OLD PATHS.

When grapes are purpling on the v And corn is being cut. And purple morning-tories twine About each wayaide sut, and pumpkins, red as ruidy gold, Are smilling to the unit of the Ah, then I dream of days of old, And streams that lit and run.

And dream of trees that giggle so In every tickling breese They fairly shed their leaves, and go Stark naked; and the leas Of old come back, come back to me, A blossom-studded dream, That ripples from me like a sea With every wave agteam.

ream of paths that wind around hands up and down a cliff; hands all sinewy and browned, and of a stream and skiff; d of where lake and river met, and of the skies of blue detects, till i see them yet; and then I dream of you.

And then a dream of you.

When every morn meant you;
When every morn meant you;
When every morn meant you;
Each morning bright and blue,
and when the trees laughed in each bree
And shook their largess down,
and grasses reached to clasp the knees,
In fields after from town.

In heids attar from town.

Oh, paths that left the wimpling brood and climbed the precipice, of many a turn and many a nook. Where two might pause to kiss, Tou wend no more, no more for many than the state of the season of the



THE
SPENDERS
AT lee's the Hird Generation
By HARRY LEON WILSON

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Children's Publishin

eck."
"But what are they?" her son insist-

"But what are they?" her son insisted; "egg-endlers may be all right,
but what we butter drivers? Are you
quite sure it's respectable? Why, I
ask you, should an honest man wish
to drive butter? That shows you what
life in a great city does for the morally weak. Look out you don't get
mixed up in it yourself, that's all i
ask. Ther'll have you driving butter
first thing you know. Thank heaven!
thus far no Bines has ever candled an
seg—and as for driving butter—" he
stopped, with a shudder of extreme
repugatance.

be waiting—come along!"

"What name!"

"In came nacessary just now—real
"yat name no fail! it is not fair of me to speak to you

at all—"

"why. pay!—not fair!"

I had to tell your faire and brother

that was not let name!

"What all he row!" inquired Fred

"What's all he row!" it is not fair inde

"I wan to fair inde

"I wan to fair inde

"I w

Dear Pete: Your letter and Martha's ree'd, and giad to hear from you. Heave latter part of this week for the matter and the second of the seco

mayis a hear-piese—
Fred Milbrey came out of the hotel office.
No mail," he said. "Come, let's be getting along. Finish your letter on the way, Bines."
"I've just finished," said Percival, glancing down the last sheet.
—Copien says she is now calling herest war, Sirends will be a long to the say you might run acrost her and—
"Come along, old chap," urged Milbrey: "Mrs. Wybert will be waiting." His father had started of with Faychs. Mrs. Bines and Mrs. Dreimer were preparing to follow.
"I beg your pardon," said Percival." I didn't quite catch the name."
"I say Mrs. Wybert and mother will be waiting—come along!"
"What name!"
"Wybert—mrs. Brench Wybert—mry friend—what's the matter;"
"We call: some heater;"
"We call some heater, be call the call of the cal

upon. The thing to do is to drop her quick—she isn't right."
"In what way has my family been imposed upon, Mr. Bines!" asked the elder Milbrey, somewhat perturbed "Mrs. Wybert is a lady of family and

"Mrs. Wybert is a lady of family and large means—"Tes, it know, she has, or did have "Well, Mr. Bines—"In you would cash." "Well, Mr. Bines—"In you word for it, that she's not right—not the woman for your wife and daughter to meet?"
"Look here, Bines," the younger Milburg spluttered, "this won't do, you know. If you're anything to say lagainst Mrs. Wybert, you'll have to say it out and you'll have to be responsible to me, sir."
"Take my word that you've been imposed upon; she's not—not the kind of person you would care to know, to be throw—"
"I and my family have found her

dictate the visiting list of my family allowershelming."
"If you won't take my word I shall garner bare to dictate so far as I have any "T personal control over it."
"Don't mid him, dad—I know all "Y about it, I tell you—I'll explain later its won."

those people we don't know get off again. There's Mashurn; I'll tell a him."

"I'll have my dunnage down directify," said Mashurn.

Up the street driving a pony cart came Avice Milbrey, AObeying a quick impulse, Percival steeped to the curb as she came opposite to him. She pulled over. She was radiant in the fluins of summer white, her hat and gown touched with bits of the same vivid bies that shome in her eyes. The impulse that had prompted him to hall her now prompted wild words. His long habit of thought concerning her enabled him to master this foolishness. But at least he could give her a friend-ly word of warning. She greeted him with the pretty reserve in her manifest with the pretty reserve in her manifest that had long marked her bearing toward him.

to ward him, the could give her bring toward him, the could give her me her had to the yach station for lost mail. Isn't, the day perfect—and isn't this the desires, if at, sleepy pony, with his hair in his cyes?"

"Miss Milbrey, there's a woman who

desirest, fat, sleepy pony, with his hair in his eyes"
"Miss Milbrey, there's a woman who seems to be a friend of your family—a Mra.—"
"Mrs. Wybert; yes, you know her?"
"No. I'd never seen her until last night, nor heard that name until this morning; but I know of her."
"Yes?"
"It became necessary just now—reality it is not fair of me to speak to you at all—"
"Whe nray!—not fair?"

"Oh!" "It hurt me in a way I can't bell you, and now, even this talk with you is off-side play. Miss Milbrey!" "Mr. Bines!" "I wouldn't have said what I did to you father and brother without good reason."

reason."
"I am sure of that, Mr. Binea."
"Without reasons I was sure of, you know, so there could be no chance of any mistake."
"Your word is enough for me, Mr. Binea."

that she's not right—not the woman and the properties of the control of the contr

"—and quite as if you were a stranger."
"Thank you; and, Miss Milbrey!"
"Yes?"
"Your brother may become entangled in some way with this woman."
"It's entirely possible."
Her voice was cool and even again.
"He might even marry her."
"He work was cool and even again.
"He might even marry her."
"Always money!" he thought; thea aloud:
"If you find he means to, Miss Milbrey, do anything you can to prevent it. It wouldn't do at all, you know."
"Thank you, Mr. Bliese! I shall remember."
"!—I think that's all—and I'm sorry we're not—our families are not to be friends any more."

"I—I think that's all—and I'm sorry
we're not—our families are not to be
friends any more." painfully, with an
original series of the series of the series of the
"So sorry! (Good-by!"
He looked after her as the drove off.
She sat erect, her head straight to the
front, her trim shoulders erect, and
the whip grasped firmly. He stood
motionless until the fat pony had jolied sleepily around the corner.
"Blues, old boy!" he said to himself,
"you nearly made one of yourself
there. I didn't know you had such
ready capabilities for being an ass."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Very Severe

To a spatialities for denig an ass. (TO Six CONTINUED.)

Very Bewee.

Prof. Edward A. Ross, of the University of Nebrasks—he was the originator of the phrase "race suicide"—was talking the other day about the bringing up of boys.

Prof. Edward and the property of the pr

ettes and drinking whisky.

"On toward midnight he would red off home.

"Well, a minister called on the widow one day and told her that something ought to be done in her son's case.

"In sure I do all I can as it is."

"I saw ruse I do all I can as it is."

"I saw ruse I do all I can as it is."

"I tear you are not firm enough
with Jack, said the minister.

"On the contrary," the mother repiled, I sometimes fear I am too
harsh with him."

"Why, what have you done?"

"Whi, I haven't done anything, but
I've said a great deal."

"What, for instance?"

"Whi, I've said John! John! John!

and other severe things."—Fhiladelphia Bulletin.

Balfour's Three D's.

A Method.
We're sure to make mistakes at be
I know that I have made a lot.
I'll loudly criticise the rest
In hope that mine will be forgot.
—Washington Star.

and other severe things."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Malfour's Three D's.

Most of us are familiar, by cable, with the bitter sarcaum in which Arthur J. Balfour indules at the expense of political opponent. The had applied his made opponent. The had can be a supported by the severe of a story told a few days ago at luncheon in the White House by a young Englishman, Mr. Ronald, of Surrey. Ronald said Balfour attended a dinner in London a short time before he quit the premiership. Next day, when asked how he had fared, he replied with warmth that all he had heard from his companion was her troubles. He added he believed that all English women ever "alsonesses made to the temperature of the seven of the

stevenson Writing Book.
Bloomington.—Addia E. Stevenson, the former vice president. Is writing a book which will likely be published late this year. The volume will dead to this property of the residence as a large property of the residence as a large property to the residence as a large property to the residence as a large property of the re

Black Hawk War Monument.

Mount Sterling Paper Sold.

Mount Sterling.—The* Mount Sterling Examiner, a weekly publication here, was sold to the Democrat Message and its publication discontinued. It has been in existence its years. It was a Democratic publication.

Baggagemen Killed in Mishap. Calro.—E. J. McDonald, of St. Louis, a baggageman on the Illinois Central railroad, was killed here when a nouth-bound passenger train struck a string of freight cars standing on a sidetrack. No one else was hurt.

Illinois State News

Recent Happenings of Interest in the Various Cities

Lacerated Love is Gured.

Bloomington.—The sum of \$4,000 was paid Miss Adele Chapman of Montgomery county by William Martin of New Orleans, La. The money was paid in lieu of a suit for breach of promise. Martin formerly resided in Montgomery county and while there courted Miss Chapman and asked her to become his wife. Later he went to New Orleans and married another.

A suit for \$20,000 was threatened, but service could not be secured upon Martin. Miss Chapman and her father, learning that he was in St. Louis, hunted him up there and arranged a compromise for the sum stated. There will be no further action.

Martin is, the son of M. M. Martin, the former master builder of the Wabash railway. He inherited \$38,000 from his father's estate.

Girl Flees with Old Lover. To Commemorate Massacre.

Bloomington.—After many years a beautiful monument of white marble was declared at Shaboton Park, La Salle county, commemorating the famous massacre of the white section of the banks of Indian creek in 1832 during the height of the Black Hawk war. The monument was built with tunds appropriated by the Illinois legislature in combination with a fund raised by the La Salle Memorial association. The shaft is a beautiful one and is a notable memorial of an event full of historic inferent to the people of Illinois. Black Hawk, who was one of the famous Indians of the ploneer era, was at the head of a large band of Sac and Fox Indians and his name

Ooo from his father's estate.

Girl Flees with Old Lover.

Preeport.—Miss Vivian Weinhold and William Black, of Rockford, were to have been married at wedding the roung woman was speeding toward chicago with her old lover, Will F. Gleanon, of this city, who was married to her at Dubuque that night. She decided almost at the last moment that whe did not care to wed Buske, and left her home without agying where she was going. Gleason met her down town, and they went to Dubuque, wheres the ceremony was performed.

Boy is Accused of Burglary.

Dubuque, where, the ceremony was performed.

Boy is Accused of Burglary.
Rockford.—Theodore Lodin, a 15-year-old Chicago box, is confronted by an accusation of burglary. The youth was a guest at the home of his uncle in this city and, it is charged, took advantage of the opportunity of ransacking two residences while the owners were out. His uncle discovered articles of a suspicious nature in the lad's room and reported the matter to the officers, who arrested the boy. Lodin gives his Chicago address. as 1216 West Sixty-third street.

Black Hawk War Monument.

was dreaded by the early settlers. He
and his people were ordered to leave
Illinois and cross the Mississippi river
never to return. After obeying and
going to lowa the Indians reconsidered and returning to Illinois entered
upon a campaign of yengeance. Pinding himself outnumbered, linke Hawk
finally surrendered and the thing the surmanufacture of the control of the control
to the control of the control of the control
to the control of the treasury.
In the afternoon the speaking was by
Thomas J. Henderson of Cedar
Rapids, in Several thousand people
participated.

Woman's Death a Mystery.

Woman's Death a Mystery. Grundyites at Old Home.

Morris.—The annual pilgrimage of
the Grundy countyites living in Chi-cago and nearby towns was made,
this being the seventh year that Mor-ris has extended an invitation to them.
Nearly 2,000 made the trip this year.
The day was ideal and at an early
hour the people began to arrive from
the surrounding county to greet the
visitors.

Buildog Killed: \$500 Asked.
Waukegan.—Miss Miriam Besley,
superintendent of schools and prominent in society, has sued Attorney-SeIt. Kennedy for \$500 damages. Kennedy killed Miss Besley's buildog recently whe nthe animal got into a
fight with Kennedy's dog.



Rapids, Ia. Several thousand people participated.

Wanners Death a Mystery.
Marion.—That Mrs. John M. Davis, who was killed white waiking along the street, was murdered by some one in arobavis is the conviction of Sheriff H. H. Harris.

Mrs. Davis was returning home at five o'clock in the afternoon from the home of a friend. When within a block of her resides with the same time one or two shots were heard, but no one, so far as has been learned, saw the flash or amnoke, and there is a difference of opinion as to how many shots were fired and from what direction the report came.

The nature of the wound in the left temple, just above the eye, seems to indicate that the shot was fired from the neighborhood of a pond near which Mrs. Davis was passing what her left. Those shot is not home the neighborhood of a pond near which Mrs. Davis was passing what her left however the result. "I cannot believe that anyone unintentionally shot Mrs. Davis and was too cowardly to admit it," declares the shorif.

Stevenson Writing Book.

Bloomington.—Adala E. Stevenson.

Bloomington.—Adala E. Stevenson.

Thomas K., of near Poplar City.

Mrs. Pickett Tells of Battle.
Rockford.—The cilmax of interest
in the Rockford Chantanqua programme came when the story of the
hattle of Gettraburg was told by Mrs.
Pickett, wife of one of the most famouss soldiers of the southern army.
The story of the great conflict was
given from the confederate viewpoint,
but her graphic description of the ergragement held the undivided attention of the audience. The interest
centered in the description of the
wonderful charge of Pickett's conmand.