

FOR \$2,000 EACH
By C. E. LEWIS
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Young James Harper, farmer, and Sarah Lee, daughter of another farmer, married for love. They had two or three lovers' quarrels, as was quite on the cards and very natural, but for two years after marriage no couple ever lived more happily. This state of affairs might have continued at least two years longer, had not for Amber Jones, Esq., country justice of the peace and agent for the Farmers' Fire Insurance company, and sewing machines of all makes, bought and sold. He made his appearance at the farmhouse one day.

"Well, Jim," he said, "what do you and Sarah think? I've got the agency for a life insurance company and am going to branch out a little. I want to insure the both of you. I've got Tom Spooner and his wife, Bill Wheeler and his wife, Silas Johnson and his wife and several others, and I'm here to see you. I want you to take \$2,000 apiece. If you die, Sarah, Jim has got \$2,000 to buy you a monument, pay funeral expenses and go and wanted to tick him and get over his grief. If you die, Jim, Sarah has got money to bury you decently and carry on the farm without having to rush off and marry again."

The couple went to the lawyer's examinations. He talked life insurance and stayed to dinner. He talked life insurance and stayed to supper. He talked life insurance and stayed until 9 o'clock in the evening. Then he drank two glasses of cider, ate three fried cakes and a piece of mince pie and went home to make out two policies for \$2,000 each.

Jim and Sarah had decided that such insurance was a good thing. Neither wanted to die, but if death must come they would not be selfish about it. It would be a hand to draw them still closer together. In the course of a couple of weeks the policies were delivered, the premiums paid, and Squire Jones stayed to dinner again and said as he finished and went to his plate, but remembered his dignity in time:

"Now, then, young folks, this is the best thing you have done so far in your lives. Keep on living, and your premiums as they fall due, and don't worry about the future. With \$2,000 coming to the survivor in case of death you needn't either of you begrudge the Astors or Vanderbilts. You can dress in the most expensive mourning, and Jim, you can wear patent leather shoes and hear Niagara roar till you get tired of it."

It was Squire Jones who was responsible for the insurance, but it was Aunt Deborah who was responsible for that result. The policies had been carefully laid away in the bottom bureau drawer and the subject talked out when Aunt Deborah came visiting one afternoon. She had not been invited, nor was she expected, but she proposed to make herself at home, and by and by announced:

"Sarah, I have heard that you and James have had your lives insured for each other's benefit, and now you were not the woman to go into anything like that."

"But we have," replied Sarah. "We were insured two weeks ago."

"Upon my soul! No one could have made me believe it."

"But why? What's the matter?"

"Sarah Harper, do you know that you have the same document yourself to death?" asked Aunt Deborah, in a hoarse whisper.

"What do you mean, Aunt?"

"I mean that there's a coin on the face of this earth who wouldn't kill his wife for the sake of \$2,000 in cash. That insurance is a temptation to murder. Hundreds of wives have been killed off every year, and you will be one of them to go before another year rolls over your head."

The young wife laughed merrily at the idea, but Aunt Deborah grew more solemn and serious, and said:

"Don't fool yourself, Sarah. Jim is just as good a husband as any of 'em, but you have put temptation in his way. He'll be thinking of them \$2,000 all the time, and the longer he thinks the easier it will come for him to murder you. Two thousand dollars in cash and you on the way so that he can marry again is more'n he can stand up under. I shan't be a bit surprised any day to hear that you have been found murdered. Squire Jones ought to be prosecuted for cooping you into such a thing, and I'll tell him so before the week is out."

Sarah continued to laugh and make fun at the idea, and it was finally dropped to take up soft soap and carpet rags. When she set about getting supper Aunt Deborah made a sneak outdoors and caught the husband as he came up from the outhouse.

"Well," she began, after he greeted her, "you want Sarah to chop you up with the ax or pour melted lead in your ears, I see."

"What is it, Aunt?"

"It's that life insurance. Henry Harper, I'm astonished at you. Do you know how many wives killed their husbands last year to get the insurance?"

"A million perhaps, but Sarah isn't going to kill me."

"Time will tell, James; time will tell. Sarah is sweet and sane and sane, but when there's \$2,000 at stake who can tell what a woman will do? With this farm and all that money behind her if she was a widow she could catch a better looking man than you."

The good natured young man con-

tinued to laugh, and at the supper table his wife laughed with him as they chaffed Aunt Deborah, but the old lady continued to shake her head and reply:

"Wait till the ax or the melted lead get to work and then we'll see whether there is anything to laugh at or not."

The night at midnight Sarah woke up with her heart beating rapidly. She was about to judge Henry with her elbow, when a sudden thought came to her. Aunt Deborah's grousing predictions came up if she considered if she had been awakened by some move on her husband's part—some move to take her by the throat. She smiled at first, but presently the smile faded away. Wives had been killed that the husband might profit by the insurance, Aunt Deborah was always predicting, but at the same time many of her predictions at some time. She knew that Henry loved her with a great love, but there was that \$2,000. For an hour she lay awake and thought, and the longer she thought the more miserable she was.

Sarah had only fallen into a troubled sleep when the dog barked and Henry came. He did not get up for fear of disturbing his wife, and after listening to the dog for a few minutes the thought of Aunt Deborah's predictions and solemn face came to his mind.

He finished at the idea of Sarah killing him off for that \$2,000, and yet he wanted to recall cases where wives had done that same thing. She could push him into the well, push him down the cellar stairs with his wife, and in other ways to enable her to get a hundred and with that \$2,000 she would be a rich widow, and windmill men, wire men, plumbers and men with patent farm gates would tumble over each other to ask for his hand. She might not even put a \$10 headstone at his grave.

There was constraint between them when the couple woke up next morning. They tried to make out that there wasn't, but realized that there was. Sarah claimed to have a headache, and James said he had a touch of rheumatism.

At noon when the husband came up from the field he had been thinking things over and almost wished he had turned Aunt Deborah out of the house. He was a middle-aged, gossipy old thing, and he would let nothing she had said annoy him, but in the heart Sarah had also been thinking, and about the same thoughts, and so there was a return of love and confidence.

It did not last long. The next evening Henry had to sharpen the ax and Sarah saw him at it and felt that he was contemplating a crime. Sarah asked if he handle of a table knife could not be sharpened by a little melted lead, and Henry said to himself after answering her question:

"Ah, ha! Got melted lead on her mind, has she? Well, I've got to look out for my ears."

For the next four weeks the pair were hypocrites toward each other. They dissembled and deceived. They thought the thoughts of each other. James wanted to sleep in the barn of nights, and Sarah wanted to go home and tell her mother all about it. Things were hastening on toward a separation when, as they sat on the veranda one night after supper, saying little, but thinking a great deal, farmer Joe Collins came driving along and halted to say:

"Say, you folks, heard the news?"

"No. What is it?"

"It'll take your breath away."

"But let's have it."

"Well, that life insurance company you are insured in has busted biggie's Gilroy's kite!"

"Oh, James!"

"Oh, Sarah!"

And as the two went dancing around the veranda in each other's arms Mr. Collins looked at them in astonishment and said to himself:

"By George, but they seem to be durned glad of it."

And so they were.

A Little Misunderstanding.
"A young lady I know," said an Englishman, "not married last year in London and had only been keeping house a week or two when a cousin came in the country, sent her a letter of pleasantry. Some people like to 'bang' passengers—to keep them a week or two, letting them get 'high' on the ground that the fresh flesh is tough and stringy. The cook knew this, but her young mistress knew nothing—positively nothing—of cooking."

"Hence, ma'am," said the cook when the passengers arrived, "do you like the birds' leg?"

"The bird's eye?" said the mistress, puzzled.

"What I mean, ma'am," the cook explained, "is that some folks like their birds' stake."

"The tail?" repeated the mistress, more puzzled than ever.

"And then, in order not to appear ignorant in the cook's eyes, she scalded brightly and said:

"Prepare the birds, please, with the eyes and the tail both."

Drink a Hogshead of Wine.
Of the great scholar and writer, George Buchanan, it is related that he was told by his doctor that if he continued to drink he could hold out three weeks at longest.

"Get you gone," he exclaimed, "with your prescriptions and your course of diet and know that I would rather live three weeks and drink every day than six years without drinking wine."

He was as good as his word. Having discharged his physician, like a prudent man, he ordered a hogshead of grape wine to be set at his bed's head, resolved to see the bottom of it before he died, and he carried himself so valiantly that he emptied it to the lees.—Blackwood's Magazine.

The Breath of Life.
It's a significant fact that the strongest animal of its size, the gorilla, also has the largest lungs. Powerful lungs means powerful creatures. How to keep the breathing organs right should be the chief study. Like thousands of others, Mrs. Ora A. Stephens, of Fort Williams, O., has learned how to do this. She writes: "The troubles of Dr. King's New Discovery stopped my cough of two years and cured me of what my friends thought consumption. 'O, its grand for throat and lung troubles.' Guaranteed by Barrington Pharmacy. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free."

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Notice is hereby given to all persons interested that the Board of Trustees of the Village of Barrington, having ordered that a connected system of water mains and supply pipes with the necessary hydrants and appliances be constructed in Main street, from Cemetery street west to the west limits of said Village Corporation in the Village of Barrington, counties of Cook and Lake, and State of Illinois, the ordinance being on file in the office of the Village Clerk of said village, and the said village having applied to the County Court of Cook County, State of Illinois, for an assessment of the cost of said improvement, according to the benefits, and an assessment therefor having been made and returned to said Court (Docket No. 4), the final hearing thereon will be held on the 1st day of October, A. D. 1906, or as soon thereafter as the business of the Court will permit.

Said ordinance provides that the aggregate amount of said assessment shall be divided into five (5) installments bearing interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum.

All persons desiring may file objections in said Court before said day, and may appear on the hearing and make their defense.

A. L. ROGERS,
The person appointed by the President of the Board of Local Improvements of the Village of Barrington to make said assessment.

Dated Barrington, Illinois, September 14th, A. D. 1906.

Starving to Death.
Because her stomach was so weakened by useless drugging that she could not eat, Mrs. Mary H. Walters, of St. Clair St., Columbus, O., was literally starving to death. She writes: "My stomach was so weak from useless drugs that I could not eat, and my mind became so deranged that I could not sleep; and not before I was given up to die was I induced to try Electric Bitters, and the wonderful result that improvement began at once, and a complete cure followed." Best health tonic on earth. 50c. Guaranteed by Barrington Pharmacy.

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