BILLY BOY, MATCHMAKER

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

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"Pretty! It is profane to call her merely pretty," Wheaton said, staring covertly at Helen Marr. "She is well named," he went on. "Can't you fancy her's the

"Face that launched a thousand ships
And burned the topless towers of Ilium?"

"No," Norris answered with a laughing shake of the head. "Remember, I'm neither artist nor painter, nor even Bohemian—merely a village landlord, whose chief concern is to keep terms with his tenants, and used to seeing pretty girls, even very pretty girls, every day in the week."

"If you call her pretty, I repeat your case is hopeless," Wheaton persisted. This time he spoke very low, but not so low as to escape Helen's ear. She was coming toward them on her dappled pony, her hat hanging at the back of her head and a sheaf of wild roses in the hollow of her arm. The pink of the roses was deepening in her cheeks, and she would have ridden past with the merest inclination of the head but that Billy Boy, spoiled beast, was of another mind. He whinnied joyously to Norris, and when he got abreast of that gentleman planted his four legs, obstinately refusing to budge, his whinny changing to a plaintive whicker of protest.

"I see Billy Boy is constant—not proud and haughty like his mistress. He does not ignore his friends if he does happen to find them in bad company," Norris said, stepping to the pony's head and letting him rummage a sugar lump out of his pocket.

Norris tried to speak with his usual bantering friendliness, but not very successfully. He wished, indeed, Billy Boy had been less his constant friend, since he did not want to present Wheaton to Billy Boy's mistress. However, there was no help for it—it served him right for spoiling the creature so. But there were mitigating circumstances to the spoiling.

The Marr paddock adjoined his own, and while holding converse with Billy Boy across the fence of it, giving him bread, sugar or sweet apples, he needed no excuse for likewise holding converse with Miss Helen. She was shy of him when they met socially, for, though Norris would have scrupled to admit it, he was the catch of the village, much courted by the eligible and rather let alone by the self respecting. Beyond their pride and their pedigree the Marrs had little. Helen's chief diversion, indeed, was the rides she took about the red roads and the shady lanes which led from the village into the deep country.

Wheaton was not a bad sort, but he was a city man and, Norris more than suspected, a trifler, making love to every very pretty or very piquant face he encountered. He was, moreover, disgustingly good to look at. Thus Norris contrasted mentally Wheaton's supple elegance with his own burly strength. Wheaton played at being an artist, chiefly by way of diversion. He had just enough money to keep himself in luxurious idleness and no will whatever to increase the sum of it or divide the spending. Norris knew all that; therefore he raged inly, mainly at himself, while Wheaton talked to Helen, the while coaxing Billy Boy to stand obstinately still by giving him tufts of tender roadside grass. If was playfully done, so playfully Helen did not in the least see through it.

She got over her shyness very quickly and talked brightly to Wheaton, giving him now and again dazzling smiles. It took her all aback to have Norris at the end of fifteen minutes jerk Billy Boy's bridle sharply and send him cantering homeward with a sharp slap on the rump.

As the pony cantered Helen wondered what she had done to displease Norris. He had looked gloomier and older than she ever had seen him and had growled in answer to the goodby she had thrown to him over her shoulder.

Before the week end she had ceased to think of Norris, of Billy Boy, of anything, indeed, save and except Wheaton. They had ridden through the long summer mornings together and spent the silver moonlit evenings strolling about the village, never getting beyond hail or the range of friendly household lights. Helen went bareheaded; Wheaton insisted upon it. He insisted, too, that he must paint her, not in the heat of the summer, but when he came back in the fall. He was coming, of course. He had not dreamed that his own country held such beauties as the region round about had disclosed. Possibly he would settle down there and make himself famous by perpetuating the charm of its grassed reaches, its towering hills, the silver of its brooks and the soft, illimitable purples brooding above its big fields.

Helen listened as one enchanted. She was just nineteen, unworldly as a new fledged dove and full of romance and the worship of romance. Wheaton seemed to her a creature apart, a denizen of another world, one in which she herself belonged of right, although she would no doubt be the simplest, the humblest, there. His tales of the city, of the studios, the cafes, the sparkle and foam of existence, fascinated her as nothing else had ever done, not even the old Chronicles, which heretofore had served her instead of fairy tales.

Wheaton really talked well, but then Helen's listening was in itself inspiration. Add that he was as much in love as his temperament admitted, and it is easy to understand how he seemed to her inspired. He did not look forward or backward—at anything except the day and the pleasure of it. Helen had charmed her as that other Helen no doubt charmed Paris. What wonder that he reveled in the charming, without a thought of how it might end!

He did not even see what it all meant to Norris, good old Norris, who was too staid and phlegmatic ever to know the real meaning of life. He loved to make Helen talk of him. By her stories Norris had been to her a sort of combined knight errant and fairy godfather. There was no hint of romance in them, for all she had colored so beautifully and flung up her head in telling of the traps and pitfalls the village had set for him. It was plain she knew Norris to be a prize of the chase matrimonial. Perhaps that was why Wheaton felt moved to ask one day as they sat under the big apple tree at the edge of the paddock:

"Little Helen, why don't you save Norris from his pursuers? You could do it, you know—by taking him yourself."

"Thank you. That's just what I've been wanting to ask this list two years," Norris said, vaulting over the fence, in whose ambush he had come upon them unseen. "Will you take me, Helen?" he went on, heedless of Wheaton's presence. Helen gave a little cry and hid her face in her hands.

She had risen. Wheaton also stood up. Both men towered above her, looking defiantly into each other's eyes.

"Will you take me, little girl?" Norris repeated, catching her hand and laying it against his cheek. He felt it tremble delicately before Helen snatched it away. She looked up at him almost piteously, then turned to Wheaton.

Wheaton's face was a battlefield. All at once he was discovering that he did not know all of himself. Under the dilettante, the man of leisure, there was another, somewhat primal, self, with somewhat also of primal force. And this fellow was wild to spring at Norris' throat, to rend and strangle him, and, having rent him, bear away the prize. Yet with the other half of him Wheaton knew that if he had but heard of rather than heard Norris' love-making he would have shaled approval of it as a good ending to something otherwise tangled.

This other man saw, too—and was shamed bitterly by the sight—the love light playing in Helen's innocent eyes. She was not for him. He had love to break her heart at once than at pleasure. That would be the end should he be paid enough to marry her. He would live of her—of any woman. But, oh, the twinge at thought of her another man's wife! He shut his teeth on it and took both her hands—slim hands, hanging helplessly at her sides. He wanted to clasp and kiss them and lay them against his breast, but a certain fiber akin to manliness made him instead hold them firmly as one might hold those of a frightened child while he said huskily:

"The play is done, Helen. I'm going away, straight abroad, never to come back. Won't you let me think of you as—happy Helen Norris?"

"Why think of me at all?" Helen began proudly.

Billy Boy interrupted her—Billy Boy, who felt he must be in everything. He came between her and Wheaton and gently crowded her toward his favorite Norris, then, whirling about, kicked Wheaton heels over head.

Thus a tense moment became filled with comedy. Thus also Helen found out that laughter is balm for lovesickness. Who could be sentimental over a lover sent sprawling to grass? Not Helen, certainly.

By this token she married Norris before the new year came.

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It takes the romance out of the Grand Duke Cyril's real love match, which led to his banishment by the czar, to recall that he is the chap who went to the front in 1904 with a crowd of reporters of both sexes in his train and slapped Kuropatkin's face for remonstrating. If this new sweetheart has married the miscreant to reform him no one envies her the job.

Man's Unreasonableness

is often as great as woman's. But Thos S Austin, Mgr. of the "Republican," of Leavenworth, Ind., was not unreasonable when he refused to allow the doctors to operate on his wife for female trouble. "Instead," he says, "we concluded to try Electric Bitters. My wife was then so sick she could hardly leave her bed, and five (5) physicians had failed to relieve her. After taking Electric Bitters she was perfectly cured, and can now perform all her household duties." Guaranteed by Barrington Pharmacy, price 50c.

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Lieutenant General Chaffee, commander of the United States army, turned down an invitation to meet the king of England because he had a prior engagement at the moment. Having no business to transact with Edward as king, Chaffee probably had no longing for a "jolly good time" with the gentleman of an equivocal past.

The Earliest Surnames.

The earliest surnames were probably those bestowed by the Romans and Greeks, though it may be said that the Jews of a still earlier date had surnames to some extent. In most cases, however, the surnames of the Hebrews were tribal and not permanent, as are those of today. The very earliest surnames in the modern sense of that term date from the middle ages, when nobles were known by the name of their domains and common people by the name of their dwelling places. A great many surnames were bestowed on account of personal peculiarities, such as Long, Short, Stout, Stoop, Small, etc., others on account of trade, such as Smith, Miller, Baker, Weaver, Fowler, Garden, etc. A third class took names from the places where they resided. Examples in this class are John Hill and John Underhill, the first John living on the hill and the second in the little valley under the bluff. There were few, if any, surnames in England prior to the time of the Norman conquest, and in Ireland they did not become common until 1465. The German Jews did not use surnames until about 1825.

Laura's Lover.

Petrarch, the great Italian poet, who lived from 1304 to 1374, met Laura, the golden haired French beauty, on April 6, 1327, in the Church of St. Clara, in Avignon, and fell at once deeply and permanently in love with her. She was then nineteen years old and the wife of Hugues de Sade. For ten years Petrarch lived near her in the papal city and met her frequently in church and in society. It was then that he sang the praises of her charm and loveliness in those sonnets which are so eloquent of his devotion. Laura was not insensible to a worship such as had made the Emperor Charles IV. beg to be allowed to kiss her forehead, but she kept the passionate poet at a proper distance and rebuked him sternly on the only occasion on which he ventured to avow his love. After her death he withdrew from Avignon and ended his days in Italy.

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The International Live Stock Exposition to be held in Chicago Dec. 2 to 9.

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CHANCERY NOTICE.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, } ss.
COUNTY OF LAKE. }

Circuit Court of Lake County, December Term, A. D. 1905.

Anna Baecher vs. Fred H. Frye, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Johanna Reese, Deceased, Ida E. Kurz, Carl Kurz, Adolph Kurz, Paul Kurz, Alvin Kurz, Rose M. Kurz, and Edna Baecher,	In Chancery. No 2618.

Notice is hereby given to the said Ida E. Kurz, Carl Kurz, Adolph Kurz, Paul Kurz, Alvin Kurz, and Rose M. Kurz, that the above named Complainant heretofore filed her bill of complaint in said court, on the Chancery side thereof and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Lake County, to be held at the Court House in Waukegan, in said Lake County, on the first Monday of December A. D. 1905, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

LOUIS O. BROCKWAY, Clerk.
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CHANCERY NOTICE.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, } ss.
COUNTY OF LAKE. }

Circuit Court of Lake County, December Term, A. D. 1905.

Ellen Finnegan vs. Kate C. Reardon, John Reardon, Ellen Finnegan, administratrix de bonis non of the Estate of Patrick Finnegan, deceased, Abraham Reynolds, Abby Reynolds, his wife, George W. Green and Jane Ann Green, his wife, Michael McGroder, alias Michael Mafir-der, alias Michael Mc-Grother, alias Michael Magrother, J. Row Bullock, Trustee, John M. Bullock, and the unknown owner or holder of a certain note for $113.64, dated April 23rd, 1857, due one year after date, secured by trust deed of same date, recorded April 23rd, 1857, in Book J. of Mortgages, page 526, in the Recorder's Office of Lake County, Horatio G. Shumway, Trustee, Richard K. Swift, and the unknown holders or owners of two certain notes for the sum of $31.75 each, given by Michael McGroder on the 12th day of November, 1851, payable to Richard K. Swift, and secured by trust deed of same date, recorded November 18th, 1851, in Book H. of Mortgages, page 193, in the Recorder's Office of Lake County, George Ela, Trustee, and the unknown owner or holder of a certain note dated February 25th, 1858, signed by Michael MaGroder and Nancy MaGroder, due one year after date with 10 per cent use secured by trust deed of same date, recorded Maigh 13th 1858, in Book Q. of Mortgages, page 628, John Thull, alias John Toole, alias Johann Thull, alias John Tola, and Margaret Thull, his wife, their unknown heirs, administrators and assigns.	In Chancery. No. 2462.

Notice is hereby given to the said Abraham Reynolds, Abby Reynolds, his wife, George W. Green and Jane Ann Green, his wife, Michael McGroder, alias Michael MaGroder, alias Michael McGrother, alias Michael Magrother, J. Row Bullock, Trustee, John M. Bullock, and the unknown owner or holder of a certain note for $113.64, dated April 23rd, 1857, due one year after date, secured by trust deed of same date, recorded April 23rd, 1857 in Book J. of Mortgages, page 526 in the Recorder's office of Lake county, Horatio G. Shumway, Trustee, Richard K. Swift, and the unknown holders or owners of two certain notes for the sum of $31 75 each, given by Michael McGroder on the 12th day of November, 1851; payable to Richard K. Swift, and secured by trust deed of same date, recorded November 18th, 1851, in Book H. of Mortgages, page 193, in the Recorder's office of Lake county, George Ela, Trustee and the unknown owners or holders of a certain note dated February 25th, 1858, signed by Michael MaGroder and Nancy MaGroder, due one year, after date with 10 per cent use secured by trust deed of same date, recorded March 13th, 1858, in Book Q of Mortgages, page 628, John Thull, alias John Toole, alias Johann Thull, alias John Tola, and Margaret Thull, his wife, their unknown heirs, administrators and assigns that the above named complainant heretofore filed her bill of complaint and amendments thereto in said Court on the Chancery side thereof, and that summons thereupon issued out of the said Court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Lake county to be held at the Court House in Waukegan in said Lake county, December, A. D. 1905, as is by law required and which suit is still pending

LEWIS O. BROCKWAY,
Clerk.

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Complainant's Solicitors.

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