am not aware that this class is held outside this country, and if it is confined to England many various causes may be traced to the belief, which possibly arose in comparatively modern times—no earlier than the thirteenth century—more probable than that several crusaders brought home the gorgeous feathers as curiosities, a strange sight and so likely to make a deep impression. Nothing easier to conceive than that some misfortune—death from disease, loss of wealth or other "bad luck"—may have happened to more than one possessor of the beautiful feathers and that they were on that account sold by credit with being the cause. A belief of this kind once started is of rapid growth and very long lived.—London Notes and Queries.

The Typewriter Sponge.

"The worst sponge in New York," said the stenographer. "It's the typewriter sponge. He gets all his work done by the employees of his friends, and if it is confined to England many various causes may be traced to the belief, which possibly arose in comparatively modern times—no earlier than the thirteenth century—more probable than that several crusaders brought home the gorgeous feathers as curiosities, a strange sight and so likely to make a deep impression. Nothing easier to conceive than that some misfortune—death from disease, loss of wealth or other "bad luck"—may have happened to more than one possessor of the beautiful feathers and that they were on that account sold by credit with being the cause. A belief of this kind once started is of rapid growth and very long lived.—London Notes and Queries.

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State of Illinois, Lake County, ss.

Public notice is hereby given that by virtue of a certain writ of Execution on Transcript of Judgment, issued out of the Circuit Court of Cook County, and State of Illinois, directed to the Sheriff of Lake County, Illinois, dated the 1st day of July, A. D. 1906, in favor of W. O. Schumacher and against Samuel Clarke, I shall, on Monday, the 10th day of September, A. D. 1906, at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the east door of the Court House in the City of Waukegan, Illinois, sell at public vendue to the highest bidder, for cash, all the right, title and interest of Samuel Clarke, in the following described real estate, levied on by me by virtue of said writ, as the property of said Samuel Clarke, to-wit:

The north-west quarter of the north-east quarter of Section 13, and the north half of the south-west quarter of the north-west quarter of section 13, in Township 43 north, Range Nine east of the sixth principal meridian, all of said real estate situated in the County of Lake and State of Illinois.—

Dated at Waukegan, Illinois, this 8th day of August, 1906.

GEORGE N. POWELL,
Sheriff of Lake County, Illinois.

In Self Defence

Major Hamm, editor and manager of the Constitutional, Edinboro, Ky., when he was directly attacked, four years ago by Barrington, a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, of which he says: "It cured me in ten days and no trouble, since of Samuel Clarke, in the following described real estate, levied on by me by virtue of said writ, as the property of said Samuel Clarke, to-wit:

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Sheriff of Lake County, Illinois.

Don't You Think It is Better?

Quit "knocking" and get to work for the interests of Barrington. Only this week THE HERALD was requested to look up about twenty or thirty acres vacant, with a small frontage on some lake near Barrington. Five Chicago families desire to erect homes here. Their desire is caused by the beautiful surroundings and the cheap and excellent service rendered by the North-Western railroad. It only needs a little "pushing" to make Barrington a live, up-to-date city instead of letting it remain an inland hamlet. A number of well-to-do Chicago families were unable to gratify their longing to become Barringtonians for the reason that no vacant residences could be obtained. Let us all get our shoulder to the wheel for all there is in it, our aim being the prosperity of our town.

Card of Thanks.

We desire to extend our heartfelt thanks to the friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted us in our sorrow.

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CHICAGO TELEPHONE COMPANY.

Excursion Tickets to County Fair at Woodstock, Ill.

Via the North-Western Line, will be sold at reduced rates August 27 to 31, inclusive, limited to return until September 1, inclusive. Apply to agents Chicago and North-Western Railway.

The End of the World

of troubles that robbed E. H. Wolf, of Bear Grove, Ill., of all usefulness, came when he bought slipping Electric Bitters. He writes: "Two years ago kidney trouble caused me great suffering, which I would never have survived had I not taken Electric Bitters. They also cured me of general debility." Sure cure for all stomach, liver and kidney complaints, blood diseases, headache, dizziness and weakness or bodily decline. Price 50 cents. Guaranteed by Barrington Pharmacy.

Notice to Tax Payers.

Public notice is hereby given that the Lake County Board of Review is now in session in the Supervisor's Room in the Court House at Waukegan, Illinois.

Complaints will be received for the revision of assessment until August 10th, 1906.

All those having complaints to make will file same before above date, after which none will be considered.

W. F. WEISS,
Clerk.

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