

Burden's Failure

By CLAY HARSDEN

Copyright, 1904, by Ruby Douglas

"Come right in," said the girl at the head of the stairs. "I have been expecting you for an hour."

"It is pleasant to be expected," laughed Burden.

"That will do," said the girl sharply. "No impertinence or I shall report you to the janitress."

Burden could not quite see what the janitress had to do with the matter, but he lifted the soft slouch hat that was a part of his fishing togethery and started to pass on up the stairs to his apartment.

"Come in here," called the girl impetuously. "You don't suppose that I came downstairs to meet you, do you?"

She led the way through an open door, affording a view of chaos, to the parlor of the apartment. "Those pictures had better be hung first," she commanded. "I will tell you where."

Burden gasped. For the first time he realized what was expected of him. She had mistaken him for a day worker or for whom she had probably sent to aid her in straightening out her new home. The fact that he was in an old suit and had rung the nearest bell in the lobby because he had forgotten his keys accounted for the error. It had been her bell he had rung. She was expecting a man to help, and she had supposed that he was the one. She had not been dining after all. Somehow Burden was rather glad of it.

There would not be very much doing in the street that afternoon, so he slipped off his coat and went to work. It was evident that the little woman intended to get the full worth of her money out of him, for she kept him busy, and under her skillful direction the flat soon assumed an appearance of orderliness he had not supposed possible in so short a time.

She explained that her mother would arrive the next morning and that she

until I began to wonder if they would serve an unseemly woman at this time of night."

Burden glanced at the clock in the window. It was only half past 10, but it seemed later to her.

"We won't worry about such things," she suggested. "Just think about what is best to eat."

Over the tasteful meal he had ordered she grew more communicative. She had come to the city to study music, he learned only too soon, and her mother and herself left of a large family, and they wanted to be together. There was something in Burden's manner that inspired her. She had almost without realizing it, she was chatting as with an old friend.

The next afternoon he testified to pay his respects to Mrs. Trevor, and before long the two women had come to regard Burden almost as one of the family. He took them to concerts and the theater and formed the habit of dropping in for a chat in the evenings when he was not going out.

Then came the panic, and for a week many a firm's fate hung in the balance. The one in which Burden was a partner was persistently included in the list of the doubtful concerns, and then one afternoon the late editions came with the statement that the house had been forced to suspend.

Lola read the report feverishly, but when Burden came home late that night and wearily began to ascend the steps she sat at the head of the flight welcome in her calm, quiet manner.

"Mother wants you to come in and have some coffee," she pleaded. "We save the papers and are so sorry."

"I'll come gladly," he said, his drawn face lighted up. "I shall be glad to forget business for the moment. To find you waiting here like the first time we met is as unexpected as it is pleasant."

"We could not sleep," she explained. "While you were in trouble. We wanted to know that all was well with you if not with the business."

"You didn't suppose I was going to shoot myself in the true melodramatic fashion, did you?" he laughed. Lola shook her head.

"I'm glad to hear that," she explained. "But we thought it might not seem so hard if you had a chance to rest up a little before you went to your rooms."

He followed her into the tiny dining room, where a dainty cloth lay spread.

"Cast your restaurant meals on the water and they will come back in the shape of real home stuff," he laughed. "I hope this lunch will do you as much good as that other supper did."

"I'm glad to hear that," she said. "There is only one thing I should like better."

"And that?" she asked.

"A meal in our own home," he explained. "Is there hope for me, Lola?"

The girl nodded. "I think I'll think I shall hire you by the day."

"Just that," he confirmed. "It was a trick to throw the market. We are sold enough, but the sensational sheet turned rumor into what purported to be a statement of facts. You see, you will not have to carry a beggar after all."

"I don't care what you are, Nat," she said tenderly, "so that you are you."

Caused by A Kiss

By MARY BRAY

Copyright, 1904, by May McKoon

Billy kissed her. It had not been entirely unexpected. He had threatened, and she had laughed and teased him. Then it happened, and she had struck him a stinging blow in the face and run, plunging through tangled vines and bushes, tearing her light dress and scratching her arms on the blackberry thorns, until she broke into an open space where one might stop to breathe. She paused, then flung herself upon the ground, pressing hot hands to warm, flushed cheeks.

Why had Martha run away? Because she hated Billy? Oh, no, or she would not have gone blackberrying with him. Because she loved to scramble through brush and briar? Hardly. Why, then? Because her thoughts rambled confusedly, just because he kissed her. Perhaps Billy would come and find her.

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Barrington Locals

Notice.

Following our usual custom of giving our force a week's vacation between Christmas and New Years, there will be no paper on December 28th. It will also give the office a chance to catch up with a lot of accumulated job printing so that we can start the year with a clean slate.

MILES T. LAMEY, Publisher.

F. A. Hawley held a very successful auction Tuesday night.

Floyd Hawley bought over 100 Rose Comb brown Leghorn chickens from Iowa parties.

Miss Pauline Clausius of Palestine visited with friends here this week.

Mrs. Helen Sullivan and daughters and son visited in Chicago this week.

Henry Meyer of Port Washington Wis., spent Sunday at the home of his brother, A. W. Meyer.

Found—A sum of money. If owner will identify amount and pay for this advertisement, can have same by calling on Theo. Schuit, Barrington.

John Homuth and Miss Anna Menching spent Sunday at Milwaukee.

Mrs. D. F. Lamey spent Wednesday at the home of her sister, Mrs. Clara Crouse in Chicago.

Misses Alma and Mabel Stefenhoefer spent Monday in Chicago.

Mrs. Margaret Andrews is visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. J. J. Reno, at Honey Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. John Stemple of Arlington Heights were guests at the home of G. H. Landwehr Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Martens and Miss Mabel Reese spent Sunday in Chicago, visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Battinger of Minnesota, who spent a week with Barrington friends, returned home Sunday.

Leroy McMillan of Larchwood, Iowa, after a 10-day visit with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Howarth departed for his home. Mr. McMillan is a nephew of Mrs. Howarth.

Miss Mary Kibhal was tendered a delightful birthday party Saturday evening at the home of her parents. An most delightful evening was spent, and at midnight a beautiful and dainty repast was served.

The Thursday club met with Mrs. Alford this week. Study "First Newspapers in America," was in charge of Mrs. Dolan. They will meet with Emily Hawley next Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bicknese attended the show at Long Grove Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Frank were Chicago visitors Friday.

Mr. George Eichman has gone to Cary to assist his brother Will in the blacksmith shop.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Schaefer visited relatives at Jefferson Park Saturday and Sunday.

Roland Beutler spent Sunday at the Seip home.

Norman Ladd visited friends here Tuesday evening.

George Prusia, Jr., and Wm. Bicknese were Chicago visitors Wednesday.

Miss Lizzie Kivler spent Sunday in Highland Grove.

Mr. E. A. Ficke is serving on the jury at Waukegan.

Go to A. W. Meyer for Christmas presents.

Mrs. J. N. Smith returned to her home at Juliet, having spent a week with her folks, Mr. and Mrs. Schaefer, Miss Anna Schaefer returned with her.

George and Emil Frank attended the funeral of their sister, Mrs. Kasberg, in Chicago Sunday. While at the funeral they received word of the death of her 6 year old son, who also died of typhoid fever. Otto Frank attended the funeral of the boy Wednesday.

Excursion Rates for Holidays. Via the North-Western Line. Excursion tickets will be sold at reduced rates on nine dates: December 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 30, 31, 1906, and January 1, 1907, good returning until and including Jan. 7, 1907, to stations on the North-Western Line, (including C. St. P. M. & O. R'y.), and to points on certain other lines, for full details of which apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

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Famous Strike Breakers.

The most famous strikebreakers in the land are Dr. King's New Life Pills. When liver and bowels go on strike they quickly settle the trouble, and the purifying work goes right on. Best cure for constipation, headache and dizziness. 25c at Barrington Pharmacy.

The Los Angeles Limited.

Electric lighted train. Chicago to Los Angeles every day in the year, less than three days on route, via Chicago & North Western, Union Pacific, and Salt Lake Route. Splendid equipment of the most modern and complete character, accommodating all classes of travel.

Pullman drawing room and Pullman tourist sleeping cars and composite observation cars. Double berth in tourist cars only \$7.00 from Chicago.

For full