

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

COURAGE, MY HEART.

Courage, my heart, amidst the battle here;
Never its winter snows with the year.
Across thy self and fight without fear.
At last the flowered springtime will appear.
Courage, my heart.

Courage, my heart, and fall not in the fight;
The day is struggling in the tower of night;
Yield not one step; say, dare all in thy
might;
The hours are counted that shall bring the
light.
Courage, my heart!

Courage, my heart, and let deed follow
deed!
Slow is the increase of the long-sown seed;
Hear no dark words, and no forbidding
word.
The harvest days will come and bring forth
the bread.
Courage, my heart!

Courage, my heart, strive on for mastery;
The winds and waves have strength upon
the sea!
Remember that thou hast been bold and
free!

Courage, my heart, be thou staunch
and strong;
The things are many that would work
thee wrong;
Beware! Heavily now, and meet thy foe in
through;
For thou shalt triumph. Sing the victor's
song!

Courage, my heart!
—William Francis Barnard, in To-Morrow.

THE SPENDERS
A Tale of the Third Generation

By HARRY LEON WILSON

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CHAPTER XXV.—CONTINUED.

"But, Mrs. Dremler, that that poor girl—she cares for me, and I like her immensely, you know—truly I do—and she's a trumper—see where she says here she couldn't possibly leave her people now they're coming down—even if matters were not otherwise impossible."

"Well, you see they're not only otherwise impossible, but every wise impossible. What would you do? Go to Montana with them and learn to be an Indian? Don't, for heaven's sake, sentimentalize! Go home and sleep like a rational creature. Come in by 11 to-morrow. Even without the title you'll be splendid match for Mrs. Wybert, and she must have a tidy lot of millions after this deal."

Sorely distressed, he walked back to his lodgings in Thirty-second street. Wild, grotesque notions of sacrifice flooded his mood of dejection. At the worst case, he could go west with the family and learn how to do something. And yet—Mrs. Wybert. Of course it must be that. The other idea was absurd—no wild for serious consideration. He was 30 years old, and there was only one way for an English gentleman live—even if it must break the heart of a poor girl who had loved him devotedly, and for whom he had felt a steady and genuine affection. He passed a troubled night.

Down at the hotel of Peter Bines was an intimation from Mrs. Wybert herself, bearing upon this same fortnightly. When Uncle Peter reached there at two a. m. he found in his bag a small scented envelope which he opened with wonder.

Two inclosures fell out. One was a clipping from an evening paper, announcing the birth of twin sons to Lord Casselthorpe, of Casselthorpe, near London. He had left with Mrs. Wybert on the day of his call; his name on one side, announcing him on the other the words he had written:

"Well, Consolidated Copper all you can will it goes down from this mine to the limit of your capital, and I will make good anything you lose."
"PETER BINES."

He read the note:
"Arlington Hotel—7:30."
"Mr. Peter Bines,"
"Dear Sir: You funny old man, you. I don't pretend to understand your game, but you may rely on my word that I will always be glad to do anything for you. Yours very truly,
"BLANCH CATHERINE WYBERT."

"P. S.—About that other matter—him you know—you will see from this mine that you can't have any more done if you see any title at all now, so a dead swell New York man has just the other evening told me that the other party is not to be thought of for one moment, as I am positive you would agree with me."
He tore the note and the card to fine bits.

"It does beat all," he complained later to Billy Bruce. "Put a beggar on horseback and they begin right away to fuss around because he's a beggar on horseback with diamonds—give 'em a little, and they want the whole ball of wax!"

"That's right," said Billy Bruce, with the quick sympathy of the experienced. "That guy that doped you, he was positively satisfied with my good game. Not by a means! He had to go to take my breakfast suggest from the Early Bird."

At 11 o'clock the next morning Mrs. Maurers waited in Mrs. Dremler's drawing-room for the former as might have been. He saw temporary defeat written on her brow. His heart sank to its low level of the night before.

"Well, I saw the creature," she began, "and it repented me—no time at all to reach a very definite understanding with her. I had feared it might be rather a delicate matter, talking to her at once, you know—and we needed to hurry—but she's a woman who can talk to a man's head as well as to his heart."

the poor thing is society-mad—so afraid the modish world won't take her at her true value—but she talked very frankly about marriage—really she's a cool-headed fellow, and she seems to have—and the short of it is that she's determined to marry some one of the smart men here in New York. The creature's fascinated by the very idea."

"Did you mention me?"
"You may be sure I did, but she'd read the papers, and, like so many of these people, she has no use at all for an Englishman who isn't a title. Of course, I couldn't be too definite with her, but she understood perfectly, and she let me see she wouldn't hear of it at all. So she's off the list. But don't give up. Now, there's—"

But Marnon was determinedly doctored.
"It's uncommon handsome of you, Mrs. Dremler, really, but we'll have to leave off that, you know. If a chap isn't 'help' to a peerage or a city fortune there's no getting on that way."

"Why, the man is actually discouraged. Now you need some American pluck, old chap. An American of your age wouldn't give up."

"But, hadn't I any American knows how to do things, you know, and like as not he'd be nothing to begin with, by Jove! Now I'd a lot to begin with, and here's it's all taken away."

"Look at young Bines. He's had a lot to begin with. I'd rather he make it all back again and more, too, before he's 40."

"He might in this country; he'd never do it at home, you know."

"This country? In your country? For as much as for him, now there's Augusta Harrington—those mixed-pickles millionaires, you know. I was chatting with Augusta's mother only the other day, and if I'd only suspected that she was a 'wily' kind of you, Mrs. Dremler, but I didn't. I'm fairly played out. I shall go to see Miss Bines, and have a chat with her people, you know."

"Now, for heaven's sake, don't make any mistake. Miss Bines is a girl. Mind, the girl released you of her own accord!"

"Awww! obliged. I'll think about it. Jolly well, first. See you soon. Good-bye!"

He was reproaching himself. "That poor girl is being eaten her heart out for a word of love from me. I'm a brute!"

CHAPTER XXVI.
THE GOD IN THE MACHINE.
Uncle Peter next morning was up to a late breakfast with his usual air of being a little less bitter, but not less convinced in his despair. The young man himself had recovered his spirits wonderfully. The utter collapse of the old man, always so sure of himself, had served to fire his latent energy. He was now volubly with plans for the future; not only determined to reassure Uncle Peter that the family would be provided for, but not a little anxious to justify to the world his earlier praise, and refute his calumnies of the night before.

"Mrs. Bines, so complacent overnight, was the most disloyal one of the group. With her low ideas of the worth of a woman, she had the fortune as a calamity to the worthy infants of her own chosen field."

"And there, I had promised to give \$5,000 to the new series of crippled children, and when John's Guild was the fasting hospitals this summer—just yesterday—and I do declare, I just couldn't stand in New York without money, and see those poor babies suffer."

"You couldn't stay in New York without money, Mrs. Good-thing," said her son—"not even if you couldn't see a thing; but don't you wish on any of your plays—won't make that ten thousand good fortune with a sandbag, and lay out a few of these lads around here some dark night."

"But anyway you can't do much to relieve them. I don't know what the authorities allow such goings on."

and substance as phenomena not necessarily related.
"But give me a chance, Uncle Peter. Just don't jump on me too hard for a year!"

"Well, I know that country. There's big chances for a young man with brains—understanding—that has got all the high-living notions blasted out of his upper levels—but it takes work. You may do something—there are white blackbirds—but you're on a nasty piece of road—curves all down on the outside—like that—down under every truck, and you've had her under in the corner so long I doubt if you can even slow up, say nothing of reversal. And think of me getting' fooled with you in my time of life."

"I'll be continued, as if in confidence to the world. But then, I always was a terrible poor judge of human nature."

"Well, have your own way; but I'll fool you again, while you're coppering from me. What's that's all I see! Just sit around and talk while about me all you want to, but watch. Now, I must go down and get to work with Foust. Thank the Lord, we're not getting' well, either any more than Mrs. Greaves did."

"You won't touch any more stock; you won't get that money from Shepherd."

"I won't; I won't go near Shepherd, I promise you. Now you'll believe me in one thing, I know you will, Uncle Peter. He went over to the old man."

"I want to thank you for pulling me up on my ear last night. It was a good one saved me, and I'm more grateful to you than I can say. But for you I'd have gone in and dug the hole deeper. He made the old man shake hands with me. Uncle Peter's hands, handsome town here, it's a corkin' good place to see—and get out of—'but it ain't any breedin' place—there ain't the room to grow. Now we produce everything in the best, including me. Here's you don't do anything but consume—includin' men for you, you'd be as bad off as if it stopped producin' food. You can't grow any more than you can grow wheat out there on Broadway. You're all right. You folks have your uses. I ain't like one of these crazy fools that talks you're crazy and all like that; but my point is that you don't get the fun out of life. You don't get the best feelin's. Out in the west they're the best and blood and bone; and you people here—"

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"Well, I'm glad you got some sense," answered the man, always so sure of himself, had served to fire his latent energy. He was now volubly with plans for the future; not only determined to reassure Uncle Peter that the family would be provided for, but not a little anxious to justify to the world his earlier praise, and refute his calumnies of the night before.

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he's actin' in this morose' just like the world's his oyster—and every month had an 'in it. It's all a delusion, he's deluded. I've always been taken with the chap; and I'm very glad you read him correctly, it seemed to me you were taking a risk. It would have broken the spirit of a lot of most men."

"Well, you see I knew the stock. It's pushin', legit stock. My grand-father fought his way west to Pennsylvania when that country was wilder'n Africa, and my father found his way to Ohio when that was the frontier. I seen some hard times myself, and this boy's father was a fighter, too. So I knew the boy had it in him, all right. He's got a fault, but they don't hurt him none."

"Will he return west?"
"He will that—and the west is the only place for him. He was gettin' bad notions about his own country here from them folks that's always crackin' from the other side 'sit there's wa'n't any 'this side,' worst speakin' of in company. This was no place for him. Mr. Shepherd, that's the way, but I don't think about them things, but I believe in God—"

"—a man has to fit as he lives so much alone in them wild places as I have—and I believe this country is a fortune for a man that can start for great work. The history of the United States bears me out so far. And I didn't want any of my stock grown up 'feelin' that he had the best up on the east coast, and without bein' ready to fight for it at the drop of the hat. And jest between you and me, I believe we can raise that kind in the west better'n you can here in New York. There's a corkin' good place to see—and get out of—'but it ain't any breedin' place—there ain't the room to grow. Now we produce everything in the best, including me. Here's you don't do anything but consume—includin' men for you, you'd be as bad off as if it stopped producin' food. You can't grow any more than you can grow wheat out there on Broadway. You're all right. You folks have your uses. I ain't like one of these crazy fools that talks you're crazy and all like that; but my point is that you don't get the fun out of life. You don't get the best feelin's. Out in the west they're the best and blood and bone; and you people here—"

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

LOOT BANK IN DAYLIGHT.

Bold Robbers Secure \$7,000 from Ladd Financial Institute.

La Salle.—The Farmers and Miners' bank at Ladd, Ill., a small mining town in this county, was robbed of \$7,000 by two men at 10 o'clock on the afternoon of November 5.
Martin Zeising, the cashier, was away at a funeral, his assistant, a clerk named James Hurley, was alone in the bank. Two strangers entered and asked for some change. While Hurley was making the change one of the men covered him with a revolver and the other jumped over the counter and overpowered him.
The robbers marched Hurley to a back room, where they bound him hand and foot and gagged him. The robbers then helped themselves to cash and escaped. They left \$150 in the bank besides a quantity of silver, on the bank counter, and disturbed little in the vault. The amount of their booty was about \$7,000.

After the men left the bank it was 20 minutes before the alarm was given. By that time the robbers were out of town. When Hurley was released he told the story of the robbery and the news was telephoned all over the county.

The two robbers turned up at Peru several hours later. They drove to a lively stable to put up their horses, and were recognized. An attempt was made to arrest them but they beat back the town officials with drawn revolvers, stole a horse and buggy from the street, and drove out of town on a gallop.

A city's posse was formed, but until the robbers were well out of town.

Plans Big Consumption Comp.
Bloomington.—A stock of one of the most picturesque and historical points along the Illinois river, and located in La Salle county, has been purchased by the Illinois Homeopathic Medical Society and is to be the headquarters of a campaign which is to be waged against consumption.
A company is to be formed, to be known as the Buffalo Rock Tent Colony, and an organized campaign will be waged against tuberculosis. A sun bath house and other buildings will be erected and everything arranged in accordance with the modern methods of fighting this scourge.
This will be the most extensive movement against tuberculosis yet undertaken.

Teachers Elect Officers.

Freeport.—The Northern Illinois Teachers' association decided to hold the next annual meeting at Moline and elected the following officers:
President, S. E. Raines, Freeport; business secretary, S. F. Parsons, De Kalb; treasurer, C. E. Johner, Rockelle; railroad secretary, E. F. Austin, Sterling; executive committee, H. E. Browne of Rock Island, N. J. Adair of Kewanee and O. F. Hoffman of Lanark. The convention went on record as favoring the appointment of a commission to revise and codify the laws governing schools.

Thought Death Was Sleep.

Pana.—Phillip Achle, aged 79 years, died in a chair at his home while his aged sister, Mrs. Margaret Achle, was keeping watch over him under the impression that he was sleeping. She had kept her vigil all through one night and part of the next day. Achle's death was caused by a delivery man. The cause of his death was heart trouble. The aged sister and brother lived together. Deceased was a native of Germany. He had lived here 50 years.

Killed in Coal Mine.

Witt.—While William Radford, together with Charles Zandio, was being lowered into the new mine in a bucket the drum of the engine slipped and the men and bucket fell to the bottom of the mine, a distance of 250 feet. There was about four feet of water when the shaft, and this undoubtedly saved the Italian's life. Radford was struck on the head as he fell and he never regained consciousness.

Young Huron Fatally Hurt.

Rockford.—Evra Samuelson, aged 10, was probably fatally wounded on the accidental discharge of a rifle carried by an older companion with whom he was hunting.

Edwards Self Under Train to Die.

Edward Edwards—Because of a misunderstanding, William J. Schwarz, aged 35, a well-known politician, threw himself under a Wabash train and was instantly killed.

Woman Rout Burglars.

Chicago.—Using a chair as a weapon, Mrs. Mary McFadden, 1369 West Van Buren street, routed burglars from her home. She awakened shortly after four o'clock to find a man attempting to crawl through a window, crawled out and, running the gauntlet of the rifles of the guards on the walk, succeeded in reaching the network of rail tracks of the Illinois Railway company.

Stabs Woman 12 Times; Kills Self.

Rock Island.—In a fit of jealous rage, James E. Baker, a dozen times stabs Mrs. Effie Baker a dozen times and cut his own throat. He is dying, but the woman will recover.

FORMER PASTOR IN TROUBLE.

Rev. Isaac G. Cook Arrested on Complaint of Child.

Peoria.—The Rev. Isaac G. Cook, formerly pastor of the Methodist church at Hannibal, a suburb Peoria, was arrested on the charge of attacking the 13-year-old daughter of Charles W. Robinson, vice president of the Gippa Brewing company. The attack, it is alleged, took place at Most avenue, the exclusive and popular residence portion of the city. The girl says she was followed out of a drug store by the former clergyman, who accosted her, hugged her, and repeatedly kissed her. On the description furnished by the girl her assailant was arrested and placed behind the bars.

Cook denies the charge. The girl was accompanied by a little dog, and Cook admits that he stopped to fondle the family pet, but did not place his hands on the girl.

PANA WOMAN WOULD DIE.

Miss Bessie Wilson Creates Sensation at Railroad Station in Decatur.

Decatur.—Miss Bessie Wilson, an unusually pretty girl from Pana, made a sensational attempt to take her life in the Illinois central station rather than go back with her mother.

The girl was found at a hotel and was freed by her mother to go to the station. She kept protesting that she would kill herself, and suddenly drew a bottle of poison and drank a portion of it before the mother could strike it from her hand. A few moments later she fell a faint and physicians summoned worked for an hour before she could be removed to the hospital. It is believed that she will recover.

Withdraw Settlement Plan.

Danville.—In the federal court referred in Bankruptcy W. J. Grant approved the report of D. B. Landan of Cairo, receiver for the Creelman Lumber company, that the receiver would be closely connected with the Chicago Bank of America disclosures. The receiver was discharged. Fees to the amount of \$12,000 were allowed. A proposition made by some of the creditors to settle at 15 cents on the dollar was withdrawn. Howard Hews, of Chicago, acting as spokesman, stating that many of the creditors were afraid Creelman was back of the move.

Donate Urbana M. E. Church.

Urbana.—Trinity Methodist church, which cost \$33,000, designed for the benefit of the University of Illinois Methodist colony, was dedicated with services lasting all day. President Edwin H. Hughes, of DePaul university, gave the invocation, and Dr. W. D. Parr of Kokomo, Ind., were the principal speakers.

Train Strikes Street Car.

Cairo.—The local south-bound freight train on the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis struck a street car at a crossing on the north side of Greenacres, killing Edward Steven and injuring several other persons. The street car was broken into splinters. The motorman escaped death by jumping.

DEATHS IN THE STATE.

Mattoon.—Word was received here that Miss Matilda Noyes, one of the most popular young women in the society of this place, died in a hospital in Chicago, where she was taken some time ago for an operation for appendicitis.

Bloomington.—The death of Mrs. Melissa Runyan occurred at the farm residence about two miles north of the city. The cause of her death was heart trouble, which had caused her several years of illness.

Decatur.—W. H. Adlis, one of the oldest printers and publishers in the city, died in St. Mary's hospital. His death was the indirect result of injuries received during the civil war.

Chicago.—Albert Antislava, vice president of the American Express company, died here of pneumonia, aged 59 years. He was connected with the American Express company since 1888.

Bunker Hill.—Thomas Schroeder

died at his home in this city. He was formerly a resident of Verdun.

Jacksonville.—William Ryan,

one of the oldest residents of the city, is dead.

Jacksonville.—Mrs. Grace Mallory,

wife of Frank Mallory, is dead.

Daring Escape from Joliet.

Joliet.—One of the most daring escapes made in the history of the penitentiary here was that of Dennis Skelly, convicted of robbery in Chicago in 1903, who cut through a steel bar that guarded the entrance of the school-room, crawled out and, running the gauntlet of the rifles of the guards on the walk, succeeded in reaching the network of rail tracks of the Illinois Railway company. He got away and evaded over a hundred deputies and others, who searched this and adjoining counties all day.