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Look over the windows of your home and see how many lights of glass are required to replace the broken and cracked lights. We can furnish any size as we carry the largest assortment of sizes of window glass in town.

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When Elizabeth Came.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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"When the home is ready, Roger, send for me and I will come." Elizabeth Atwood had said when her lover bade her goodbye.

Roger Blake had kissed her tenderly and gone into the western wilderness to make a home. He had little money, but strong hands and the sturdy ambition that overcomes stupendous obstacles.

In spite of these assets five years passed away before the Wyoming farm was declared to be in readiness for a mistress.

In the east Elizabeth taught school, saved on her simple trousers and enjoyed herself as a healthy, attractive girl cannot help doing. Every week she wrote a long letter to Roger. One August day, when the five years had expired, Roger made a last tour of inspection about the ranch. On distant hill slopes his cattle grazed. Nearer home fields were undulating green seas of wheat and oats. Rustling cornfields spread away to the westward.

In the midst was the home lot, the low house surrounded by vine covering verandas, grassy lawn and thrifty young trees. Flowers and shrubs had been set out the first year with loving care.

The farm was paying at last. The poultry yards occupied a good acre. They were to be Elizabeth's special care. All the hard, drudgery work



HE HAD UTTERED A LITTLE CRY AND HASTILY THREW BACK HER VEIL.

had been done by Roger, and now the home was ready.

A month before he had sent Elizabeth \$100. He had said he would expect her on the 10th of August and would meet her at the little station twenty miles distant.

This was the 10th of August, and Roger had not heard one word from his sweetheart. Nevertheless he harnessed the sorrel team to his buckboard and started north to meet the 12:30 express from the east. Before they returned to the farm they would drive to the minister's and be married.

Roger whistled merrily as he rounded the corner before the lonely little station. The station master sauntered out and chatted about the weather and the crops.

"There was a piercing shriek, and the express thundered along the platform. A couple of trunks were dumped from the baggage car, and a girl in brown leaped from one of the coaches. By the time Roger had reached her the express had pounded away into the west.

"The girl's face was covered by a thick, brown veil, but it was Elizabeth without a doubt. Roger knew the straight, slim figure, with its almost boyish freedom of movement, and the curve of dark hair at the back as she turned her head.

"Elizabeth!" he cried caustically as he grasped her hands in his.

"Yes," she answered quite coolly. "How do you do?"

"Fine," he said mechanically as he released her hands and fell into step beside her.

"You have a carriage here?" she questioned.

"A round on the other side. You are glad to get here, ain't you, Elizabeth? Or were you tired of waiting?" There was agonizing appeal in his blue eyes as they reached the buckboard and he assisted her to a seat.

"It was a long journey," she replied, with a puzzled glance at him. "I suppose you are one of the farm hands?"

"Elizabeth Atwood! Don't you know me—Roger?" He turned his cleanly shaven, unburned face toward her. She uttered a little cry and hastily threw back her veil. "Who do you think I am?" she gasped.

Roger blinked. It was the face of a stranger. Her eyes were soft and dark like those of his sweetheart, and her cheeks had the same oval framed in dusky hair. Save for the points of resemblance there was no likeness between the two girls. Elizabeth Atwood was very pretty, but the stranger was beautiful.

"I am afraid you are disappointed," she faltered at last. "I am Elizabeth Wood, and I have come to visit the Waylands, and I supposed you were one of Colonel Dick's pet cowboys. I thought it strange you should call me 'Elizabeth,' but I had resolved not to be surprised at anything out here," she

laughed merrily, and Roger joined her with a faint heart.

"I cannot have expected to meet a friend I hoped would be on your train," he admitted soberly. "Your appearance deceived me; you are much alike."

"I was the only passenger," she said sympathetically. "I hope your—your friend will come tomorrow. Where can my cousin's carriage be?"

"They were sitting in the buckboard in front of the station, and the agent was trundling two trunks toward them. 'Seen a testis from Wayland's?' asked Roger Blake.

"None. Want these on the wagon?" "Too heavy. Wayland will send for them. If his outfit arrives tell them I've carried the young lady over to his place."

"I hope I'm not taking you out of your way," she protested. "I can wait. I sent a letter."

"That's all right. I guess your letter went astray the same as the one I should have had. I've got plenty of time to spare," he added grimly. "I was going to be married this morning."

"Oh, I see. I am very sorry," she said sincerely. Then she mistook her sympathetic glance while Roger drove her over the long road across the prairie to the Wayland farm, which adjoined the little station.

"How long are you going to stay?" queried Roger just before their journey ended.

"Weeks or months perhaps. I have no near relatives and have been teaching school. My cousins have asked me to come here and enjoy a long rest. I hope our trip on the north tomorrow will be a more successful one—and thank you," she said, with a friendly smile, as they parted.

Two days afterward Roger met her riding out of the canyon. Her face was prettily tanned, and her broad brimmed hat made an effective frame for her lovely face.

"May I congratulate you today?" she asked brightly.

Roger shook his head slowly, and for the first time she noted the tense, drawn look about his pleasant mouth and the misery of his hazel eyes.

"You have heard—I hope it is not bad news?" she said, with that frank friendliness he had found so attractive in her before.

He drew a letter from his pocket and extracted a newspaper clipping. "That's all the explanation I've had," he said bitterly.

"Married to some one else—to James Farman—on my word of honor!" she cried in a low, agitated voice.

"Why is it strange? Do you know the man?" demanded Roger eagerly.

"The girl's face whitened, and a look of distress came into her eyes.

"Don't tell me anything if it pains you," said Roger gently.

"I must. You see, I was engaged to him, and he fitted me for another girl. I didn't know her name until now. I couldn't stand it, and so I ran away, but now—" She paused and a deep contentment replaced the pain in her face.

"Now?"

"Of course he couldn't be worth being very sorry about, after all! And life is so good here—so clean and free. I love it."

"So do I," said Roger sincerely. "And so do all the fellows I believe it is a sort of great sorrow. Shall we gallop?"

Months afterward Elizabeth came to reign as mistress of Roger's home. But it was not Elizabeth Atwood.

It was that other Elizabeth who came to him in his great trouble and to comfort him. And in the end each found a loyal, deep loving heart, and the home in the wilderness sheltered them as the man who built it had dreamed.

ADDITIONAL LOCALS:
McKinley Die popular sheet music at A. W. Meyer's. Call for list.

James Leonard of Lake Geneva was a Barrington visitor Friday and Saturday.

Four empty grain bags were left by unknown persons in the granary at F. A. Lagaschille's farm south of this village last Friday night about 11:30 o'clock. The owner may have his property by calling on Mr. Lagaschille.

Mrs. Samuel Ogden, Mrs. W. H. Curry and grandson, Laven Hawley, of Lexington were guests of Mrs. John Dawson of the Whetmore farm the first of the week. They were called home Wednesday by the death of a relative.

Where Bullets Flew.
David Parker, of Fayette, New York, a veteran of the civil war who lost a foot at Gettysburg says: "The good Electric Bitters have done me worth more than five hundred dollars to me. I spent much money doctoring for a bad case of stomach trouble, but the Electric Bitters cured me. I now take them as a tonic and they keep me strong and well." 50c at Barrington Pharmacy.

Tar and Feathers.
So far as is known, the first record of punishment by tar and feathers in the year 1180, the first of Richard I. At that time a law was passed that "any robber voyaging with the crusaders shall be first shaved, then hot pitch shall be poured upon his scalp and a bundle of feathers shuck over it." After this the criminal was to be put ashore at the first place the ship came to.

"Law, what is a philosopher?" "He's a man, my son, who can eat swadust and make himself think it's ice cream."—Chicago Tribune.

DANIEL F. LAMEY

Special Sale Black Dress Goods

Your opportunity to purchase BLACK DRESS GOODS at BIG BARGAIN PRICES. Black dress goods that sold at \$1.00 per yard we bought so we can sell them at **65c, 75c, 85c** per yard.

Black Dress Goods that were sold at 75c per yard we bought to put on this sale at **40c, 50c, 60c** per yard.

Another long line of Cotton Dress Goods that sold at 25c per yard, for this special sale **15c, 18c** per yard.

Special Sale Corsets

Ladies' new French Style Corsets \$1.50 values only **\$1.25** per pair. Nice Corset values at **50c and \$1.00** per pair.

Special Sale Hosiery

Ladies' Black Stockings, 20c values only **15c** per pair. Big bargains in Children's Hosiery at **15c and 25c**.

Special Sale Underwear

For this sale we have a large stock of Men's, Women's and Children's WINTER UNDERWEAR at special low prices.



Talking

Machines

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