

Interrupted Engagements

By NELLIE CRAVEY GILLMORE
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The outlook was distinctly unpromising. One circumstance in particular gloomed Kenzie's mind. Fool-like, he had allowed himself to be drawn into a sort of halfway matrimonial scheme of his cousin Klity and was even now hurrying along as fast as steam could carry him to the second fatal step toward its consummation. The first had been taken when he drifted into the correspondence with the girl, a correspondence which had quickly run through all the successive stages, till now it stood upon a decidedly sentimental footing.

Kendall occupied himself alternately by studying the flying landscape and the photograph of his latest innamorata. She was good looking enough in all ways, but for some mysterious reason of the hour he chose to resent her rich dark beauty with a passionate defiance. Somehow another face, sweeter than a flower, star-eyed, framed in a cloud of misty gold hair, kept coming in between with meddling insistence, his memory of his disappointment wringing his heart as he had never thought it could be wrong again. An unwanted tear caught in his eye. He dashed it away in some rage at himself and the next instant was poring attentively over an inverted newspaper article.

Presently came the first call for dinner, and Kendall rose with alacrity, making his way to the dining car ahead. Anything to give relief from his present gloomy thoughts. Every table but one was occupied, and he took his seat gratefully, dashing off an elaborate order in an utterly unoccupied fashion. Then he gave his attention to the dingy train of freight cars whining monotonously past and the shadowy chain of mountains rearing themselves like solemn green giants in the distance. Presently a driving rain set in, adding, if possible, to his desperate frame of mind.

After awhile Kendall became conscious of some one taking the chair

a tremendous sensation of relief. Self-control was fast getting away from him. The raised a glass of water to her lips and drained it feverishly. Kendall noted that her fingers were shaking, and his heart gave a sudden throb. Perhaps, after all, her coldness was more assuring. He sought her glance eagerly, but it was frigidly withheld.

After a trying silence Marjorie took up her knife and fork and dined vainly. The good steak in her throat.

Kendall flushed his dinner mechanically.

"Marjorie," he broke out abruptly, "don't, for heaven's sake, question me this way! Can't you be at least friendly? Will you answer one question?"

The girl lost color again, though she met his eyes openly, almost bravely.

"Certainly," she said after a little.

"Am I, then, utterly odious to you?"

"She winced, and her snowy chin lifted itself imperceptibly, but unlooked upon."

"I hardly think the occasion or the circumstances warrant that," she answered, the shadows deepening in her eyes.

Kendall's heart gave a great lurch. Had she heard? He would be frank with her anyway.

"If you mean the circumstances surrounding our disagreement," he said, "decidedly they do."

She made no answer, but the hurt looked in her eyes told him the truth, and he hurried on eagerly:

"Marjorie, will you listen to my side of it? Listen! I was desperate—crazy when I thought I had lost you. I threw myself at your feet, crying every thing—all sorts of things—as a means of getting a little relief from the eating misery of it all. Before I knew it I found myself mixed up in this silly business. But I swear to you on my word as a man that there is no question of honor involved. The whole thing, believe me, is nine parts jest. With a little bit of good sense, but, thank heaven, no fatal words have been spoken."

"But she believes..."

"Not at all. She has no right. She does not know me. Dear, you have always been good and wise and kind. Don't let this nonsensical thing come between us now. You will not?"

Again he leaned toward her with passionate enthusiasm, and his fingers caught hers and held them hard, his eyes burning into hers.

"When he finished speaking Marjorie was looking into his face wistfully, almost sadly.

"I am sorry, Dick," she said, "but it is all too late. I call from New York Friday as companion to an invalid lady. My father lost everything, and I accepted the engagement last month. It is solemn, you know."

Kendall smiled. There are degrees of seriousness, Miss Derforth, are there not?"

She shook her head, still grave, but his eyes only brightened. He had the reins now, and he was resolved upon the heroic course.

"Will you be good enough to give me the lady's address?" he asked.

Wondering Marjorie drew from her bag a slip of paper and passed it over to him.

At the next station Kendall left the car for a few moments, and the girl went back into her sleeper, where she sat waiting with vivid cheeks, a smile in her eyes, and a swiftly beating heart in her bosom.

Ten minutes later Kendall came in, flourishing three ominous yellow sheets of paper in his hand. He held them out to her.

"Here are the copies of some telegrams," he said. "Read them."

Miss Klity Hargrave, 905 — Street, New York.

Impossible to keep my engagement with you and Miss Houston. See letter.

R. KENDALL.

Mrs. J. M. Waterman, 224 — Street, New York.

Unforeseen circumstances compel me to cancel my engagement with you forever. MARJORIE DERFORTH.

Mr. Jack Davidson, Phoenix Club New York.

Meet us with your wife at the Grand Central station at 8 p. m. Marjorie and I have decided to be married at your house tonight. DICK.



HERE ARE THE COPIES OF SOME TELEGRAMS—GLAMOR READ THEM.

opposite him, and he held his eyes steadily averted, because he was also subtly cognizant of the fact that she was a tailor made young lady, with sunny curls and an exquisitely modulated voice as she addressed the waiter.

After several embarrassed moments he permitted himself a surreptitious glance toward his vis-a-vis. Her face was averted, but there was no mistaking the pink oval cheek, with its sweet, familiar curve, the golden mass of cobweb hair, the scarlet, tremulous lips.

The girl turned swiftly under the spell of his eyes, a river of crimson running from throat to breast. She suddenly she stiffened, and the color forsook her face.

Kendall was looking at her very earnestly, very pleadingly. The quarrel had been terribly bitter, but after math was much more bitter. There had been only six months of that, and a lifetime stretched drab before them.

"Marjorie!" He leaned half across the table, his glance full of passionate appeal. He seemed to have forgotten altogether that half a year ago with the promise never to speak to one another again.

The girl accepted his eyes for a second. Then her lashes flickered and fell. Her lips were held taut to conceal their trembling, and her breath was coming in little jerks. But she controlled herself quickly, and when she looked up again her expression was quite calm, whatever it may have indicated.

"Personalities," she forced herself to say, "will have to be avoided. Dick, we settled all that long ago, did we not?"

Her words had a final ring, and Kendall felt himself going white under the stab of them. Could it be possible, after all past assertions, that she had ceased to care so entirely? Surely she could not care for him if she had done the past six months and still facing him now with so cool a demeanor. He was on the point of speaking when the writer reappeared. Marjorie welcomed his coming with

A Mountain Joan

By Alicia Carr
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"Tina Dale came up into the mountains of Kentucky from Virginia while the chieftain of the Doones and the Hacketts were at peace. Not a man on either side had been killed or wounded for five long years. They passed each other on the highway, they met each other in the village, and they sat almost side by side in the log church on a Sunday. They did this with knives in their belts and rifles at hand. At any moment there might be bloodshed.

The girl was not a stranger to feuds, but she was not a fighter. She had the sentiment of one born amid peaceful surroundings. She had a gentleness about her that won the grim mountaineers who had sent for her to teach the school at Chestnut Cove. The Doones and the Hacketts were agreed on that. They had met at the schoolhouse, half a dozen on each side, each man with his Winchester across his arm, and talked it over. When they rose slowly away in different directions they had looked back at each other, but not a shot of defiance had been uttered or a shot fired. Schooling was a part of patriotism.

One of the schoolmistresses had heard the story of the feud, but she had refused to become a partisan. When a month had gone past and she was indulging in the hope that she might see the two factions in the act of making the truce a permanent peace she precipitated the very calamity she was praying might be avoided. The children of the Doones and the Hacketts were in their classes, but they mingled no more than all water.

Down to the five-year-old child they had heard the story of the feud, and each was a self-constituted champion.

One of the Hacketts boys finally presented a word from one of the Doones, drew a pocket-knife and made an attack. The teacher's screams called in James Doane, who happened to be passing, and he disarmed the Hackett boy. Doane had been away in North Carolina, and this was his first meeting with the schoolmistress. He was the Kentucky mountaineer in size and strength and litheness, and fearlessness, but he had a face which was there were good nature and gentleness. He had grown from youth to manhood during the truce. He had neither sought to make peace nor provoked hostilities. Having disarmed the boy, he stood staring at the girl, blushing and unable to say a word.

Next day there were mutterings from the Doones and the Hacketts. They were those who sought to enlarge upon the incident. Three days later, as young Doane rode to town, he passed two of the Hacketts, and they crowded him off the narrow highway. There would have been an outbreak but for the gentleness of the teacher. Her mingled tears and smiles turned the knives and bullets aside for the moment. The foe never killed in this feud lasting fifty years. That is too slow work. We are 200 of us. We are Doones or we are Hacketts. Why not all die together and end the feud? The Doones as well as the Hacketts, they were in turmoil for half a century."

Men cringed and chilled and chattered as the candle swept back and forth over the headless man. It took for two minutes, and then the girl blew out the light and stood with folded arms.

"The prisoner is discharged!" said the justice at last.

The Hacketts tiptoed out, then the Doones, and the Joan of the mountains was left all alone in the big room. She was left, but she had her head on the table and wept. And by and by an arm stole softly around her, and her tears ceased.

Light and Colors.

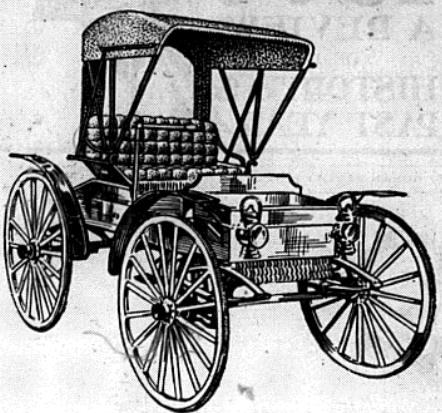
It is now the general conclusion of scientists that light is simply the result of vibrations, or waves, which occur in a hypothetical substance known as the ether. Next came arm and matter, and these, it is known that these were the preface to deeds of violence. It needed an overt act and the killings would begin.

As the excitement intensified young Doane went to the school at Chestnut Cove. She had not seen him for a week when one gray afternoon as she walked alone up the mountain side to gather the ripening chestnuts she saw him hiding behind a bowler. Even as she stood there looking and wondering he aimed, fired his rifle and quickly disappeared among the laurels. Twenty minutes later she knew that a horse ridden by one of the Hackett partisans had been killed in its track.

The girl could have told, but she didn't. Even when the Hacketts charged her lover with the crime and had him arrested and confined in jail for examination she spoke no word except to him. From that hour she was thinking and planning. Her face was still gentle, but her scholars noticed that it had taken on a sallow look of determination, almost of heroism.

On certain Wednesday down in the town at the foot of the mountain James Doane was to be brought before a justice of the peace for preliminary examination. Each and every one of the Doones was there. Each and every one of the Hacketts was there. Each partisan for five miles around was there. When the justice saw the size of the crowd that had gathered he adjourned the case from his office to the big room in what the townspeople

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