Barrington Review.

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THE CALL OF THE CITY.

Faint and far, like a thing of dreams,
With palace and mart and spire.
With the tread of a million hurrying feet,
With hope and regret and desire—
The city lies and it calls with a voice
That touches men's souls with fire.

The fields stretch far to the rim of the day,
And afar to the rising sun,
The valleys between bear lilies white,
As the snood of a cloistered nun;
The winds of heaven, untrammeled and sweet,
Fan meadow and fen and fall—
But ever and ever the wind fares forth
With its burden, the city's call.

The maid who dreams by the side of the brook
That flows from the niche in the hill,
Heeds not that the bird on the blossoming spray
Sits mute to hear her trill
The tender lilt of an old love song,
For she catches the throng's acclaim
In the voice of the brook and the whispering breeze—
They bring her the message of fame.

The youth with his hand on the stubborn plow,
As furrow on furrow he turns,
Hears his head to the tempter breeze
And a wondrous fire there burns
In the depths of his steadfast, grave young eyes
As he stands there strong and tall—
For over the hush of the fallow field
Comes stealing the city's call.

The student bending to parchment and page,
While the midnight oil burns low,
Delves on and on, for the way is long
That the searcher for truth must go—
But a glow o'erspreads his strange, wan face,
As he lets the last page fall,
For into the quiet, shadowed room
Comes creeping the city's call.

Faint and far, like a thing of dreams,
With palace and mart and spire,
With the tread of a million hurrying feet,
With hope and regret and desire—
The city lies and it calls with a voice
That touches men's souls with fire.
—Boston Transcript.

THE SPENDERS

A Tale of the Third Generation

By HARRY LEON WILSON

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CHAPTER XVII.

A HOT DAY IN NEW YORK, WITH NEWS OF AN INTEREST-ING MARRIAGE.

At five o'clock that day the prow of the Viluca cut the waters of Newport harbor around Goat Island, and pointed for New York.

"Now is your time," said Mrs. Drelmer to Mauburn. "I'm sure the girl likes you, and this row with the Milbreys has cut off any chance that cub had. Why not propose to her tonight?"

"I have seemed to be getting on," answered Mauburn. "But wait a bit. There's that confounded girl over there. No telling what she'll do. She might knock things on the head any moment."

"All the more reason for prompt action, and there couldn't very well be anything to hurt you."

"By Jove! that's so; there couldn't, very well, could there? I'll take your advice."

And so it befell that Mauburn and Miss Bines sat late on deck that night, and under the witchery of a moon that must long since have become hardened to the spectacle, the old, old story was told, to the accompaniment of the engine's muffled throb, and the soft purring of the silver waters as they slipped by the boat and blended with the creamy track astern. So little variation was there in the time-worn tale, and in the maid's reception of it, that neither need here be told of in detail.

Nor were the proceedings next morning less tamely orthodox. Mrs. Bines managed to forget her relationship of elder sister to the poor long enough to behave as a mother ought when the heart of her daughter had been given into a true lover's keeping. Percival deported himself cordially.

"I'm really glad to hear it," he said to Mauburn. "I'm sure you'll make sis as good a husband as she'll make you a wife; and that's very good, indeed. Let's fracture a cold quart to the future Lady Casselthorpe."

"And to the future Lord Casselthorpe!" added Mrs. Drelmer, who was warmly enthusiastic.

"Such a brilliant match," she murmured to Percival, when they had touched glasses in the after-cabin. "I know more than one New York girl who'd have jumped at the chance."

"We'll try to bear our honors modestly," he answered her.

The yacht lay at her anchorage in the East river. Percival made preparations to go ashore with his mother.

"Stay here with the turtle doves," he said to Mrs. Drelmer, "far enough off, of course, to let them coo, and I'll be back with any people I can pick up for a cruise."

At five in the afternoon Percival had gathered his party. Percival, Ariedge and his lively wife, Yelverton, who enjoyed the rare distinction of having lost money to Percival, and Burman. East they drove through the street where less fortunate mortals panted in the dead afternoon shade, and out on to the dock, whence the Viluca's naphtha launch presently put them aboard that sumptuous craft. A little breeze there made the heat less oppressive.

"We'll be under way as soon as they fetch that luggage out," Percival assured his guests.

"It's been frightfully oppressive all day, even out here," said Mrs. Drelmer, "but the engaged ones haven't lost their tempers once, even if the day was trying. And really they're the most unemotional and matter-of-fact couple I ever saw. Oh! do give me that stack of papers until I catch up with the news again."

Percival relinquished to her the evening papers he had bought before leaving the hotel, and Mrs. Drelmer in the awninged shade at the stern of the boat was soon running through them.

The others had gone below, where Percival was allotting staterooms, and urging every one to "order whatever cold stuff you like and get into as few things as the law allows. For my part, I'd like to wear nothing but a cold bath."

Mrs. Drelmer suddenly betrayed signs of excitement. She sat up straight in the wicker deck chair, glanced down a column of her newspaper, and then looked up.

Mauburn's head appeared out of the cabin's gloom. He was still speaking to some one below. Mrs. Drelmer rattled the paper and waved it at him. He came up the stairs.

"What's the row?"

"Read it!"

He took the paper and glanced at the headlines.

"I knew she'd do it. A chap always comes up with something of that sort, and I was beginning to feel so chippy!" He read:

"London, July 30.—Lord Casselthorpe to-day wed Miss 'Connie' Burke, the music hall singer who has been appearing at the Alhambra. The marriage was performed, by special license, at St. Michael's church, Chester square, London, the Rev. Canon Mecklin, sub-dean of the Chapel Royal, officiating. The honeymoon will be spent at the town house of the groom, in York terrace. Lord Casselthorpe has long been known as the blackest sheep of the British peerage, being called the 'Coster Peer' on account of his unconventional language, his coarse manner and slovenly attire. Two years ago he was warned off Newmarket Heath and the British turf by the Jockey Club. He is 88 years old. The bride, like some other lights of the music hall who have become the consorts of Britain's hereditary legislators, has enjoyed considerable antenuptial celebrity among the gilded youth of the metropolis, and is said to have been especially admired at one time by the next in line of this illustrious family, the Hon. Cecil G. H. Mauburn.

"The Hon. Cecil G. H. Mauburn, mentioned in the above cable dispatch, has been rather well known in New York society for two years past. His engagement to the daughter of a Montana mining magnate, not long deceased, has been persistently rumored."

Mauburn was pale under his freckles.

"Have they seen it yet?"

"I don't think so," she answered. "We might drop these papers over the rail here."

"That's rot, Mrs. Drelmer; it's sure to be talked of, and anyway I don't want to be sneaky, you know."

Percival came up from the cabin with a paper in his hand.

"I see you have it, too," he said, smiling. "Burman just handed me this."

"Isn't it perfectly disreputable!" exclaimed Mrs. Drelmer.

"Why? I only hope I'll have as much interest in life by the time I'm that age."

"But how will your sister take it?" asked Mauburn; "she may be afraid this will knock my title on the head, you know."

"Oh, I see," said Percival; "I hadn't thought of that."

"Only it can't," continued Mauburn. "Hang it all, that blasted old beggar

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

will be 89, you know, in a fortnight. There simply can't be any issue of the marriage, and that—that blasted—"

"Better not try to describe her—while I'm by, you know," said Mrs. Drelmer, sympathetically.

"Well—his wife—you know, will simply worry him into the grave a bit sooner, I fancy—that's all can possibly come of it."

"Well, old man," said Percival, "I don't pretend to know the workings of my sister's mind, but you ought to be able to win a girl on your own merits, title or no title."

"Awfully good of you, old chap. I'm sure she does care for me."

"But of course it will be only fair to sis to lay the matter before her just as it is."

"To be sure!" Mauburn assented.

"And now, thank the Lord, we're under way. Doesn't that breeze save your life, though? We'll eat here on deck."

The Viluca swung into mid-stream, and was soon racing to the north with a crowded Fall river boat.

"But anyway," concluded Percival, after he had explained Mauburn's position to his sister, "he's a good fellow, and if you suit each other even the unexpected wouldn't make any difference."

"Of course not," she assented, "'the rank is but the guinea's stamp,' I know—but I wasn't meaning to be married for quite a time yet, anyway—it's such fun just being engaged."

"A mint julep?" Mauburn was inquiring of one who had proposed it. "Does it have whisky in it?"

"It does," replied Percival, overhearing the question; "whisky may be said to pervade, even to infest it. Try five or six, old man; that many make a great one-night trouble cure. And I can't have anyone with troubles on this Cunarder—not for the next 30 days. I need cheerfulness and rest for a long time after this day in town. Ah! Gen. Hemingway says that dinner is served; let's be at it before the things get all hot!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

A SENSATIONAL TURN IN THE MILBREY FORTUNES.

It was a morning early in November. In the sedate Milbrey dining-room a brisk wood fire dulled the edge of the first autumn chill. At the breakfast table, comfortably near the hearth, sat Horace Milbrey. With pointed spoon he had daintily scooped the golden pulp from a Florida orange, touched the tips of his slender white fingers to the surface of the water in the bowl, and was now glancing leisurely at the headlines of his paper, while his breakfast appetite gained agreeable zest from the acid fruit.

On the second page of the paper the names in a brief item arrested his errant glance. It disclosed that Mr. Percival Bines had left New York the day before with a party of guests on his special car, to shoot quail in North Carolina. Mr. Milbrey glanced at the two shells of the orange which the butler was then removing.

"What a hopeless brute that fellow was!" he reflected. He was recalling a dictum once pronounced by Mr. Bines. "Oranges should never be eaten in public," he had said with that lordly air of dogmatism characteristic of him. "The only right way to eat a juicy orange is to disrobe, grasp the fruit firmly in both hands and climb into a bathtub half full of water."

The finished epicure shuddered at the recollection, poignantly, quite as if a saw were being filed in the next room.

Mrs. Milbrey entered, news of importance visibly animating her. Her husband arose mechanically, placed the chair for her, and resumed his fork in an ecstasy of concentration.

"You really must talk to Avice," his wife said.

Mr. Milbrey sighed, deprecatingly. He could remember no time within five years when that necessity had not weighed upon his father's sense of duty like a vast bowlder of granite. He turned to welcome the diversion provided by the rognons sautees which Jarvis at that moment uncovered before him with a discreet flourish.

"Now you really must," continued his wife, "and you'll agree with me when I tell you why."

"But, my dear, I've already talked to the girl exhaustively. I've pointed out that her treatment of Mrs. Wybert—her perverse refusal to meet the lady at all, is quite as absurd as it is rude, and that if Fred chooses to marry Mrs. Wybert it is her duty to act the part of a sister even if she cannot bring herself to feel it. I've assured her that Mrs. Wybert's antecedents are all they should be; not illustrious, perhaps, but eminently respectable. Indeed, I quite approve of the southern aristocracy. But she constantly recalls what that snobbish Bines was unfair enough to tell her. I've done my utmost to convince her that Bines spoke in the way he did about Mrs. Wybert because he knew she was aware of those ridiculous tales of his mother's illiteracy. But Avice is—er—my dear, she is like her mother in more ways than one. Assuredly she doesn't take it from me."

He became interested in the kidneys. "If Marie had been a man," he remarked, feelingly, "I often suspect that her fame as a chef would have been second to none. Really, the suavity of her sauces is a never-ending delight to me."

"I haven't told you yet the reason—a new reason—why you must talk to Avice."

"The money—yes, yes, my dear, I know, we all know. Indeed, I've put it to her plainly. She knows how sorely Fred needs it. She knows how that beast of a tailor is threatening to be nasty—and I've explained how invaluable Mrs. Wybert would be, reminding her of that lady's generous hint about the rise in Federal Steel, which enabled me to net the neat little profit of $10,000 a month ago, and how, but for that, we might have been acutely distressed. Yet she stubbornly clings to the notion that this marriage would be a mesalliance for the Milbreys."

"I agree with her," replied his wife, tersely.

Mr. Milbrey looked perplexed, but polite.

"I quite agree with Avice," continued the lady. "That woman hasn't been right, Horace, and she isn't right. Young Bines knew what he was talking about. I haven't lived my years without being able to tell that after five minutes with her, clever as she is, I can read her. Like so many of those women, she has an intense passion to be thought respectable, and she's come into money enough—God only knows how—to gratify it. I could tell it, if nothing else showed it, by the way in which she overdoes respectability. She has the thousand and one artificial little rules for propriety that one never does have when one has been bred to it. That kind of woman is certain to lapse sooner or later. She would marry Fred because of his wedding, because he's a favorite with the smart people she thinks she'd like to be pally with. Then, after a little she'd run off with a German dialect comedian or something, like that appalling person Normie Whitmund married."

"But the desire to be respectable, my dear—and you say this woman has it—is a mighty lever. I'm no cynic about your sex, but I shudder to think of their—ah—eccentricities if it should cease to be a factor in the feminine equation."

"It's nothing more than a passing fad with this person—besides, that's not what I've to tell you."

"But you, yourself, were not averse to Fred's marrying her, in spite of these opinions you must secretly have held."

"Not while it seemed absolutely necessary—not while the case was so brutally desperate, when we were actually pressed—"

"Remember, my dear, there's nothing magic in those $10,000. They're winged dollars like all their mates, and most of them, I'm sorry to say, have already flown to places where they'd long been expected."

Mrs. Milbrey's sensation was no longer to be repressed. She had toyed with the situation sufficiently. Her husband was now skillfully dissecting the deviled thighs of an immature chicken.

"Horace," said his wife, impressively, "Avice has had an offer of marriage—from—"

He looked up with new interest.

"From Rulon Shepler."

He dropped knife and fork. Shepler, the man of mighty millions! The undisputed monarch of finance! The cold-blooded, calculating sybarite in his lighter moments, but a man whose values as a son-in-law were so ideally superb that the Milbrey ambition had never vaulted high enough even to overlook them for one daring moment! Shepler, whom he had known so long and so intimately, with never the audacious thought of a union so stupendously glorious!

"Margaret, you're jesting!"

Mrs. Milbrey scorned to be dazzled by her triumph.

"Nonsense! Shepler asked her last night to marry him."

"It's bewildering! I never dreamed—"

"I've expected it for months. I could tell you the very moment when the idea first seized the man—on the yacht last summer. I was sure she interested him, even before his wife died two years ago."

"Margaret, it's too good to be true!"

"If you think it is, I'll tell you something that isn't: Avice practically refused him."

Her husband pushed away his plate; the omission of even one regretful glance at its treasures betrayed the strong emotion under which he labored.

"This is serious," he said, quietly. "Let us get at it. Tell me, if you please!"

"She came to me and cried half the night. She refused him definitely at first, but he begged her to consider, to take a month to think it over—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Dumb, Dead Silence.

The parliament of Australia had an all-night session recently. The ringing of bells, which occurred at frequent intervals when a vigilant member drew attention to the absence of a quorum, "supplied a kind of triangle accompaniment to the trombone-like notes of the sleepers." Under these circumstances, the remark of Joseph Cook, who complained loudly of the "dumb, dead silence" of the sleeping members, must have been ironical. The sleepers were unmoved, however. The postmaster general was in charge of the bill, but, we are told, his "head began to fall gracefully forward upon his breast, and he pulled up his collar, as if seeking more warmth." Mr Cook was naturally indignant. "Here is the minister in charge of these proposals sleeping like a bird with his head upon his shoulder!" he exclaimed, vividly. A little later another member rose to a point of order. "Is an honorable member in order in snoring so loudly that I cannot hear?"

Last Advice from Wife.

William Brookfield, the English churchman, used to tell this story: "The new bishop of New Zealand, in a farewell and pathetic interview with his mother after his appointment, was thus addressed by her in such sequence as sobs and tears would permit: 'I suppose they will eat you, my dear—I try to think otherwise, but I suppose they will. Well! We will leave it in the hands of Providence. But if they do—mind, my dear, and disagree with them.'"

Religious Freedom.

It is stated that ten persons have left the orthodox church of Russia and united with the Swedish Lutheran St. Catharine's congregation in St. Petersburg. When the new members were received by the pastor of the congregation, the church was filled to its utmost capacity. These ten persons were the first who took advantage of the czar's late ukase giving religious freedom.

Good Company.

Life is not so bad for the man who meanders down the path leading to eternity hand in hand with a sympathetic woman.—Chicago Daily News.

Illinois State News

Recent Happenings of Interest in the Various Cities and Towns.

Girl Asks $20,000 Damages.

Bloomington.—Miss Mary Beans, of Knox county, has filed suit asking $20,000 damages against R. J. Denny, of Burlington, Ia., alleging breach of promise.

The complainant alleges that in June, 1903, the defendant promised to marry her, but two years later asked for a postponement. Last December the couple fixed the date for the spring of 1906, but he again backed out, and now denies that he ever promised to marry her.

Miss Beans was formerly Denny's housekeeper.

Brakeman Seriously Injured.

Havana.—W. R. Comingore, a resident of Kilbourne, and employed as a brakeman on the Havana-Jacksonville branch of the C. P. & St. L. railroad, met with an accident which may result in the amputation of one or both legs.

The accident happened at Bath. He was walking on a string of moving flat cars, and in turning his head to look at something beside the track he stepped between two cars and fell on the track. Both legs were run over and severely crushed.

Boy Badly Hurt by Fall.

Carlinville.—Lee Osborn, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Osborn, residing at Medora, this county, received a serious wpund while attempting to climb a telephone pole in front of the Medora creamery building. His feet slipped and he was caught under the left arm by one of the iron brackets that are made use of in climbing the pole. Quite a surface was torn and mutilated.

Shoots Girl, Mother and Self.

Columbia. — Because Minnie Kalosky, 19 years old, refused to wed him, Charles Hoffman, aged 46, shot the girl and her mother and then put a bullet through his temple. Hoffman will die. Mrs. Kalosky will recover, but the condition of the young woman is critical. Hoffman has been a persistent suitor but Miss Kalosky steadfastly refused to accept his attentions.

Texas Fever in Illinois.

Bloomington.—The dreaded Texas fever has made its appearance in Illinois, 12 head of fine cattle belonging to Albert Stacey near here dying, while the remainder of the herd show symptoms of the disease. The herd was recently shipped here from Labelle, Mo., the car not being disinfected. State Veterinarian John M. Scott has enforced a quarantine.

Struck by Engine on Bridge.

Lincoln.—Charles Detch, an employe of the Springfield & Northeastern Railway company, was knocked off a bridge spanning Salt creek and received serious injuries.

He had climbed to the end of the ties, hoping thus to avoid being struck, but the pilot of the engine hit him and he fell a distance of 14 feet.

Board of Review Finds $92,415.

Carlinville.—The board of review of this county completed its work for the year 1906 and adjourned. The total amount added to the assessment of the county on property not assessed was $110,475. The amount of deductions on property assessed too high was $18,000, leaving a net gain of $92,415 in this assessment.

Killed in Freight wreck.

Norris City.—In the wreck of a double-header freight train on the Big Four in this city Engineer Frank Erwin was instantly killed, his head being severed from the body. His fireman jumped and escaped with a broken leg. Spreading rails caused the wreck. Both men lived at Mount Carmel.

Duquoin Has $5,000 Fire.

Duquoin.—The business and residence portion between the Central hotel and First Baptist church on North Mulberry streets, was burned, entailing a loss of $5,000; hardly covered by insurance. The hotel and church were slightly damaged. The origin of the fire is not known.

Ministerial Institute.

Girard.—A ministerial institute will be held at the Hickory Point Baptist church September 28, 29 and 30. The following will take part in the programme: Elder J. W. Rice, Elder W. E. Vaughn, Elder S. F. Rice, Elder I. M. Vaughn, W. S. England, Elder George Hart, L. W. Hostetter.

Hunter Kills Brother by Mistake.

Carmi.—While hunting, Arthur Williams, 11, was shot and instantly killed by William, an older brother, who mistook him for game. He was crawling through the weeds to scare out the rabbits.

Suspect Murder.

Chatsworth.—William Meissenheider, a well-known German citizen, was found with a bullet hole in his breast. A revolver lying near him to indicate suicide, is thought to be a ruse by his friends and family, who think he was murdered.

Normal Educator Dead.

Bloomington.—Buel P. Colton, for 18 years a member of the faculty of the state normal school at Normal, died suddenly at Battle Creek, Mich., of heart disease.

Old Book Is a Curiosity.

Carlinville.—James Allen of Greenfield has in his possession a family relic which belonged to his father, William Allen, that is quite a curiosity. On one of the first pages appears the following notation: "William Allen, his cyphering book, July the 23d day, 1810." It is the arithmetic which he used nearly 100 years ago when he attended school. It is well preserved and gives one a splendid idea of what the art of figures consisted of in those days. There are no printed figures or rules in the book, which consists of some 100 pages. The teacher in a splendid hand, ornamented by copious flourishes, each day wrote down the lessons and rules by which the examples were to be worked. Underneath appear the examples as solved by the pupil. Short division was apparently unknown, as long division was used even when dividing by two. The penmanship, while old-fashioned in style, shows the teacher to have been an expert with the quill. From a mathematical standpoint a glance at the relic will convince anyone of the advancement made in arithmetic during the last 96 years. The cyphering book is quite a curiosity and is naturally highly prized by its owner.

Counterfeiting Kit Found.

Jacksonville.—A complete counterfeiting outfit was discovered by T. O. Grayes, who resides on a farm a few miles south of this city, while tearing down an old house that had not been occupied for a number of years.

In the outfit were two one-dollar dies, one bearing date of 1890 and the other 1901. There also was a quantity of babbett metal, two imperfectly moulded dollars and a kit of tools. The outfit was discovered in the rafters which supported the second story of the house. There is no clue to the owners of the kit, which is supposed to have belonged to a band of tramps who formerly frequented the vicinity. The matter will be investigated.

Road Will Cost $5,500.

Pleasant Plains.—In a suit to determine the value of land through which a public road is to be built, Mrs. Anna Nuttingham and Thomas Wilson have been given damages to the amount of $5,500.

The board of highway commissioners want to build a road near this city, and in doing so will have to go through a valuable piece of land belonging to Mr. Wilson. The road will destroy a race track on the farm and will also pass through a walnut grove, making necessary the destruction of a number of trees. The damage to the Nuttingham land is not so large. The woman will get $799 and Mr. Wilson will get the remaining $4,801.

Boy's Bravery Saves His Life.

Belleville.—With his foot held fast in the frog of a railroad switch, while a string of freight cars was being backed toward him, Emil Siefried, aged nine, retained his presence of mind and leaned far over to one side to save his body from being cut in two. His screams were drowned by the noise of the train and he was forced to watch the wheels crush his foot to a pulp. As it was torn and ground to pieces Emil says the foot became numb and remained so for some time. He was hurried to a hospital when his plight was discovered and the foot was amputated.

Verdict Causes Suicide.

Mattoon.—John C. Backus, assistant superintendent of the Central Illinois Traction company, committed suicide by shooting, following the verdict of a coroner's jury fixing the blame for the wreck on the road in which the motorman was killed and several passengers seriously injured. His family lives at Ashland, O. Backus was formerly a resident of Chicago. He entered the employ of the traction company one year ago. He was manager of the Mattoon team of the K. I. T. baseball league.

Find Body of Drowned Man.

Assumption.—While fishing, Benoit Demeschalk, aged 25 years, was drowned. He was fishing about four miles southeast of town, where the dredge boat is working. His clothes were later found on the bank by some of the men working with the dredge, and with a long pole the body was brought to the surface.

Girard Policeman Is Assaulted.

Girard.—Police Magistrate William Hart was attacked in front of the Bank of Girard by Charles Prichard, a well-known police character. In the fight that ensued Hart severely punished his antagonist. The trouble arose over the payment of the costs in a case against Prichard.

Warehouse Destroyed by Fire.

Mount Vernon.—Warehouse No. 5, with contents, of the Howard & Casey company, wholesale grocers, was totally destroyed by fire which ignited from a burning freight car. The total loss is $17,500, covered by $13,500 insurance.

Kills Boy While Out Hunting.

Dixon.—Fred Reynolds, an 18-year-old boy, was accidentally killed by his companion, Rollo Benjamin, while out hunting. The coroner has exonerated Benjamin.