

BARRINGTON REVIEW AN OUTLAW'S BRIDE

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1912

ROOSEVELT'S EXPLANATION.

Theodore Roosevelt has at last made an explanation concerning the alleged Standard Oil contributions to his campaign fund in 1904. He says that he doesn't believe there ever was such a contribution made; that if there was he knew nothing concerning it, and that it was made he presumes that it was "perfectly legitimate." It is possible that such a contribution was never made, but if an investigation shows that it was, do you suppose that the common people will consider the acceptance of such a contribution, by Roosevelt or his campaign committee, contrary to the very doctrines that he pretends to espouse, "perfectly legitimate?"

The "explanation" is an interesting study in Rooseveltian methods—lots of words, but nothing said. This is typical of his entire public career, which has consisted of a noise without end, and little if anything, else. How long can the man thus continue to fool any part of the people.

Hunters Born, Not Made.
A hunter is born, not made. The less a man has the love of the chase bred in his blood he's not going to get any blue ribbons pinned on him for sportsmanship. Some men take to the trail as naturally as a duck beats its tail to the puddle after cracking the egg shell. Then there are others who never seem to learn the game—they think they like it, but when you get them into the tall and unnumbered, they prove to be misfits who are eternally doing the wrong thing at the inopportune time.—National Sportsman.

His Mother.
The poet Goethe owed much of his greatness to his mother, a woman well made to bear such a son, a perfect mother, and better still, his intimate friend and confidant. Brought up in strictly bourgeois and limited circles, with very little education, such was her natural intelligence and sympathy that she afterward became a friend of princes, poets, and philosophers, and her house a rendezvous for the great minds of her day.

Where He Belonged.
At the dinner table on board an ocean liner one man was much annoyed by the vulgar manner in which his next neighbor fed. He tried to take no notice of the man, but after watching him pick a bone in an extremely primitive fashion, he could not control his feelings any longer, and turning to the offender, he said: "Don't you really think you would be more comfortable if you took that bone out on the mat?"—Youth's Companion.

When Travelling.
Take a candle in your bag and a box of safety matches. When they are wanted you will be glad they were put in. The space required for them is small. A passenger on a steamer that was wrecked had a small candle which enabled her to collect some of her most valuable possessions when the lights went out after the collision.—Today's Magazine.

Preserving Wood.
Instead of treating wood to preserve it from rot, an inventor of Budapest arrives at the same result by a reversal of the operation, for he treats the wood to surround the pores in such a manner as to destroy all germ and insect life. This process serves as a substitute where it is difficult to secure the treated lumber. It is called "sterilization."

New Character to Forward.
Characters are achieved—not received. They grow out of the character. They are not put on as a banner might put on a medal case. They mature like fruit from the vital seeds of the tree. This is the law of the universe; they are not given, they are earned. They are not a natural thing, they are a result of a natural thing, they are a result of a natural thing, they are a result of a natural thing.

Or the Hunt for the Bad Man of Kalem.

BY DONALD ALLEN.

They said of Mildred Drew that she was a frivolous girl, and now that she was engaged to a man named Stephen Hasleton, they continued to say the same old thing. They did, however, that Stephen, being three years older and being a conservative young man, would steady her down.

It's nothing against a girl that she is frivolous. It simply means that she refuses to worry about the things that her mother does; that she doesn't want to be herself up too soon; that she is falling in love with a new chap every week or two to study the male sex; that she is romantic by nature, and refuses to take the world as seriously as others.

Whether folks liked it or not, Miss Mildred went right on being frivolous. She thought a great deal of Stephen Hasleton, but when he started out to lecture her on frivolity she always tossed her head and replied that there were plenty of other good men in the world, and that at exactly ten o'clock the next forenoon she would be found walking the top of the back yard fence.

The evening before Miss Mildred went down to the country to visit her aunt, Mr. Hasleton spoke of having their engagement announced in the paper.

"Why, when were we engaged?" she asked.
"Months ago."
"I never heard of it!"
"But I have asked you to be my wife."
"And I have answered that I didn't know whether I was or not. No, sir, there is no engagement. I may see some one down in the country that I like better."

Stephen took things very mildly and refused to contest the point that evening, or to be perturbed for the next three days. Then happened what always happens with a conservative young man who has gone along thinking he had a sure thing of it—a green-eyed monster clutched him by the throat and he

found himself the most wretched man in the state. He did not know until that hour how much he loved the girl. She had denied the engagement that he had looked upon as a settled thing. She was frivolous, but she had spells of being very much in earnest.

Stephen had asked for a daily letter. He didn't get it. Instead he got one at the end of the week, and its contents did not satisfy his yearnings at all.

"Arrived," read the epistle. "Aunt glad to see me. Dear old soul! Cows, calves, sheep and pigs. Also windmill. Also strawberry shortcake. Have not too much on my nose, and there is an actor boarding at the next farmhouse. I can hit a frog with a stone every time, and hope you are well."

The actor? Who was he? What business had he there? Would he have the cheek to scrape an acquaintance with Mildred and flatter her that it was her mission to reform the stage?

He had never heard Mildred say that she would like to become a great actress and give Sarah Barnhardt a run for her money. He had never heard her say that she would like to be an actor boarding at the next farmhouse. I can hit a frog with a stone every time, and hope you are well.

houses entered and farmers held up on the highway. The sheriff and constable had been very active, but they had not looked in the right direction. The editor of the Kalem Weekly said they hadn't, and editors are always right about these things. "Look for some one that no one would suspect," was his advice.

A constable was at the depot when Mr. Hasleton stepped off the train, he being the only passenger to alight. After a look around he leaned up against the depot building.

"That's the very thing I want to find out," he said to himself. "I'm looking for the man that no one would suspect. He was a man that no one would suspect. He was a man that no one would suspect. He was a man that no one would suspect."

"That's what occurred to me just as I stepped off the train. I think the young lady referred to her relative as Aunt Eliza. I don't know any Aunt Eliza nor Uncle Peter."

"No? I think she must live outside of village, as she has cows and pigs. Perhaps my best way will be to take a highway and follow it for two or three miles."

Mr. Hasleton had come down to rescue Miss Drew, and he took up the grip and started off.

The constable had found the right man at last, and he was soon in communication with the sheriff.

Mr. Hasleton hadn't reached the first farmhouse outside the village when he found a posse of six men calling upon him to halt and give an account of himself. He could have been convinced that gang in ten minutes that he was a respectable member of humanity, but what did he do but take to his heels and seek the fields. He was commanded to halt, but his wings grew faster at the command. There were some good runners among his pursuers, but they couldn't overhaul Stephen.

The best they could do was to keep him in sight most of the time and to waste many bullets firing at him. Mr. Hasleton skipped over fences, jumped ditches and flew across rails. Why he didn't stop to ask himself. Every man of the posse knew why the chase continued, however. They were after the Bad Man of Kalem, and they meant to get him dead or alive.

Even a stern chase and a long chase cannot continue indefinitely. There came a time when Stephen Hasleton staggered out of a bit of woods and made for a barn about ten rods behind a farm house. The big doors were wide open, and as he stumbled in he bumped against a girl coming out with a dozen or more eggs in her apron.

"Stephen!"
"Mildred!"
"What is it?"
"They—they want to arrest me!"
"Oh, goodie, goodie! How nice! How romantic! Steve, I'll fight to the death for you and then marry you afterward!"

And Aunt Eliza is a witness to the fact that the posse didn't get Stephen until they first got the eggs, and that when they did get him they apologized handsomely for the mistake.

The actor? Oh, he had come and gone. He found the country too rich for his blood.

Miss Mildred's promise? She kept it. All she had been waiting for was for Stephen to show that he had the makings of an outlaw in him to give a romantic turn to events.

Home Life of the Bird.
Unlike most birds, the grackles do not brood their eggs continually. It is only at night and on cloudy days that they will find them at home. A soon as the sun has risen and warmed the chilly morning air the old bird leaves her nest and, collecting decaying vegetation from the shore or bottom of the lake, she covers the eggs with a thick layer and leaves the sweet-smelling mass of steaming muck to hatch them while she spends the day in idleness or play.

House Plans for Rent.
The care of food in the home and all other forms of household work are greatly facilitated by right planning and then the use of suitable materials for the construction and furnishing of the home. An adequate and convenient water supply and other conveniences are essential not only for comfort and for saving labor, but also from the standpoint of home hygiene.

Reveal Mat for Hot Dishes.
Cut a piece of pasteboard the size and shape desired, round, square, or octagon, and sew on this felt or flannel. On the reverse side sew on flat bones, or china buttons, all of one size, putting them in rows or other patterns. These will hold the hot dish up from the table.—National Magazine.

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