Barrington Review.

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THE COMMON THINGS.

The sunshine and the gentle rain,
The clear bird song that hails the morn,
The meadow land which flowers stain,
The swaying banners of the corn,
The grass that whispers to the breeze—
What common, common things are these!

The broad, blue mirror of the lake
That smiles back at the sleeping sky;
The billows, too, that leap and break
And fling their foamy jewels high;
The silver clouds that one by one
Toss back the lances of the sun.

The stars that blaze as jewels blaze,
And make the world old mystery,
While they on their appointed ways,
Go speeding through eternity
Across unfathomed seas of space
On paths that we but dimly trace—

All these are common—brook and bird,
And rose of red, and meadow green;
So common that they seem unheard,
So common that they seem unseen,
And yet there is no day or night
But borrows all of their delight.

No common thing is held apart
From us, or pent with lock and key,
But in the goodness of His heart
They are all made for you and me.
It always seems God loves the best
Things He makes the commonest.
—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE SPENDERS

A Tale of the Third Generation

By HARRY LEON WILSON

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CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

Milbrey gasped. Shepler, who commanded markets to rise and they rose, or to fall and they fell—Shepler begging, entreating a child of his! Despite the soul-sickening tragedy of it, the situation was not without its element of sublimity.

"She will consider; she will reflect?"

"You're guessing now, and you're as keen at that as I. Avice is not only amazingly self-willed, as you intimated a moment since, but she is intensely secretive. When she left me I could get nothing from her whatever. She was wretchedly sullen and taciturn."

"But why should she hesitate? Shepler—Rulon Shepler! My God! Is the girl crazy? The very idea of hesitation is preposterous!"

"I can't divine her. You know she has acted perversely in the past. I used to think she might have some affair of which we knew nothing—something silly and romantic. But if she had any such thing I'm sure it was ended, and she'd have jumped at this chance a year ago. You know yourself she was ready to marry young Bines, and was really disappointed when he didn't propose."

"But this is too serious." He tinkled the little silver bell.

"Find out if Miss Avice will be down to breakfast."

"Yes, sir."

"If she's not coming down I shall go up," declared Mr. Milbrey when the man had gone.

"She's stubborn," cautioned his wife.

"Gad! don't I know it?"

Jarvis returned.

"Miss Avice won't be down, sir, and I'm to fetch her up a pot of coffee, sir."

"Take it at once, and tell her I shall be up to see her presently." Jarvis vanished.

"I think I see a way to put pressure on her, that is if the morning hasn't already brought her back to her senses."

At four o'clock that afternoon, Avice Milbrey's ring brought Mrs. van Geist's butler to the door.

"Sandon, is Aunt Cornelia at home?"

"Yes, Miss Milbrey, she's confined to her room h'account h'of a cold, miss."

"Thank heaven!"

"Yes, miss—certainly! will you go h'up to her?"

"And Mutterchen, dear, it was a regular bombshell," she concluded after she had fluttered some of the November freshness into Mrs. Van Geist's room, and breathlessly related the facts.

"You demented creature! I should say it must have been."

"Now, don't lecture!"

"But Shepler is one of the richest men in New York."

"Dad already suspects as much."

"And he's kind, he's a big-hearted chap, a man of the world, generous—"

"'A woman fancier,' Fidelia Oldaker calls him."

"My dear, if he fancies you—"

"There, you old conservative, I've heard all his good points, and my duty has been written before me in letters of fire. Dad devoted three hours to writing it this morning, so don't, please, say over any of the moral maxims I'm likely to have heard."

"But why are you unwilling?"

"Because—because I'm wild, I fancy—just because I don't like the idea of marrying that man. He's such a big, funny, round head, and positively no neck—his head just rolls around on his big, pillowy shoulders—and then he gets little right at once, tapers right off to a point with those tiny feet."

"It isn't easy to have everything."

"It wouldn't be easy to have him, either."

Mrs. Van Geist fixed her niece with a sudden look of suspicion.

"Has—has that man anything to do with your refusal?"

"No—not a thing—I give you my word, auntie. If he had been what I once dreamed he was, no one would be asking me to marry him now, but—do you know what I've decided? Why, that he is a joke—that's all—just a joke. You needn't think of him, Mutterchen—I don't, except to think it was funny that he should have impressed me so—he's simply a joke."

"I could have told you as much long ago."

"Tell me something now. Suppose Fred marries that Wybert woman."

"It will be a sorry day for Fred."

"'Of course! Now see how I'm pinned. Dad and the mater both say the same now—they're more severe than I was. Only we were never in such straits for money. It must be had. So this is the gist of it: I ought to marry Rulon Shepler in order to save Fred from a marriage that might get us into all sorts of scandal."

"Well?"

"Well, I would do a lot for Fred. He has faults, but he's always been good to me."

"And so?"

"And so it's a question whether he marries a very certain kind of woman or whether I marry a very different kind of man."

"How do you feel?"

"For one thing, Fred sha'n't get into that kind of muss if I can save him from it."

"Then you'll marry Shepler?"

"I'm still uncertain about Mr. Shepler."

"But you say—"

"Yes, I know, but I've reasons for being uncertain. If I told you you'd say they're like the most of a woman's reasons, mere fond, foolish hopes, so I won't tell you."

"Well, dear, work it out by your lonely if you must. I believe you'll do what's best for everybody in the end. And I am glad that your father and Margaret take your view of that woman."

"I was sure she wasn't right—and I knew Mr. Bines was too much of a man to speak of her as he did without positive knowledge. Now please give me some tea and funny little cakes; I'm famished."

"Speaking of Mr. Bines," said Mrs. van Geist, when the tea had been brought by Sandon, "I read in the paper this morning that he'd taken a party to North Carolina for the quail shooting, Eddie Arledge and his wife and that Mr. and Mrs. Garmer, and of course Florence Akemit. Should you have thought she'd marry so soon after her divorce? They say Bishop Doolittle is frightfully vexed with her."

"Really I hadn't heard. Whom is Florence to marry?"

"Mr. Bines, to be sure! Where have you been? You know she was on his yacht a whole month last summer—

AT THE TOP OF THE PAGE.

the bishop's sister was with her—highly scandalized all the time by the drinking and gayety, and now every one's looking for the engagement to be announced. Here, what did I do with that Town Topics Cousin Clint left? There it is on the tabouret. Read the paragraph at the top of the page." Avice read:

"An engagement that is rumored with uncommon persistence will put society on the qui vive when it is definitely announced. The man in the case is the young son of a mining Croesus from Montana, who has inherited the major portion of his father's millions and who began to dazzle upper Broadway about a year since by the reckless prodigality of his ways. His blonde inamorata is a recent divorcee of high social standing, noted for her sparkling wit and an unflagging exuberance of spirits. The interest of the gossips, however, centers chiefly in the uncle of the lady, a right reverend presiding over a bishopric not a thousand miles from New York, and in the attitude he will assume toward her contemplated remarriage. At the last Episcopal convention this godly and well-learned gentleman was a vehement supporter of the proposed canon to prohibit absolutely the marriage of divorced persons; and though he stoutly championed his bewitching niece through the infelicities that eventuated in South Dakota, on dit that he is highly wrought up over her present intentions, and has signified unmistakably his severest disapproval. However, nous verrons ce que nous verrons."

"But, Mutterchen, that's only one of those absurd, vulgar things that wretched paper is always printing. I could write dozens of them myself. Tom Banning says they keep one man writing them all the time, out of his own imagination, and then they put them in like raisins in a cake."

"But, my dear, I'm quite sure this is authentic. I know from Fidelia Oldaker that the bishop began to cut up about it to Florence, and Florence defied him. That ancient theory that most gossip is without truth was exploded long ago. As a matter of fact most gossip, at least about the people we know, doesn't do half justice to the facts. But, really, I can't see why he fancied Florence Akemit. I should have thought he'd want some one a bit less fluttery."

"I dare say you're right, about the gossip, I mean—" Miss Milbrey remarked when she had finished her tea, and refused the cakes. "I remember, now, one day when we met at her place, and he seemed so much at home there. Of course, it must be so. How stupid of me to doubt it! Now I must run. Good-by, you old dear, and be good to the cold."

"Let me know what you do."

"Indeed I shall; you shall be the first one to know. My mind is really, you know, almost made up."

A week later Mr. and Mrs. Horace Milbrey announced in the public prints the engagement of their daughter Avice to Mr. Rulon Shepler.

CHAPTER XIX.

UNCLE PETER BINES COMES TO TOWN WITH HIS MAN.

One day in December Peter Bines, of Montana City, dropped in on the family—came with his gaunt length of limb, his kind, brown old face with eyes sparkling shrewdly far back under his grizzled brows, with his rough, resonant, musical voice, the spring of youth in his step, and the fresh, confident strength of the big hills in his bearing.

He brought Billy Brue with him, a person whose exact social status some of Percival's friends were never able to fix with any desirable certainty. Thus, Percival had presented the old man, the morning after his arrival, to no less a person than Herbert Delancey Livingston, with whom he had smoked a cigar of unusual excellence in the cafe of the Hightower hotel.

"If you fancy that weed, Mr. Bines," said Livingston, graciously, to the old man, "I've a spare couple of hundred I'd like to let you have. The things were sent to me, but I find them rather stiffish. If your man's about the hotel I'll give him a card to my man, and let him fetch them."

"My man?" queried Uncle Peter, and, sighting Billy Brue at that moment, "why, yes, here's my man, now. Mr. Brue, shake hands with Mr. Livingston. Billy, go up to the address he gives you, and get some of these se-gars. You'll relish 'em as much as I do. Now don't talk to any strangers, don't get run over, and don't lose yourself."

Livingston had surrendered a wavering and uncertain hand to the warm, reassuring clasp of Mr. Brue.

"He ain't much for style, Billy ain't," Uncle Peter explained when that person had gone upon his errand, "he ain't a mite gaudy, but he's got friendly feelings."

The dazed scion of the Livingstons had thereupon made a conscientious tour of his clubs in a public hansom, solely for the purpose of relating this curious adventure to those best qualified to marvel at it.

The old man's arrival had been quite unexpected. Not only had he sent no word of his coming, but he seemed, indeed, not to know what his reasons had been for doing a thing so unusual.

"Thought I'd just drop in on you all and say 'howdy,'" had been his first avowal, which was lucid as far as it went. Later he involved himself in explanations that were both obscure and conflicting. Once it was that he had felt a sudden great longing for the life of a gay city. Then it was that he would have been content in Montana City, but that he had undertaken the winter in New York out of consideration for Billy Brue.

"Just think of it," he said to Percival, "that poor fellow ain't ever been east of Denver before now. It wa'n't good for him to be holed up out there in them hills all his life. He hadn't got any chance to improve his mind."

"He'd better improve his whiskers first thing he does," suggested Percival. "He'll be gold-bricked if he wears 'em scrambled that way around this place."

But in neither of these explanations did the curious old man impress Percival as being wholly ingenuous.

Then he remarked casually one day that he had lately met Higbee, who was on his way to San Francisco.

"I only had a few minutes with him while they changed engines at Green River, but he told me all about you folks—what a fine time you was havin', yachts and card parties, and all like that. Higbee said a man ought to come to New York every now and then, jest to keep from getting rusty."

Back of this Percival imagined for a time that he had discovered Uncle Peter's true reason for descending upon them. Higbee would have regaled him with wild tales of the New York dissipations, and Uncle Peter had come promptly on to pull him up. Percival could hear the story as Higbee would word it, with the improving moral incident of his own son snatched as a brand from the "Tenderloins," to live a life of impecunious usefulness in far Chicago. But, when he tried to hold this belief, and to prove it from his observations, he was bound to admit its falsity. For Uncle Peter had shown no inclination to act the part of an evangel from the virtuous west. He had delivered no homilies, no warnings as to the fate of people who incontinently "cut loose." He had evinced not the least sign of any disposition even to criticise.

On the contrary, indeed, he appeared to joy immensely in Percival's way of life. He manifested a willingness and a capacity for unbending in boon companionship that were both of them quite amazing to his accomplished grandson. By degrees, and by virtue of being never at all censorious, he familiarized himself with the young man's habits and diversions. He listened delightedly to the tales of his large gambling losses, of the bouts at poker, the fruitless venture in Texas oil land, the disastrous corner in wheat, engineered by Burman, and the uniformly unsuccessful efforts to "break the bank" in Forty-fourth street. He never tired of hearing whatever adventures Percival chose to relate; and, finding that he really enjoyed them, the young man came to confide freely in him, and to associate with him without restraint.

Uncle Peter begged to be introduced at the temple of chance, and spent a number of late evenings there with his popular grandson. He also frequently made himself one of the poker coterie, and relished keenly the stock jokes as to his grandson's proneness to lose.

"Your pa," he would say, "never could learn to stay out of a Jack-pot unless he had Jacks or better; he'd come in and draw four cards to an ace any time, and then call it 'hard luck' when he didn't draw out. And he just loved straights open in the middle; said anybody could fill them that's open at both ends; but, after all I guess that's the only way to have fun at the game. If a man ain't got the sperrit to overplay aces-up when he gets 'em, he might as well be clerkin' in a bank for all the fun he'll have out of the game."

The old man's endurance of late suppers and later hours, and his unsuspected disposition to "cut loose" became twin marvels to Percival. He could not avoid contrasting this behavior with his past preaching. After a few weeks he was forced to the charitable conclusion that Uncle Peter's faculties were failing. The exposure and hardships of the winter before had undoubtedly impaired his mental powers.

"I can't make him out," he confided to his mother. "He never wants to go home nights; he can drink more toan I can without batting an eye, and show up fresher in the morning, and he behaves like a young fellow just out of college. I don't know where he would bring up if he didn't have me to watch over him."

"I think it's just awful—at his time of life, too," said Mrs. Bines.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AS TO EXPERT TESTIMONY

Difference of Opinion Regarding Bones Shown in a Murder Trial.

While the jury was perspiring over the solution of a personal injury case lawyers and judge fell to talking over what an expert knew and what he didn't know on anatomy, says the Kansas City Star.

"What some of 'em don't know would fill a half dozen Carnegie libraries," remarked A. D. Risdom, one of the veterans of the bar. "Some years ago, when I happened to be 'the state of Missouri' in these parts, the sheriff brought to Kirksville one Jim Mays of Morrow township, for murdering a peddler up his way. Jim wasn't exactly an angel and at first glance it looked like they had settled on him for the guilty party on general principles.

"The peddler had suddenly disappeared from Jim's neighborhood, and of course Jim killed him, they said. There were vague rumors of another man having met a like fate at Jim's hands, and as the suspect didn't go to meetin' and wash his face every day it looked like a ready made case, only waiting the rope. Jim swore by all the gods he knew that he hadn't killed and peddler, but of course a man will talk wild when it is to his interest.

"I gently hinted to the irate community that a little evidence would be appreciated, not necessarily for publication, but as a sort of guarantee of sincerity. About that time word came to me that a certain fellow had heard a confession from Jim, after seeing him burn the peddler's body. I went up into the township and had a talk with this very important witness. He said Jim confided to him that he had killed the peddler for having tried to cheat him and that he began burning the body one day and stayed with it all night till everything was consumed but the bones.

"I gathered up a basket of the bones and brought 'em to town. The doctors here said they had once been the skeleton of a man. The grand jury insisted on returning an indictment, but I got them to hold off for a day or two. I sent two of the bones to physicians in Chicago whom I was personally acquainted with, and related the circumstances. In due course the box came back and I opened it before the jury. Inside was the report. It said in Latin where they belonged on a horse, with the added opinion that it was a scrub.

"Jim begged the bones of us and sent them around to the doctors who declared they were of human origin, with a note of congratulation. I didn't blame him much, as their opinion might have cost him his life. Two years later the peddler came back to this county, and I told him what had happened. He said he was extremely sorry, and that if his conduct had made Jim's wife a widow he would have given her a couple of the best black bordered handkerchiefs he had in his pack."

Irish Goods from Japan.

"Erin-go-Bragh" was stamped on a cup purchased by a patriotic member of the Clonmel (Tipperary) Industrial association. He was surprised on examining the cup to find that it had been made in Japan.

Illinois State News

Recent Happenings of Interest in the Various Cities and Towns.

Friend of Mrs. Lincoln Dead.

Chicago.—Mrs. Margaret Arens, 61 years old, a friend of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln and intimate in the family of Gen. Grant, died at her home from a complication of diseases. She had lived in Chicago 44 years, her first

Mrs. Margaret Arens.

visit here being on the occasion of President Lincoln's funeral. She was born in Peru, Ill.

Bankers After Examiners.

Galesburg.—The Military Tract Bankers' association, at its annual meeting here, passed a resolution urging that the state bank examiners be placed on a genuine civil service basis, with a fixed annual salary as the first step toward safeguarding the interests of the depositors.

The recommendation that a mutual insurance organization be perfected to cover the losses of depositors from bank failures elicited a vigorous discussion. The resolution was referred to a committee, who will bring it to the notice of the state association.

H. T. Chapman, of Moline, was elected president and E. L. Kellogg, of Kewanee, secretary-treasurer.

Condemn Freight Classification.

Chicago.—The Illinois Manufacturers' association made another advance in its campaign for a general reduction of freight rates when at a meeting it adopted resolutions condemning the present system of freight classification in the United States as unfair to shippers and as affording the means by which rates have been juggled and millions of dollars added to the railroads' revenues. The appointment of a committee was asked whose duty it shall be to take up with the railroads the subject of an entire reclassification.

Engineer Exonerated.

Lincoln.—Coroner Purinton was in Mt. Pulaski and concluded the inquest held to ascertain the cause of the death of Charles Cox and Charles Fultz, the men who were killed at the coal mine in that city a few days ago. The jury found that Engineer James W. Murphy unconsciously reversed the lever after having properly started the machinery in motion.

Nap May Cost Brakeman Life.

Libertyville.—A brakeman on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad, Lewis H. Melius, of Milwaukee, fell asleep upon the track at Libertyville when sent back to signal a train following the one with which he was running and was struck by the train he was supposed to stop. He may die.

Youthful Romance Culminated.

Rockford.—Mrs. Adeline Mullings, of this city, aged 70 years, and David Jacobi, of Sharon, Wis., aged 78, were married here. They were sweethearts in childhood, but their plans miscarried. Both were married over half a century, but the death of their helpmeets caused the old love to be rekindled.

Will Employ American Labor.

Decatur.—Contractors in charge of the construction of the new Wabash shops have decided to employ American labor only. They have experienced some trouble with foreigners, and special agents have been sent to surrounding towns to offer places to Americans.

Aged Woman Dead.

Albany.—Mrs. Phoebe Ann Cook died here at the age of 105 years. So far as known, she was the oldest white woman in this state. She leaves two sons, 78 and 76 years of age, a grandson 55 years of age, a great-grandson 22 years old, and a great-great-granddaughter six months old.

Two Newly Appointed Matrons.

Lincoln.—Miss Edna Shepherd and Miss Laura B. Martin, both of Lincoln, have been appointed matrons of cottages at the Soldiers' Orphans' home at Normal.

Succeeds Suicide Preacher.

Peoria.—Rev. W. H. Geistweit, who recently resigned from the Memorial Baptist church of Chicago, has accepted the pastorate vacated by the sensational suicide of Rev. George H. Simmons, of the First Baptist church of this city.

Alleged Burglars Walk from Jail.

Mount Sterling.—Two prisoners awaiting trial, on charges of burglary, in the circuit court, which is now in session, forced a bolt in an outside door and walked from the jail.

Organ for Illinois Mayors.

Rock Island.—The Mayors' Association of Illinois decided to publish a bulletin during the sessions of the legislature. The bulletin will be issued periodically at Springfield and will deal especially with legislation of interest to municipalities. Mayor G. W. McCaskrin, of Rock Island, was named as editor for the first year and agreed to contribute $100 to its support.

An organization of mayors was effected. The head of every municipality in the state, the mayor or president of the village board, is made a member and delegate. Following are the officers: President, G. W. McCaskrin, Rock Island; first vice president, Silas Cook, East St. Louis; secretary, Carl E. Botsford, Elgin; treasurer, C. E. Beaver, Mount Carroll.

The association voted to attend the meeting of the League of American Municipalities at Chicago September 26-28.

Bank's Directors Indicted.

Chicago.—The grand jury returned indictments against the directors of the Milwaukee Avenue State bank of which Paul O. Stensland was president. The indictments charge embezzlement and name various amounts ranging from $50 to $1,000. The directors are M. A. Laltuy, Frank Crane, Joseph Lister, Elof Johnson and Marcus Kirkeby. Additional indictments were returned against Stensland and Henry W. Hering, former cashier of the bank.

Prof. Stiver Seriously Hurt.

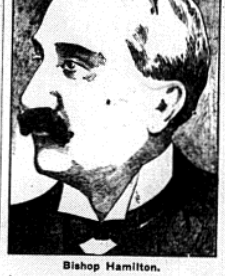
Carlinville.—Prof. S. L. Stiver, superintendent of the Bunker Hill Military academy at Bunker Hill, this county, fell and broke his right arm and sustained other bruises.

Fist Blow Kills Wrong Man.

Rock Island.—Henry Terry, a negro, in aiming a blow with his fist at Herman Janasen, struck Andrew White, a white man, killing him. Terry was arrested.

Illinois Methodist Conference.

Bloomington.—The Illinois conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, which opened the eighty-third annual session at Taylorville Wednesday, is said to be the largest in that denomination in point of membership, wealth and influence. There are 355



Bishop Hamilton.

clergymen and 20 probationers, with 558 churches, valued at $2,457,450; 236 parsonages, valued at $473,200, and 65,927 members among the laity, not counting 2,410 probationers. Bishop John U. Hamilton, of San Francisco, presided.

DEATHS

Moweaqua.—Elmer D. Bacon, aged 91 years, is dead.

Sullivan.—David Watts, an aged resident of this city, is dead.

Moweaqua.—Henry A. Pratt died at the age of 68 years and six months.

Belvidere. — Henry Koerting, 69 years of age, died from heat prostration.

Taylorville.—Preston Polk, aged 73 years, is dead at his home in Greenwood township.

Carlinville.—Henry Detrich, aged 82 years, died at his home in this city. He resided here for over 50 years and in former years was a prominent business man.

Three-I League Season Ends.

Bloomington.—The sixth season of the Three I baseball league has closed. The aggregate attandance was about 350,000. The pennant has been won by Cedar Rapids, the other clubs finishing the season in the following order: Peoria, Springfield, Dubuque, Rock Island, Decatur, Bloomington and Davenport.

Dies from Use of Cigarettes.

Havana.—Oliver Prettyman, aged 18, is dead here from excessive use of cigarettes.