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DWIGHT, ILLINOIS

## ABSTRACTS

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# Bobby Ellis

By Grace Kerrigan

(Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.)

Helen trembled when Bobby Ellis detached himself from the wall-flowers at the schoolhouse dance and slouched across the floor toward her. He crooked his elbow and jerked his head in a stiff bow. In Salt Petre Creek this pantomime was the customary invitation to dance.

The girl glanced across the room and breathed a sigh of relief when she saw that her father's broad back was turned toward them. Bobby Ellis noted the hesitation and smiled tolerantly. Helen's hand slipped into his arm and in another moment they were walking to the strains of violin and cornet. Bobby's arms clasped her closely and she could feel the heavy thumping of his brave heart.

"I expect your pa will be kind of wrathful about this dance, but there was something I had to say to you," said Bobby presently.

"I don't care if he is—just once," said Helen recklessly.

"That's a proper spirit, my girl," approved Bobby. "He still holds you to your promise to marry Rawlins?"

"Yes."

"And you told him you'd be a dutiful daughter and marry the old skinflint, so they could jine all their land together and make the biggest range in the county?" His voice was caressing in its softness, but Helen trembled at its hidden menace.

"Nothing more—has been said. I suppose father takes it for granted, after your quarrel with him. He knows that I haven't seen you until tonight. I hope he won't make trouble."

"He's harmless for a while," grinned Bobby as he turned her past her parents' broad back.

"Who's that he's talking to?" "A lady friend of mine."

"A friend of yours?" inquired Helen with a catch in her voice.

"Yes—I just made 'em acquainted. Your pa will enjoy her right well."

"Who is she, Bobby?"

"Mrs. Watkins—Sally Watkins—the Widder Watkins from Chiquapiin."

"Oh!" gasped Helen, for she had heard of the gay Widow Watkins who had created havoc with the hearts of

"Let her alone, Jim—she's all tired out" and with a vicious cut at his horses dashed away, leaving the angry Rawlins staring after them.

The long drive back to the ranch was a silent one. When they came within sight of the lamp in the window Helen ventured to break the silence.

"Dad, Bobby Ellis and Mrs. Watkins are going to be married at 10 o'clock. I promised I'd go to the wedding. Will you drive me over?"

Bill Main stifled an oath. "Yes—I'll drive you over, Nelly," he said softly. Helen's eyes filled with tears—he had not called her Nelly since she was a little girl.

"I promised Mrs. Watkins I would come," he spoke in a queer voice.

"You knew her before?" asked Helen with sudden intuition of what was to follow.

"Yes—she did what I tried to make you do. Married an old man and I lost her. It's too late now for me to make good to you, daughter, but I'll send Rawlins packing tomorrow. It's retribution on me for standing between you and Bobby."

"You mean—that you care for her now, father?" whispered Helen.

"Yes."

Helen leaned her head against her father's shoulder and presently his arm encircled her.

The next morning Bill Main and his daughter drove to the parsonage in Red Spider. While Mr. Main tied his horses Helen smoothed the white lawn gown that she wore out of courtesy for the Widder Watkins' red hair.

"It's mockery for me to wear white today," she whispered to herself, for her face was whiter than her frock. Impulse would have taken her a thousand miles in the opposite direction from the scene of Bobby Ellis' wedding, but she understood, or thought she did, why he asked her to be there.

It was common gossip in Budlong county that Bobby had been devoted to Helen and her presence, as well as her father's, there today would still give voice to.

Mr. Ellis and the widow were waiting in the parlor of the parsonage. Bobby was looking white and stern, and the widow was very lovely in palest blue that matched her eyes.

"Before I call in the sky pilot," said Bobby rather nervously, "I want to say that this is a game—I did it to get Helen here and the widow helped."

He cleared his throat and stared defiantly at Bill Main, but Bill Main was looking at his daughter.

"I'm going to marry Helen now, and I'd rather do it with your consent than without, sir. What you got to say?"

Before Mr. Main could frame a reply Helen had rushed into Bobby's arms.

"There's the answer, Bobby," said Bill Main seriously, but his face glowed as if a new light had been kindled within his heart.

"If you and Mrs. Watkins will stand up with us—we'll do as much for you some day," suggested the joyous bridegroom holdy.

Bill Main's eyes met the pleading blue ones of the pretty widow whom he once loved and lost only to regain now.

"Might as well take you up now and make a double knot of it," said Mr. Main. "What say, Sally?"

"That is what Bobby and I planned," said the widow demurely.

"We will come."

"I hope you'll come—everything's arranged. I even got the ring—right here!" Mr. Ellis thumped his vest pocket suggestively.

"Is—Is Mrs. Watkins—" Helen's voice died away in an agonized whisper.

Bobby Ellis paid no attention to that. "The widder? Bless your heart, yes—couldn't do the stunt without her!" he said cheerfully.

Helen was game. "We will come."

she said declinately. "If father won't I will come alone."

"Good for you!" "What time—is it—to be?" "Ten o'clock sharp. You know where the parson's house is?"

"Yes."

"The widder wanted me to ask you to wear white—you see she's set on wearing blue and she says if you should wear pink or red or anything like that it would make her dress look like an Indian blanket on a piebald pony. I hope I got those colors correct—her hair's red, you know."

"Red and white," corrected Helen sweetly.

"Thank you," said Bobby solemnly as he led her to a seat. "I reckon this is the last dance you'll ever have with me as a care-free bachelor. Next time I'll be an old married party!"

"I suppose so," said Helen.

"I must go hunt your father up and tear that horse little widder away from his fascinating attentions," cried Bobby gayly. "See you at 10 tomorrow."

"Yes."

"Sure thing?"

"Good," said Bobby, and if Helen could have seen his face she would have noticed that there was a strained look in his eyes.

She saw nothing save the curiously streaked hair of the Widow Watkins and Bobby's tall form bending over her as he calmly carried her away from big Bill Main, Helen's father.

Mr. Main's eagle eyes roamed the room and found his daughter's pale face staring appeal at him. The big cattleman's harsh face seemed curiously softened as he met her appealing glance, and his eyes wore a hurt look as he pushed his fingers through his grizzled hair.

"Well, daughter?" he asked.

"Are you ready to go, dad?"

"Right and ready," he returned promptly.

When he drove up to the door in the backfield Helen was standing on the steps muffled in wraps. It was cool outside and she shivered. As they were about to drive off the lean form of Jim Rawlins pushed close to the wagon.

"See here, Helen," he whined, "you was engaged to me for the Saratoga Lancers—you know I can't dance any of them round dances, and I been waiting for you—they're starting up now."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Rawlins," she was beginning, when her father cut in roughly.

"Let her alone, Jim—she's all tired out" and with a vicious cut at his horses dashed away, leaving the angry Rawlins staring after them.

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# Fate of Elfrida

Elfrida Mooner had been well brought up. Her mother had seen to that with the painstaking care of one who herself has learned through experience.

Elfrida knew at once when confronted by a bouillon spoon that it was not a cream scoop and she had a great scorn for a young man who walked on the wrong side of one upon the street. She always signed her formal letters "Most cordially yours," and spoke of her mother as "m-mah," and with the accent carefully placed on the last syllable.

So it is easily realized that tremendous self-control was required on Elfrida's part to endure the young man who sat next to her at the dance given by the Royal Order of Brothers of Something-or-Other in Elton Corners, where she was visiting some hitherto unknown cousins.

When the young man at the dance had broken the ice by saying that it was a pretty party Elfrida had recalled. He had not been introduced! Everybody seemed to know everybody else in this town and she could not get used to such a situation.

There was something familiar about the young man's face as Elfrida stared at him, but when the full sweep of recollection rolled across her and she recalled vividly that she had seen him in Reston's butcher shop Elfrida almost choked. He was a nice looking young man. Dimly she recalled that his father was Reston, who owned the shop. Perhaps this young man cut off steaks and sliced bacon!

"I think not," Elfrida said faintly when young Reston asked if she would dance that waltz.

"All right; the next one, then," he said as a matter of course. Then he went to hunt for another partner.

Elfrida's cousins listened wonderingly a moment later to her fire of questions and her tale of woe.

"Why on earth shouldn't Ned Reston ask you to dance?" they inquired.

"He goes with every one, and we've grown up with him! He went to the college across the river and is good looking! Why shouldn't he go to the same parties as we?"

Her sense of being wronged was hard to maintain, because young Reston had proved himself a good dancer when he had come back and taken his waltz. Elfrida had touched his arm with the tips of her fingers and had tried not to breathe as she went through the ordeal.

The next night Ned Reston called and her cousins seemed to assume that the call was meant for their guest, for they gradually disappeared and left her the burden of entertaining him. Only a strict sense of duty to a guest under one's roof prevented her from rising and bidding him good night. She resolved in a kind of cold fury to have it out with her cousins after he left, and it was when she was taking out her hairpins later that she realized with a start that she had forgotten to do so. She had been thinking about a western story that Reston had told her. In angry disgust she admitted that he could talk well. Still, the taint of the butcher shop hung over it all.

Elfrida felt her brain tottering, especially as it grew harder and harder for her to realize in Ned Reston's company that the situation was impossible for a well brought up young girl. Finally the young part vanquished the well brought up section of Elfrida's nature and with a little thrill of exquisite horror she realized that Ned Reston was making love to her and that she liked it.

It was some time after Elfrida's mother was told that her daughter was going to marry Ned, whose father was buying him a half interest in the leading hardware store in Elton Corners, that she discovered the dark fact that this affluent parent owned the village meat market.

"We'll never, never speak of it!" she gasped to Elfrida in anguished dismay. The trousseau was nearly finished and she really couldn't break off the match. "My poor child! How could you, how could you!"

Elfrida regarded her mother in meditative curiosity as though recalling the time when she, too, had felt that way. Then she laughed—not a well brought up laugh, but an amused chuckle.

"My goodness," she said recklessly. "Things like that don't seem to make a bit of difference to me now!"—Chicago Daily News.

Chief End of Travel.

"We must go to Stratford."

"What's the use? We can buy Stratford post cards in London."

"My friend, one travels for something more than post cards. I want to write my name on Shakespeare's tomb."

## PUBLIC SALES

S. J. Jenkins will sell at public auction Monday, January 13, 1913, at his residence 1 mile south and 4 1/2 miles east of Dwight, 4 miles north and 1 1/2 miles west of Campus, 14 head of horses and colts, 13 head of cattle, and various farming implements. Usual terms of sale. C. E. Bute, auctioneer. Lunch served on grounds by Joe Wright.—Adv.

S. Pefferman will sell at public auction at his residence 2 miles west and 1 mile north of Reddick, on Wednesday, January 15, 13 head of horses, 7 head of cattle, 16 head of hogs, several farming implements and a number of household goods. Usual terms. J. W. Drew, auctioneer.—Adv.

Chas. Zilm will sell at public auction Thursday, January 16, 1913, at his residence, 2 miles west of Nevada, on the McWilliams farm, 4 head of horses, 4 head of cattle, and various farming implements. Usual terms of sale. Frank Weber auctioneer.—Adv.

Mrs. Joseph Bonner will sell at public auction Monday, January 20, 1913, at her residence 6 miles west and 1/2 mile north of Dwight, 1 mile north of Nevada, 10 head of horses, 4 head of cattle, various farming implements and other articles too numerous to mention. Usual terms of sale. C. E. Bute auctioneer. Lunch served on grounds by Ed Thompson.—Adv.

T. J. Chandler will sell at public auction Monday, January 20, 1913, at his residence 1 1/2 miles north of Dwight, 10 miles south of Mazon, 9 1/2 miles north-east of Odell, 8 miles west and 3 miles north of Campus, 11 head of horses and colts, 16 head of cattle, 2 brood sows, and various farming implements. Usual terms of sale. W. V. Isham auctioneer.—Adv.

Dwight Locals

R. P. Nelson will sell at public auction Monday, January 27, 1913, at his residence 4 1/2 miles west of Dwight 6 miles north and 1/2 mile east of Odell, 3 miles south and 2 miles east of Kinsman, on the Liggett farm, 7 head of horses and colts, 4 good milch cows, various farming implements, and other articles too numerous to mention. Usual terms of sale. C. E. Bute, auctioneer.—Adv.

Fred C. Uerkwitz will sell at public auction Tuesday, January 28, 1913, on the new farm home of Jno. P. McWilliams, 1/4 mile north of the C. I. & S. depot in this city, 6 head of horses, 3 head of cattle, 14 fine Poland China hogs, 10 tons timothy hay, various farming implements and other articles too numerous to mention. Usual terms of sale. Frank Weber auctioneer. Lunch served on grounds.—Adv.

F. W. Edwards will sell at public auction, Wednesday, January 29, 1913, at his residence 3 1/2 miles west of Dwight, 6 miles north and 1 1/2 miles east of Odell, 3 miles east and 1/2 mile north of Nevada on the place known as the Sullivan farm, 13 head of horses and colts, 4 head of cattle, various farming implements, 16 bushels of fine seed corn and many other articles too numerous to mention. Usual terms of sale. C. E. Bute, auctioneer. Lunch served on grounds by C. J. Burger.—Adv.

WITH OUR CHURCHES.

Zion Evangelical church. Rev. Henry F. Ebert, pastor, residence, 209 Mazon Ave., Sunday services.

Dwight church. Sunday school 2 p. m., sermon (English) 3 p. m.

Salem church, (Goodfarm) Sunday school 9:30 a. m., sermon (English) 10:30 a. m., theme: "The Value of Worship," Y. P. A. election of officers 7 p. m., communion Sunday, February 2, 1913.

A full account of the Farmers' Institute, which is being held at the Opera House in this city, Thursday and Friday of this week, will be given in the next issue.

Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. George H. McClung, pastor. Sunday George H. McClung, pastor. Sunday school 9:30 a. m., sermon (English) 10:30 a. m., theme: "The Value of Worship," Y. P. A. election of officers 7 p. m., communion Sunday, February 2, 1913.

Epworth League, 6:45; evening worship, 7:30. All not worshipping elsewhere are cordially invited to our services. There will be no prayer meeting next Wednesday evening on account of the meetings which are being held at the Congregational church.

Services for January 12, 1913, Congregational church: Sunday school, 9:45 a. m., preaching service, 10:45 a. m., Sunday school teachers' meeting, 3:00 p. m., Christian Endeavor society meeting, 6:45 p. m., evening service, 7:45 p. m. A welcome for all.

St. Peters Danish Lutheran Church—Rev. J. C. Aaberg, pastor, (corner Lincoln and W. Chippewa streets). Sunday School, 9 a. m.; morning church service at 10:30 (except third Sunday); evening services at 7:30 p. m. first and third Sunday; Holy communion, first Sunday; Young Peoples meeting, 2nd and 4th Sunday, 2:30 p. m.; Ladies Aid meeting last Wednesday in each month, 2 p. m.; choir practice, Friday 8 p. m. Confirmation classes every Tuesday at 9 a. m., and every Saturday at 1:30 p. m. A welcome for all.

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