

Lady Isabel Goes Traveling

By Mrs. Neish

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The Blue Blood of England. The blue blood of England, like Harry Camp's gin and water, is a little mixed. More than one woman has stepped from the stage to lordly halls. Harriet Astor was the actress who was the second wife of Thomas Coates, the banker, became after his death the duchess of St. Albans, and having no children left all her wealth to her granddaughter, who became the noted philanthropist, and died the other day as Baroness Burdett Coutts. Some of the Royal Progress of Charles VI, the "Merry Monarch" who was the children of Nell Gwynn, the player and former orange girl, and Mrs. Jordan, the comedienne celebrated by Charles Lamb, had sons who owned William IV, as their father. The duchess of Clarence, who died the other day, was Belle Bloomer, an old-time music hall performer, and her offspring are, of course, noble, in the sense of having a title father. Many more women who have faced the footlights professionally, says Boston Budget, might be mentioned who have borne aristocratic names through marriage, thus showing that the nobility of England have done more than rub elbows with the common people. Actors, however, have not been so fortunate as the feminine players, and have seldom, or never, been wedded to women of high degree.

Cost of Discovering America. A Chicago antiquary has discovered that Columbus received a salary of \$200. He estimates that the whole cost of the expedition that found America was about \$7,000. John Knox received a salary of \$250, and a leading lawyer in the time of Edward IV was content with a fee which amounted to one dollar in our money. A sumptuous Christmas dinner could be bought then for a few dollars, but a loss of life in those days, but the salaries of professional men and the wages of laborers seem absurdly meager when compared with the best-paid ability and skill in these modern days. The good old times, says the Philadelphia Ledger, when no present no attractions to those who imagine there was a time when labor was much better rewarded than it is today. Despite the monopolies and the trusts, a moderate fortune can be acquired now more readily than it could in former times. In 1820 a man who had \$20,000 was accounted rich, and such men were very scarce.

Perhaps the greatest dental operation on record was performed upon an elephant some years ago in the city of Mexico. The aching tooth was 12 inches long and 4 inches in diameter at the root. After Mr. Klephant had been securely fastened by chains his mouth was split open and a quantity of cocaine applied to deaden the pain. When a dose of ether was borne through the tooth and an iron bar inserted; then a rope was twisted around the bar; four horses attached and the tooth pulled out.

There is no more difficult sort of legislation than that which deals with the distribution of water rights, and this is to form the subject of serious study in the near future. The topography of the Mexican republic—a highly elevated tableland sloping gradually northward into the United States, but in almost all other directions furnishing more or less abrupt declivities to the sea, down which flow the mountain streams in itself suggests untold possibilities in the way of water power.

Mrs. Lew Wallace devoted to the memory of her distinguished husband, has kept everything in the library which he wrote exactly in the same condition in which he left it. Even the book at the page as he laid it down. The library is a large building which the author had put up in the middle of the garden with every requirement for writing and with shelves for his thousands of books.

The electric light, when used at night to constantly illuminate beds of lettuce, radishes, and similar vegetables, insures a more speedy growth than when no artificial illuminant is used.

American exportations of wood have increased 39 per cent. during the past nine months. The breakfast food industry is to be congratulated on this sudden boom in its prosperity.

"It sounds so easy, but it is so really difficult," said Lady Isabel helplessly. "Well, it certainly sounds easy enough." She sighed and handed me her tea-cup, and Dr. Parkie says Babe absolutely must go to Biarritz; but it's so dreadfully expensive, and, as usual, we are horribly hard up—or, at any rate, Vernon says so.

"It's absurd the things these doctors order poor people to do," I said sympathetically. "I am sure some nice every-day place like Margate would have been just as good for poor little Babe's glands." Lady Isabel looked horrified. "My dear Marjorie, how dreadfully crude you are in your ideas!" She looked so shocked that I was quite ashamed of my suggestion.

"All the same, Margate is very good for glands, Isabel," I murmured rebelliously. "But I haven't got glands," she retorted, "and darling Babe has only the faintest swelling; but I do so want to go to Biarritz," she added plaintively, "and so—"

"So you naturally chose a doctor who had some tact," I said. She smiled, and he told Vernon it was imperative for Babe to go to Biarritz. "Really, and what did Lord Ethingam say?" "Oh, Vernon said—"

"I'm sorry Babe has such a sensible mother," I said dusterfully. "Yes; isn't it dear? Well, I must be running along now. Good-bye. Let me know if you hear of anyone who wants to go to Biarritz, and—"

"I'll Tell You What I Did." "I know, dear, I won't repeat the horrid business part; I hate talking about such horrid, solid things as money matters. Three days later I received a pressing note from Lady Isabel. "Do come in to luncheon to-morrow. I want so much to see you—Yours ever, Isabel. P. S.—Off to Biarritz on Tuesday."

Lady Isabel greeted me with effusion. "My dear girl, isn't it perfectly lovely? We are going to Biarritz on Tuesday for a month—at least, I am going, and, of course, taking Elsie. I dress; however, I must say I prefer Biarritz myself. You see, it's such a thorough change."

Green for Weddings. Green is one of the favorite colors of the moment. It has been the dominating tint at several smart weddings lately, and one bride in a white dress and her white bridegroom embroidered round the hem and her net veil bordered with green myrtle leaves.

The Widew's Way. "Newly-ties they say that after a man and his wife have lived together for a time they grow to resemble each other." "Will you want German, Isabel, at Biarritz?" "No, of course not," she replied; "besides, I can't speak either, you know, dearest, but it doesn't matter as

Elsie is French. But I do wish Mrs. Barrington-Brown would at least let me pay my fare out." "Or the porters," I suggested mildly. "It was perhaps a month later when I saw Lady Isabel again. She was looking radiantly well and in the best of spirits. "Well," I said, "how did you get on at Biarritz?" "Oh, my dear, it was simply lovely!—I mean it was awful to begin with, but finished up quite beautiful."

"Why—what happened?" "Well—astonishing journey out—quite comfortable, you know, but a wretched crossing—and I can't bear French trains because, although they were really better than ours, French-people never will have the windows open."

"But with all Mrs. Barrington-Brown's money you could have afforded to travel alone." "Yes, I know, we had it to ourselves coming home, but going out there was a muddle, and two French-women insisted on getting in, and I couldn't find Elsie, and those gentleman officials couldn't understand my French."

"Fancy, how very ignorant of them," I said ironically. "Yes, wasn't it? But Mrs. Barrington-Brown didn't mind anything, and she said she was very proud of traveling with some one so 'distinguish-looking' as I. Wasn't it nice of her? But I do wish she had put it into English."

"Did she meet all the other 'distinguish' people?" "Oh! my dear," replied Lady Isabel, "don't speak of it. It was a most tragic moment for me when I wanted to go to Birmingham. I was so awfully tired and absolutely declined to be introduced—at least, of course, she wrapped it up fairly skilfully, but she made it quite clear she didn't wish to know poor Mrs. Barrington-Brown, and then the Evingtons followed suit, and even the Vernons shied at her. It was awful for you; you can't imagine how awful it was, my dear Marjorie. You see, it made me so awkward in treating guests and things."

"Poor dear," I said sympathetically. "Yes, and Vernon wasn't there to advise me what to do. Not that his advice is ever any good; but, still, it's always a comfort to tell somebody, even if they only laugh or say—"

"How did you eventually manage it?" I asked with interest. Lady Isabel hesitated. "Well, you know Mrs. Barrington-Brown is such a perfectly delightful person, but luckily I've a perfect genius for diplomacy. I'll tell you what I did—I had an inspiration; it was nothing less, there, and you know what a dear old thing she is, and how fond she is of Vernon and me—and I told her about the nice Englishwoman who was so awfully charitable and generous and awfully charming and generous and all that, and I said Mrs. Barrington-Brown give me an immense check for the Red Cross something or other to help the Russians, and we organized a party, and I said, 'Well, you know the kind of woolly things a woman like that loves to make—and I bought mine at a store.'"

"Yes," and then I asked the princess to be president of the sewing class; and, of course, you know what awful snobs people are Marjorie—as soon as she took Mrs. Barrington-Brown up her, and so did the Evingtons and the Vernons. Wasn't it just like them?" "Exactly."

"Mrs. Brown was frightfully pleased," said Lady Isabel, leaning back in her chair with a sigh of content, "and she says she can never be grateful enough to me for giving her a check. She is going to take such a good time. She is going to have the Russian 'Woolly Things' sewing class in London all the season, and the princess has promised to come, and she—I mean Mrs. Barrington-Brown—is fearfully keen about it. She has a sort of people are all you know so thorough; she even tried to smoke Russian cigarettes, but they didn't agree with her at all, poor dear."

The Siren

By Basil Tozer

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The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the coroner's decision. Deceased, they said, had clearly died of apoplexy. Seemingly he had been in excellent health on the very day of his death. In the small hours of the morning, according to the evidence, he had been sleeping in a room adjoining, had heard deceased breathing unusually heavily. Becoming anxious, he had entered his master's room and there found the young man pale as death and quite unconscious, with wide-open eyes and pupils extraordinarily dilated.

At once he had hastened in search of a doctor, but by the time the doctor had reached his master's room life had been quite extinct. Deceased, though pronounced by his friends a man about town, had not, they said, been addicted to violent dissipation. Neither had he been addicted to drugs or to alcohol. A rather remarkable feature in connection with the case was the statement that no less than four other young men of social position had been found dead in their beds under circumstances almost exactly similar, and that within the last few months. As on the previous occasions the verdict returned this morning was that of "Death from natural causes."

Phoebe Vincent let the paper drop from her hands and smiled. A very beautiful woman in the prime of her life, and accustomed to perfection, few knew whence she came or who she really was. Rumor had it that her husband had died under a cloud, also under circumstances said to have been mysterious. But nobody much cared, least of all the men—men of position, all of them, and not a few of rank—who figured so largely among her visitors. Indeed it had come to her, among a certain set, that not to know Phoebe Vincent was to argue yourself out of date.

"Poor boy," she said at last. "I am so very sorry at times, and I feel, 'and go to bed' for some moments at a framed photograph on her silver table. Then her gaze rested on several portraits, framed and unframed, on the mantel. They were portraits of men, most of them, the majority portraits of men well under 40. Some were portraits of mere boys.

"Pah!" she exclaimed. "I shall do pleasure, such looking youth, perhaps it gratifies me even more than it gratifies them—while it lasts." After a little while she rose and pressed the bell.

"I shall want the brougham tonight," she said, as the maid entered. "Tell John I am going to the opera." "Tristan and Isolde" was over. In the portico of the opera house police-men and others belovved down the men and women mingled, awaiting their turn to depart.

Beside the inner entrance a tall and remarkably good-looking youth, equipt with an intelligence, mechanically he took her hand. Mechanically he passed slowly down the flight of stairs. Mechanically he pulled himself into the cab and told the driver his address.

"It is extraordinary—most extraordinary." The speaker was one of three members of the medical profession who chanced to be seated together in the otherwise empty smoking room of a rather well known club.

"To what do you attribute the death?" asked another member of the group. "I can throw as much light on the problem as both of you cases—which is none at all," he answered grimly. "And you say this is the sixth case of the sort that has occurred in New York?" "Yes, and that within a period of ten months."

"It is most interesting." "Most perplexing." "As I say, it is quite as extraordinary a case as its predecessors, and you are right, my time is expiring; I must be off, too." "And to meet I. Good night to you." "Good night."

As they passed swiftly down Broadway a plover had presently stole softly into his eye, and the fingers very gently pressed his own. At the touch his whole soul seemed to thrill. A moment later he had succumbed to the temptation and was kissing her passionately on the mouth.

"How wicked of you," she said roughly. "Really you quite hurt me. Do you often get like this?" "I love you dreadfully," he half-whispered, "dreadfully I have seen you so often. I have so often longed to speak to you. But I never got introduced."

"You thought tonight you would wait the introduction," she said lightly. "Do you kiss everybody like that you are introduced to? Perhaps," she went on presently, "I say only perhaps, I have sometimes noticed you before tonight."

Four months had passed. In the boudoir of a Fifth Avenue flat a young man lay dead on a settee. Over him bent a woman. The man looked rather wearied. His eyes sagged slightly. And the woman peered down at him attentively. "Arthur," she said, after a little while, during which she had seemed to him to peer into his very soul; "tell me, Arthur, have you loved any girl but me since that night—since the night we met? Tell me the truth."

"Why, of course I have not," he replied with emphasis, which though exaggerated, carried no conviction. "You lie!" she exclaimed, her whole attitude changing on the instant. "You lie! And yet you swore to me you wouldn't—you swore you would never love anyone but me!" Her eyes seemed to glitter. She was trembling strangely. A great wave of feeling appeared to control her. And yet at that moment she looked to the man more entrancing than ever.

"Rejoice, Phoebe, my darling," he began, but she checked him. "You should not lie to me," she said presently, more composedly and seemingly half in jest. "It is dangerous to lie to me."

He laughed at her a little as he flung aside his cigarette and made himself more comfortable. "Phoebe," she said, "I love you dreadfully, as I told you the first night we met, and I always shall love you. As he spoke he drew the beautiful face down to his and kissed it.

She offered no resistance. Somehow on this evening she appeared to him more seductive than ever. Presently—he wondered then he had not noticed it before—her breath seemed to come more heavily and fast, as if it were a sense of intense gratification came over him, a feeling that was strangely soothing. And now he felt distinctly and allowing, perhaps also purposely, her breath to fall across his face. It held him spell-bound. His very will was fast weakening. His mental faculties were dying.

"You lie!" she exclaimed. The voice sounded at a distance. He sighed heavily. At once she bent over him still more. Now her eyes were riveted to his. Then, of a sudden, all life was blotted out from him, his heart and brain throbbled painfully; reason and consciousness alike had fled, leaving him pulseless, stupefied inert. With a visible effort she recovered herself and rose. Her face was flushed. Her eyes glistened curiously. A strange, unnatural fever made her hot and restless. She crossed the room and raised the curtain. Her own maid answered the summons. "Call a cab, Aphelie," she said quickly. "He is ill."

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