

BOTH TO GIVE EVIDENCE.

Dougherty and Tate Will Go Before Peoria Grand Jury.

Peoria.—With the announcement that Newton C. Dougherty and Edwin Tate are to appear before the grand jury it is expressed the determination of the school board and the state's attorney to get at the bottom of the alleged plot which resulted in the destruction of evidence against N. C. Dougherty.

Tate is coming because he realizes that his only hope to escape the penitentiary is through the good offices of the Peoria school board. If he clears up the Peoria affair strong interest will be brought to bear on the governor to issue a pardon for the minor crime of burglary, for the commission of which he is now about to be sent to jail.

Dougherty's attitude is a different sort of proposition. According to statements made by Tate the schoolmaster is willing to tell all he knows. The hearing in the case of the man now doing time for embezzlement of the school funds is "sore" because others beside himself had a hand in pilfering the money; that he was promised aid which he has never received, and that he now sees nothing before him but imprisonment until death relieves him.

MRS. LUCINDA WATKINS DEAD.

Had Lived on Central Illinois Farm for Seventy-Nine Years.

Havana.—Mrs. Lucinda Watkins, who celebrated her ninety-eighth birthday anniversary April 7, is dead at her home near Oakford. She was the oldest resident in central Illinois. At the anniversary of her birthday all her descendants, numbering more than 200, including six generations, were present. She resided on the same farm for 79 years. The six generations are: Mrs. Temperance Hilliard, age 78 years, Oakford daughter; Mrs. Sarah Davis, aged 56 years, Kibbourn, granddaughter; Mrs. Mary Showalter, aged 39 years, Bath, granddaughter; Mrs. Elizabeth Ashurst, aged 31 years, Kibbourn, great-granddaughter; Master Lloyd Ashurst, aged three years, Kibbourn, great-great-grandson.

Woodmen Enjoy Outing.

Rockford.—This city entertained 20,000 visitors June 6, the occasion being the seventeenth annual picnic of the Modern Woodmen of northern Illinois, held at Oakford. Nearly 1,000 came from Chicago. The parade was the feature of the day. In the afternoon there were addresses at the fair grounds park. In the evening a grand banquet of 1,000 was held at the Chicago hotel. The banquet was awarded a special prize of \$75.

Coles County to Issue Bonds.

Charleston.—The proposition to issue bonds to pay the outstanding indebtedness of Coles county was carried by about 600 majority. The debt is \$25,000, and was created eight years ago when the new court house was built. This was the seventh election held for the purpose of voting the bonds. The proposition was fought bitterly in every campaign and was carried this time only because the supreme court had declared the debt legal.

Big Class Graduates.

Urbana.—There were a total of 390 members of this year's graduating class in the University of Illinois, the largest in the history of the institution. Of the number the different degrees were conferred as follows: Literature and arts, 110; library school, 15; engineering, 165; science, 35; agriculture, 45, and law, 20. This, of course, does not include the graduates from the Chicago colleges of the institution.

Retires from Drainage Board.

Chicago.—Isham Randolph, chief engineer of the drainage board for 14 years, will retire July 15 to become consulting engineer for a number of large corporations. Mr. Randolph was appointed chief engineer of the sand-lake and the Juncos in 1888, and has held the position ever since.

Justice Baume Still Gaining.

Springfield.—Justice James S. Baume, of Galena, who was taken to the hospital last week, is recovering, and is much improved and probably will be removed to his home in a few days.

Woman Dies of Broken Heart.

Havana.—Mrs. Asahia Thomas, aged 75 years, is dead. Her husband died at the age of 93 years on Easter Sunday. Her son died one month later, and the shock and grief of her double loss caused her own demise.

Class Gives University a Bust.

Urbana.—A feature of the University of Illinois is the exercises which are given at the presentation of a bust of Longfellow to the university by the graduating class. Prof. William P. Trent delivered an appropriate address.

ELECT COL. FOREMAN PRESIDENT

Officers of Illinois National Guard Meet in Annual Session.

Quincy.—Three hundred officers of the Illinois national guard and naval reserves met here in annual session. The officers elected were: Col. M. J. Foreman of Chicago, president; Col. Frank H. Wells of Decatur, vice president; Capt. S. Blanchard of Ottawa, secretary and treasurer. Chicago was selected as the place of holding next year's meeting of the association. The Association of Military Surgeons also met here. Papers on surgery were read and the following officers were elected, all being from Chicago: President, Col. J. Nicholas Bean; vice president, Maj. B. S. Rogers; secretary-treasurer, Charles Adams; assistant secretary, Maj. E. C. Stanton.

EDITORS FAVOR WATER WAY.

Illinois Press Association at Peoria Indorses Lakes-Gulf Plan.

Peoria.—The Illinois Press association indorsed the deep water way from the lakes to the gulf. R. R. McCormick, president of the Chicago sanitary district, and Frank J. Quinn-Benn, vice president, Maj. B. S. Rogers, secretary-treasurer, Charles Adams, assistant secretary, Maj. E. C. Stanton.

The following officers were elected:

President, J. A. Adams, Peoria; vice president, W. M. D. Davidson, Carthage; J. M. Sheets, Ollong; Charles Mead, Geneva; secretary, J. M. Page, Jerseyville; treasurer, H. A. David, Carlinville; member of executive committee, J. M. Rapp, Fairfield.

Florence Charles Donohue Dead.

Freeport.—Florence Charles Donohue, a newspaper man and Democratic leader, died at St. Francis' hospital, where he was operated on two weeks ago for cancer of the throat. He had been ill about a year. Chicago was his boyhood home. He learned the printer's trade in the old Times office, later entering the reportorial field under Wilber F. Storey. When the Chicago Telegram was launched Donohue associated with its staff, remaining until that paper was discontinued, when he moved to Freeport. He owned and issued the Freeport Daily Democrat from 1887 to 1904. Cleveland appointed him postmaster of Freeport in 1892.

Cattle Bring High Prices.

Williamsville.—The second biennial sale of high-bred shorthorn cattle given by M. E. Jones at Cherry Grove farm, two miles south of here, was attended by 500 men and was a big success. Forty-two head of cattle were disposed of at prices which showed the regard with which the buyers hold Mr. Jones' stock. The average price was \$114 per head.

Wabash Must Pay \$30,000 Fine.

Paxton.—The Wabash Railroad company has been fined by the Post county recorder at Paxton a mortgage for \$32,000,000 to the Bowling Green Trust company. As the mortgage must be filed in eight of the 130 counties through which it passes, the fee for recording will amount, at \$30 each, to \$39,000.

Jobbies at State Normal.

Bloomington.—Gov. Deneen was the chief figure at the jubilee celebration of the State Normal university. The governor gave out diplomas to 33 graduates and in the course of the day addressed his early career and of his experiences in Chicago as a teacher in the Ghetto district.

Year's Fire Loss in Chicago.

Chicago.—The annual report of Fire Marshal Horan shows that during the year there were 1,014 fires and 6,287 alarm fires. The property involved amounted to \$19,974,632, with a loss of \$4,179,235, or \$75,308 more than the previous year. The total insurance was \$75,356,085.

Blow Safe in Illinois Post Office.

Kewanee.—Four men blew open the safe in the Illinois post office at Kewanee, Illinois, last week. The noise attracted a night watchman at the station, who was shot at as he approached. The robbers fled without bringing off the cash box, which contained \$100.

Twelve Graduates at Lombard.

Galesburg.—The fifty-second annual commencement of Lombard college was held, 12 graduating. The address to the class was made by the Rev. L. D. Case of St. Paul's Universalist church, Chicago. The degree of doctor of divinity was conferred upon Rev. M. Case.

Madison Team Gets Prize.

Rockford.—Twenty winning plating Woodmen were in this city June 6 to attend the annual picnic of the Southern Wisconsin and Northern Illinois Pile Association. The competitive driving and plating of the day, and in class A competition, camp 11,607 of Chicago won the prize, which was \$75. In the class B competition Madison, Wis., won the first prize with breeding of \$125. Elgin was second, and Beloit camp No. 1907, was third. The prizes were \$100, \$50 and \$25 respectively.

expression. I rather expected him to show some of that amused contempt with which men of his sort always receive a new idea that is beyond the range of their narrow, conventional mind. For I did not expect him to understand why I was not only willing, but even eager, to relinquish a woman whom I could hold only by asserting a property right in her. And I do not think he did understand me, though his manner changed to a sort of grudging respect. He was, I believe, about as usual, so impulsive, generous speech, when we heard the quick strokes of iron-shod boots on the path from the kennels and the stable—in there any sound more arresting? Past a gallop swept a horse, on his back—Anita. She was not in riding-habit; the wind fluttered the sleeves of her blouse, blew her uncovered hair this way and that about her beautiful face. She sped on toward the landing, though I flinched as she had seen us.

Anita at Dawn Hill—Langdon, in a furious temper, descending from the house toward the landing—Anita present, riding like mad—"to overtake him," thought I. And I read boisterousness in his triumphant eyes. In another mood, I suppose my fury would have been beyond my power to restrain it. Just then—the day grew dark for me, and I wanted to hide away somewhere. Heart-sick, I was ashamed for her, hated myself for having blundered into surprising her. She reappeared at the turn round which she had vanished. I saw that she was riding without saddle or bridle, with only a halter round the horse's neck—then she had seen us, had stopped and come back as soon as she could. She dropped from the horse, looked swiftly at me, at him, at me again, with intense anxiety.

"I saw your yacht in the harbor only a moment ago," she said to me. She was almost panting. "I feared you might meet me, so I came." "As you see, he is quite intact," said I. "I must ask that you and he leave the place at once." And I went back to my room.

"You can't provoke me to descend to your level," said I, with the easy superiority of him who clearly has the better of the argument. He was shaking his head to foot, not with terror, but with impatient rage. How much we owe to accident! The mere accident of my physical superiority had put him at hopeless disadvantage; had made him feel inferior to me as no victory of mental or moral superiority could possibly have done. And I myself felt a greater contempt for him than the discovery of his treachery and his shallowness had together inspired.

"I shan't indulge in sapfoedism," I went on. "I'll be frank. A year ago, if any man had faced me with a claim upon a woman who was married to me, I probably have dealt with him as you've dealt with me. I shall say one thing to you that I did not say to her. If you do not deal fairly with her, I shall see to it that there are ten thorns to every rose in that bed of roses on which you lie. You are contemptible in many ways—perhaps that's why women like you. But there must be some good in you, or possibilities of good, or you could not have won and kept her love."

He was staring at me with a dazed



"I don't in the least care whether you are or not," replied I. "What are you doing here, anyhow?"

As the Albatross steamed into the little harbor, I saw Mowbray Langdon's indolence at anchor. I glanced toward Stephen Pott—there his cousins, the Vianas, lived—and thought I recognized his launch at their pier. We saluted the indolence; the indolence saluted us. My launch was piped away and took me ashore. I strode along the path that would round the base of the hill toward the kennels. At the crossing of the path down from the house, I paused and lingered on the glimpse of one of the corner towers of the great showy palace. I was muttering something—I listened to myself. It was "Muholland, Mrs. Muholland and the four little Muhollands." And I felt like laughing aloud, such a joke was it that I should be envying a policeman his potato patch and his fat wife and his four brats, and that he should be in a position to pity me.

You may be imagining that, through all, Anita had been dominating my mind. That is the way it is in the romances; but not in life. No doubt there are men who brood upon the impossible, and moon and maudlin away their lives over a grave of a dead love; no dead love, no dead person who will say that, because I did not shoot Langdon or her, or myself, or fly to a desert or pose in the crowded places of the world as the heroine of a tragedy, I therefore cared little about her. I offer them this suggestion: A man strong enough to give a love worth a woman's while is strong enough to live on without her when he finds he may not live with her.

As I stood there that summer day, looking toward the crest of the hill at the mocking mauler of my dead dream, I realized what the incessant battle of the street had meant to me. "There is peace for you only in the storm," said I. "But thank God, there is peace for me somewhere."

Through the foliage I had glimpses of some one coming slowly down the zigzag path. Presently, as one of the turnings half-way up the hill, appeared Mowbray Langdon. "What is he doing here," thought I, scarcely able to believe my eyes. "Here of all places! Had then I forgot the presence of his being at Dawn Hill in the strangeness of his expression. For it was apparent, even at the distance which separated us, that he was suffering from some dire disease. He looked old and haggard; he walked like a man who neither knows nor cares where he is going.

He had not seen me, and my impulse was to avoid him by continuing on toward the kennels. I had no especial feeling against him; I had not lost Anita because she cared for him or for her, but because she did not care for me—simply that to meet would be awkward, disagreeable for us both. At the slight noise of my movement to go on, he halted, glanced round eagerly, as if he hoped one he wished to see. His glance fell on me. He stopped short, as for an instant disconcerted; then he faced me with a devilish joy. "You!" he cried. "Just the man!" And he descended more rapidly.

At first I could make nothing of this remark. But as he came nearer, and his ugly mood became more apparent, I felt that he was looking forward to provoking me into giving him a distraction from whatever was tormenting him. I waited a few minutes and we were face to face, I outwardly calm, but my anger slowly lighting up as he deliberately applied to it the torch of his insolent eyes. He was wearing his old familiar air of cynical assurance. Evidently, with his recovered fortune, he had recovered his conviction of his great superiority to the rest of the human race—the child had climbed back on the chair that made it tall and had forgotten its tumble. And I was wondering again that the man who had before had been crude enough to be fascinated and fooled by those tawdry poerings and pretenses. For the man, as I now saw him, was obviously shallow and vain, a slave to those poor "man-of-the-world" passions—ostentation and cynicism and self at vice of all as mankind—and tedious as a treadmill, the commonplace routine of the idle and foolish and purposeless. A clever, handsome fellow, but the more pitiful that he was by nature above the uses to which he prostituted himself.

"How that horrible old fellow looked at her! At him! At everything!"

rapidly along the path toward the kennels. An exclamation from Langdon forced me to turn in spite of myself. He was half-kneeling, was holding her in his arms. At that sight, the savage in me awoke himself free. I dashed toward them with a keen, not what course bursting from me. Langdon, intent upon her, did not realize until I sent him reeling backward to the earth and snatched her up. Her white face, her closed eyes, her limp form made my fury instantly collapse. In my confusion I thought that she was dead. I laid her gently on the grass and supported her head, so small, so gloriously crowned, the face so still and sweet and white, like the stainless entrance to a stainless shrine. How that horrible fear changed the whole way of looking at her, at him, at her and him, at everything!



"HOW THAT HORRIBLE OLD FELLOW LOOKED AT HER! AT HIM! AT EVERYTHING!"

Her eyelids were quivering—her eyes were open—her bosom was rising and falling slowly as she drew long, uncertain breaths. She shuddered, sat up, started up. "Go! go!" she cried. "Bring him back! Bring him back!"

There she recognized me. "Oh," she said, and gave a great sigh of relief. She leaned against a tree and looked at Langdon. "You are still here. Thank God!" Langdon gazed silently at the ground. "I can't," he answered. "I don't believe it. Besides—he has given you to me. Let us go. Let me take you to the Vianas. He threw out his arms in a wild, passionate gesture; he was utterly unlike himself. His emotion burst through his usual reserve, and he had a hard crust of selfishness like the exploding powder bursting the shell. "I can't give you up, Anita!" he exclaimed in a tone of utter desperation. "I can't! I can't!" But her gaze was all this time steadily on me, as if she feared I would go, should she look away. "I will tell you myself," she said, rising to go. "Uncle Howard said I read in the papers how they had all turned against you, and he brought me over here. He has been telegraphing for you. This morning he went to town to search for you. About an hour ago Langdon came. I refused to see him, as I have ever since the time I told you about Anita." He persisted, until at last I had the servant request him to leave the house. "But now there's no longer any reason for your staying, Anita," he pleaded. "You are free. Why stay when you would really no more be here than if you were to go, leaving one of your empty dresses?" She had not for an instant taken her eyes from me, and I wanted to forget any detail of her face or voice as she said to him: "That is false, Mowbray Langdon. I told you the truth when I told you I loved him." "I was ashamed of him," she said, with a gasp. "I was ashamed of him, almost from the first— from the day he came to the box at the races. I was ashamed, poor creature that my parents had made me! I was ashamed of him, and I tried to hate him, and thought I did. And when he showed me that he no longer cared, my pride goaded me into the chase, and I was ashamed of him. But I loved him more than ever. And as you and he stand here, I am ashamed again—ashamed that I was ever so blind and ignorant and prejudiced as to pursue him with my love. I was ashamed of him, almost from the first— from the day he came to the box at the races. I was ashamed, poor creature that my parents had made me! I was ashamed of him, and I tried to hate him, and thought I did. And when he showed me that he no longer cared, my pride goaded me into the chase, and I was ashamed of him. But I loved him more than ever. And as you and he stand here, I am ashamed again—ashamed that I was ever so blind and ignorant and prejudiced as to pursue him with my love. I was ashamed of him, almost from the first— from the day he came to the box at the races. I was ashamed, poor creature that my parents had made me! I was ashamed of him, and I tried to hate him, and thought I did. And when he showed me that he no longer cared, my pride goaded me into the chase, and I was ashamed of him. But I loved him more than ever. 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