

"The Burial of Sir John Moore."

A writer in the Critic has discovered why the author of that old-time favorite of the school readers, "The Burial of Sir John Moore," never succeeded in writing any other poem which was considered worth printing. It appears that "The Burial of Sir John Moore" is nothing but a translation from the French of a poem by Lally-Tollendal, an officer of the French army, who wrote the poem after the death of a fellow soldier. Here are two stanzas from the French poem:

Ne le son de tambour, *** si la marche funebre.
Ne le feu des soldats *** ne marqua son pas de larmes.
Mais du brave, a la hate, a travers les tenebres.
Mort *** nos portaines le coeur, devraye au rempart!

De minut c'etait l'heure, et solitaire et sombre—

La lune a peine offrait un debole rayon; As la morte luna, l'ombre penitement dans l'ombre.

Quand de la balonnette on creusa le gazon,

The opening stanzas of "The Burial of Sir John Moore" are as follows:

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;

Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot

Over the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,

The stars with our bayonets turned out;

By the struggling moonbeams' misty light

And the lantern dimly burning.

This similar poem runs through the entire poem, and leaves no room for doubt that Rev. Charles Wolfe simply appropriated to his own use the work of the French poet, put a new title on it, and thus instead of dying unknown beyond the boundaries of his little parish made his name familiar to all English-speaking people. It was a master stroke on the part of Rev. Charles. The Critic's investigator appears to have been unable to discover where Lally-Tollendal stole the poem.

The Waiter's Napkin.

The waiter without his napkin! Impossible, declares Boniface. One might as well imagine the table without a tablecloth. The waiter has carried a napkin ever since he donned black and white, and therefore it is unseemly, barbaric to think of his appearing at table without the fluttering and obsequious linen. We have seen him and his napkin. First he draws out the chair and flicks away an intrusive crumb. Next he polishes a plate and then furtively wipes his brow. A spoon is a little greasy—waiter daubs it with his napkin. A glass is finger-marked—rubbed with the napkin. A bottle is dusty—the napkin. There may be other napkins, but the waiter is not an aesthete. Were he an aesthete he would not be a waiter. He does not remember to change his napkin. He uses it indiscriminately. The only care is to take it away from him, and keep things clean as a matter of course. The speck of dust which the waiter removes with such grave and elegant circumspection has no business to be where he finds it. It would be a pity indeed, to denude him of his insignia of office, says the Chicago Post, but the efforts of Prof. Kron, the Berlin physician, who would drive this "deplorably unhygienic piece" of linen from all civilized countries, are prompted by the most sensible motives, and should be seconded by every restaurant proprietor who does not consider his duties fulfilled when he boats a geranium leaf in a finger bowl.

Forests Falling Fast.

Finally the lumbermen can see the beginning of the end. They have been leveling the forests and converting them into money. Now they have arrived at the point where they can conceive that soon there will be no more great primeval forests to cut down. The lumbermen have been doing a little figuring. They have estimated that there is 1,475,000,000,000 feet of lumber standing in the United States. The quantity which is cut every year amounts to 45,000,000,000 feet. It is deduced easily made that it will require only 33 years to consume the present supply. The lumbermen are beginning to clamor for government assistance to save their business. They request that the exportation of logs shall be prohibited and that all tree plantations shall be exempt from taxation. It is clear that some such measures must soon be taken, says the Cleveland Leader. But it is doubtful, however, that those recommended by the lumbermen will in themselves prove to be effectual. Additional and stronger protective laws will probably be found necessary.

It takes an eyelash 29 weeks to reach a length of half an inch, and then its life is from 100 to 150 days. By means of a camera the winks of an eyelid have been measured, and it was found that 20 winks can be made in four seconds. We should like to ask whether it was a soda fountain wink that was measured?

"They are calling for artisans and laborers in San Francisco, and yet it is said that 70,000 people are in danger of freezing there next winter."

MUTINEERS AT SVEABORG HOIST THE WHITE FLAG

Emblem of Surrender Floats Over Fort, But Loyalists Fear It May Be Ruse to Induce Ships to Come Into Closer Range.

Helsingfors.—The latest report from Sveaborg fortress is to the effect that a majority of the mutineers have surrendered to an attack by Commander Togel and 2,000 loyal troops early Thursday resulted in the capitulation of the forts held by the rebels.

The mutineers had the upper hand until the battleships Slava and Czarivitch commenced to bombard them with such telling effect that the central magazine was blown up and it was rumored that the magazine captured by the mutineers had mutinied.

Mutineers Held Hostage.

Helsingfors.—Sveaborg is entirely in the hands of the mutineers who now have in their possession every kind of armament.

Horrible scenes occurred during Tuesday night when the fierce fighting was continued. The heaviest artillery was used during the conflict between the mutineers and the government troops.

An authoritative estimate of the killed and wounded cannot be obtained, but the casualty list on both sides must be heavy, for the fighting was waged with desperation.

The marines at Skatudden are said to have convened an elective court-martial which condemned several officers to instant execution.

Causes of the Outbreak.

Since the capitulation of the mutineers on Skatudden Island early Wednesday the fleet of warships en-

gaged there Tuesday has concentrated around the forts at Sveaborg held by the mutineers.

The fleet was joined Wednesday afternoon by the cruiser Alva. From Skatudden the naval fire has been pouring into the forts.

Wednesday evening the battleship Czarivitch and the cruiser Bogatyr arrived and opened fire on the mutineers at a distance of 50 cable lengths. The mutineers replied, but their shot seemed to be ineffective. Boats were then seen leaving the islands with wounded.

Causes of the Revolt.

There is a rumor that some of the cruiser's crews have joined the revolt and are firing on the main fort occupied by loyal troops. It is also rumored that the revolutionists on one fortified island have raised the white flag.

It is impossible to confirm any of the rumors, as communication with the islands has been cut off absolutely. A boat is allowed to cross either way.

Leaders of the "red guard" here declare the terrific and continuous firing now is an indication that some of the warships have joined the revolt. They declare a naval battle is in progress as well as a bombardment of the forts.

Mutineers Get Reinforcements.

Reinforcements of several hundred cavalry from Helsingfors, armed with rifles, Wednesday succeeded in joining the revolutionists, who already were in possession of four islands. They attacked a fifth and captured it after a hot fight. It is stated tonight that the only portion of the island group in possession of royal troops was the western half of Black Island.

The strike committee declared a general strike to begin at seven o'clock Wednesday, having arranged an intimate meeting otherwise Helsingfors would be bombarded. Up to midnight, however, there were no evidences of this strike nor of a bombardment of the city.

From the shore here could be seen the smoke of burning buildings at Sveaborg, and it was rumored the destruction of the town was in progress.

Early Wednesday afternoon a cruiser anchored in the vicinity of Sonnai Island became the target for a rain

of shrapnel from the forts commanded by the mutineers.

It was impossible to learn how seriously the warship was damaged. It did not make any effort to reply to the bombardment, giving rise to the belief that the crew of the cruiser had mutinied.

Late Wednesday afternoon a terrific roar rose above the noise of cannonading and a column of black smoke arose over Sveaborg. The cause of this was a mystery until it was rumored that the magazine captured by the mutineers had mutinied.

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THE CLOTHES HELP SOME.



Secretary Root Is Having a Delightful Time Representing Uncle Sam.

WIFE OF MILLIONAIRE STEEL KING GIVEN DIVORCE DECREE

MRS. WM. E. COREY SECURES SEPARATION FROM HUSBAND IN NEVADA—NO CONTEST MADE.

RENO, Nev.—Mrs. William Ellis Corey, wife of the president of the United States Steel corporation, obtained a decree of divorce and custody of her 16-year-old son, Allan Corey, in the Second district court of Nevada Monday afternoon. The jury was out but few minutes, only one being held.

Mrs. Addie Corey, sister of the respondent, was an interesting witness. She corroborated Mrs. Corey's statement that Corey had deserted his wife and told how she and her aged mother had made several ineffectual attempts to effect a reconciliation.

Her brother, she said, had lost sight of his wife, being absorbed in business and infatuated with the fast life of New York.

Mr. Corey made no attempt to contest the case and after Mrs. Corey's testimony was heard the case went to the jury without argument.

Mrs. Corey was in tears when told that she had been given a decree and the custody of her 16-year-old son, Allan Corey, the defendant in this action. She was married on December 1, 1883, in Pittsburgh, Pa., and lived together until 1896. At that time her husband deserted her and went to New York. I followed him and held a conversation with him in the Hotel Lorraine. It was there that he told me that he had decided to live apart. He said that it was impossible for us to live together and that I

would never see him again.

"He stated that he intended going to Europe for several months. There was no scene. I talked with him about the matter and urged him to again resume his place in our home, but he refused. I have never seen him since,"

Mrs. Addie Corey, sister of the respondent, was an interesting witness. She corroborated Mrs. Corey's statement that Corey had deserted his wife and told how she and her aged mother had made several ineffectual attempts to effect a reconciliation.

"I mean all New York men," Mrs. Corey's attorney said. "I mean wealthy New York men."

Allan Corey stated that at the time of the parting the defendant called him to his office and told him that he had decided to live apart. His mother said, "He said I was too young to understand the reasons. He then said that my mother was a good woman and that my place was at her side."

At the conclusion of the trial Attorney Sardis Summerfield, of Reno, said that his client, William E. Corey, was as anxious for the decree of divorce as his wife was for the grant of the decree.

"He will be entirely satisfied. He has consented to the divorce. This understanding between Mr. Corey and the attorneys of Mrs. Corey was reached some time ago."

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FOUR YEARS OF AGONY.

Whole Foot Nothing But Proud Flesh

—Had to Use Crutches—Cutting Curcuma Remedies the Best

Earth.

"In the year 1899 the side of my right foot was cut off from the little toe down to the heel, and the physician who had charge of me was trying to sew up the side of my foot, but with no success. At last my whole foot and way up above my calf was so much pain that I suffered. I suffered agony for four years. I tried different physicians and all kinds of ointments. I could walk only with crutches. In two weeks afterwards I saw a change in my limb. Then I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment often during the day, and kept it up for seven months, when my limb was healed up just the same as if I never had trouble. I am eight months now since I stopped using Cuticura Remedies, the best on God's earth. I am working at the present day after five years of suffering. The cost of Cuticura Ointment and Soap was only \$6, but the doctors' bills were more like \$600. John M. Lloyd, 718 S. Arch Ave., Alliance, Ohio, June 27, 1905."

ABOUT WOMEN.

Freshness is not to be despised in women, vegetables or flowers. A woman of gushing vivacity is apt to consider herself irresistible.

The woman who nags her husband deservedly sits down to a lonely meal.

Wise is the woman who does not expect a man's devotion at an election time.

The woman who constantly quotes her husband's seldom realized what an intolerable task it is to others.

A woman with a musical voice may babbble of coal dust and sauer kraut, and still compel you to think of hute strings—Exchange.

Harriman Lines to Become Floral Lines.

Executive officers of the Union Pacific road in Chicago are planning to build several large greenhouses along the main lines of this company in Nebraska, Wyoming, Utah and other districts, with the object of having at every table in every dining car over the entire system a bouquet of freshly cut flowers at every meal.

In addition to table and other decorations, there will be a large greenhouse on a scale sufficiently large to allow a free distribution of roses to women and carnations, or other seasonal flowers, not only in dining cars but to passengers in every car of every train, and in winter as well as in summer, the idea being to make patrons feel that the flowers are a part of the train and that the train is not precious little something.

The greenhouses will probably be located at Grand Island, Neb., Cheyenne, Wyo., Denver, Colo., and Ogden, Utah. In California and in the territory of the Sunbelt the company has no trouble in getting outdoor flowers all year. But even in these districts of flowers for passengers and car decorations, there will be enlarged space, making rooms along all lines are to be supplied free with plants and blooms.

The California and southern resources with the greenhouses to be built along the central route will put the Union, Southern Pacific and Oregon Short Lines in a position where they may become known as the floral lines, an appellation of officers of the Harriman lines hope to merit.

Destroys Odor of Gases.

M. Delestrin, of Chicago, has combined certain materials, put together in the form of a small solid cone, which, when dissolved in petrol of benzene, destroy the odors of burned gases, completely and leave an agreeable perfume behind.

The Erie Railroad has just placed orders for 1,400 new freight cars. From the Standard Steel Car Company, to be built at the Butler, Pa., shops, have been ordered 500 drop end steel-underframe gondolas of 100,000 pounds each, and 45 feet in length. These are for delivery in January, 1907. For delivery in December next, the Erie has also ordered 400 drop end steel-underframe gondolas of 100,000 pounds each, to be built at the Butler, Pa., shops. These will be 40 feet in length, with wood bodies and steel underframes.

At the American Car & Foundry Company's works at Chicago there are building 500 passenger cars for delivery in November and December next. These are also steel underframe cars, 36 feet in length, and of 30,000 pounds capacity. At the same time 200 more are being built at the Erie works for delivery next January. These are to be of 100,000 pounds capacity, and will weigh 43,000 pounds each. They will be 41 feet 6 inches in length, with wood bodies and steel underframes.

Five new electric cars for the Rochester division have been ordered from the Standard Steel Car Company for delivery to Mt. Morris now being electrically equipped. Four of these are passenger cars and the fifth a combination passenger and baggage car. Each will be equipped with four 75-horsepower Westinghouse motors.

Boys will be boys, especially the gay old ones who have passed 60.

Lewis' Single Binder straight &. You pay 10¢ for cigars not so good. Your dealer or Lewis' Factors, Peoria, Ill.

A friend in need usually needs all he can squeeze out of you.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup—Children testing, sores the gout, rheumatism, aches, pain, curbs wind colic, etc.

The quest of happiness requires no search warrant.

THE PLUMP AND PETITE

Our country has many authors. Whose books we love to read; all boast of artists. What books are fine indeed; but if you'll look closely, you'll notice in every celebrity, it is an artist or author, a personality.

We love Mr. "Bo-and-Bo's" latest book. The book is fine; the illustrations is just a perfect treat; but now I'll tell you the trouble. The author is a plump dame, the girl of both artist and author. She is always tall and slim.

Oh! what can we do, my sisters, Who are under five feet three, Or who are tall and slim? Are these qualities?

There is no one to sing our praises, Or call to us neat and trim? I don't know what to do.

The girl who is tall and slim?

Yet the future must hold a champion. Who will cry to the world: "I repeat, The girl whom I admire, must always be plump and petite." Yes, she must be tall and slim.

When all the praises from him, Will not be forever directed.

To the girl who is tall and slim.

—Dorothy H. Holman, in Times-Ledger.

THE SPENDERS
A Tale of the Third Generation

By HARRY LEON WILSON

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CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

"Really," she admits, "we're comin' to do the right thing over here; a few years were all we needed. Hardly a town house to be opened before Thanksgiving, I understand; and down at the Hills some of the houses will stay open all winter. It's coachin', ridin', and goin' and goin'—and polo and squash. It's really too young for that. It's in all except to young people to have a good time and eat; and it's quite right, you know. It's quite decently English, now. Why, at Morris Park the other day, the crowd on the lawn looked quite like Ascot, actually."

Now could we have learned in the hostile camp, the current gossip of Tuxedo, Meadowbrook, Lenox, Morris-town and Ardley; of the mishap to Mrs. "Jimmie" Whetton, twin unseated at a recent meet; of the woman's championing of tomboyishness. Chivalry, or the good points of the many runners at Belmont, daily to be seen on the links. Where we might incur knowledge of Beaumont "Eusher" or Pittsburg mill we should never have discovered that teas and receptions are really falling into disrepute; that a series of dinner-dances will be organized by the mothers of debutantes to bring them forward; and that big subscription balls are in disfavor, since they benefit no one but the caterers who serve poor suppers and bad champagne.

Mr. Gwilt-Athletian takes only Scotch whiskey and soda.

"But I'm glad," she confesses to Horace Millbrey on her left, "that you haven't got to followin' thisfad of havin' one wine at dinner; I know it's English, but it's downright shoddy."

Her host's eyes swam with gratitude for this appreciation.

"I stick to my peg," she continued; "but I like to see a Chablis with oysters and good dry sherry with the soup, and a Moselle with the fish, and then you're ready to be livened with a bit of champagne for the roast, and steamed with a bit of port."

Then sticks to it, too, tells us my peg is downright encouragement to the bacteria. But I tell him I've no quarrel with my bacteria. "Live and let live" is my motto, I tell him;—and if the microbes and I both like Scotch and soda, why, what harm. I'm forty-two and not so much of a fool that I ain't a little bit of a physician. I know my stomach, I tell him."

"What about these Western people?" she asked Oldaker at her other side.

"Decent, unassuming folks, somewhat new, but with loads of money."

"I've heard how the breed's stormin' New York in droves; but they tell me some of us need the money."

"I dined with one last night, a sugar-cured ham magnate from Chicago."

"Dear me! how shockin'!"

"But they're good, whole-souled people."

"And well heeled—and that's what we need, it seems. Some of us are so bus' bein' well-famili'd that we've forgot to make money."

"It's a good thing, too. Nature has her own way of settling up, about fortunes. When they get too sky-scraper' she toppers them over. Those people with their thrifty habits would have all the money in time if their sons and daughters didn't marry aristocrats with expensive tastes who know how to be spenders. Nature keeps things fairly even, one way or another."

"You're thinkin' about Kitty and the duke."

"No, not then I wasn't, though that's one of the class I mean. I was thinking especially about these Westerners."

"Well, my grandfather made the best of the New York market, and his mother-in-law of a chap whose ancestors for three hundred and fifty years haven't done a stroke of work; but he's the Duke of Blanchamore, and I hope our friends here will come as near settin' the worth of their money

as we did. And if that chap—she blanced at Percival—marries a certain young woman, he'll never have a dull moment. I'd woch for that. I'm quite sure she's the devil in her."

"And if the yellow haired girl marries the fellow next her—"

"He might do worse."

"But might she? He's already doing worse, and he'll keep on doing it, even if he does marry her."

"Nonsense—about that, you know: all rot! What can you expect of these chaps? So—does the duke do worse? But you never heard me complain so long as he lets her alone, and she can wear the strawberry leaves. I fancy I'll have those young ones down to the Hills for Halloween and the week-end. Might as well help 'em along."

At the other end of the table, the fine old ivory of her cheeks gently suffused with pink until they looked like slightly crumpled leaves of a in France rose, Mrs. Oldaker was flirting brazenly with Sheep, and prattling impartially to him and to one of the twin nephews of old days in the house. The young man of the world of fashion occupied a little table at the Battery and along Broadway, of its migration to the far north of Grant Jones street, St. Mark's Place, and Second avenue. In Waverly Place had been the flowering of her belle-boo, and the day when her set moved on to Murray Hill was to her still recent and revolutionary.

Between the solemn Angstated twins, Mrs. Bines had sat in silence until that happy chance it transpired that "horse" was the word to unlock their lips. As Mrs. Oldaker had once told the twins at once became voluble, showing her marked attention. The twins were notably devoid of preface, and Pervival noted a curious coincidence if your sympathies happened to run with theirs.

Miss Bines and young Millbrey were already on excellent terms. Percival and Miss Millbrey, on the other hand, were doing badly. Some disturbing element seemed to have put them abroad. Miss Millbrey wondered somewhat; but this was easy, for her resolution had been taken.

Mrs. Gwilt-Athletian extended her invitation to the young people, who accepted joyfully.

When the guests had gone Miss Millbrey received the praise of both parents for her blameless attitude toward young Bines.

"It will be fixed when we come back from Wheatley," said that knowing young woman, "and now don't worry any more about it."

"And Fred," said the other, "do you think she's really too young for that?"

"And she'll learn a lot from Fred that she doesn't know now," finished that young man's sister from the foot of the stairway.

Back at their hotel, "yoche" Bines was saying:

"It isn't quee about Mrs. Gwilt-Athletian? We've had so much about her in the papers. I think she's the one we're going to meet—I was that scared—and instead, she's like any one, and real chumby besides; and, actually, ma, don't you think her dress was dowdy—all except the diamonds? I suppose that comes from living in England so much. And hasn't Mrs. Millbrey twice as grand a manner, and the son—she's a precious—he knows everything and everybody. I shall like him."

Her brother, who had hung himself into a cushioned corner, spoke with the air of one who had reluctantly consented to be interviewed and who was about to be contradicted.

"Mrs. Gwilt-Athletian is all right. She reminds me of what Uncle Peter writes about that new herd of short-horns: 'This breed has a mild disposition, is a good feeder, and produces a fine quality of flesh.' But I'll tell you one thing," he concluded with sudden emphasis, "wut all this talk about marrying for money I'm beginning to feel as if you and I were a couple of white rabbits out in the open with all the game laws off!"

CHAPTER XI.

AFTERNOON STROLL AND AN EVENING CATASTROPHIC.

Miss Millbrey, the second morning at Mrs. Gwilt-Athletian's house, part, faced with becoming resignation what she felt would be her last day of entire freedom. She was down and out physically, with pine-needle holes with her host before breakfast.

Her brother after a night of it with Mauburn, awakening less happily, made a series of discoveries regarding his bodily sensations that caused him to view life with disatisfaction. Noting that the hour was early, however, he took cheer, and after a long, strong, cold drink, which he raged for, and a prickling icy shower, which he nerves himself to, he was ready to ignore his aching head and get the start of Mauburn.

Outside most of the others had scattered for life in the open, each to his fortune. Some were on the links. Some had gone with the coach. A few had ridden early to the meet of the Essex hounds near Easthampton, where a stiff run was expected. Others had gone to follow the hunt in traps. A lively group came back now to read the morning papers by the log fire in the big cheery hall. Among these were Percival and Miss Millbrey. When they had dawdled over the papers for a hour Miss Millbrey grew slightly restless.

"Why doesn't he have it over?" she asked herself, with some impatience. And she delicately gave Percival, not an opportunity, but opportunities to make an appointment, which is a vastly different form of procedure.

But the luncheon hour came and the people straggled back, and the after-

noon began, and the request for Miss Millbrey's heart and hand was still unaccountable demand. Not only did she feel any of those subtle propositions that usually won a woman when the event is preparing it a lover's secret.

It, and now it frankly fed. Destiny, as she had construed it, was turned a somersault, was bruised, purised, and not a little puffed. During the walk back, when this had been made clear, the silence was intolerably oppressive. Without knowing why, they understood perfectly now that neither had been ingenuous.

"She would love the money and play me for a fool," he thought, under the surface talk. Youth is prone to endow its opinions with all the dignity of certain knowledge.

"I am certain he loves me," thought. On the other hand, youth is often gifted with a credulity divine and unerring.

Percival had shown not a little interest in pretty Mrs. Akenmit, and was now talking with that fascinating creature as she lolled on a low seat before the fire in her lace blue house gown. At the moment she was adroitly pointing one foot and then the other before the warmth of the grate. It may be disclosed without damage to this tale that the feet of Mrs. Akenmit were not cold; but that they were trifles most uncomfortable. Her slender feet, with their toes, were like the tips of a peacock's tail, and the toes were bent toward the base from her froth of a petticoat, they were worth looking at.

Miss Millbrey disintegrated the chatting couple with swiftness and aplomb.

"Come, Mr. Bines, if I'm to take that trap you made promise you, it's time we were off."

Outside she laughed deliciously. "You know you did make me promise it mentally, because I knew you'd want to have me to come to you, but I was afraid Mrs. Akenmit might hear us!" she said, standing about telephone, as I pretended to be talking all in words."

"Of course! Great joke, wasn't it?" assented the young man, rather awkwardly.

Down the broad sweep of roadway, running between its granite coping, they strode at a smart pace.

"You know you complimented my walking powers on that other walk we took, away from there where the sun goes down."

"Of course," he replied absently. "Now, he's beginnin'," she said to herself, noting his absent and somewhat embarrassed manner.

In reality he was thinking how few were the days ago he would have held this the dearest of all privileges, and how strange that he should now prize it so lightly, almost perfect, indeed, not to have it; that he should regard her as one of all women, "the fairest of all flesh on earth" with nervous distrust.

It was a dreary walk in the corduroy station, as her face had indicated; as she stepped, she slipped as usual; and now her suede-gloved little hands were compact and tempting to his grasp. His senses breathed the air of her perfect and compelling femininity. But sharper than all these impressions rang the words of the worldly-wise

old man: "She's hunting night and day for a rich husband; she tries for them as fast as they come; she's rather marry a sub-treasurer—she'd marry me in a minute if I'd ask her to!"

Her glance was frank, friendly, and encouraging. Her deep eyes were clear as a trout-brook. He thought he saw in them once almost a tenderness for him.

She thought, "He does love me!"

Outside the grounds they turned down a bridle-path that led off through the woods—off through the golden sun-wine of an October day. The air was clear and sweet, and a moist and salty breeze blotted with it from the distant sea. The autumn silence, which is the only perfect silence in all the world, was restful, yet full of significance, suggestion, provocation.

From the spongy lowland back of them came the pleading sweetness of a meadow-lark's cry. Nearer they could even hear an occasional leaf flutter and wave down. The quick thud of a falling nut was almost loud enough to earn its echo. Now and then they saw a lightning flash of a porpoise and heard a jolt of sharp screams.

She thought, "He does love me!" Outside most of the others had scattered for life in the open, each to his fortune. Some were on the links. Some had gone with the coach. A few had ridden early to the meet of the Essex hounds near Easthampton, where a stiff run was expected. Others had gone to follow the hunt in traps. A lively group came back now to read the morning papers by the log fire in the big cheery hall. Among these were Percival and Miss Millbrey. When they had dawdled over the papers for a hour Miss Millbrey grew slightly restless.

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At the door as they came up the roadway a trap was depositing a man whom Miss Millbrey greeted with evident surprise and some restraint. He was slight, dark, and quick of movement, with finely cut nostrils like those of a high-bred horse in tight check.

Miss Millbrey introduced him to Percival as Mr. Ristine.

"I don't know what you were hereabouts," he said.

"I've run over from the Blaynes to dine and do Hallowe'en with you," he answered, flashing his dark eyes quickly over Percival and again lighting the gift with them.

"Surprises never come singly," she returned, and Percival noted a curious little air of defiance in her glance and manner.

Now it is possible that Solomon's implied distinction as to the man's way with a maid was not, after all, so ill advised.

For young Bines, after dinner, fell in love with Miss Millbrey all over again.

The normal human mind going to one extreme will inevitably gravitate to its opposite if given time. Having put her away in the conviction that she was heartless and mercenary—having fasted in the desert of doubt—he now found himself detecting in her an unmistakable appeal for sympathy, for tenderness, for a sympathetic love. He forgot the words of Higges and became again the confident, unquestioning lover. He noted her rather subdued and reserved demeanor, and the suggestions of weariness about her eyes. They drew him. He resolved at once to seek her and give his love freedom to tell itself. He would no longer meanly restrain it. He would even tell her all his distress. Now that he had gone she should know every minute suspicion; and whether she cared for him or not, she would comfort him for the hurt she had been to him.

The Hallowe'en frolic was on. Through the long hall, lighted to pleasant dusk by real Jack-o'-lanterns, stray couples strolled, with subdued murmur and soft laughter. In the big white and gold parlor, in the dining room, billiard room, and in the tropic jungle of the immense palm garden the party had become itself in original groups, with intersecting and forming circles. Little furtives of high society now and then told of tests that were being made with roasting chestnuts, apple parings, the white of an egg dropped into water, or the lighted candle before an open window.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Patient Pending."

Although Miss Hobbs had lived her whole life in a New Hampshire village, she saw no reason why her horizon should be narrowed or her circle small, relates Youth's Companion.

At the age of sixty she was relieved of the last of her family cares by the death of a paralytic; she then promptly joined the Society for Dying Gloom, with eight other women in different parts of the country. She began to send orders by mail to one of the Boston shops, and at last announced her intention of going to the city for a day or two.

In the care of a Boston niece, Miss Hobbs made a tour of the shops, but she intended to reserve her purchases for one that "had done so well by her through the mail."

"I've got a list of things they've advertised, special," said Miss Hobbs, and with this reached the desired shop, the consciousness of the slip of cloth held tightly in her hand, she looked benevolently over her glasses at the young man behind the counter.

"Whereabouts shall we find that patient pending?" I see advertisements for that new darning-egg your folks sent me," she asked him. "It's such a curious name, I'm all of a wob to see it."

In Cipher.

In the summer of 1904 the commencement of the Russo-Japanese war was the last Secretary of State John Hay's walk to his home at Lake Geneva for a few days' rest. Naturally, it was important for him to have close and constant communication with the outside world, and arrangements had accordingly been made for telegrams to be sent up to him from the telephone office.

As the situation of eastern Affairs became more tense and exciting, Hay was anxious to keep in touch with the outside world, and arrangements were accordingly made for telegrams to be sent up to him from the telephone office.

Hay was a man of great energy and determination, and he was determined to keep in touch with the outside world, and arrangements were accordingly made for telegrams to be sent up to him from the telephone office.

"No," said the operator, "there is none."

"But has none come?" he asked.

"Well, one came yesterday, but there was no sense to it, so I did not send it up."

The message had come in cipher.

Largest in History.

Although the production of coal last year was the largest in the country's history, you have probably observed that a timely car famine prevented any

large amount of coal from being shipped.

Sometimes her companion was volatile; again he was taciturn—and through it all he was doggedly aloof.

Miss Millbrey had put herself bravely in the path of Destiny. Destiny had turned aside. She had turned to meet

Illinois State News

Recent Happenings of Interest in the Various Cities and Towns.

Receiver for Zion City.

Chicago.—Neither John Alexander Dowle, the founder, nor Wilbur Glen Volk, the present general overseer, is given the property, estimated at \$12,000,000 to \$12,000,000, by Judge Landis, who decided down by Judge Landis in the United States court, in the Zion City case.

Instead Judge Landis declared Zion City to be a good and John H. H. Hately, a member of the Chicago board of trade, as receiver. He ordered an election September 18, when the people of Zion City shall choose their overseer. Landis will decide later what compensation Dowle will be allowed for his past services.

Receiver Hately's bond of \$25,000 was approved late in the afternoon and he went immediately to Zion City and assumed charge of the property.

To Drain Bottom Land.

Havana.—In the efforts of J. W. Rhoades prove successful, the season of 1907 will see 3,000 acres of bottom land lying just across the river from this city put into cultivation.

Two large dredge boats have been secured and are now at work making canals to drain the land. There will be four ditches, each seven miles in length, and varying from 25 to 30 feet in depth.

A levee 26 feet wide at the top and extending five feet above high water mark will also be built. The pumping station on the land has a capacity of 1,500,000 gallons of water an hour and it is believed that the whole of the vast tract will be ready for cultivation in the spring of 1907.

Poria Tangle Worse.

Peoria.—The Peoria school board and John A. White, tax collector, have clashed over a check for \$155,000, the balance of the taxes due the school board. White has refused to turn the money over to the board on the ground that since the courts have declared the members of the board illegal he has no right to receive money. A formal demand was made on White by Mrs. Martha R. Riddle, treasurer of the board, and he made out the check for the amount, but when the check was presented to the court it was refused.

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She was the first to be sent to the city, and the others followed her. She was the first to be sent to the city, and the others followed her.

The Hallowe'en frolic was on. Through the long hall, lighted to pleasant dusk by real Jack-o'-lanterns, stray couples strolled, with subdued murmur and soft laughter. In the big white and gold parlor, in the dining room, billiard room, and in the tropic jungle of the immense palm garden the party had become itself in original groups, with intersecting and forming circles. Little furtives of high society now and then told of tests that were being made with roasting chestnuts, apple parings, the white of an egg dropped into water, or the lighted candle before an open window.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

When the Power Stopped

By Nettie Dixon

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Edna came out of the woods, her arms filled with flowers. It had been her first visit that spring, and as she made her way to the road and stationed herself beside the trolley tracks she thought of the difference last year, when they had to drive out from town and the only sign of the trolley was a group of men with funny looking instruments working along the road.

It was delightful to feel that those long yellow cars brought town and the country closer together, and she peered down the track for the first sign of the approaching car.

She had understood that they ran every ten minutes, but after awhile she grew tired and sat on a rock by the roadway. It must be the very rock, she reflected, on which she and Jack had sat while they were waiting for the trolley to come.

It had been a year ago. Things had changed since then. There had been a little misunderstanding, and Jack had left town for the west-to forget.

Perhaps—if he were here—she might—well, somehow the arbutus and the woods seemed to put things in a different light. She had been a little homesick for Jack Masters. It was the first time she had admitted it even to herself. If only Jack knew!

So engrossed did she become with her thoughts that it was fully half an hour before she realized that in all that time not a single car had passed in either direction. She glanced impatiently at the trolley line, and then sat to be alone on a country road with the ghost of the dead past. All the wishing in the world would not bring Jack back.

A lumbering wagon creaked along, and the driver reined his horses in before her.

"Waiting for the trolley?" he shouted, with a smile.

"Likely to have a long wait," he chuckled. "The power house is turning down. Guess they'll be running again in about six weeks. Glang!"



JACK SPRANG TO THE GROUND AND CAUGHT HER IN HIS ARMS.

And the tired horses resumed their jolt with the driver still chuckling over the joke.

For a moment Edna's heart sank. It was settling well along in the afternoon. She had had a long day in the woods, and now she had to face a ten mile walk to town unless some one came along who would give her a lift. In spite of the memories that clustered about the spot she decided that she would remain and wait for something to turn up.

Presently a grocery cart came rattling along, and the driver stopped to speak to Edna. She had had a long day in the woods, and now she had to face a ten mile walk to town unless some one came along who would give her a lift. In spite of the memories that clustered about the spot she decided that she would remain and wait for something to turn up.

As the man turned at the sound of the wheel Edna gasped. She had supposed Jack Masters to be out west somewhere, yet here he was on the road.

The sprit of arbutus she pinned in his buttonhole was a greater reward than any fee she could give, and she was sorry when a mile beyond a seat and wayfarer hailed him, asking for a ride.

"Not at all," said Edna, wondering if her cheeks were as red as they felt. The next moment Masters sprang to the seat.

For the first time he seemed to realize who the second occupant of the wagon was. "Edna," he cried, "what are you doing here?"

"I have been out after wild flowers," she explained. "The day was so tempting I could not stand the city."

"Did you go to the old place?" he asked quietly.

"The arbutus is thicker there," she said. "I guess it was about the old hill."

"I was out there day before yesterday," he said. "Somehow I felt that I would like to go back to the old place. You remember that that was where—where—"

"It is not necessary to be more spe-

cific," said Edna severely. "It is not nice to rouse up unpleasant memories."

The next moment she was penitent and longed to tell him how sorry she was for all that had occurred, but Jack was looking out over the fields now, and he did not catch the glint of tears in his eyes.

He was thinking of the promise she had made him when they were gathering the arbutus together and how they had agreed to gather the arbutus the next spring as husband and wife.

Somehow the memory of it had brought him back from the cactus and sagebrush of the western plains. He had forgotten the arbutus, but perhaps in the springtime she would see things with clearer vision. He had hoped against hope on his long journey across the continent, and now, at this unexpected meeting, she had snubbed him.

It was several minutes before he could command himself, but when he did he began to speak again with his惯有的 face and some comment upon the destruction of the power house.

Edna felt hurt. Why should she care when he seemed to feel so little regret? Her penitence vanished, and instead there came an elan desire to tease.

For a moment he seemed hurt at her flippancy, then he rallied and met her eyes with a smile. "I have a bleeding heart, but he did not show his hurt, and the indifference roused Edna to further flights until she was almost insolent.

He bore with her patiently, but when at last the boy drew up at the outskirts and announced that he had to turn off to his store Jack sprang to the ground again. "I have to get back to town and sought to jump into the wagon without his assistance. Just for a moment they shared the fragrance of the arbutus that was crushed between them; then he released her with a sigh and fell into step beside her.

"I do not need your escort," she protested when it became apparent that he had turned his back.

"You have to pass through a rather tough quarter of the town before you reach your home," he said quietly. "I am sorry to have to force my company on you, but I intend to see you safely home."

Edna thrilled at the quiet authority of the tone. She had been rather disposed to think him a bit of a rascal when he had taken her in his arms. "That was more like the old Jack, and because it evoked old memories it made her resentful.

"I suppose you have come back home because you were a failure out west," she said sharply. "Father said when you went that you would never make a success of anything."

"On the contrary, I have been remarkably successful," he said quietly. They passed under the street lamp, and she glanced at his well worn clothes.

"I am wearing an old suit for a reason," he said. "Don't judge by that. Shall I tell you why I came home?"

"I suppose I cannot help myself."

"Because I read the message of spring," he said; "because the dusty cactus spoke of the pink arbutus and made my think of you; because I hoped that the season might bring memories to you and make you more kind."

"I went out to the wood the day I arrived and to the place where we had our first meeting. I wanted to see if you might come. It was the anniversary. I was there again yesterday and today. I am wearing an old suit just because it is the suit I wore then."

"I remember it," she cried penitently, "but I did not know that was the reason why."

"We are at your gate," he said, with a smile of triumph of tone. "Pardon me for heroics." He lifted his hat and turned away. She waited a moment, then called softly to him. He turned back, looking into her face inquiringly.

"I'm glad the trolley house burned down," she said softly. "We could go out tomorrow in a buggy—if you care to."

"Perhaps it might happen."

"I'll stop to see you twice in the same place," he announced promptly.

"I'm glad it has," she said meekly.

"I shall always love arbutus."

"And me?" he demanded.

"And you!" she said.

A Lincoln Reminiscence.

When in the summer of 1861 the Lincoln family were in the cottage near the Soldiers' home outside Washington the president was daily accompanied on his drives to and from the White House by his special mounted escort of tall Ohios. There was serious need for such an escort, for Early was not far away from the city, but the daily journey sometimes had its play side. "The Magazine of History" quotes the reminiscence by Hon. James A. Garfield of the escort: "It was in the early autumn of that year when one morning on our ride in to the White House, 'Tad' Lincoln, who alone was riding with his father, demanded that the carriage be stopped and that one of the escort should climb a wayside tree and get him some persimmons. Mr. Lincoln acquiesced, and the escort was soon being engaged in a game of tag with the persimmons. The president turned to those next behind him and remarked upon some play doing near by and ended by saying: 'I hope to see the day when our western prairies will be plowed by steam, and I believe it will be done. I have always felt a great interest in that subject.'"

* * * * *

No Cause For Anxiety.

"I wish, Susan," said a fond mother to her new nursmaid, "that you would use a thermometer to ascertain if the water is the right temperature when you give the baby his bath."

"Oh," replied Susan cheerfully, "don't you worry about that. I don't need any thermometer. If the little 'un turns red the water is too hot, if he turns blue it's too cold and there you are."

—Philadelphia Ledger.

It is not necessary to be more spe-

Our Soldiers' Tops.

Ever since the Spanish war some body has been peering away at the uniforms of Uncle Sam's soldiers, and now an English tailor has been called in to design a model uniform. General Chaffee, that rough and ready campaigner, who has worn everything in the way of a uniform from the togs furnished by the quartermaster to enlisted men up to the full dress of a lieutenant general, began to lecture the ranks about shaping up in the matter of dress while he was in command in China. Our men did come out of the Spanish war apparently revealing in a go-as-you-please way of wearing their things. The fellows were always picturesque, though, when the soldier had in mind the transports, El Caney and San Juan hill, but to think of them as soldiers merely, to be associated with parades and reviews, put the matter in another light.

It is getting to be the fashion in certain quarters to think of the soldier as an ideal army man instead of the man with the musket and saber who does things when the question of something comes up. The question of something comes up again. We rejoice in pictures of the old Continentals, who often hadn't a whole shirt to wear and seldom boasted of a coat at all. Sherman's men, marching home from the sea, are often referred to as the ideal for soldiers who have been whacking at the enemy, and battle pieces showing the tough looking Confederates who never had two garments of the same color stir up feelings akin to those of the old good "Second" name welcoming Stonewall Jackson's corps into Maryland with the words, "God bless your dirty, ragged, hungry sons!" It is the soldier staff that men of war have in them and not what their shuck looks like which is the important thing.

The American soldier's uniform has never been chosen for looks, but for service in actual campaigning. The shabby zonies dress, which captured the imagination early in the civil war, was soon discarded for various reasons, chiefly because something simpler was better for campaigning. Khaiki was an experiment until it came back from Cuba tattered and battered from collision with Spanish blockhouses. An army for show, for the amusement of the populace who go to see it, will wild over mock soldiers as over real ones, for furnishing beans for flirting maledictions, is an institution foreign to American ideas. Since the natty British redcoats got licked by American farmers and hunters in shirt sleeves and homespun the man we look to for exertion must be above slavery to dress and really be an eyesore to headquarters tailors. Napoleon once declared that the kings of Europe knew more about the number of buttons that should be on a soldier's coat than they did about fighting battles, and he made good the scathing indictment.

A little expert attention might well be given to making the soldier more comfortable in the clothes forced upon him for the sake of uniformity. The recruits are picked up who are plump or lean, tall or short or medium, with varying lengths and dimensions of body and limb. Uniforms should be made to fit the wearers individually. A good man will set off any clothes, but clumsy, awkward clothes disfigure the man. A lot of regimental tailors could probably do all the making over needed for the army better than a high priced foreign expert.

Greater Canada.

Canada goes a long way from home in her effort to annex something when she picks out the island of Jamaica to enlarge her area. But the island is fruitful, and if the Dominion gets it will be an acquisition worth while.

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"I remember it," she cried penitently, "but I did not know that was the reason why."

"We are at your gate," he said, with a smile of triumph of tone. "Pardon me for heroics." He lifted his hat and turned away. She waited a moment, then called softly to him. He turned back, looking into her face inquiringly.

"I'm glad the trolley house burned down," she said softly. "We could go out tomorrow in a buggy—if you care to."

"Perhaps it might happen."

"I'll stop to see you twice in the same place," he announced promptly.

"I'm glad it has," she said meekly.

"I shall always love arbutus."

"And me?" he demanded.

"And you!" she said.

A Lincoln Reminiscence.

When in the summer of 1861 the Lincoln family were in the cottage near the Soldiers' home outside Washington the president was daily accompanied on his drives to and from the White House by his special mounted escort of tall Ohios. There was serious need for such an escort, for Early was not far away from the city, but the daily journey sometimes had its play side. "The Magazine of History" quotes the reminiscence by Hon. James A. Garfield of the escort: "It was in the early autumn of that year when one morning on our ride in to the White House, 'Tad' Lincoln, who alone was riding with his father, demanded that the carriage be stopped and that one of the escort should climb a wayside tree and get him some persimmons. Mr. Lincoln acquiesced, and the escort was soon being engaged in a game of tag with the persimmons. The president turned to those next behind him and remarked upon some play doing near by and ended by saying: 'I hope to see the day when our western prairies will be plowed by steam, and I believe it will be done. I have always felt a great interest in that subject.'"

* * * * *

No Cause For Anxiety.

"I wish, Susan," said a fond mother to her new nursmaid, "that you would use a thermometer to ascertain if the water is the right temperature when you give the baby his bath."

"Oh," replied Susan cheerfully, "don't you worry about that. I don't need any thermometer. If the little 'un turns red the water is too hot, if he turns blue it's too cold and there you are."

—Philadelphia Ledger.

It is not necessary to be more spe-

BARRINGTON LOCALS.

W. M. Blue of Chicago was in the city Tuesday.

Reuben Plagge and Miss Amy Oelcott visited at Wheeling Thursday.

Prony & Jenks sold a gasoline engine to Edmonds & Jones this week.

W. A. Abbott has so far recovered that he resumed his duties in Chicago Monday.

For Rent—Rooms in the Lamey Block, Call or address Miss Margaret Lamey.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Martens spent a few days visiting relatives in Chicago.

Mrs. Wm. Peters and son Roger are visiting at the home of A. Boehmer.

Miss Nettie Doenitz of Fun du Lac, Wis., is visiting with Miss Ella Dix.

Miss Clara Reetske of Chicago is visiting with her sister, Mrs. H. G. Miller.

Miss Laura French is visiting with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Johnson.

Mrs. Geo. Foreman returned home Sunday, after a few days spent with Chicago friends.

Building Inspector Geo. Williams of Chicago, was here Saturday in the interests of his farm.

Mrs. Conrad Groll and children left Thursday for a visit with relatives at Genesee, Wis.

Don't forget the ice cream social given by the ladies of the Relief Corps on Mrs. Sizer's lawn Wednesday evening.

Mrs. R. Crabtree, after visiting her brother, Geo. Comstock for several weeks, returned to her home in Irvington Monday.

Mrs. Marion Taylor of Palatine spent a few days with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Johnson.

Mrs. J. W. Bennett entertained her aunt, Mrs. E. D. Drom, and cousin Miss Beulah Drom, the first part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hipwell and children of Maywood visited at the home of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Hipwell.

Deputy Coroner Reynolds held an inquest on the remains of Fred Barnes, Thursday. The verdict was to the effect that the deceased came to his death by shock and injury received in a runaway caused by a motor cycle.

Joe Rentz—House with large garden, pasture for cow, plenty of stable room, and an ideal place to raise chickens. For particular inquire of A. W. Landers, Barrington III.

A grand dance will be given at the Spring Lake hall Saturday evening, Aug. 4th. W. K. Lawrence is the proprietor, and music will be furnished by Tuppole and Tel.

Don't forget to attend the dance at Wm. Hickman's pavilion at Lake Zurich tomorrow (Saturday) evening.

A most enjoyable time is in store for all who may attend. The famous Joliet Orchestra will furnish music.

The Modern Woodmen of Chicago are planning to initiate a class of 2,500 this fall. Last year they planned to initiate 1,000 and instead had 2,000, and it is hoped that the 1906 class will number from 4,000 to 5,000.

Services at the Baptist church—Prayer meeting Saturday at 7:30 p.m., preaching Sunday 10:30 a.m., 5:00 p.m. that I knew where I might find him;

7:30 p.m., "The greatest thing in the world," Sunday school at 12 to 2, V. P. U. at 6:30.

V. V. and T. T. Phelps.

Prof. Steckman made Barrington friends a short call here this week. The Professor is kept very busy, and while a number of Barringtonians tried to persuade him to organize another class here soon his engagements would not permit him to make a promise.

His work here has resulted in good fruit, as is evidenced by the lettering in all our churches.

The lawn social given at the home of Mrs. Sizer Monday evening under the auspices of the young people of the Baptist church was a decided success.

The lawn was illuminated by a pretty display of Japanese lanterns, and the tables were elaborately decorated with sweet flowers. Handsome waitresses served ice cream and cake, and the Barrington Cornet Band furnished music. It was a financial as well as a social success, and the Baptist young people proved admiring hosts.

Fred Hoffman, one of the editors and proprietors of the Siping Valley Gazette, and formerly with the Review, was in the city Monday to shake hands with old friends. Fred is making a big success of his enterprise, he having just purchased a linotype setting machine and apparatus at cost of \$3,000, and intends to enlarge to 12 pages weekly. This improvement is necessitated by the liberality of the

advertisers of his section. He is in a live town, and he is giving them a live paper, one which merits the patronage of the citizens of Spring Valley and vicinity.

In Self Defense.

Major Hamm, editor and manager of the Constitutional, Eminence, Ky., when he was fiercely attacked, four years ago, by pikes, bought a box of dynamite and exploded it when he was attacked.

"It cured me in ten days and not trouble since," Quickeast healer of Burns, sores, cuts and wounds. 25c at Barrington Pharmacy.

To the Republicans of the Eighth Senatorial District.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election to the General Assembly, subject to the action of the Senatorial Convention of this District.

Inasmuch as it was the intention of the Legislature that each voter should vote for one candidate for Representative, so that in Districts like the Eighth, each county should have a member in the General Assembly, Lake County at present having the Senator.

I therefore ask the votes of the Republicans of Lake and Boone Counties at the primaries to be held August 4, 1906, and request that those who wish to vote for me mark a cross on the square opposite my name on the official ballot.

Respectfully,

Frank R. Covey.

Belvedere, Ill.

Notice to Tax Payers.

Public notice is hereby given that the Lake County Board of Review is now in session in the Supervisor's Room in the Court House at Waukegan, Ill., Aug. 8th.

Complaints will be received for the revision of assessment until August 10th.

All those having complaints to make will file same before above date, after which none will be considered.

W. F. WEIS, Clerk.

BELVEDERE, ILL.

Call or Lamey & Co. for lime, tile, cement, paint, etc.

WE BUILD

Cement Walks

and guarantee all work for five years, and

Our Guarantee is Good.

For prices and terms call or write

PETER KNOWE, PALATINE, ILL.

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How to Keep Cool During the Hot Weather

By G. ELLIOTT FLINT,
Physical Instructor and Author.

OW to keep cool is a vexed question these days. We have worried, hurried and excited ourselves vainly during the past few months; let us now take things easier. We shall then be cool, or, at least, much cooler.

But how shall we not worry? Simply, don't.

Don't hurry. Rise early, thus giving yourself ample time to dress, and when you go out, walk leisurely. If you miss a car, wait coolly for the next one, which will carry you to your destination only a few minutes later.

The hurrying habit is more heating than the alcohol habit.

Don't get excited. If you do you will feel literally "hot around the collar." If you are angry and wish to make the other fellow "hot," you will do this most effectually by keeping cool.

Don't study the thermometer, for your température is likely to rise with the mercury.

Wear loose-fitting clothes, easy around the neck, and a light-weight straw hat. Women, if they must wear corsets, should affect only the light, flexible kind. In view of the recent agitation against the so-called peek-a-boo waists, I dare not recommend them. The utmost I can advise is that they be neither wholly holy nor wholly holy—betwixt and between.

Our diet in hot weather should be light and nutritious. No stimulating drinks should be taken in the hot season; lemonade may be, but the best drink is cool water, with meals, between meals, and before retiring at night. A large quantity of water and sufficient fruit will keep the bowels open, remove waste also through other channels, and cool the body through radiation. The deleterious effect on the system of alcohol, particularly in torrid times, is well known. Most cases of prostration and sunstroke can be attributed indirectly to this cause.

Effect of Acting Impassioned Love Scenes

By SARAH BERNHARDT.

Do I think the acting of impassioned love scenes intensifies the emotions?

That is a subject that delves deep into the subtleties of psychology. It is a very American characteristic I notice among women to analyze the various emotional expressions of their beings the same as they would study the technique of a painting or an architectural plan.

As for me, I have never endeavored to reduce to a scientific formula the emotions which move us.

I have been asked if I think the repeated interpretation of emotional and impassioned roles eventually has an effect upon the everyday life of an actress. We must remember that first of all an actress is a woman, and while she is portraying a certain sort of emotion, she is but picturing in dramatic art what might be possible in her own character if placed in the same situation of the stage.

It is true the great dramatic artist lives the part she is playing—she becomes the character so thoroughly that she forgets entirely that other self which carries on its life without the theater walls.

When I see Duse or Margaret Anglin or any great actress I do not ask: "Does she really feel those emotions in her private life?" It is carrying analysis too far. I do not think that people who are capable of analyzing their emotions feel them so intensely. There is a subtle difference between the portrayed emotion on the stage and what it would be in the actress' real life. While we weep real tears and feel sincere emotions it is through forgetfulness of our real selves, but not total elimination of our personality.

The ridiculousness of thinking that an actress is entirely swayed in her private life by the role she portrays is shown by the fact that the great artiste is not limited to one line of acting. The strongest statement I could make on the effect of acting on the emotions is that no woman who interprets the roles that call forth the great play of emotions can remain a cold and impassive creature—that is, if she is an artiste with a soul.

The vacation certainly is not detrimental to business interests. The vacation principle itself is not one which was brought about and forced upon the business community or any other through abnormal means.

It has its foundation and being in the evolution of industrial conditions and in the relation which these bear to the human system. A hundred years ago the mode of traveling was by means of the old-fashioned stage coach; to-day it is replaced by the "lightning express," moving at the rate of 60 miles an hour. Contrast for a moment the mental and physical strain of the drivers of the two.

But the railroads engineer, the chauffeur on the automobile, the mechanic at the lathe, the spinner at the loom, and the operative at the sewing machine, are not the only ones subjected to this increased draft upon their nervous powers. Those engaged in professional, mercantile and banking pursuit feel the strain as well. Therefore, shorter hours of labor have gradually been introduced, and the vacation has become in principle a thoroughly recognized institution.

I, for one, would like to see it become universally so in practice. If we give the salesmen, bookkeeper or packer in our employ a vacation, there is no reason why the same principle should not apply to the good people who cook our meals and work in our houses or stables. This latter class, constantly employed at our homes in occupations for our greater comfort, are the last who should be forgotten when arranging for vacations.

It may be said that this reasoning from an ethical standpoint, Granted so. Surely humanitarian considerations are not to be ignored in the discussion of a subject of this kind. It has its practical side also. As a result of the improved devices in all classes of machinery and their capabilities for increased production, it is plain to see that the needs of the community do not require the long hours formerly followed.

WEIGHS ONLY FOUR GRAINS

Smallest Engine in the World Truly a Marvel of Mechanical Ingenuity—Its Dimensions

"Tiny Tim," as I have named this smallest of all engines, writes T. H. Robinson in the *Technical World Magazine*, "is made of gold and steel, and is so small that a common housefly seems large in comparison. It fits easily into the smallest 22 short cartridge balance wheel and all. It weighs only four grains and is complete. That is about the weight of a common match. It takes 129 such engines to weigh one ounce and 1,920 to weigh a pound. Three million and a half and forty thousand engines equal one ton."

"The engine bed and stand are of gold. The shaft runs in hardened and ground steel bearings inserted in a gold bush. The bearings are counter-bored from the sides to form a self-aligning bearing. The flywheel has a steel center and arms, with a gold rim, and this part—the complete wheel—weighs one grain."

"The cylinder is of steel with octagonal base highly polished. The stroke is one-thirty-second of an inch, bore three-hundredths of an inch. Seventeen pins are used in the construction of this engine."

"The feed is through the gold base, which is hollow. The speed of this engine is 6,000 revolutions per minute. When running 100 per second no motion is visible to the eye, but it makes a note like the noise of a mosquito, caused by the vibrating piston rod."

The horse power is 1.488000 of one horsepower. Compression air is used to run these engines, and it may be of interest to note that the amount required to make the large engine hum can easily be borne on the eyeball without winking."

ERROR IN BILL OF LADING

Young Railroad Man Found Burro
Where He Naturally Looked
for a Bureau.

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Vacation Privileges for All Classes

By THOMAS B. FITZPATRICK.

The vacation certainly is not detrimental to business interests. The vacation principle itself is not one which was brought about and forced upon the business community or any other through abnormal means.

Earnings of English Railways. While we are inclined to criticize English railroads with much freedom, they have a record in one respect which our own railroad managers must look upon with respect. The gross earnings of the English roads never showed an unfavorable record as far as 1914 went. With all the talk of poor railway management, of decadent industries and of the economic evils of war, it is confusing to find that the commercial development of Great Britain, measured by her gross railroad traffic, record of advance. Net earnings, however, have been cut down by the rise in wages and by the higher cost of fuel.—*Secretary.*

New Railroads for Mexico.

Mexico has granted a concession for the construction of a railroad from San Gerónimo, in Michoacan, to Acapulco, state of Hidalgo, with the right to extend the line to Tampico, Vera Cruz, on the Atlantic. The project will consist of a road about 200 miles, an important factor in the development of this section, as it crosses the country from east to west, passing through rich mining camps and fertile agricultural lands, and tapping large territory at present undeveloped.

Heavier Locomotives.

The steady tendency among railroads toward heavier locomotives is comprehensively shown in the statistics of the first 300 locomotives purchased by a western railroad 26 years ago and the 300 most recently added to the equipment. The total weight of the first 300 locomotives had, taken as a whole, the weight had been multiplied three times and the tractive force by two and a half.

THERE IS MORE THAN ONE WAY TO BREAK IN.



CUMMINS IS NAMED

IOWA REPUBLICANS PICK PRESIDENT EXECUTIVE TO LEAD.

TAKE BUT ONE BALLOT

Resolutions endorse President Roosevelt's Administration and Pledge Primary Law to Embrace Choice for Federal Senators.

Des Moines, Ia.—The Iowa Republicans convention renominated Albert B. Cummins for governor. Only one ballot was taken, the result being, Cummins, 933; Perkins, 602; Rathbun, 104. The ticket was completed as follows:

Lieutenant Governor — Warren Garst.

Secretary of State—W. C. Hayward.

Auditor of State—B. F. Carroll.

Treasurer of State—W. W. Morrow.

Attorney General—I. W. Byers.

Supreme Judges—E. McLean, John C. Sherwin.

Superintendent of Public Instruction—John F. Ricka.

Clerk of Superior Court—John C. Crockett.

Reporter of Court—W. W. Cornwall. Railroad Commissioners—W. L. Eaton, David J. Palmer.

The committee on resolutions submitted the platform which it was stated, had been unanimously agreed to.

After stating that the Republicans of Iowa find ample cause for rejoicing in present conditions and lauding the history of the party, President Roosevelt's administration is heartily commended. The work of Iowa's representatives in the cabinet and congress is approved.

Good government and the state officials come in for their share of felicitation. A judicious primary law is pledged, which is to provide for expression of party preference in selection of United States senators. Domination of corporate influence is opposed. The abolishment of free passes on railways is commended. The American system of protection is held to be beneficial to all classes. Reciprocity is favored.

PROTECTS MEMBERS OF UNIONS

Train Dispatcher Held for Violation of Law in Discharging Members.

Louisville, Ky.—United States Commissioner Cassin held J. M. Scott, chief train dispatcher of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad company, in \$300 bond for alleged violation of the Erdman act.

The Erdman act, which applies to employees engaged in the moving of interstate commerce, provides that no employer or his agent shall require any agreement from an employee to abstain from joining a labor union; that no employee shall be threatened with loss of employment for joining a union; and that no employer or his agent shall discriminate against an employee with a union.

WILL INVESTIGATE DIETZ CASE

Gen. Davidson Will Act with Caution Regarding Selection of Troops.

Madison, Wis.—Gov. Davidson will appoint a commission to investigate the Dietz situation at Cameron dam.

For the present, at least, there is no intention on the part of the executive to send troops to capture Dietz. Whether troops will be sent later will depend on the report of the investigating commission.

Several papers have attempted to serve Dietz with legal papers in a civil process within the past two years, but each time failed.

ILLINOIS DEFEAT TREASURERS

Judgment is Rendered in favor of the Commonwealth in Fee Case.

Springfield, Ill.—The state of Illinois Wednesday secured judgment against former State Treasurer Henry Wulf and Floyd K. Whittemore, his bondsmen, for \$6,532.40 before Judge Crighton in the Sangamon circuit court.

The suit was filed by the state of Illinois to recover fees held by former State Treasurer Wulf and his bondsmen, as a special act of the legislature. These fees were collected for the registration of county, township and municipal bonds.

Miner Killed in Riot.

Calumet, Mich.—Rockland, a little mining town in Ontonagon county, was the scene of wild disorder Tuesday night when the miners, who had struck, beat up a copper smelter attacked the miners who were going to work under the protection of Sheriff McFarland and a heavy guard of deputies. A mad riot ensued, which lasted some time. As a result one man was killed and another mortally wounded. Several more were shot, and 40 of the strikers are now under arrest in the town hall at Rockland.

Cuban Post for Missouri.

Oyster Bay, L. I.—President Roosevelt Wednesday appointed Fred Morris Dearing of Missouri as second secretary of the American legation at Havana, Cuba. Mr. Dearing is now private secretary to Senator Quesada.

Cattle During July.

Washington.—The monthly statement of the director of the mint shows that during July the coinage executed at the mints of the United States amounted to \$3,303,164, as follows: Gold, \$6,171,000; silver, \$128,164.

THE CAMERA FIEND.

Man Was Not Satisfied with Ordinary Amusement Like Taking Pictures.

A well-known criminal lawyer one day maneuvered into a police court just as a case was called. It appeared that the defendant had no attorney, and the judge glanced about the room to see whom he might assign to the case.

"I'll take it, Judge," the late comer said, wishing to pass away the time.

"By the way, what is the man charged with?" the attorney presently asked.

"He's a camera fiend of the worst sort, Mr. Brown," the judge said with a slight smile. "I expect to send him to the workhouse for about three months."

"What!" the lawyer shouted, indignantly. "Your honor must be joking. Send a man to the rock pile for three months for a little harmless amusement like taking pictures?"

"Well," the judge said, mildly, "he don't take pictures much—it's the cameras he takes."

HIS ONE WEAK SPOT.

Prominent Minnesota Merchant Curied to Stay Cured by Doan's Kidney Pills.

O. C. Hayden, of O. C. Hayden & Co., dry goods merchants, of Albert Lea, Minn., says:

"I could have had no trouble if I could have had no back trouble."

There was some inexcusable weakness of the back, and constant pain and aching. I could find no rest and was very uncomfortable at night. As my health was good in every other way, I could not understand this trouble.

It was just as well that the strength had gone from my back. After suffering for some time I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. The remedy acted at once upon the kidneys, and when normal action was restored, the trouble with my back disappeared. I have not had any return of it."

For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Mulberry Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Ag'd English Clergyman.

Rev. John Aldis, once the most prominent minister of the Baptist denomination in England, has reached the age of 98. He began life in a shoemaker's shop. Afterward he was sent to Horton college, near Bradford, and then to Rawdon college. Later he became pastor of Miss Pond Chapel, London, and in 1866 he was elected chairman of the Baptist Union.

DO YOU REMEMBER—

An anticipated calamity that actually came?

A scrophulous who turned out to be a real friend?

A son who was really as bad as he was reputed?

An actor that wasn't thoroughly delighted with himself?

An avaricious cashier who wasn't "a trusted employee?"

A man who went wrong who wasn't a "highly-respected citizen?"

A woman criminal who was not "beautiful and apparently refined?"

A horse that could trot as fast as the man who sold him to you said he could?

Anybody who achieved sainthood before starting a fusillade of stones at others?

A successful man who used up ninetenths of his time telling what he was going to do next?

A prize fighter that went through the throes of the championship without becoming demoralized?

DIDN'T BELIEVE

That Coffee Was the Real Trouble.

Some people fonder around and take everything that's recommended but finally find that coffee is the real cause of their troubles. An Oregon man says:

"For 25 years I was troubled with my stomach. I was a steady coffee drinker, but I didn't expect that as the result, I took sick almost every time which someone else had been cured with but to no good. I was very bad last summer and could not work at times."

"On Dec. 2, 1902, I was taken so bad the doctor said I could live only 24 hours at the most and I made all preparations to die. I could hardly eat anything, everything distressed me, and I was weak and sick all over. When I took my regular coffee was abandoned and I was put on Postum, the change in my feelings came quickly after the drink that was poisoning me was removed."

"The pain and sickness fell away from me and I began to get well day by day, so I stuck to it until now I am well and strong again, can eat heartily, with no headache, heart trouble or the awful sickness of the old coffee drinker. I drink all I wish of Postum without any harm and enjoy it immensely."

"This seems like a strong story, but I would refer you to the First Nat'l Bank, the Trust Banking Company, or any merchant of Grant's Pass, Ore., in regard to my standing, and I will send a sworn statement of this if you wish. You can also use my name." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum is the name of a person's favorite food thermometers by saying "Coffee don't hurt me." A ten days' trial of Postum in its place will tell the truth and many times save life."

"There's a reason." Look for the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

RECEIVER FOR ZION

BIG ESTATE PLACED IN HANDS . . . OF JOHN C. HATELY. . . .

VOLIVA TRANSFER VOID

Court Holds Dowie Was Without Power to Turn Over City to Leader of Revolt—To Elect New Overseer.

Chicago.—John Alexander Dowie, mouthed, was repudiated by his followers as their spiritual leader. Friday was declared legally to have no personal or private claim to the Zion estate. Wilbur Glen Volva, permanent overseer and leader of the revolt against Dowie, was held also to have no legal hold on the property. Judge K. M. Landis of the United States district court, in deciding the famous controversy, threw the whole power in the hands of John C. Hately, as receiver pending entry of a final decree and designation of a permanent trustee. He ordered also an election by the people of Zion the third Tuesday of September as to who shall rule them spiritually.

Long before the hour set for the announcement of the court's ruling Dowie had called a meeting of all the leaders who assisted in the overthrow of Dowie and many of his followers were in court, as were also the loyal supporters of Dowie. Broken in health and spirit, the hoary-headed founder of Zion was too weak to leave Shiloh House at Zion City, and received the first news of his defeat by Hately.

The weather in the morning was ideal and all the fishing boats took out large crowds to the fishing banks. After noon, however, a brisk breeze sprang up and the captains of the small craft hoisted sail and started toward Angelsea. Most of the fleet got in without mishap, although some of them had considerable difficulty in clearing the Herford bar.

The two that got into trouble were the sloop yacht Nora, which had on board Capt. Herbert Shivers, his mate and 30 passengers, and the sloop Alvin B. with a party of 12.

The Nora had gone to the fishing banks at Five Fathom bank about ten miles out to sea early in the day, when a heavy gale sprang up. Capt. Shivers decided it was time to make port and with the assistance of a small gasoline engine and a good spread of canvas he made good time toward Angelsea. As the sloop howled along the wind was getting stiffer and the sea rougher.

Capt. Shivers, from long experience, knew that treacherous is the Herford bar and approached it with his usual caution. The sand obstruction is about a mile from shore. Just as he was about to go over it a heavy squall struck the Nora.

Despite the efforts of the captain the craft heeled over and was hit by a huge wave. The wind and the wave coming together was more than the yacht could stand and it turned completely over, throwing the 32 occupants into the sea.

FATAL MISHAPS TO YACHTS

TWO CAPSIZE AND EIGHT PERSONS ARE DROWNED.

Disaster Occurs Off Jersey Coast—Waves Hit Crafts, Throw Occupants into Water.

Angelsea, N. J.—Two yachts coming in from the fishing banks captioned on Herford Inlet bar off here Sunday, and far as can be ascertained eight persons lost their lives. There were 32 persons on one yacht, of whom seven were lost, and 12 on the other, all of whom were drowning.

That most fatal victims to the rough seas was due to the heroism of Capt. Henry S. Ladlow, of the Herford Inlet life saving station, and a crew of five men.

Angelsea is one of the favorite fishing places along the southern New Jersey coast and has seldom had a busier Sunday. Every excursion train from Philadelphia and other nearby points has been crowded with visitors most of whom intended spending the day in fishing.

The weather in the morning was ideal and all the fishing boats took out large crowds to the fishing banks. After noon, however, a brisk breeze sprang up and the captains of the small craft hoisted sail and started toward Angelsea. Most of the fleet got in without mishap, although some of them had considerable difficulty in clearing the Herford bar.

The two that got into trouble were the sloop yacht Nora, which had on board Capt. Herbert Shivers, his mate and 30 passengers, and the sloop Alvin B. with a party of 12.

The Nora had gone to the fishing banks at Five Fathom bank about ten miles out to sea early in the day, when a heavy gale sprang up. Capt. Shivers decided it was time to make port and with the assistance of a small gasoline engine and a good spread of canvas he made good time toward Angelsea. As the sloop howled along the wind was getting stiffer and the sea rougher.

Capt. Shivers, from long experience, knew that treacherous is the Herford bar and approached it with his usual caution. The sand obstruction is about a mile from shore. Just as he was about to go over it a heavy squall struck the Nora.

Despite the efforts of the captain the craft heeled over and was hit by a huge wave. The wind and the wave coming together was more than the yacht could stand and it turned completely over, throwing the 32 occupants into the sea.

MEAT INSPECTION IN GERMANY

Strict Regulations Regarding Examination Are Put into Effect.

Berlin.—The revised regulations for the application of the meat inspection law, recently adopted by the banters, were published Monday and show a considerable increase of severity in the provisions of the law.

The regulations provide that when the important organs have been removed from a carcass, inspection can be made only by a veterinary expert, instead of the ordinary examiners, and that the meat of such carcasses can only be sold for food under certain specific conditions.

A much thorough examination of the lymphatic glands of an animal as is required. These glands from all of the carcass must be subjected to inspection by microscope. The glands as well as other organs must remain attached to fresh and prepared meats, so far as is necessary for trustworthy inspection.

HEARST TO BE THE CANDIDATE

Independent League to Nominate Full State Ticket in New York.

New York.—William R. Hearst has decided to run for governor as an independent candidate.

The state committee of the Independent League, addressed to Mrs. L. A. Kinney, of Peoria, by Secretary William Lovell of the Presidential Committee. The text of the letter follows:

"October Bay, N. Y., July 26.—Dear Madam: Your letter of recent date has been received and I thank you in the president's behalf for calling attention to the enclosed clipping. I would say, however, that the president has nothing to add to the statement issued on the night of the election in 1904. His decision as announced at that time is irrevocable."

Dowie Will Appeal.

Chicago.—John Alexander Dowie will appeal from the decision of Judge Landis of the federal court declaring Zion City a trust estate and holding that the deposited first apostle has no individual proprietorship in the estate.

ROOSEVELT IS OUT OF THE RACE

President Will Not Accept Republican Nomination for Third Term.

Peoria, Ill.—A positive announcement from President Roosevelt that he will not be a candidate for the third term was made Monday in a letter addressed to Mrs. L. A. Kinney, of Peoria, by Secretary William Lovell of the Presidential Committee. The text of the letter follows:

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FORCED TO GIVE UP BY POVERTY

Former Mayor of Paterson, N. J. Surrenders to Jail Warden.

Paterson, N. J.—William H. Belcher, former mayor of this city, returned to Paterson Monday and surrendered to David Morris, night warden of the county jail. Belcher was forced by poverty to give himself up. He had been in New York for several days. He said he had no means with which to make restitution of the funds he is alleged to have obtained while he was from the city, and would answer the charges against him.

DIETZ VICTIM REACHES SAFETY

Man Shot at Cameron Dam Crawls Long Distance Through Woods.

Long Island, N. Y.—W. A. Dietz, a man on hands and knees for a great distance through the forest, Dury Rosh, of Milwaukee, wounded in three places by Clarence Dietz, reached the home of Charles Johnson, and was later carried into Winters, where he secured medical attention. Slight hope is entertained for his recovery. He had been terribly exposed when he reached the Johnson place, and his wounds had become bad with dirt.

Lightning Kills Camper.

Connestee Lake, Pa.—Lightning struck the tent of a camping party during an electric storm here Sunday, killed Edward Kinsey, and severely shocked Robert Martin and A. W. Ruprecht, of Wilmerding, Pa.

Death of Old Soldier.

Niles, Mich.—Harry Mitchell, aged 70, an old soldier and one of Buffalo H.H.'s scouts when fighting for the government, was found dead in bed Monday morning at his home near Merrion Center.

Federal Attorney Resigns.

Washington.—Assistant United States District Attorney S. Basby Smith has tendered his resignation to the office. He has been succeeded by James M. Proctor of the district attorney's office.

Smith, who was personable, fondly remembers by saying "Cofffee don't hurt me." A ten days' trial of Postum in its place will tell the truth and many times save life.

"There's a reason."

Look for the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

TRUE COURAGE.

"Cowards have no luck!" These are Elizabeth Kulemann's brave words.

J. Hobson Walker believes that "No man can be truly a gentleman if he is a coward."

"Fortune never helps the man whose courage fails." This is a bit of the wisdom of Sophocles.

Says George Horace Lorimer: "No man is a failure until he's dead or loses courage—and that's the same thing."

Sydney Smith long ago remarked that "A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage."

"When moral courage feels that it is in the right there is no personal daring of which it is incapable." was Leitch Hunt's conviction.

Said Rockefellers: "True bravery is shown in performance without witness; it is not much that is capable of doing before all the world."

"Fear, which only is another name for ignorance, is ill that all us. Understanding alone conquers fear." This is the successful creed of Helen Williams Post.

Nothing Succeeds Like EGG-O-SEE.

The man who preaches the best sermon; the man who tells the funniest stories; the man who keeps the best store; or the man who makes the best goods soon finds that people come to him. Merit is the best advertisement in the world. People speak well of things they know are good. They pass the good word along.

The best breakfast food is EGG-O-SEE, for it contains all the life-giving properties of nature's best food, which is meat.

EGG-O-SEE is deeply in debt to the thousands of wives and mothers who use it in their homes, for these good women tell their neighbors about this good food.

Children and aged persons alike are friends of EGG-O-SEE.

Merit and common sense are the best things that advertise EGG-O-SEE. Most EGG-O-SEE is cheap. A 10-cent package contains ten liberal breakfasts. EGG-O-SEE is sold everywhere. Women must keep it if they want to keep their good customers, for good customers insist on buying EGG-O-SEE.

The fact that no preparation, no cooking is required, makes EGG-O-SEE very popular. Open the package; put as much as you like in a dish; pour it over milk or cream and eat. It is delicious. It is wholesome. It makes you strong.

A lot of interesting facts about EGG-O-SEE have been published in book form entitled, "Back to Nature." This book also has a course of physical culture—fully illustrated. Any one wishing this book will receive it free by addressing EGG-O-SEE Company, 10 First St., Quincy, Ill.

The man who does all one can generally does all one else will do the rest.

Lewis' Single Binder costs more than other cigar smokers know why. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

English Language in Antwerp.

Nearly one-half of the shipping traffic to and from Antwerp is carried on under the British and American flags, and this has made Antwerp almost a English-speaking port. Free night schools for exclusive classes in English, organized by the city authorities, are attended by thousands of pupils, while special attention is paid to the study of English in the grades of the day school, public as well as private. This desire to popularize the English language is not confined to Belgium, but has extended to Germany as well, where schools of instruction have already been established at Munich and Nuremberg by the German government.

It was announced that the league with work and affiliation with the regular democratic party—that it will go ahead as an independent movement if the democrats see fit to endorse Hearst and the league ticket, well and good, but no favors will be sought from the heads of the democratic machine.

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It was announced that the league with work and affiliation with the regular democratic party—that it will go ahead as an independent movement if the democrats see fit

C. F. HALL CO.
CASH DEPARTMENT STORE
DUNDEE, ILLINOIS

75c. for Waists.
REDUCE.

Ladies' elegant white and colored
Summer Waists. Not a few of them
but every waist in the entire stock.
Our former \$1.10, \$1.29 and \$1.19
waists all selling now at.....75c

35c and 40c Kimonos

Entire stock of Dressing Sashes and
Kimonos to close out. All our finest
makes included in this lot at.....

35c and 40c

\$1.49 Dress Skirts

Clearance sale of Skirts. We wish to
close out our light wools in Summer-
weight Skirts. Hence this big re-
duction.....

1.49

\$1.98 Kirt Offers

This lot consists of Skirts in strictly
all wool materials, light and dark,
formerly priced as high as \$3.98 and
\$4.29. Choicé.....1.98

10c for Dress Goods

Summer Dress Goods, which early in
the season we sold at 15c, 18c and
25c. Reduced to, per yard.....10c

**Special August Price
Making**

Ladies' Slipper Sale.....98c
Good Summer Girle Corsets.....10c
\$1.50 to \$1.75 Ladies' Sample Gowns
.....1.13 to 1.38

Men's 3-piece Summer Suits, priced at
these figures in order to sell them
out.....5.00 and 3.49

Men's and Boys' Summer Hat for.....1.00

Men's full size, best 50c Gingham
Working Shirts, 38c. Two for.....75c

Boys' 30c dark grey Overalls, now 25c

Black, grey and colored Petticoats, 40c

500 yards Laces and Embroideries to
close out at, per yard.....5c

The Last Word

Our goods are always priced exceed-
ingly low. The goods satisfy and
bring us trade all the year round from
every town and city in this section.

At this season we do even better
than usual by cutting the very prices
which brought us our trade.

See our store, see our goods, test our
claims. See also the inducements
offered to our customers from out of
town.

Our advertisements are to get you
to come the first time.

Remember Dinner Ticket,
Horse Ticket. Introduction
Ticket and Refunded Car
Fare Offer.

(Show round trip R. R. Tickets if you
come by train.)

C. F. HALL CO.
Dundee, Ill.

**Vote for
John Hodge,
Republican Candidate for
County Superintendent
of Schools,**

Lake County, Illinois.

Primary Election Aug. 4, 1906

**L. H. Bennett,
LAWYER,**
With Jackman & Bennett.

Do a General Law Business. Practice
in All State and Federal Courts.

Real Estate and Loans.

Office in Grunau Bldg.

Phone Office 223 Residence 2011.

BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS.

A. G. Gieske, M.D.C.
Veterinarian

Graduate of
Chicago Veterinary College

Phone 323 Barrington, Ill.

Barrington
Local Happenings Told
in Short Paragraphs

Miss Anna Dix is enjoying a month's
vacation.

Miss Amy Olcott had her vacation
this week.

FOR SALE—Gasoline stove; cheap if
taken at once. Inquire at this office.

Miss Cornelia Smith of Cary visited
friends here Friday.

Max Lines is spending his vacation
with his parents.

Lee Works of Nunda called here on
business Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Lyons and son of
Chicago have been spending the week
with relatives.

Miss Hazel Holmes returned home
today after a week's visit with Chi-
cago friends.

Mr. Schaeuble sold another of his
famous Barrington gasoline engines.
Mr. Sela, who was here last week to
see them work, is the purchaser.

Will McCord of Woodstock, formerly
a Barrington boy, was in the city
Thursday shaking hands with old-time
friends here.

Miss Louise Legge of Chicago is
visiting with Miss Rose Roloff.

Mrs. W. A. Shearer is visiting with
her parents in La Crosse, Wis.

Miss Mary Smith of Cary visited
friends here Wednesday.

Miss Mark Bennett spent Friday at
the home of Bennett Foskett, at Pal-
atine.

Mass and services at St. Ann's
church will be held at 8 a. m. Sundays,
during August and September instead
of 9 a. m.

Chas. Peters and daughter, Mrs.
George Mengerson and son George
and daughter Ida, are spending a two
month's vacation with relatives in N.
Dakota.

Messrs. Krahm and Moore of Chicago
are spending the week with the for-
mer's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Krahm.

Messrs. Meyer, Bliss and Barton, and
Messrs. U. Nutting and H. Hauteau, of
Chicago spent Saturday and Sunday at
the home of J. Schwenn.

Miss Mabel Banks spent a few days
in the city the latter part of last week.
Mr. and Mrs. F. Bergman visited
with friends here Wednesday.

Miss Olive Hause spent the past
week visiting in Highland Park, Miss
Bertha Gieser returning home with
her.

Most heartily do I wish to thank
those who attended the Sunday
school lawn social last Monday morn-
ing. We are most grateful to all outside
of the Sunday school who assisted us
and all others who in any way
made the social a success.

ARNETT C. LINES,
S. S. Superintendent.

Cut Canada Thistles.

This is the time of year you should
cut Canada thistles, if any are found
on your property. If you do not attend
to this matter yourself I am obliged to
do so, and the costs will be assessed
against the property.

E. W. RILEY,
Thistle Commissioner.

Palatine Locals.

Mrs. Cari Sifton has been on the
sick list this week.

Mrs. Torgler's father died while
visiting relatives in Iowa.

Mrs. Aline Torgler returned from
Milwaukee Wednesday.

John Suhas of Manitowoc, Wis.,
spent a couple of days with his nephew,
John Arps.

Meeses Lella Hirschberger and Della
Klinge spent Tuesday afternoon with
their aunt at Riverview.

RUNNING FOR JUDGE

Something About E. J. Heydecker,
Candidate for County Judge.

Edward J. Heydecker, republican
candidate for County Judge, was born
on a farm in the Town of Newport, on
the 3rd day of August, 1855, where he
grew to manhood and resided until
the age of 18, when he became a member
of the rural district school of that town and
afterwards the Waukegan High School.
After leaving the farm he pursued the
study of law, and was admitted to
practice by the State Bar Court of this
State about fifteen years ago, and is
now one of the leading attorneys at
the Lake County bar.

Mr. Heydecker has always been an
ardent supporter of the republican
party, having cast his first vote for

DANIEL F. LAMEY

**LADIES' FINE DRESS
SHOES**

We are offering you a Lady's Fine Dress Shoe at \$3.00 a pair
that is equal to any \$3.50 or \$4.00 shoe you buy elsewhere. This
week we have a special shoe offer to make you. A Lady's regu-
lar \$2.50 shoe, our price only \$2.00 a pair.

A New Stock of
Ladies' and Children's Oxfords.
PRICES 50c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.25 a pair.

MEN'S DRESS SHOES

Our Men's Fine Dress Shoe at \$3.00 a pair is latest style,
best hand-made shoe offered today. We guarantee them equal
to any \$3.50 and \$3.75 men's shoes.

We sell a good every-day wear, men's shoes at \$2.00 and \$2.50
a pair.

Overalls and Pants

We have another large stock of Men's Wool Pants at \$2.00 to
\$3.00 a pair.

We bought an extra large amount of Men's Overalls and
Shirts at a special price for us. We are selling good garments
at 50c, 60c, 70c each for this sale.

**Low Prices on
Summer Dress Goods**

We brought very heavy in Summer Dress Goods, consequently
we have picked up some special values in Lawn Dress Goods for
this sale. 50c, 60c, 70c to 15 cents a yard.

Ladies' Summer Corsets for this Sale 50c a pair.

Daniel F. Lamey, Supt Building
BARRINGTON, ILL.

UP-TO-DATE

High Grade

Millinery.

A choice line of

Hand Made and Tailor Made Hats

in all the leading styles and shapes.
Hats in

Lace, Straw, Braids, Chiffon,
Duck, Linen, Etc.

See my Bargain Table for Knock-
abouts.



**OSTRICH FEATHERS CLEANED, DYED
AND REDRESSED.**

MISS H. R. JUKES.

Phone 272. Main St., Opp. Depot

**H. L. Prehm,
UNDERTAKER,
DEALER IN
Hardware, Tinware, Paints and Oils.**

Quality the best, prices the lowest.

Lake Zurich, ILLINOIS.

If you want good work at a
moderate price, send your

Laundry
to the
Barrington Steam Laundry
TELEPHONE 441. BARRINGTON, ILL.

SCREENS

Now is the time to prevent the entry of sea to your homes by putting in
screens. I am in a position to make any size screens on short notice. The
price won't hurt you, either. Just inquire of me how cheap I can equip your
home with screens.

E. M. BLOCKS
FURNITURE AND UNDERTAKING

Telephone 201. Barrington, Illinois



You've no idea the amount of work it will save you. Try it.

An Engine

Without

An Engine.

An I. II. C. Gasoline Engine

does not require an engineer to run it. It is so simple and practical in con-
struction that it requires very little attention and is easily operated by anyone.

An I. II. C. Gasoline Engine

runs smoothly and produces more power than rated. It is very economical in
the use of fuel, consuming less per horse power than any other engine of the
same rated capacity.

Made in the following styles and sizes:
Vertical—2, 3 and 5 horse power.

Horizontal—4, 6, 10, 12 and 15 horse power.

Portable—6, 10, 12 and 15 horse power.

Call and examine an I. II. C. gasoline engine and see for yourself the
merits of this engine.

We also handle a full line of Deering Mowers and Binders and Weber Wag-
ons, in fact everything the farmer wants on the farm. Call and examine our
stock and be convinced that we are up-to-date implement dealers.

PROUTY & JENCKS.