lies?"

ORAPTER YIL -- (Continued.) "you can't imagine for one in-Bearman, and like him, if she can. but, wrapped in his own selfish pride fancy him, it would be well for all | be patronized by no one. tue. Rule stares us in the face—this stild avert it. She, poor girl, will be oft but indifferently off should anything ppen to me; this insures her position. and luxuries. I don't see why it shouldn't a," and Bintson shot a keen glance at the pale face opposite.

"I will do what you would have me. Harold," returned his wife, quietly. don't think that I have ever seen Mr Poerman, but I had formed such high hopes for Maude! I never crossed you bt; it is not likely I should begin now. hen you're in such trouble. But, oh, wish Glinn could be saved in any

You have been a good wife to me Notice dear," said the squire, as he rose and pressed his line 46 Mrs. Denison's fair cheek. "You don't see this in the ant light, but you will when you think It over Mennwhile, you will do what I

secondry," returned the soft voice of his wife: "but, Harold, I can't think it right though you know best." "You have not thought it over as

"I will tell Maude when you deem

have. Do so, and you will change your mind," said Denison, as he left his wife's Badly mused the wife over her hus-

band's communication. Quiet, undemonstrative woman as she was, yet Eleanor Deulson he been brought up from her cradle a thorough believer in the dogma of caste, and even her gentle nature rebelled at the idea that a daughter of here should wed the son of a low-born attorney. know her passionate idolatry of Maude surpending even a mother's love. It easy to picture the bitter tears she shed after that morning's interview. Nie was a woman naturally given to weeping

No passionate storm of lamentation, but a gentle shower of mourning. Harold Denkson's wife she had had fold apportunities of practicing her voca tion, 'yet I doubt whether he ever left salter tears running down her checks than he did that bright spring afternoon.

## CHAPTER VIII.

ture than was made by bonnie Maude Denison this early April morning. The close-fitting French grey merino deves, with the plain lines collar and cuffs, set all her beautifully molded figure to per faction, while the cerise neck-ribbon just relieves and gives warmth to her some what neutral-tinted robe. Moreover, that alls had just returned from a survenful life and its blood-red sister coquet firlisted in her glossy brown hair. ently attented whose crown jewels floral world longing more in place an when adorting their parent

"Good morning, sweet mother mine, zefad Maude, as Mrs. Deulson entered the breakfast room. "Only look at the disider Tve brought you! I found old Judkine' flowers unguarded this morning. bottomet, mamma, to great you in Aurit?"

his pets have been despoiled in this wise."

The sutrance of Harold Denison here "Good morning" to his daughter, and then plunged moodily into his correspond He found nothing there, appar to raise bis apirits. At length, emitting his letters into his pockets, he

"Wall," he said, "things look blacket maner my scheme is tried, the better. Do what you promised restorday. Delay

But Harold ... pleaded his wifas the ever-ready tears rose to her even "Don't he foolish. It's our only chance Dadarstand," he said, crossing over to ife's chair, and lowering his voice that his daughter could not catch non sense way this morning. How whole truth. It is only fair the gonr goom after luncheon, and me how she taken it :" and turn his heat, Harold Denison left the

"What's the matter, my mother," said faude, as she stole to Mrs. Denison's and passing her arms round her laid her fair, fresh young check int the pale, storn, troubled face free of these dreadful money miscries, nee; but don't look so tearful over Papa looks to gloomy, and you so it's emough to frighten poor me. Even has lost some more money, I supwe shall always have enough mone and if you and I, mother, can't men dreamen for everso long, that's

thing to be very sad about." am afraid Maude Denison is display e an ignorance of the world, and a disat the vanities and gewgawa there at may seem a little high-strained the Xmbinator was her first hall, and awing to her father's pride and circumstances, she has lived

were the strangers that came scorned to entertain unless do so with all the old lavish that predigal hospitality of nes which had entailed such hit-

"No: I came down and gave him coffer before he went away, and hekissed me and so we parted friends." I think, had I been Grenville Rose, apraised the slight hesitation in her speech, the

I to various galeties in the county, even i here. Nellie," said the squire, they could not induce Mrs. Denison to come to their houses and chaperone her hat I have any intention of coere- own daughter; but all such invitations medic on the noint. Only give it a had been met with a brief though cour The reasonable. You say she cares teous refusal. Poor lady, she had more ma one else at present. Let her see than once pleaded in her darling's behalf mot there's an end of it; but if she Harold Denison said fiercely, he would

> And so Mande grew up like some wile flower, though not "born to bloom and blush unseen." For are there not already two who would fain plack the wild flower and gather it to their bosoms if they may Did Maude know she was handsome?

Of course she did. She wanted no Xminster ball to tell her that. What girl over fifteen, in the most primitive of nations, having beauty, is unaware of it? If there are no looking glasses, are there not deep pelucid waters that will serve as such? Nature's mirrors whereby to wrenth wild flowers in the hair Maidens of our advanced civilization may be haunted with misgivings. Given the face of an angel, can we tell how it may stand the "make-up" that fashion seems to have decreed in these days? How dark eyes and eyelashes will go with golden hair is, of course, an open question. can fancy the nervousness of those dusky Indian belles till they have ascertained the effect of paint and pigments, and what anxious moments our remote ancestresses must have had when they first put on

Thus it came about that Maude Denisor had been out but on very few occasions and had it not been that her godmother, who having gold to bequeath, was too important a person to be triffed with, had incisted on bearing her off, she had never seen that memorable Xminster ball. Twelve o'clock, and the sun shines

brightly into Mrs. Denison's boudoir throwing rich tints through Maude brown treeses, and lighting up the pale (ace of her mother; that joyous, tearfal capricious, womanish April sun so like a woman in its glowing strength, so like her, again, in its overclonded weakness Poor Mrs. Denison is still pondering on bow to begin the drend task her lord has net her. She knows that glozing phrase of "not wishing to corne the girl's de luion" is but the meanest mockeries she can look back upon that airy preface of "not that I wish to swuy you, my dearest Eleanor," in so many cases, and remembers too well that wintever may have been her mingivings or dislikes, the program has generally been carried our in its original integrity. She has borne these things meekly. They concerned but berself; now they threaten her daughter Weak woman as she is, she would fain stand at hay here. Mil!, though intuitively knowing that it was false, there is the aperious reasoning of her husband's, that the thing night to be submitted to Mande herself. Again the tendrils of her affections are twined round dear old (llinn: she feels what a bitter wrench it would be to say farewell to the old place Above all, there is the strong will of that dearly, under whose thrall her life has

## CHAPTER IX.

What slaves these weak women are to these miserable day idea they have set up only to fall down before and worship! Adoration is the main part of a woman's and I gathered and plucked. Isn't that a love. How they still revere these worthless images, despite the daily proof they "Ess, love glorious. No need to tell have as to what miserable potter's ware me Judkins was away, or never would they are composed of. But they go on. even when benised and beaten, still firmly "No, cross old thing! He thinks flow believing in their old romantic ideal, 415. rea, women will shot their eyes to many stems, and not to wear or decorate things money than give up that dream of their girlhood. They would sooner remain blind than awake to find themselves checked conversation. He nodded a care, utterly bankrupt, and their account far until Viljoen succeeded in reaching overdrawn at Cupid and Company's. woman will forgive the man she loves everything except inconstancy, and only ting the closer to him through crime or trouble. But there must never have arisen a doubt in her mind that she is not still sole mistress of his heart; and with Il his faults, Harold Denison had never brought the tears to his wife's eyes in this

Hut I am wandering far awas from th mistress of Glinn, stifl musing on her snwelcome task. Like her, I am loth to begin, though the miserable story must old, for the furtherance of this parratice. It is stealing the bloom off the girlhood of such a maiden as Maude when you first as veritably as if she stood in the onstantinople slave market. The Turk suppressed it; but in the West the rade goes on merrily, and Lord Pensance finds it quite as much as he can do portify the mistakes that occur from ignoring natural feeling in the contract

"Maude, dear," at last observes Mrs. Denison, "whom did you like best of all your partners at the Xminster hall?" "Like best!" and Mande's great grey eves opened wide as she uncoiled herself from the sofa upon which she lonnged ntent on the latest novel Mudie had fur-

"What makes you ask that, "Never mind! Tell me." "Well, I don't know; I never thought thout it. Gus Brisden was nice. Charlie Tollamache he's a dragoon of some kind, you know-he was great fun. and valsed very well. Then there was Mr. Handley, not very young, but I got on very well with him. I think, though, liked dancing with Gren best; he calse and then we had such laughing over other people; but he got sulky towards the finish, I'm sure I don't know vhy. I'm very fond of Gren, you know, mother, but he bullies me and can be nasty at times, and the finish that hall happened to be one of those

ing with that Mr. Pearman; what could that matter to him?" "And did you and Gren part on bad

imes. I don't know why," continued the

girl, meditatively, "unless it was my danc-

should have preferred Maude being a little more reticent about the kiss. Still, alight finsh that ground her cheek as she alighed to it, were favorable signs to an server. He had klesed her as

truin is lit through the precautions takes to prevent it. The doctrine of separation le in high favor among chaperouse, but they often forget that when using it with a view to a contrary result.

"But you don't say anything about Mr. Pearman, Maude: did you like him?" "Well, he was pleasant and amusing enough. I only had one quadrille with him, you know. But Gren scolded so about my descing with him at all: and said he wasn't 'form,' or 'bad form,' or something or other-meaning, in short. that I ought not to have stood up with him. If he wasn't fit to be danced with. mother, why did they introduce him to me?" and Maude raised her pretty eyebrows, as if she had propounded a regu-

not one of the old county families, but his father is very rich, and he will take his place, ere many years are over, in the county. It depends, of course, a good deal upon how he marries. Suppose be fancied you, now, Mande-we are very poor, you know what would you say to

"I '-- Mother, dear, what makes you ask such a question? I'm sure I don't know. Glinn is happy home enough for me at present. But I don't think, if I did marry. I should like there to be any doubt about my bushand being a gentleman; and they that is, I mean Gren didn't seem to think he was."

"Gren, my dear, is prejudiced. Young Mr. Pearman has had an university education, and though his father was a nobody, he mixes, I'm told, with all the best

"Well, it don't much matter: I'm never ikely to be called on to decide. I think I'd rather not, if it was so. But you don't mean to say, mother, you are trying to fit me with a husband out of my hall partners! (th. you scandalous match-making mamma !" and Mande laughed merrily.

"But suppose I was, whom would you "Oh, dear, none of them. If it came

to the worst. I should say I was engaged to firen." "My dear Mande!"

"No: dear Mande never had the chance vet; he never asked her, and I don't bink it at all likely he ever will. But tell you what, mother, if I really was in such a quandary. I think I should ask him. I could tell him afterwards, you know, it was only to get myself out of a scrape, and Gren's been doing that for

what I have to say to you: Mr. Pearman has asked in earnest to be allowed to pay his addresses to you. Your father recommends you to think over it quietly and soberly. Hear in mind that we are very poor, and that he will be very rich." "Mr. Pearman wants to marry me." and the girl's face changed into a stare of blank astonishment; "why, I never

saw him but oncy." "No love; but it is true, for all that. "Well, mother, I can hardly believe it. On my word, I'm obliged to Mr. Pearman presume he thinks girls, like hothouse fruit, are a mere question of what we will give for them. Best let him know mother mine, that your daughter is neither to be wood nor won in that fushion." (To be continued.)

The state of the s

NINE ELEPHANTS TO A MAN. Hoge Bog Made by Nor Dutch

Hunters In South Africa. To preure a bag of righty one ele dunts in these prosaic days will seen like a dream to most sportmorn, bu the feat has just been accomplished by J. W. Villoen and eight other Dute formers in the Longmodt district. The government has just thrown the district open for the destruction of elephants and this enormous larg was made with in sixty miles of the capital of Rhodesia, and neur the rallway.

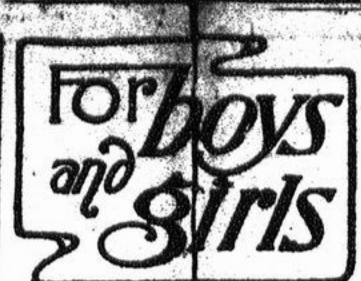
Villorn and his party pitched their camp at Magnadals, the center of the elephant district, and divided up into pairs, a fact which nearly led to a fatallty, for going through the bush Vil teen encountered his first elephant which he shot. As this fell another one crashed through the trees at the back of the hunter, and pursued him. once striking the horse with his trunk

One incident marred the sport, and that was the accidental shooting of member of the party named Eloff. Floff and three companions paired off and walked a distance of about fifty yards spart, when Eloff and his friend anddenly saw two elephants. They fired but only succeeded in shooting off a ly charged them. Eloff made in the and they seeing the beast crashing through the brush behind them and ignorant of Eloff's whereabouts, fired at the elephant, and while one bullet found a billet in Eloff's neck, killing

The party came back to the Transvani the richer for 2,000 pounds of cory and seven young elephants. The first one was captured when half grown, It was feeding with four grown elephants, all of which were shot, and then the little one, instead of running away, made for the hunters, two of whom seized its tail, while the two others hung on to each ear, and there was a tussle for half an hour, after which the elephant was rolled on its back and its feet tied with the horses' reins. t was then fastened to a tree, and the next day driven into camp. After a attentions were rather a nuisance, for it tried to tread on the hunters' toes. helped itself to all the available food, and would put its trunk into the cooking pots and take out anything it fancled, while it would follow the natives

down to the stream for a drink. On the record day twenty elephants were shot and two little opes captured Viljoen's unaided efforts accounted for eighteen of the twenty slain. These two elephants speedily became doctle, and now that all the captives are in a proper kraal they have become quite acclimatized to their new surroundings and are both playful and friendly.-Rhodesia Herald Weekly.

Acquired Wiedom. The Man-I wanted to get married then I was 21, but my father said I lidn't have sense enough. So I waited



THE OFFICE BOY SCHOOL. Dey're goin' t' give us office boys a

school T' teach us t' be jerry to our wolk; Dey dopes it out dat every kid's a

Who don't paleyer like a Willie clcik.

Dev say we rubbers baseball scores too much: Our langwudge ain't perlite, we're cheeky, rud Dey're go'n' t' teach us grammar

wolds and an Dev wants to make us each a highbrow dude. Dev say we whist he what de sou-

brette sings: We passes to de holdy clocks much We shoots at craps and odder wicked t'ings-

Dey slams us good and plenty, calls us tough! Dev have a right to guess again-

dev're wrong! We're hen on how to hold our lob. a white boss would give an office box

long""

Who four "webed dat he was an angel chile. -New York Sun.

WHY THE BELL RANG

named Molly, and she was the only ittle child for miles around

As far as you could see from the door of Molly's home there was not a come in from the barn where he had tree, not a fence, not even a hill to been playing hide-and-seek. break the smooth, round horizon line. "I guess my little boy needs to "Stop, Maude, and listen seriously to Violets and lady-slippers and wild find a brush," said mother, looking reses grew up to her very door, and up from her work. For there were was a happy child, and laughed a above in the little fellow's hair.

ty reat of the county. And now an- Nanother house was going up, and it was proud the people of the county, and perticularly of the tiny town of two houses, were of that new court house!

The little town was not going to stay little. All the settlers knew that. They expected it to be as big as Chicaro in a few years. (Chicago was not very big then!) Across the pralrie every day the white-covered "prairie achooners" were moving, and the country was settling up fast.

At morning, poon, and night Molly's little house and the one other were lively places, for the men who were building the court house took their meals at these houses. Some of the men slept at the two houses also: and some of them slent in the unfinished court house, and, when it rain-' 'hey had to get up and hold umbrellas over themselves to keep dry.

Molly liked the men, for they took her up and petted her and placed with her, and sang her funny songs and dil tricks to amuse her. She liked to have them come, and she did not like to have them so away.

Now beside Molly's house was a great bell in a frame work. At dinner time and supportime mamma would ring that bell, and the men would learned that they came when the be!!

"Mamma, ring bell!" she would beg at all hours of the day. But her mamma only rang it at meal times

One day the men were working very hard: for a shower was coming up, and they wanted to get all the shingling on before it rained, and so keep dry for once if they could

Suddenly the bell over at Molly's house rang. It was only three o'clock. The head workman scrambled down the ladder from the scaffold with a

white face. "Something must have

happened at the house! Run, boys!" How they ran across the strip of prairie, with their heads full of dreadful thoughts of fires and rattlesnake and Indians and all the pioneer danquiet and peaceful as could be.

so absorbed that she had not even "What did you ring the bell for?" asked the men.

"I did not ring the bell," she repiled much surprised They all hurried around the house, and there, her chubby hands still

holding the bell rope, was baby Mol-

"Molly ringed hell," she cried glee-

rope with her small hands until she had rung the bell herself.

And the men stopped and played with her, in spite of the coming shower. They thought there never was such a cunning trick for a baby to do. And they never tired of telling about it afterwards. That is how I chanced to hear about it, though it happened ever so ham years ago,-Bertha E. Bush, in Little Polks.

ALL ABOUT A PENNY. turned the corner by his gate and ran | kind.

plump into a little, girl who was

coming out.

"Oh! don't stop met please, I've got a whole cent, and I'm going to the And the little figure trotted away,

with one hand shut so tight that the cent couldn't have got out if it had

that was the pince soo wanted, and in a minute she was standing on tiptoe trying to make believe she was I big enough to look over the coun-

Mr. Baker was busy, and so Jo (her whole name was Josephine) had a chance to look about. "Candles and ples," I should say so! So thick everywhere that you couldn't see the paper on the walls. Jo never had a cent all for her own before, and how I to spend it just right required a good deal of thought and a good deal of looking around beforehand.

"Well, my little miss, what is ft?" "A great large cake," said Jo, and Mr. Baker took down one of those tremendous big ones with scallops around them.

"Any little mites of pies for dol-

"Oh, yes!" and one was nut on too of the hig cooky; and so Jo went through the whole list-candies, cakes and ples-and Mr. Baker did their all in nice white paper and tied the bundle with a pretty speckled string. Jo picked up her pretty package, put down her cent. said. "Thank you, sir." and started to go home.

"What is the cent for?" asked Mr.

"Don't you know?" said Jo. "It's for the candy and things." "But they come to 45 cents," said Mr. Baker. "That's funny!" said Jo. "Mamma

gave me the cent and told me to buy just what I wanted. Forty-five cents is more, isn't it?" Now, Mr. Baker had a little girl just about as big as Jo, and so he couldn't

belp loving her. What do you think he did? He took the bundle and marked in big letters, "Price, one cent." "Now." said he, "you owe me 44

cents, and I'll give you that for a kiss, and then we'll be square." So he took his kiss, and Jo took her bundle and went home, and the feast that she and her dellies had lasted Once upon a time there was a baby a long time.-Home Herald.

CURIOUS BRUSHES

Willie, flurbed and happy, had just

the green prairie grass stretched clinging to his pretty sailor suit bits around it. I don't think Molly really of dry grass and weeds from the thought how pretty it was: but she mows, and some were playing peekdozen times for every once that she "O mother, can't I wait? I'm just too tired now."

Molly lived in a town that had only . If flies had been playing hide-andtwo bouses. But it was a real town, seek, they would not allow a speck and had its name printed in big let. or duet to stay on their heads; they'd ters on the map, for it was the coun- brush it off," casually remarked Aunt

"Flies?" exclaimed Willie, incredua court house of red brick. Oh, how lously, "Where'd they get their brushes. I'd like to know?" "Oh they have them, and use

> them," laughed Aunt Nan. "Hair brushes?" questioned Willie, as his face took on a perplexed look 'Yes, and they always keep themselves very clean. Have you never even a fly rub his delicate front legs

over his head?" "Lots and lots of times," replied Willie anickly.

"Well," resumed Aunt Nan, "there are a great many hairs on the underaide of a fly's feet and legs, and these form tiny hair-brushes. When any dust gets on a fly's head, he brushes it off at once, and then be rubs his logs together, as you have probably noticed. This is so that no dust may cling to the little brushes.

"Hurrah, Mr. Fly!" exclaimed Wil le. "I guess you needn't think you're the only one who can use a brush even if the other fellow doesn't car er his brushes around with him on his feet"

Away he ran, and, when he came back mother said ber little bor looked neat enough to be kissed .- Chris-

A DOG RACE.

The dogs in Turkish lands are the scavengers of both city and country The country-bred dog is more fleetfooted than his city cousin. At one of the stations I fed a sleek looking animal. As the train started, he followed, and I kept on feeding. dog kept on running. His eyes were upon my window. Never once die he look to the ground, save when threw a morsel of chicken or a bone and even then he did not slacken his speed. With a light movement his head would bend, there would be snap, and, if a bone or morsel was picked up, well and good; if not, he looked to me for further donations. Every one on the train became interested in the race. From every car window Turks held tempting mor sels to entice the cur. Mile after pace. The engineer drew his head out of the cab window and put on extra steam, and the dog ran an extra sport. My friend, Dr. Higgins, who was quite familiar with the covote of the West, was quite unwilling to give the paim for speed to this worthless cur of Moab. Ten miles further or we reached the next station, and our dog was with us. Every one was delighted, and I have seldom seen more enthusiastic and promiscuous reception given to any human being. After that it was the sport of every stretching out for miles behind.-Ap-PLUG ON.

The best mette for a long march is, "Don't grumble. Plug on." You hold vonr future in your own hands; nev-

Don't swagger. The boy who swaggers, like the man who swaggers, has little else that he can do. He is a cheap-lack, crying his own paitry wares. It is the empty tin that rat "Hallea!" said Mr. Grav. as he fles most. Be honest, be loyal, be

Remember that the hardest thing to acquire is the faculty of being unselfish. As a amount of it is one of the finest att-thute of maniferes. Love the see the ringing beach and the open down Roch a clean hody and a clean mind - Gr Frederic Treves.

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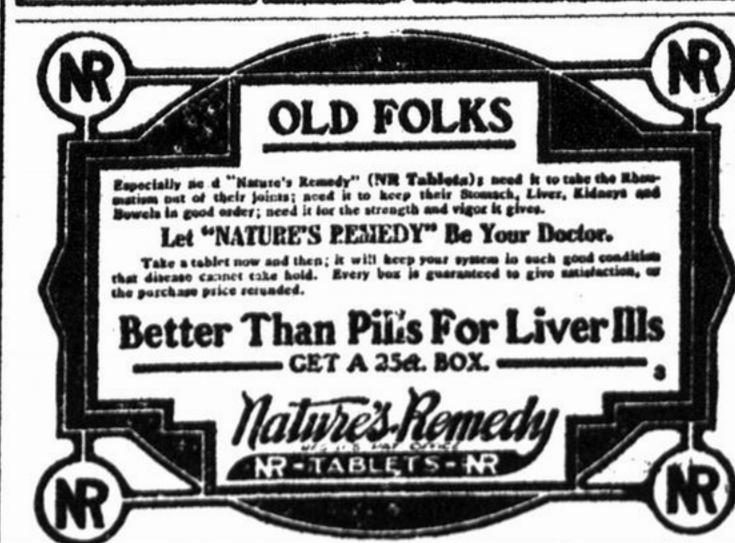
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