

Kitty and the Russian Coatee

By Paul Creswick

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"Tell me about the sales," I requested, when we were at last sitting alone. "Sales, servants, and scandals are the main lines on which conversation usually runs at afternoon teas."

Kitty gave her almost peculiar fillip down over her little feet which is so marked a habit of the sick. She considered her reply. "I think I may agree with you, Reggie—so far as your first and second; she decided, at last. "But as regards your thirdly you must admit that a scandal would be complete without a man. It is man who always enjoys scandal; and, consequently, when he is present at an afternoon tea—"

"At which the tea is itself absent," I interrupted amiably. "Don't ring for Loftus, I beg—I'm not thirsty. Please refresh me instead with stories of the wonderful bargains you have acquired."

"Sales," commenced Kitty, "are a popular illusion. One hears them announced—"

"Full page advertisements in the papers—so philanthropic," I murmured. "One rushes off to a steamy shop—to jostle and fight with quantities of really extremely ill-behaved women—in order to buy an article that probably will never be of the slightest service."

"Did I ever tell you about the girl who put five pounds into the pocket of a coat that another girl sold?" inquired Kitty earnestly.

"We have never talked about money in our lives," I said. "That will inevitably become our main topic—after we are married. Married folk never have time to discuss any other subject."

"There were two girls," began Kitty, totally ignoring my remark. "One was named Clara, and the other called herself Polly. They were in a store, in the mantle and millinery departments. They also lived together."

her hand on Clara's shoulder, Polly whispered a trifle shamefacedly: "If you want the money, dear—take it. I haven't sold my coat yet; and if I wear it right 'out. Take the money; it will give me much more pleasure."

"And Clara?" "She wanted the money for a purpose which she feared Polly would laugh at. Clara at last owned up. She would have given the money to the landlady—as rent in advance. "But," requested Polly, amazedly, "They don't pay us in advance for working. Nobody ever dreams of doing such a thing. If you say you are going to do it, you are doing more than most folk, be sure." She offered to share the club, however, if Clara wouldn't be so absurd."

"That Clara persisted!" "She said that she thought—she didn't actually know—but she thought that the landlady was rather poor. That times had been hard of late; that, perhaps, it would be a real help to the woman. Oh, it's far too little to be of any use," cried Polly, decisively. "You're a tender-hearted old duffer, Clara. Drink up your cocoa, and let us get to bed. I feel quite dissipated."

"I'm beginning to like Clara best, after all." "Kitty feared that Clara was too sentimental. "She may have imagined things, you know," her ladyship continued. "Still Polly took the money, and sold all her old clothes for another pound and a half; and then, with what she had saved she possessed five golden pounds. She had only to wait now for the end of the great sale, when goods left in stock would be offered at an alarming reduction, to the employees. There was one little Russian coatee of electric wool which she especially coveted."

"It was the very last hour of the sale, Polly went down from the millinery department to tell Clara of her choice—if it still remained. The coatee was still there, but not Clara. She had been taken away to the counting-house over some error in account. Polly—who is rather a farsighted girl, I think—took the coatee off the model and swiftly tried it on. It was perfect. Polly's pretty red ribbon was heading back from the glass when there came a sharp call for her from the millinery-room. She slipped out of the coatee, screwed up her five golden pounds in a bit torn from her book, and thrust the precious little screw of paper into one of the pockets of the coatee. Flinging the latter over Clara's chair, Polly fled for her life."

"Clara came back as soon as Polly had gone—"

"She saw the coatee, and, tidily, put it back on the model. Ten minutes afterwards a smartly-dressed woman came fussing into the mantle department. She turned over everything, tried on a hundred and one jackets, gowns, and coats, and prices unceasingly, and finally—"

"Bought Polly's coatee?" "Bright! It and took it away with her," said her carriage was at the door, and she wouldn't trouble the store to send it home. You can guess what Polly felt, when at closing time, she came for the coat! Gone—and the five pounds as well! Her blue eyes flashed lightning and sudden death. Clara cried, Polly cried, too; then stormed again. "And you don't know the creature's address, nor anything? Oh, Clara—it is too cruel of you! Why are you so dreadfully tidy?" "Couldn't you see that the coat was there all ready to be packed? I believe you did it on purpose!"

"I don't like to be too neat," I put in. "I remember once—"

"This is my story," declared Kitty, imperiously. "Wait until you hear the conclusion. Clara was saying that the lady would be sure to bring the money back, when Polly dashed out of the room. She interviewed the hall porter. She spent the evening chasing electric seal coatees. Once she fancied that she had tracked it, and gaspingly addressed the wearer, who turned such furious eyes upon poor Polly that she stammered, went red, and gave way to a voluminous flight. "And the moral?"

"There isn't any. Days passed. Clara bought Polly a little fur collar, and made her a coat. They were nice girls, with kind hearts, although rather slangy ways. One morning—behold the fussy lady! She had, at length, found the five pounds. Now arose a difficulty, with the fussy lady. Polly had to make them understand she hadn't dared speak about it before. But directly the fussy lady perceived Polly, she exclaimed, roundly: "You're the girl who stole to me just as I was leaving my carriage on the night I had the coat! I recognize your voice and manner, my dear. I'm dreadfully sorry I was so rude—but hadn't the faintest notion then of what you meant. You must let me make good your loss in any case."

"That convinced the store people?" "After awhile. And the fussy lady and the two girls became great friends. They took such an interest in a little scheme of weekly charity fairs, which the fussy lady had in hand; and then they met other friends who were helping—"

"Were those the girls? And was that the coatee? I suppose you gave it to her—most dear, fussy thing! I must admit that I liked the coatee—and Polly—and Clara."

"You like all this, Reggie—that's the sweetest news I have heard for some time. You must go now—my dressmaker is coming. But you can call at eight, if you like. We have a committee meeting to-night. Nora is coming—besides Polly and Clara and the others."

"All women?" I inquired, doubtfully. "Come and see," replied Kitty.

"Something in Clara's expression caused Polly to become nervous. She crossed to her friend, and, resting

her hand on Clara's shoulder, Polly whispered a trifle shamefacedly: "If you want the money, dear—take it. I haven't sold my coat yet; and if I wear it right 'out. Take the money; it will give me much more pleasure."

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"That Clara persisted!" "She said that she thought—she didn't actually know—but she thought that the landlady was rather poor. That times had been hard of late; that, perhaps, it would be a real help to the woman. Oh, it's far too little to be of any use," cried Polly, decisively. "You're a tender-hearted old duffer, Clara. Drink up your cocoa, and let us get to bed. I feel quite dissipated."

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Coming Auctions

L. Peters, having sold his farm located two and a half miles north of Lake Zurich, two miles west of Fairfield, and one mile east of Lake Corners, on Tuesday, January 29th, at 9 o'clock a. m., all his farming tools, machinery, five work horses, thirteen head of cows, pair black horses, bay horse, sorrel horse, bay mare, thirteen new milters and springers, shoats, good sows, stock bull, hay in barn, shredded stocks, 200 bushels, 200 Century seed oats, lot of corn in crib and seed corn, grain sacks, harnesses, in fact, there are so many articles that space forbids mention of them all. Terms are cash for sums under \$10, and twelve month's credit on sums over that amount. Wm. Peters will be the auctioneer.

Cary

Quite a few of the Cary boys have gone to Lake Zurich to cut ice for the Knickerbocker Ice Co.

Chester Baugh is quite ill in Chicago.

The Cary basket ball game has again been postponed.

Mr. Weaver has returned from Colorado and reports everything fine. He says Jas. Tomisky and Arthur Weaver are well pleased with their holdings.

Mrs. and Miss Mellick were in Chicago on business last week.

Mrs. Madam Dade and Herlietta were in Chicago Wednesday.

Henry Dempp, Post Office Inspector, was here Wednesday.

The prizes for the Masquerade Ball are on exhibition at Hubers.

Wm. and Chas. Washer were in Chicago Monday.

Chester Catlow writes he is snow-bound in North Dakota.

Louis Mellick and Jas. Guest were in Chicago Tuesday.

Francis Munshaw of Elgin is a guest at the Thomas residence.

O. R. Day of Davenport, Ia. was in town on business and spent the evening at the Owl club rooms.

Miss Emma Messenger and Fred Hayes took in a show at the Garrick Theatre Saturday night.

School Notes

Visitors for the week were Miss Hodgkins and Miss Cuddey teachers in Arlington Heights school, Miss Violet McIntosh of Chicago and Arnett Lines Barrington.

The Twelfth grade are just beginning the reading of "Paradise Lost." Milton defines education as follows: "I call a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war."

When report cards were issued for December the following students of the High School were found to be marked "A" in each of their respective studies:

Eighth grade—Arthur Heise, Clarence Miller and Oliver Moorhouse. Ninth grade—Lillie Volker, Mabel Schaefer and Almida Piagge. Tenth grade—Herbert Wilmer. Eleventh grade—Earl Powers.

Twelfth grade—Emma Hager, Lydia Sedt, Amber Tuttle and Alta Powers. The Twelfth year German class are reading Shiller's famous drama, "William Tell."

The second semester begins Feb. 1st at which time classes will be formed in Physiography, Civics, Commercial Geography and Political economy.

Cook County is a big county, size 800 square miles, population equal to that of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Connecticut combined. There are 170 educational institutions, 7000 public school teachers, 6000 in the city, 1000 in the county outside of the city.

BARRINGTON LOCALS.

FOR RENT—5 room flat near depot. Running water. W. H. GORMAN.

Kalamazoo is the cleanest and best finish for walls. Sold in 4 pound packages at Lamey & Co's.

Arnold Schauble has just completed one of his famous Barrington gasoline engines for Steve Palmer. The engine is of eight horse power and will be used by Mr. Palmer in his wood-sawing business.

Next Tuesday, Jan. 29 is Carnation Day and is so called on account of being President McKinley's birthday, for the carnation was his favorite flower. The Carnation Society was formed in New York four years ago and it urges everyone to wear a carnation on that day in memory of the good man.

C. F. HALE CO.
CASH DEPARTMENT STORE
DUNDEE, ILLINOIS

We Show You

where you can save money. If you don't want to save money, that's "up to you."

Great Reduction Sales

Our \$6.99 Ladies' Cloaks for.....\$4.73
Best \$5.50 Ladies' Cloaks for.....\$3.98
Fine \$6.19 Ladies' Cloaks for.....\$4.73
The \$5.69 Ladies' Cloaks for.....\$3.73
\$5.00 Cloak Bargains for.....\$2.93
\$6.87 Broadcloth Cloaks.....\$7.48
\$11.98 finest Ladies' Cloaks.....\$8.43
\$7.87 special Cloak Bargains.....\$5.43

\$1.29 Childs
Cloak Sale \$1.29

Over 50 Cloaks, reds, blues, greys, etc., sizes 8 to 14, worth up to \$2.75, all reduced in price to \$1.29

\$1.49 Childs
Cloak Sale \$1.49

Big assortment of Cloaks, former prices from \$1.75 to \$2.98, choice now for.....\$1.49

Corset Bargains.
Fine, new long waisted models, a The Corset, with Hosiery supporters. 49c

Ladies' Black
Dress Skirts

Remarkable values, good styles, new makes.....\$1.49, \$1.98, \$2.87

Waist Clearing
Sale.

\$1.29 all wool Waists, sizes 34 to 42, black and colors, choice.....75c
Fine Basket Weave White Waist, wash goods, for.....59c
White and colored, finest Henrietta Waists, big values at.....\$1.49
\$1.29 and \$1.49 Fancy mixed wool and worsted waists, reduced to.....98c

Clearing Sale
Bargains.

10 lb. 90098 inch Horse Blankets \$2.25
Heavy Canvas Blanket Lined Storm Blankets.....\$1.25, \$1.49, \$1.69
Size 54 to 64 Child's Wool Hose.....10c
Boys' heavy Cotton Knee Pants.....10c
50c Girde Corsets, all sizes, new.....37c
Ladies' Sample Wool Hose.....49c
Men's Suit Bargains, heavy weight wool and worsted.....\$7.05, \$6.05
Flanellette lined Nanteen Petticoats for.....75c
Ladies' and Misses' Street Hats and Caps, 4 former prices.
Nos. 2 and 3 Ribbons, dark colors only.....14c per yd.
Sale of heavy Laees, 1 to 2 in. wide, per yard.....5c
50c Men's Underwear Samples.....30c
Toilet Soap, 4 cakes to box, price per box.....10c
Boys' Corduroy Pants, sizes 4 to 12, choice.....29c

Wait for our
Muslin Underwear Sale.

Blanket your Horses, buy at this January Sale.

TAKE \$10 AND SHOW HOW THE TICKET AND WE RETURN YOUR CAR FARE. Dinner Tickets or Horse Tickets if you drive.

D. F. Lamey

SHOES AND RUBBERS

We have a big stock of Men's, Ladies' and Children's Rubbers. We are still selling at the old low price on Rubbers.

Men's Fine \$2.50 Shoes, only 1.90 a pair.

Ladies' Fine \$3.00 Shoes, only \$2.00 a pair.

Childrens Shoes, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 \$1.50 a pair.

UNDERWEAR

Big stock of UNDERWEAR—But we are making very low prices on it.

D. F. Lamey

UP-TO-DATE MILLINERY

All the Leading Styles and Shapes in Silks, Velvets, Felts, Etc.

Fine line of Beibid, Chiffon and Ribbons. Ostrich Feathers, Tips, Bresses and Wigs. My Hats are all hand made, and I will trim to order ladies' own material, made up to suit. Compare my prices with those charged elsewhere and see if I am not as reasonable as any place.

HETTIE R. JUKES

PROPRIETRESS
Main Street, Opposite Depot.

"The Barrington" GAS AND GASOLINE ENGINE

The Latest Improved and Best Gas or Gasoline Engine on the market.

Simple Construction. Guaranteed. Lowest Prices.

Made in all sizes from 1 to Horse Power, by

A. SCHAUBLE & CO.
Barrington, Illinois.
Manufacturers of
Shafting, Pulleys and Belting, Cisterns and Tanks,
Repairing of All Kinds of Machinery a Specialty.

Cuba.

Friday evening a party of 29 young people gathered at the home of P. Jacobson and made the house ring again with jolly laughter and music until one or two o'clock. Then they would liked very much to have gone home but the rain poured down continually until morning. The consequence was it was seven o'clock before the last of the party reached home.

Miss Sadie Hall attended a surprise party at Arthur Hall's of Glimmer Wednesday evening. During the evening Miss Rice, a pianist from Chicago rendered some very choice selections which with games and a fine lunch all agreed they had spent a very pleasant evening.

Little Minnie Gossel is on the sick list.

J. F. Berghorn's 50th birthday was on Monday and a party of 25 friends surprised him about noon and remained until evening.

Lawrence Bros. announce that their dance advertised for Saturday, Jan. 25 will be postponed on account of illness in the family.



It Was Perfect.

Apart from the way they had of half flag each other by nicknames, they were very pleasant, orderly young things. They had a bad-manners club.

"Explain," I demanded. "It's a money-box on the chimney-piece," said Kitty. "Every time Polly was disagreeable or snappy, Clara made her contribute a penny to the box. Similarly when Clara was quarrelsome or lazy—"

"I understand. Tell me more about the five pounds."

"Don't be impatient! It happened that, after a year or so, this money-box became exceedingly heavy. They decided, after much discussion and consideration, that the club should be wound up—since both had been remarkably good-tempered and sweet for quite a long period. It seemed almost an aspersion on them, their keeping in on with the club. Clara wondered what they ought to do with the money. Polly suggested, promptly, that they could divide it and buy themselves something pretty and permanent."

"Practical little girl!" "They imagined that there would be fully three pounds in the club," Kitty went on. "But—alas! they had not been so very naughty, after all. The money-box yielded, on investigation, the sum of 29 shillings and sixpence. Clara said that such an amount couldn't be divided so evenly, and they eventually sat down to a great game of cribbage, one night—the winner to take the entire proceeds of the club."

"If this is to be a gambling story, I shall have to rise to order," said I. "It's much worse," announced Kitty, placidly. "Listen. The game commenced at 8:30 o'clock, one winter March evening, and it lasted until 11. As the clock was striking 11, Clara, with a small grin, pushed over to the fair and flushed Polly \$5 sixpence. "They're yours," said she briefly. "What are you going to do with them?" Polly, with a nervous, hasty check of triumph, answered: "Buy a new jacket of course."

"I like Polly," I remarked. "A very sensible creature."

Something in Clara's expression caused Polly to become nervous. She crossed to her friend, and, resting

her hand on Clara's shoulder, Polly whispered a trifle shamefacedly: "If you want the money, dear—take it. I haven't sold my coat yet; and if I wear it right 'out. Take the money; it will give me much more pleasure."

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