

My Rights in Regard to Hallie

By INA WRIGHT HANSON

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It is not etiquette in Grass Valley to afternoon call earlier than 5 o'clock on certain days of the year. The weather man made the rule. When the mercury stands at 102 degrees on the shady north porch and you are sure that something ails the thermometer or it would be higher, you obey Mrs. Lettie's dictates without any question.

It was something after 6 when I joined Hallie at her aunt's gate on the evening before she was to return to her eastern home. She was bareheaded, bare necked, bare arched, and her dress was white. My throat tightened as I saw in perspective other nights when I shouldn't care what I did because of the beautiful Hallie would be only a memory.

"I've saved only the best for the last, Dan," she smiled, giving me her hand. "Come on the porch and see. Every day I've stood here and looked over at it, my beautiful castle, and would allow no one to tell me about it because I wanted you to. I've made more romances about that castle than you can count."

"Castle?" I repeated, following her to the east porch. "I don't know what it is in this town."

In obedience to her pointing finger I looked across the hollow to the hill beyond, red of soil and green with cultivation, having a background of pines and bearing on its breast ruins of gray stone.

"Oh, that," I said; "that is Deacon's Folly. It is."

"Wait. Don't tell me till we are there. We shall see the sun go down while I listen to the story."

So we went through the streets of the town out, into a country road and through a veritable lovers' lane, with the twitter of birds somewhere beyond the willows on either side, with the



"We had better go. It will be dark now when we get back."

I pleaded for five minutes more so that I might say my real goodby to scarlet crowned, red lipped, misty eyed Hallie; then, hand in hand, we went down the hill, along the country road, through lovers' lane and back to the town again.

It was summer when Hallie went away, and it was summer again when she came back. One evening I was passing the house which she had lived for so short a time, when her aunt beckoned to me.

"Go to the east porch," she whispered as I went by the walk.

I thought of the time Hallie had shown me her castle from the east porch, and my heart was like lead as I went round the house and looked up at the hill. No more and no less as she had been, but white, with great eyes unnaturally bright; Hallie, with her pale lips trembling and her little arms outstretched toward me.

"What have you done to my darling?" I cried hoarsely as I sprang forward.

"I'm tired, Dan," she whispered, laying her dear head on my shoulder. "You said no one could serve two masters, and I have failed in serving one. I went out one stormy night to get details of a horrible murder case. I caught cold and couldn't seem to get over it. They said I must come back to California. And, Dan, I was glad for California hold you. My castle has fallen, as you said it might, but I don't seem to care."

"Hallie," I answered joyously, "love is better than fame and riches far more to be desired than both of them. After you left I bought the pear orchard, and often have I sat among the cypress ruins longing for my little girl. Tomorrow I will begin to kiss our house, and when it is finished I shall take you there. The pure winds and the beams of the pines will give you back your health. Oh, Hallie, Hallie! And looking into her blue eyes I saw sweet prophecy of happy days to come."

"You were criticizing this town the other day," I began slowly. "You said your uncle owned only half his home because he has title to only the surface right, while Mr. Brown owns the mining right. You said that if you owned a piece of property you should want to own halfway down to China; that it must be all or nothing with you."

Hallie flushed, but made no reply.

"It is so with me. I want you, Hallie, but I want all of you—your mind as well as your beautiful body. If you are to be my wife you must not give the Benton Clarion or any other newspaper a mining right to take the god of your brightest thoughts away from me."

"But I am the best girl reporter in the state. They said so," she protested, with sweet, unconscious egotism. "I can't give up my work, Dan. I love it."

"No one can serve two masters, Hallie."

We walked a little while in silence. When I turned to assist her up the hill I saw that her eyes were wet, but she was brave and proud, was Hallie. She looked up at me, laughing.

"This is the first chapter," she said mockingly.

"So be it," I answered, holding open the great gate that she might pass through.

We went through a pear orchard, and presently we stood among the gray stone ruins. In the enclosure were pine trees and maples, waving their great leaves mournfully; near the front entrance some stones had fallen from over the wall, and among them grew poison oak; in one corner masses of blooming

caulicity and in the center six dandelion stems.

"Rich man, poor man, beggar man, chief, doctor, lawyer"—chanted Hallie, bending over them. "Tell my fortune, dandelions! I pray you." She pulled out her prettier red lips and blew desperately at each one, but their time was not yet ended. They refused to be blown away. Laughing, she went over to the caulicity corner and sat down on a stone.

"Tell me about it, Dan," she commanded, beginning to gather the scattered blossoms.

"Many years ago a good deacon owned a gold mine," I began, looking down at her gloomily. "and in the foolishness of his heart he thought the yield would never grow less. He said: 'I will not live in houses like other men. I will build me a castle such as this country has never beheld.' So his workers laid these foundations and built these walls. Then one day the deacon went to his mine, but there was no more gold. His castle was never completed; his foundations never splashed in the sunlight nor did his electric lights ever shine down on the town below. He died, but his 'folly' remains. It has many applications. You, Hallie, are squandering the gold of an honest man's love. You are building for yourself a castle of fame. Beware, lest it crumble in ruins about your feet."

"You are tragic tonight, Dan," she remarked as she finished her bright blue crown and placed it on her dark hair.

"The sun is setting," I said, turning angrily away from her beauty. "You have no business to be working among men anyway. You are too pretty."

It was a queer, curious thing, that came back to me as she eliminated the rock pile to look toward the west.

"I didn't think that of you," she said quietly, but her tone made me flush with shame.

"Forgive me, Hallie," I cried, springing up beside her. "I don't know what I'm saying."

"I'm tired, Dan," she whispered, with a half smile. "Don't forget me quite when I'm gone."

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WILL GUIDE THE NEIGHBORS.

New Officers Were Elected by Mayflower Camp No. 2582.

The following officers were elected Monday evening to serve for the ensuing year by Mayflower Camp No. 2582, Royal Neighbors of America:

Orator—Kate L. Leonard.
V. C.—Emma L. Hollister.
Chancellor—Mary Amis.
Recorder—Luella Hager.
Receiver—Margaret Lamey.
Marshal—Minnie Foreman.
Inner Sentinel—Lena Jacobson.
Outer Sentinel—Bertha Meister.
Managers—Minnie Hager and Virginia L. Comstock.
Physician—W. A. Shearer.
Pianist—Carric A. Kendall.

Furious Fighting.

"For seven years," writes Geo. W. Hoffman, of Warren, Wash. "I had a bitter battle, with chronic stomach and liver trouble, but at last I won, and cured my disease, by the use of Electric Bitters. An unhesitating recommendation to all and don't intend in the future to be without them. Only the honest. They are certainly a wonderful medicine, to have cured such a bad case as mine." Sold, under guarantee, to do the same for you, by Dr. HARRINGTON'S Pharmacy at 50c a bottle. Try them today.

Call at THE REVIEW office and see the 200 samples of calendars for 1909. Prices lower than ever before.

PALATINE LOCAL NEWS

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE)

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wolf are rejoicing over the arrival of a little girl at their home. They had a large family gathering at their home Thanksgiving and christened their baby naming her Elsie.

Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Hagen and children, who have spent the summer at the home of J. Gainer, moved back to Chicago Sunday. They would like to make Palatine their home, but the train service is not convenient for Mr. Hagen.

Health & Milligan's paint train of twenty-five cars stopped and distributed "Sunshine" in Palatine Monday. During their stop a large crowd gathered to hear the music from a large phonograph and while looking pleasant they had their picture taken.

J. F. Allen, dairy agent of the Chicago and North Western Railway company was in town Saturday with representatives of the Howman Dairy Co. to select a site for a bottling factory. Engineers are expected to be out within a few days to make surveys for side tracks.

The I. O. O. F. admitted two young men in the mysteries of that Order Wednesday night. Seven brother members from Barrington were in attendance. After the work refreshments were served and then a "hooker" was under maintenance for the midnight train. Adolph Godknecht and Alex Wilson were the candidates.

The dance given by the Big Fire Orchestra was a grand success, socially and financially. Fifty-three tickets were sold. The music proved to be of the very best. The orchestra certainly deserves great credit for its work. They played all the latest music and will continue to keep the latest music on hand ready for engagements. They hope to make many appearances during the winter. Their next party will be New Years. Don't make any other engagement.

The football game held here Thursday was the last game of the season. The Palatine played the Morgan Tigers, but the Tigers were not in it. Palatine won by a score 10 to 6. Palatine was defeated only once this season. That is a record to be proud of. They were unable to have a game every Saturday, for many of the teams were afraid of Palatine and would not play them. A good crowd was in attendance, which was appreciated by the boys.

Torture of a Preacher.

The story of the torture of Rev. O. D. Moore, pastor of the Baptist church at Harpers, N. Y., will interest you. He says: "I suffered agonies because of a persistent cough, resulting from the grip. I had to sleep sitting up in bed. I tried many remedies, without relief, until I took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which entirely cured my cough, and saved me from consumption." A grand cure for diseased conditions of Throat and Lungs. At Barrington, Ill., guaranteed price \$6 and \$1.00. Guaranteed. Trial bottle free.

LAKE ZURICH NEWS.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Shensung of Minnesota, have been visiting their brother the past week.

Louis Seip and two of his friends were here on a hunt Saturday.

Wm. Bueschig, who was hit by a train last Friday morning, is slowly recovering. He was badly shaken up and his shoulder was dislocated. The buggy was nearly demolished, and the gentleman is very fortunate in escaping more serious injury.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Seip of Palatine visited at the home of W. H. Ahlgrim Sunday.

Many attended the dance at the Gilmer factory Thursday evening, which was held to dedicate the building.

The services at the St. Paul church, in honor of the 58th anniversary, was well attended.

Kohl Bros. have sold a car of potatoes at Grayslake.

William Armstrong entertained a friend from Morton Grove last Sunday.

Mr. Weber has been entertaining his father from Grand Rapids, Mich., the past week.

Miss Edith Seip has returned from a trip to Chicago.

The telephone men were here arranging for a new and larger switchboard at Franks, which will enable more people to have private phones.

Santa Claus has left a fine line of Christmas toys at W. H. Ahlgrim & Co.'s. Don't forget to give them a call and leave your order.

Monday Evening Lectures.
The Lectures for the Popular Monday evening Lectures in the Methodist church will be as follows:
Dec. 11th "Be a Man Like Your Mother Was"—Rev. Wm. H. Pierce, D. D.
Dec. 18th "Cosmopolitan Chicago"—Rev. A. D. Traveller, D. D.

100 Calling Cards

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THE BARRINGTON REVIEW
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CHANCERY NOTICE.

STATE OF ILLINOIS,
COUNTY OF LAKE, 188.
Circuit Court of Lake County, December Term, A. D. 1905.
Ellen Finnegan vs.
Kate C. Harwood, John Harwood, Ellen Finnegan, administrator of the Estate of George W. Harwood, deceased, Abraham Reynolds, Abner Reynolds, his wife, George W. Green and Jane Ann Green, his wife, Michael McGrother, alias Michael McGrother, J. Row Bullock, Trustee, John M. Bullock, and the unknown owners or holders of a certain note for \$112.64, dated April 23rd, 1875, due one year after date, secured by trust deed of same date, recorded April 23rd, 1875, in Book J. of Mortgages, page 526, in the Recorder's Office of Lake County, Illinois; 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 McGrother on the 12th day of November, 1851, payable to Richard K. Swift, dated February 25th, 1858, signed by Michael McGrother, alias Michael McGrother, J. Row Bullock, Trustee, and the unknown owners or holders of a certain note for \$112.64, dated April 23rd, 1875, due one year after date, secured by trust deed of same date, recorded March 13th, 1858, in Book Q. of Mortgages, page 628, in the Recorder's Office of Lake County, George E. Green, Trustee, and the unknown owners or holders of a certain note dated February 25th, 1858, signed by Michael McGrother and Nancy McGrother, 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 Thull, and Margaret Thull, his wife, their unknown heirs, administrators and assigns that the above named complainants desire to file a bill of complaint and amendments thereto to be 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 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.

M. C. McINTOSH & L. H. BRUNY, Complainant's Solicitors.

In Chancery, No. 2462.

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