Ellery's Dilemma

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay

"They've made life easter," enswere et Ellery Brewn. It was an old die cussion of theirs, a topic they fed bacies on when all else failed. Journs dwee on the numerous accidents that were unknown in lesisurely stage-coach days Ellery tabled of the wonders of mix chinery and electricity.

"Poolt" suiffed Jouns. "Who's any better off for the sheeks relegrating their properties." And as for electric lith—a pretty right face used to look twice the control of the sheeks a pretty right face used to look twice.

bring 'em?' And as for electric light a pretty girl's face used to look tw as well when there were only cand shining! Not that you'd care ab that," he added slyly, and Ellery a dened. Every one knew that he w the shiest man in all Elmway village with control of the control of the with control of the control of the with confusion when any one notic him, he stammered and stuttered;



"ARABELLA, I LOVE YOU."
always be took the opposite side of the road when he saw a feminine acquaintance approaching. He shunned piente. road when we are a pestileace He shunned picnics and socials as if they were a pestileace He would rather have died than taken a girl rowing or driving. His neighbors laughed and wondered what would happen should Ellery fall in leave. Ellery himself never considered the subject, and that may have been the subject, and that may have been the subject. abject, and that may have been eason why love took him un-

was sitting in church one bright lay in summer when his attention arrested by the sight of a stran-in the Hardy's pew, a slip of a in blue muslin, with a wide pic-hat trimmed with roses, om where he sat he could see th-ratleyl inted oval of her cheek and

stream warre ne sat he could see the delicately tinted oval of her cheek and he pale gold of her wavy hair. Then the turned her he's, and their eyes net. Hers were dark gray, fringe-vith heavy lashes. Ellery's heart be-pan a ridiculous tattoo, the hands that vere holding his book trembeld, and he-viored to the roots of his hair. "It's Arabieal Hawkins," whispered, ome one behind him. Every now and hen Ellery ventured a glance in her irection. The sun, slanting through ne of the small stained glass win-lows, touched her with rainbow colors iterly dazuling. "I wish I sould walk ome with her," sighed Ellery. "But o I dare?" "If you don't some one clee will,'

I dare?"

If you don't some one else will.

common seisse said, and when the
hymn had been sung and the peowere moving slowly down the
se Eliery pressed forward, his courat white heat. He spoke a word
greeting (to Mrs. Hardy and then
presented to Arabelia.

A. G. Gieske, M.D.C. Veterinarian

Graduate of Chicago Veterinary College

el, and he resolved to repeat it by calling the next evening.

And, though in the days that followed his footsteps were not the only ones that wended their way to the Hardy gate, he managed to monopolities the greater share of Arabella's time. His shyness was gradually wearing away, but there was one question he longed to ask and could not he force in the country mer's text when he was with her the words seemed to cleave to the roof of his month. Over and over again he led up to it odly to half miserably when the crucial moment came.

he had meant to say, yet as he mopped his brow it vaguely occurred to him that perhaps in a buggy it would be

that perhaps in a Duggy it wound e-casier.

But even there, with Arabella by his side, words falled him.

"Will you-will you'- he began.

"Will you-will you'- he began.

"Will in Just, Ellery?" said Arabella very sweetly and patiently.

"Will you-have an ice cream soda at the drug store on the way back?"

"Certainly," answered Arabella, a shade of disappointment in her voice.

She liked the broad shouldered, hon-est eyed young fellow more than she admitted to any one save herself, though she never had had so bashful a suitor.

though she never high had so bashful a suitor.

And yet she knew Ellery was no coward. His townsfolk had told her of the courageous things he had done-how he had stoped a runaway horse at the risk of his own life and how one bitter winter day he had crawled to the edge of an ice hole in the river to rescue the eldest Hardy child who clung there, half frozen.

As for Ellery, he felt that time was passing and he was no nearer the goal. "I'd terrible," he moaned, "to think I've gone this far and can't go further." Matters were getting desperate. "Better hurry up, Ellery!" his friends unged him. "There's a fellow in her own town town wants her Just as much as you do?"

o".
Advice came thick and fast.
"Why don't you write it?" drawled

Advice came thick and fast.
"Why don't pot write it?" do
ne waggish acquaintance. "At
he'il be sure to get it."
"Modern invention has done
nany things," checkled old Jone
tts given us telegraphs and
coats and automobiles, but ther many mungs, chuckied old Jonas Fert, "It's given us telegraphs and motor boats and automobiles, but there's one thing it hasn't done. It hasn't made it any eagler to pop the question. That's fast as Earl today as it was a hundred cears ago?"

A few days later a sman crate array-ed for him. "Looks as if it might be a typewriter," said the station agent, but as Ellery was not given to literary pursuits this guess seemed rather im-

izotabla.

Lafe that night Ellery tiptoed through the Hardys' orchard, hidding tight to a mysterious funnel shaped contrivance, on which he had banked all his hopes. The sleeping Arabelia was wakened by a voice beneath her window. Slipping on a kimono, she window slipping on a kimono, she hand out to listen.

All the stadows beneath came his answering tones, swift and unwavers.

anishering tooes, swift and unwave-ing.

"Akabella, I love you. I love you more than any one in the world. Pin not worthy of you, I know, but I'll do everything I can to make you happy. Willyou marry me, Arabella?

"Yes, Ellery," and Arabella prompt-ly. "But what's the matter with your volce? Mercy!" she of-iculated as there came a sudden whir and elle's.

"You aren't choking, are you?"

"If I am, it's with happiness, said her rapturous suitor, coming quickly linto view.

"That sounds more natural," said

into riew, "That sounds more natural," said Arabella. There was a whispered col-loquy, and later, in a happy dane, his phonograph hugged securely under his arm, they stumbled along the orchard path. "She'll never know it was done

path. "She'll never know it was done by machine," he nurmured, "and since she loves me it's all right anyhow, though I suppose that when I get home I'd better destroy the record or "twill give me clean away." At the edge of the road a familiar figure loomed in the darkness. "That four loomed in the darkness. "That you. Liber?" said Jones Pert. "It's you. Eller?" said Jones Pert. "It's you. And they presend to light this place by electricity: I tell you modern inven-tions"—

Tom Belden's Burglary

By W. L. SCANDLIN

The familiar number, 120, painted in

of electric light made the hall as bright as data the sudden glare Tom saw the glittering barrel of a revolver looking in his face and heard the command: "Hold those shoes at arm's length and back down into that hallroom behind you. If you try to escape, I'll shoot you dead?"

Tom stood aghast. His impulse was to run, but as he looked into the nunsite of that gun he mechanically obeyed, and, arms at length, a shoe dangling from each hand and beads of perspiration standing on his forebead, he back:

from each hand and beads of perspiration standing on his forehead, he backed into the room, and the key was turned upon him.

He realized that he was in a grave predictiment. He could hear rolees in the hall and some one speaking lato the telephone, presumably summoning the police. Could be easexpe before they arrived? He could perhaps wing himself out of the window ledge and drop to the previously, but the danger of



TOM SAW THE GLITTERING BARREL OF A

ed. Clearly he must remain where he was until the police came, when he could explain.

The bell rang. A detective and two

tective, and the two officers monitor the stairs. Nex. Happeood preceded the detective into the library. "My fronther, Mr. Waters," she began, "He connected with one of the moraling papers. I have telephoned him, and he will be here soon. In his absence I am abase in the house with my mail and the costs. I retired about helf pair II. The cook beked up downstairs, as usual, and is certain that every down and wholy some one that every down the wind property of the country of the coun

"You're to be complimented, ma'am, on your nerve," commented the officer. The officers came down the stairs with Tom between them. "There's a mistake here, sir," said one of them. "We'd better give the chap a chance to explain before we take him in. If he's crooked, he's the best disguised

he's cropsed, ne's the best disguised of any of 'em I ever seen."
"Tell Clancy to bring him in, and you go downstairs and find out if every-thing is O. K. there."
Tom had resumed his shoes and pulled

thing is O. K. there."

Tom had resumed his shoes and pulled himself together, and when he entered the library in charge of Officer Clancy there was nothing in his appearance to suggest the nature of his allezed profession.

"You are doubtless warranted, madam, in suspecting men of evil intent. but I assure you I am inspected of everything but a stupped blunder do ny author with the suspection of the property o

"This is no new scheme, ma'am, but "This is no new scheme, ma'am, but I'm strongly inclined to think that in this case the gent is straight. If the people on the next street identify him we can let him go. But of course if you say the word westi pull him in

go."

Tom now breathed freely. He knew that a few inquiries would set him atraight, but he had greatly feared that he might be locked up while they were

The officer returned from downstairs and, stepping to Tom's side, reported: "There's a pane of glass out of the ear extension window. The back door s open and the swag's all tied up in he tablecioth in the dining room, and"—

the tablecloth in the dining room, and "— Here the maid, entering excitedly, in-terrupted. "I'm sure, ma'am," she gasped, "I just heard some one moving

In your room?"

There's two of 'em, boys," whispered the detective. "Fit them bracelets." And Tom was handcuffed. "Clancy, go quietly upstairs and cover the door to the roof. Brady, watch the fire escape." Then, turning to Tom, "You walk quietly ahead of me, and if you give any signal I'll make you look like the outside ring of a target after platol practice."

Instantly the situation became clear to 70m, but he knew his best course was to obey, so he started down the hall and quietly pseceded the officer up the stairs.

At the top of the flight the detective stopped and listened. Suddenly pushing open the door of Mr. Happool's room, he covered with his revolver the real burgfar, who was pillering the dresser. Claner," he shouted, "but he will be the started of the

room, he covered with his revolver the real burglar, who was pilfering the dresser.

"Here, Clancy," he shouted, "put the nippers on this man and take 'em both downstairs."

They were halfway down when the front door opened and a tail, middle aged man of fine appearance entered. He was evidently repeared for the situation and was about to speak to the orward and, extending his hand, exclaimed;

"Hello, Belden, How in the name of conscience did you come here, and what's all this shout anyway?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Walters," answered Tom, "if I give you both my hands. It's difficult to differentiate just now, but if you can prove your identity and establish mine you'll put me under eternal obligations." Then, turning to the officer: "Say, man, don't you think I can get along without these ornaments now? I've helped you to catch a real thief, and it's time you let up."

"Why, you see," said Mr. Waters be with their prisoner, "I have known Tom Belden for years. He used to be our Booton correspondent.

Then he turned to Tom.

"Come on, my boy; let's go down to the dining room and see if that dratted thief left any clears on the sideboard. I'll keep you with me until I think it sefe to let you out. You might have further trouble finding the right 129."

1 say, Mr. Waters," responded Tom.

"if you'll promise not to give this you great to the boys I'll sign an agreement to stop at a hotel whenever I vid New York minin and give you a key to my room."

The hoad Thresh.
The robin that "plans" third, is very quarry tome, and it cans scrates not extend him westing the precious have so food in limiting smother hungry rob in my and from the around and around all the sparrywa have cherry's

are in puranti, the curious fact is tital they seldors fight. If the pursued turns the pursuer stops, perks up his tail and, being promptly charged by the other, becomes in his turn the pursued. But woe to both when the missed thrush comes. He is pittless in pri-suit, and I have seen them pass my window time after time in the course of a morning, the storm cock hard on the "heels" of the blackbird, and when they overtake them what hausen? the "heels" of the blackbird, and when they overtake them what happens? For myself I believe the missel thrush is a canulbial. At any rate, I al-tribute some of the dead blackbirds and thrushes that one finds about the grounds to his crueb beak. He watches for birds for hours at a time, like a bird of prey, and attacks them like one. I have often stopped a classe which I knew could only end one way. —Contemporary Review.

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