

"One moment, Agnes," he said—"one moment before you look at me. I want to prepare you. I want you to realize that I have changed greatly. You did not love me, dear lass, when I left. You plighted your troth out of pure gratitude. I was young and good-looking then—forgive me for my vanity in saying so. I have changed greatly since. I have been sick unto death, dear, my hair is gray, my face is lined and wrinkled. If it was hard for you to love me in the years gone by, you will find it harder now."

I thought of the lines that I loved, of the luxuriant gray hair which I would not have exchanged for the brownest of locks, and again I hated myself.

The quiet voice continued—

"Love," it said, "wait yet one moment. I would have you know that if, when you have looked, you feel that you cannot love me—if between us two there comes another—then you are free, free as the air. I will not marry a grateful woman, however true she be. I will only marry a woman who can say from the very bottom of her heart, 'I love you, John!'"

He passed his arm round me and drew me to the window. The chastened light fell softly on his face. I raised my eyes and saw—

No, no—it was some strange trick that fancy played me! This was not John Endicott, this was his cousin, Will Derriman!

"Look again, sweetheart," he said. "Make quite sure!"

I looked in a strange, awe-stricken way, with clasped hands and bated breath.

I understand all now. The words that followed were unnecessary, yet I listened eagerly.

"Six years ago," he said, "I asked you to be my wife and you answered 'Yes' out of gratitude. It did not content me. And so I thought I would try my luck again. Will you forgive me for having wooed you afresh, for having gained your love under false pretenses?"

For answer I kissed him as I had once before, but this time I did not say "Good-bye!"

THE END.

Children's Day

Children's Day will be observed at the Presbyterian Church on Sunday morning at 10:45 when the regular preaching service will be omitted and the following program take its place:

DOXOLOGY.

- Prayer by Pastor.....
- Responsive Reading.....
- Hymn.....
- Secretary's Report..... Mr. J. M. Troxel
- Offering for Sabbath School Missions.....
- Birthday Offerings.....
- Recitation..... Rowina Bastian
- Song: "Hosanna,"..... Primary Department
- Presentation of Cradle Roll Certificates.....
- Cradle Roll Song..... Mrs. Moseley
- Presentation of Certificates of Promotion from the Cradle Roll and from Beginner's Class..... Mrs. C. F. Everett
- Prayer Song by Primary Department.....
- Presentation of Certificates of Promotion from Primary Department.....
- Mrs. F. D. Everett
- Presentation of Bibles by Pastor.....
- Song: "Holy Bible, Book Divine,"..... Miss Lovell
- Repeating Timothy 3: 16-17..... Junior Department
- Song: "Children's Day"..... Primary Department
- Recitation..... Bessie Baker
- Hymn: "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name".....
- "What Has the Day Meant to Us,".....
- Mr. F. D. Everett

At the Grammar School

The Commencement Exercises of the Elm Place School will occur next week. Monday at 9 o'clock there will be Class-Day exercises by the classes of February, 1905, and June, 1905, in the Auditorium, and at 11 o'clock there will be a class picnic. On Tuesday evening, June 20, at 7:45 the dedication exercises and presentation of diplomas will take place.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

- Vesper Hymn..... Russian
- Invocation..... Rev. P. C. Wolcott
- Farewell to the Forest..... Mendelssohn
- Address—Ideals of School and Home.....
- Mr. Orville T. Bright
- Spring Song..... White
- Dedication of the Auditorium
- Presentation for the Board of Education
- President B. W. Schumacher
- Responses for the Citizens
- Mr. O. H. Morgan
- The Earth is the Lord's..... Smith
- Presentation of Diplomas
- President of the Board of Education
- America.....
- Benediction..... Rev. A. A. Pfanstiehl

Wants, For Sale, Etc.

Mr. W. A. Averill, instructor in Physics and Chemistry at the High School, announces that he will give private instruction in those branches or in Latin, German or Mathematics. P. O. Box 584, Telephone 1062.

WANTED—A one-horse lumber wagon. Address E. W. Spencer, P. O. Box 604, Highland Park.

FOR SALE—A fine Kentucky saddle horse. Address E. W. Spencer, P. O. Box 604, Highland Park.

FOR RENT—Barn on Exmoor Golf Grounds for summer season. Rent \$15.00 per month. Apply at Exmoor Cottage.

LOST Monday morning at Ravinia Park, on trolley or at Highland Park, black silk belt with silver lions head buckle. Finder please return to K. S. Warde, Highland Park and receive reward.

FOR SALE—Runabout and surrey in first-class condition. Apply to Secor Cunningham, Highland Park.

COMPETENT SEAMSTRESS—Wishes engagements in Highland Park or vicinity. Children's clothes, plain sewing, mending. \$1.50 a day. Address Lock Box 714, or Telephone No. 691.

FOR SALE—One set of single carriage harness, one set of pony harness, also saddle and bridle for pony. All of the above in first-class condition. Apply to MR. SECOR CUNNINGHAM, Highland Park.

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Alumni Association Meeting

The meeting of the Alumni association of the D. T. H. S. on Wednesday evening was well attended. During the business meeting both Mr. J. H. Shields, as President of the Board of Education, and Mr. R. L. Sandwick, as principal of the school, spoke of the good which would result from an athletic field in connection with the high school and the very small per cent of taxation which would be added if a lot was purchased for that addition. A very delightful program was heard after the business meeting adjourned which was furnished by a number of talented members of the association. About 9:30 the dancing began, and until the midnight hour the young people enjoyed the good music and good floor to their heart's content. The gymnasium was decorated in blue and white hunting and witch hazel branches, and credit is due those who planned and perfected the pretty effect the decorations made.

Odds and Ends

One Ezekiel Hopkins of Frankfort, Ky; gained local fame by discovering a piece of broken track and flagging an excursion train in time to save disaster. So it was decided to present Ezekiel with a gold watch. The head of the presentation committee, approaching Ezekiel with a grave bow, said: "Mr Hopkins, it is the desire of the good people of Frankfort that you shall, in recognition of your valor and merit, be presented with this watch, which, they trust, will ever remind you of their undying friendship." Without the least emotion Ezekiel ejected from his mouth a long stream of tobacco juice, took the watch from its handsome case, turned it over and over in his wrinkled hand and finally asked, with the utmost naivete: "Where's the chain?"

In the suburbs of Baltimore there is an ancient glue factory that at times floods the surrounding scenery with an odor strange and far from sweet. A street-railway line runs past the building and one day last summer, when the place was indulging in a wild out-burst of inglorious incense, an open car passed, in one of the seats of which sat an Irish laborer and a middle-aged lady. The Irishman's features expressed unutterable things and the lady sniffed diligently at a bottle of smelling salts. The car came to a stop, the glue rioted worse than ever and the son of Erin could stand it no longer. "Excuse me, mum," he said, as he doffed his hat, "but might I ask ye to put the stopper in that there bottle?"

Some years ago a case came to trial in a southern justice court. The jury disagreed, so a new one was called, with the same result. This went on until seven juries had disagreed. Then, just before the eighth trial, one of the lawyers, who tells the story, received the following note from the justice of the peace: "I write this to let you know the case of Beckham ag'in Lyles cannot be tried no more in this court. You have used up all the juries in the district, and it won't be possible to get no more juries until some grows up, or some new folks moves in. I have worte the same notice to the other side." As no notice has yet been received that a new jury has grown up the case is still unsettled.

How to Please Any One

Editing a newspaper is a nice thing. If we publish jokes people say we are rattle brained; if we don't we are fossils. If we publish original matter they say we don't give them selections enough; if we give them selections they say we are too lazy to write. If we don't go to church we are heathens; if we do go we are hypocrites. If we remain at the office we ought to be out looking for news items; if we go out, then we are not attending to business. If we wear old clothes they laugh at us; if we wear good clothes they say we have a pull. Now what are we to do?—Wyoming Derrick.

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