

**Hantway's Punishment**  
By JOHN J. O'CONNOR  
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It was October when Tim came to school. The family had been visiting relatives in the west, and he had rejoined in the prolonged vacation. It seemed rather hard to have to go back to school, and it was with a lagged feet that he headed, with the rest of the scholars, toward the little frame building where the tender mind of district No. 4 was trained.

"The new teacher's soft," volunteered Tommy English. "The other day Bill Hendricks brought a bean omelet and shot the teacher in the back, and all she said was, 'Please don't!' I guess there's going to be fun."

Tim smiled weakly. It was encouraging to know that he could practice his devotions without the risk of a thrashing. The last teacher had been a man, and Tim had had good reason to remember him, for of the younger boys Tim was the ringleader. Just as Hendricks was the leader of the older boys. That Bill had eventually thrashed the teacher and forced him to resign just before the end of the spring term was no great consolation to Tim. The trustees had put in a woman teacher as an experiment, thinking that perhaps feminine appeal might be more potent than the heliograph switch. Tim rather expected a stout old lady, as a certain Miss Flint had been, and when he made his appearance in the schoolroom and presented himself before the teacher he was shocked to find so young a woman.

Marion Murtha was only nineteen, and her fresh coloring and the liquid brown eyes made so deep an impression on him that for the first ten days he was one of the model scholars, and Miss Murtha was beginning to con-



But the course of true love never did run smooth, and one afternoon Tim came back to the schoolroom to find Miss Murtha, with her hand bowed on her arms, her slight form shaken by sobs. Softly he stole out of the room and made for the village.

Ben would probably be in the office of the lumber yard, and fluster he bent his steps. Hantway was working up at his desk when the door burst open and Tim was upon him like a young fire-eater, pummeling and kicking indiscriminately. The attack was so sudden that it was several minutes before Hantway could grasp the youngster. Tears of rage fell from Tim's eyes as he struggled to get free.

"You let me alone!" he shouted. "I've got to lick you. I said I was going to lick any fellow that made Miss Murtha cry, and I licked 'em all except Billy Hendricks, and I threw stones at him."

"I didn't make her cry," laughed Hantway, though his face went very white. "What makes you think so?"

"You want to drive her home," cried Tim, "and now you don't come any more, and I went into the schoolroom this afternoon, and she was crying with her head on the desk, and I knew it was your fault, and I want to lick you."

Hantway's face glowed with pleasure. There had been a small quarrel, but so successfully had he hidden his feelings that he did not think she cared.

"I'll lick up and go right over to tell her I'm sorry," he said. "Will that do?"

"If she says yes," agreed Tim. Hantway went out.

That evening Tim was at the Presbyterian social when Miss Murtha and Hantway came in. Miss Murtha bent over and kissed him.

"My little champion," she whispered. "You have made me so happy."

"Then I won't lick Ben again," promised the pleased Tim. "I thought you'd want me to."

The Star and Her Public. Of course naturally the star is extremely well off. She can, if she has any business instinct whatever, easily become a rich woman. She earns, we will say, \$500 a week and a percentage of the box office receipts. At that rate she would be a very wealthy woman in a very few years. A few successful years! Ah, there's the rub! The public is dear, kind, sympathetic, flattering and fond. Its regard is immediate and perhaps ephemeral. It adores you this year, flatters you, bursts its gloves applauding you, warms the cockles of your heart with its ready smiles, its kisses, its flowers, its bouquets, sends you telegrams, and next year it doesn't care you any more. Its popularity has evaporated, its admiration has faded, its love has gone. The way that greater favors than those that it bestows are given to the stars is that they are given to the stars in the form of a public. The public is a fickle creature, and it is not wise to rely upon its favors. The public is a fickle creature, and it is not wise to rely upon its favors. The public is a fickle creature, and it is not wise to rely upon its favors.

**A Little Ingenue**  
By BELLE MANIATES  
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Back in the midst of a hundred oaks stood the rambling old farmhouse, its lawn stretching into gardens, its gardens into orchards, orchards into meadows and meadows into forest. In this ideal old country place dwelt Elwin Wilkes, a stern, puritanical old man, his timid, docile wife and their orphaned granddaughter, Helene Lawrence, who, despite the fact that her upbringing had been strictly and narrowly supervised by her grandfather and that she had been allowed no playmates, was blooming into a winsome affectionate maidenhood.

The last month had been one of delight to her. One day an automobile had broken down near the house, and its occupant, a beautiful young woman from the city, had stayed there while her chauffeur had returned for repairs.

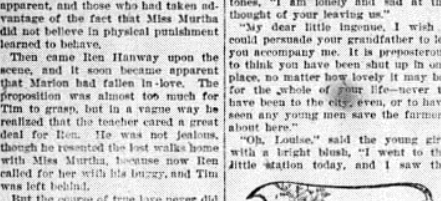
How it was accomplished was a mystery, but Miss Marshall had won the old man's consent to her becoming a boarder at the Oaks for a few weeks, as she was in search of just such a place for rest and quiet after a gay season.

The night before her return to her home she took a beautiful stroll through the woods with Helene, whose eyes rested in wistful meditation upon her companion.

"Louise," she said in soft voiced tones, "I am lonely and sad at the thought of your leaving us."

"My dear little ingenue, I wish I could persuade your grandfather to let you accompany me. It is preposterous to think you have been shut up in one place, no matter how lovely it may be, for the whole of your life—never to have been to the city, even, or to have seen any young men save the farmers about here."

"Oh, Louise," said the young girl, with a bright blush, "I went to the little station today, and I saw the



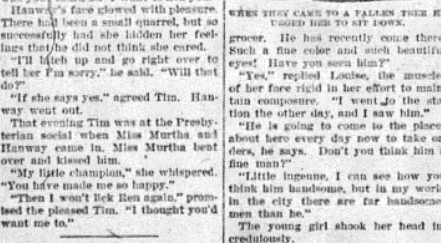
When they came to a fallen tree he urged her to sit down. Helene has recently come there. She is a fine color and such beautiful eyes. Have you seen him?"

"Yes," replied Louise, the muscles of her face rigid in her effort to maintain composure. "I went to the station the other day, and I saw him."

"He is going to come to the place about here every day now to take orders, he says. Don't you think him a fine man, in your color and such beautiful eyes? Have you seen him?"

"Yes," replied Louise, the muscles of her face rigid in her effort to maintain composure. "I went to the station the other day, and I saw him."

"He is going to come to the place about here every day now to take orders, he says. Don't you think him a fine man, in your color and such beautiful eyes? Have you seen him?"



Liberia is the home of the chimpanzee, of the beautiful monkey known as Dandy Jack, of the water chevrotail and many strange animals, the manatee and the armadillo. The chimpanzee is said to bear a near relation to man, and people who do not entertain that view will be able to gauge the sagacity of the animal from the following interesting anecdote: "I saw a young female chimpanzee from the Cavalla river in the possession of the German consul at Cape Palmas. It would scarcely be difficult to see it with a more human creature not actually of the genus homo. This chimpanzee lived in her owner's house as a child might have done, with a negro nurse to look after her. She was generally allowed complete liberty and did not abuse this freedom by breaking or spoiling anything within her reach and, strange to say, was wonderfully clean in her habits. She was too often wanting in chimpanzees. Puppe would come when her name was called and fling herself into her master's arms. Puppe's sympathy with strangers was dissipated. If she liked the person introduced she would climb on his knee and tender charming caresses, pushing out the long lips in a pout to be kissed."

"Will," he urged. "Will you not tell me your name—your first name?" "Helene."

"Helene, tell me if this hour we have spent here in the woods alone has been a pleasant one to you."

"The pleasantest hour," she said frankly, "that I ever have spent."

"Helene, would you like a lifetime of such hours?"

"Oh!" she gasped, "no one's life could be that long."

"You shall be, Helene. Will you leave home for me—to be my wife?" Helene was very grave now. "You should not talk like that to me," she said reprovingly. "I should not say that. We do not know each other."

"Helene," he protested, "I knew you the moment I looked into your eyes. Come to me without knowing me. Take me by the hand."

"I must not. I would never let me."

"Leave that to me. Tell me you will marry me, and I will win your consent."

She sighed incredulously and looked at him wistfully.

When Louise had been home a few days she received a letter—which read as follows:

My Dear Louise—I promised you that if my grandfather should ever relent and consent I would pay you a visit. I can tell you that I am going to do so, and I write to tell you so that you will make my simple preparations. Once more I thought you might advise me what to do. Please, once more, I sign myself, the name you gave me.

THE LITTLE INGENUE. Disney at the thought of the beautiful girl wedding the green-eyed Louise obedient to the entrance of her favorite cousin, Roger Crofton, until he spoke. She handled him the letter.

"I recall that grocer perfectly," she said, with a sigh—good looking, I admit, and rather well educated, but not her equal! It shall not be!"

"How can you prevent it, Louise?" "I'll introduce her to the world when she comes, and then by contrast she will see her mistake."

She began ordering some simple but elegant evening gowns for the don of the young girl. When she arrived Louise saw in the transcendent beauty that radiated from every feature that she had no passing fancy to overthrow. The days that followed brought a young grocer, and Helene was pleased and interested in this new life, but one day she came to Louise with sparkling eyes.

"He is coming Tuesday to take me home and our wedding soon to be!" Louise groaned inwardly at this announcement. But she re-enforced her courage. Tuesday night she was to give her betrothed a lesson. The grocer would appear in the midst of the elegant cultured men, and Helene would see the contrast.

The faithful girl arrived, and Helene went among the guests radiant and expectant. Late in the evening she saw the grocer enter the big hall. Louise, noting the sudden disappearance of her little friend, divined the reason, and when the grocer stepped forth she went in search of the girl and her grocer lover. As she approached a little screened retreat Helene stopped forth her eyes like stars.

"Louise, here I am!" Louise entered the dimly lighted room. A tall form came forward, and she looked into the eyes of her cousin Roger.

"I don't understand," she exclaimed, taking his outstretched hand. "The grocer?"

"I went to the little station near The Oaks one day," he explained, "to receive my orders, and I met a girl so great an attraction for you there. I found in an elegant place to sit and loaf and concluded to remain and have a rather by John me. I found the grocer, to whom I applied for orders, but he disappeared because his clerk had left. I took charge of his store while he went to look up some help, and my first customer was our little friend here. Well it was a case of love at first sight with me, and I would her in the role of grocer from a whim. I revealed my true position to her grandfather, and he effected a change of heart. I did not let Helene know my identity until tonight. I came here to confide in you the other day, and from another whim resolved to let you try your skill at effecting a change of heart. I thought it a good opportunity to show my worldly wise cousin the power of love."

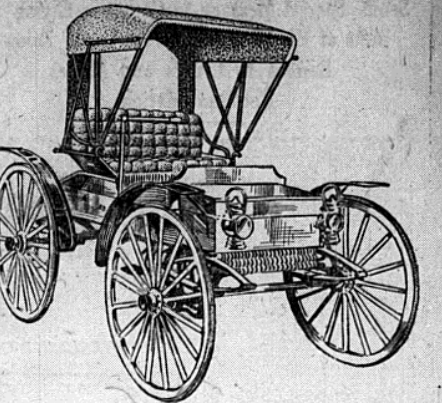
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**ADJUDICATION NOTICE.**  
Public Notice is hereby given that the Subscriber, Administrator of the Estate of Antone Promettus deceased will attend the County Court of Lake County, at a term thereof to be holden at the Court House in Waukegan, in said County, on the first Monday of January next, 1907 when and where all persons having claims against said Estate are notified and requested to present the same to said Court for adjudication. ELLISON P. HAINDEN, Administrator.  
Waukegan, Ill., Oct. 27, 1906.

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