

# Hiram Perkins' Cure.

By F. A. Mitchell.

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THESE are two pictures extant of Timothy Portley, the one in which he stands among a group of packing house employees in high boots, trousers and woolen shirt, the other in which he is dressed in the height of fashion, his natural florid complexion subdued by the artist. The first was Tim Portley, butcher. The second is Timothy Portley, multimillionaire. He would give a thousand dollars for each of the group pictures to burn them.

Portley lived most of the year in his country place twenty miles from the city. Time was when he had a racket to take him, and he hurried home from his work in the evening. Now there are express trains running



DAISY WAS KNOCKED TO A DISTANCE OF TWENTY FEET. Part his place to the city, but they are not good enough, certainly not fast enough, for him. He has his own automobile, capable of making a mile a minute, and it has often taken him from his house to his office in half an hour.

The Arlington turnpike furnished a direct line between Mr. Portley's house and his office, and on that pike is a straight piece of road over which he gave his chauffeur orders to make fifty miles an hour. At a quarter past 10 every week day morning and a quarter past 4 in the evening, the hours of Mr. Portley's passage, the farmers living on this stretch of road were obliged to stop work to see that there were no children or stock in the way. Angus Green lost a horse and Joseph Briggs a cow. In both these cases Mr. Portley sat in his car, was handed a check book by his secretary, filled out checks for double the amount claimed by the owners of the stock, tossed them to the farmers, and as the papers fluttered to the ground to be picked up by the passer the paper dashed away.

The next thing to fall under Mr. Portley's juggernaut was something that could not be paid for in money. Daisy Burton, fourteen years old, was crossing the road when she heard the squeak of a horn and saw Mr. Portley's automobile coming. She turned back, but, seeing the automobile turnpike in the same direction, started again across the road when she heard the squeak of a horn and saw Mr. Portley's automobile coming. She turned back, but, seeing the automobile turnpike in the same direction, started again across the road when she heard the squeak of a horn and saw Mr. Portley's automobile coming.

was there any hope of its being enforced.

While the others talked there was one man who thought Hiram Perkins did not recover from having seen his little pet made a cripple. He resolved that Portley's automobile should never pass his place again. But how was he to prevent it? By means of the law? Portley's pocketbook was mightier than the law. Dig a trench across the road and mark it? That would be murder. One day Hiram read an advertisement of the sale of government condemned goods. This gave him an idea, and his idea grew to a plan.

At a quarter past 10 on the morning after Farmer Burton had signed an instrument acknowledging full indemnity for the injury done his daughter and had resolved his check Mr. Portley's automobile came down the road at its accustomed speed.

As it approached Hiram Perkins' farm Mr. Portley heard a crackling noise and saw smoke ahead. He stopped and said: "What's that?" he asked of his chauffeur.

"Looks as if soldiers were firing across the road," replied the chauffeur, slowing up.

At reduced speed they approached the firing. It was on Hiram Perkins' ground. He had mounted a rapid fire gun of an obsolete pattern on a pile of staves four feet from the ground, with its muzzle pointed at a target set up across the road. Hiram was lazily turning the crank.

"Hey, you old fool! Are you crazy?" yelled Mr. Portley.

Hiram ceased turning his crank and looked at the automobilist.

"Why, no, I reckon you're the crazy one," replied Hiram.

"I'm shootin' at a mark peaceable. I own twenty acres on this side and eighty on the other side. Beckon I've got a right to do what I please on my own property?"

"You haven't a right to obstruct the road."

"I ain't touchin' the road," replied Mr. Portley.

"How much do you want to stop your practicing when I want to pass your farm?"

"There was a world of calm intensity in Hiram's tone and manner as he replied:

"You hadn't got money enough to stop my practicin' at any time."

Mr. Portley refrained from further argument. He felt sure that if he couldn't buy his way from the farmer he could buy it through a lawyer. He gave orders to his chauffeur to turn and hurried back in no good humor to take another road, dogging the distance to the city. On reaching it he went straight to his lawyer's office, told how Hiram Perkins was monopolizing the highway and asked how he should proceed.

"There's no law," said the lawyer, "to prevent a man firing on his own property, even if the highway runs through it."

"What! No law to keep him from shooting me as I pass his farm?"

"If he shoots you intentionally, it's murder; if unintentionally, you have an action for damages."

"I don't want no damages after I'm dead," exclaimed Mr. Portley, in his irritation dropping into the double negative of his earlier years.

"How do you get out of it?" the lawyer went on, looking at the ceiling thoughtfully, "is to meet what I am

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The man's leg struck against a piece of machinery, and he was rendered unconscious. Some one was summoned for a doctor. Before the physician arrived the injured workman regained consciousness. He did not make any attempt to get up, however, but simply lay on the floor with one of his legs doubled up under him.

The physician came and made a hasty examination. He pulled the bent limb from the man, straightened it out, took one long look and, turning to those gathered round, said gravely:

"This is no case for me, gentlemen. What this man needs is not a doctor, but a carpenter!"—Baltimore News.

Trouble Ahead.

"Then your husband won't give up his club?" queried the friend.

"No," replied the patient young wife, "and I don't propose to give up mine."

"You're why I didn't know you had one."

"Neither does he, but the next time he comes down his stem he'll be a hand with mine—Catholic Standard and Times.

"I ain't a-tryin' to kill nobody. The

law don't hold no responsible for them as commits suicide by runnin' up agin' a gun a man's practicin' at a mark with."

The machine crept on. Hiram pulled his broad brimmed hat over the eye nearest the corner so as to obstruct his view toward the automobile and went on turning. When he crept into view he turned back so that he couldn't see. The automobile came to within a few yards of the passing bullets and stopped.

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The chauffeur climbed over to the back seat, leaving the wheel for his employer. Portley took it and moved

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George Daniels is at home this week.

Mrs. E. W. Wood and B. W. Wilson spent Sunday with friends at Crystal Lake.

Dr. F. A. Gibbs returned home from the west last Friday.

John Deban of Chicago spent Wednesday with L. M. Kuebler and family.

Miss Elzora Arps returned home from Milwaukee Tuesday.

Miss Emeline Kuebler will celebrate her birthday Saturday afternoon by entertaining the members of the Cinch club.

Our school teachers are boarding at the following places:—Primary room, Miss Stevens is at Mrs. John Gainer's. Second room:—Miss Meier at Mrs. Wm. Wilson's. Third room:—Miss McGuire at Mrs. Louis Schoppe's. Fourth room:—Miss Ellis at Mrs. Jonathan Wilson's. Assistant principal:—Miss Kellogg at Mrs. John Gainer's.

Miss Grace Gerimes is teaching at Rogers Park.

G. D. Stroker and family of Wauconda spent Sunday at W. C. William's Jr.

Voting population was increased this week when boys arrived at the home of Wm. Beckman and George Hamer. We are sorry to report Mrs. Hamer is very low, all hope for her speedy recovery.

Palatine was defeated by the Prima Tonip's Sunday by a score of 6 to 4. The Prima Tonip's had only two of their own men and one man with them has played with the Sox, so Palatine was a good fight considering what they went against.

Mrs. Van Horn and daughter, Grace, are visiting at Paris, Missouri, with Mrs. Biggs.

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## PALATINE LOCAL NEWS

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Mrs. F. Clark and daughter, Marguerite, are visiting in Chicago.

Dr. Pigott and family have returned to Chicago after spending several months of the summer at the Ficke house.

Wm. Beckman was an Elgin visitor Monday.

Mrs. Schoenig and Mrs. Palm are visiting at Wm. Beckman's.

George Knigge and family spent Sunday at Eichman's.

Mr. and Mrs. Wagner of Grayslake are visiting at Fred Hoelt's.

Frank Clark returned home from New York Wednesday.

Miss Anna Johnson and Mary Batchford returned to their homes in Wisconsin after spending a week at Jack Ellison's.

Get your School supplies at A. W. Meyer's.

Earnest Packard is on the sick list. Dr. A. Wiebelt of Barrington is attending him.

The Woman's Aid society of the St. Peter's church met last week at the home of Mrs. John Koffen.

Miss Tillie Hokenmeyer went to Gilmer Thursday.

Mrs. Hezau returned home from Chicago Wednesday.

School shoes at A. W. Meyer's.

Sixty tickets were sold at the dance last night evening at the Lake Shore pavilion.

The Lake Zurich and Des Plaines ball nine played at the Oak Park grounds Sunday, score 13 to 5 in favor of the home team.

Mrs. J. Dickson of Barrington visited here Tuesday.

Miss Mabel Kiteen and friend of Chicago spent Saturday and Sunday at Hoelt's house.

Struck By Engine.

While returning from a party in the country last night Walter Homuth and three young lady friends had a very narrow escape from serious injury at the E. J. and E. crossing on west Main street. An engine reported to be without lights or bell signals struck their carriage, overturning it and throwing them to the ground.

The young ladies were unhurt but Mr. Homuth's face was badly scratched and his wrist broken.



PORTLEY BACKED HIS MACHINE.

to within a few feet of the dead line. Hiram was looking away from him at an angle of 90 degrees. A shot a trifle out of line whistled ominously near Portley's nose. It was the will of a nuttish Illinoiser against a simple farmer. The farmer won. Portley backed his machine, turned about and disappeared in a cloud of dust. Hiram looked after him. There was the same quiescence in his outward appearance, but a close observer would have noticed a light in his eye and a slightly quicker breathing.

"Perkins' method," as it was called, spread among the farmers, and wherever a man owned property on both sides of the road he stationed himself before his house with a weapon, some with repeating rifles, some with revolvers, and one ingenious farmer constructed a catapult to throw stones at the rate of one every five seconds. Notices were put up along the road, and ten miles an hour was the limit of speed allowed. All automobiles running faster were sure to find some farmer who, apparently realizing that Uncle Sam needed to produce a nation of marksmen, had set up a target across the road and was sure to be practicing when the biggest and fastest machine passed. Some automobilists drove faster than ever, slowing up at the danger point, but they were reported by the farmers to those doing the practicing and on the next trip were obliged to turn back, losing the right to use the road altogether. No law was violated; no automobilist was injured. Persons driving their machines on the road at a moderate rate never hesitated or saw firing, and many of them wondered while passing Perkins' farm to what use he could possibly put his old rapid fire gun.

But Hiram will limp all her life and will still find it hard for her to make her own living. There are those among the farmers' wives—women can see further ahead in such matters than men—who declare that the day will come when she will have a strong level headed husband to work for her in Hiram Perkins.

What He Needed.

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"HEY, YOU OLD FOOL, ARE YOU CRAZY?" ASKED MR. PORTLEY.

satisfied is a bluff with a bluff. When you come to this man's farm again go right on very slowly. He won't dare kill you."

"If any man can bluff Tim Portley," said the multimillionaire, rising with a scowl and a firmly set jaw, "he's welcome to do so."

When Portley returned in the afternoon on his accustomed route, approaching Perkins' farm he again heard the rattle of rapid fire. He ordered his chauffeur to slow down and when within a hundred feet of the line of fire to creep. Hiram was turning the crank of his gun.

"If you kill me," cried Portley, "you'll be hanged for murder."

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