



When a Girl is Not?

A woman is a girl until she is 25, according to the board of managers of the Philadelphia Young Woman's Christian Association. On her thirtieth birthday she cuts off the giddiness of girlhood and becomes a woman. That is, she does if she looks it. If she is able with the aid of a switch and peroxide, rouge and the eyebrow pencil, to look or think she looks less than 25, then she is a girl so long as she is able to look or think she looks so. For still the delicate carnal and the marshmallow, the American beauty and the matinee ticket, also the French heel and the straight front. As not many unmarried women ever arrive at the age when they do not look or think they look 25, it follows therefore that a woman is a girl as long as she wants to be, in spite of all the boards of lady managers in existence. Which is as it should be, or age is not, after all, a matter of wrinkles and agility, as it should be. For age is not, after all, of the spirit within. If we are immortal souls, it were preposterous to say that 35 years taken out of eternity can have any effect upon us; nor 70 years, for that matter, nor a hundred. If a woman's heart be pure "age cannot wither her," says the Chicago Journal. She is good, and goodness grows not old. She is tender, and tenderness knows no date. She is loving, and love is immortally young. Her hair may be white and scanty, her limbs feeble, her eyes dimmed, her once rosy cheek pale and sunken, but so long as the flame of life remains within her breast her husband and her children know that time has not altered her pure affection, which burns as bright as ever and is young eternally.

The Flood of Immigrants.

The official returns of immigration show that out of more than a million aliens who arrived in this country during the last fiscal year 925,915 came by way of New York. Ellis Island continues to be the great immigrant gateway to the United States. Of the New York arrivals 697,000 were males, who naturally predominate in such a movement. Only 28,296 of the immigrants were more than 40 years of age. Italy produced the largest quota, having sent 254,236 immigrants; Russia coming next with 163,316; Hungary contributed 123,847; Austria, 96,625; Great Britain and Ireland, 71,000; Germany, 30,808, and Scandinavia 33,000. Most of the new arrivals located in New York and Pennsylvania. Notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of the southern states, a number of which have official agencies seeking recruits of this kind and have held out special inducements, very few of the newcomers went in that direction. Arkansas received seven, Georgia 63, Mississippi 24, North Carolina and South Carolina each 22 and Texas 856. A considerable number have recently gone to West Virginia, where mining furnishes employment. But other sections of the south, notwithstanding the genial climate and the inviting opportunities offered, are strangely neglected by the new arrivals.

The Black Man.

In an address before the Negro Young People's Christian and Editorial congress in Washington, Secretary of the Navy Bonaparte pursued a suggestive line of thought. He pointed to the fact, established by comprehensive experience, that the black race is the only one which has been able to live with white people. Indians, Australians and Polynesians have died out and disappeared before the advance of the white race, but the negroes have not only remained, but have increased and multiplied. From this condition the secretary drew the conclusion that the black man has a destiny to work out, and must compete with the white men in the effort of gain a livelihood. "There is no room in America for people who can't take care of themselves," said the secretary, and again: "You can't in this country 'rest and be thankful; for if you try to do this you will soon have nothing to be thankful for. The idle and sensual and besieged are never really free, and America now is a country only for freemen." That is sound practical sense, and true patriotism, say the Troy Times. And come to think of it, the advice is as applicable to white as to colored men.

A woman believed to be the oldest in the United States, if not in the world, has just died at LaPorte, Ind. She was Mrs. Ferdinand Boehm, of Philadelphia, the mother of the Redeemer, at North Peabody, Westchester county, died Tuesday. He was 86 years old. Mr. Bolton was the author of several books for children.

COLUMBIA: "DRUNK AGAIN!"



STANDARD OIL COMPANY IS  
INDICTED ON 6,428 COUNTS

TWO SPECIAL GRAND JURIES AT  
CHICAGO RETURN TEN TRUE  
BILLS FOR VIOLATION OF  
ELKINS LAW.

Chicago.—The first skirmish in the crusade of the government against the Standard Oil company to compel the concern to comply with the letter of the antitrust and monopoly laws was ended Monday afternoon when the two special federal grand juries returned ten indictments against the oil company, containing a total number of 6,428 counts.

With respect to the size of the indictment the chief of counsel and the voluminous nature of the documents all records of the federal courts was broken and when the juries were dismissed by Judge Bethea after three weeks of continuous work they had the satisfaction of knowing that they had hung up a mark for future investigators.

The charges named in the indictments are violations of the Elkins antitrust law, which provides that the operation or control of railroads on oil and other products. The fine as fixed by the Elkins law is not less than \$1,000 and not more than \$20,000 on each count. At this rate the maximum fine which might be imposed upon the Standard Oil company would aggregate \$128,560,000.

The railroads named in the indictments but which for the present are not charged with guilt by a federal grand jury are:

Chicago, Burlington & Quincy.  
Chicago & Alton.  
Chicago & Eastern Illinois.  
Evansville & Terre Haute.  
Illinois Central.  
Southern Railway.

Lake Shore & Michigan Southern.  
The ten indictments very only in the name of the railroad involved and in the particular shippers alleged to have caused the illegal rebate.

Liable to Heavy Fines.

Practically the ten form one big indictment, under which the minimum

fine of \$1,000 on each count would be \$428,000. If Standard Oil is found guilty under each count and the fine is placed at the minimum of \$20,000, the total of the fines would reach the astounding figure of \$128,560,000.

Standard Oil promises to contest the indictment in every step, and the first strife will come in District Attorney Morrison appears before Judge Bethea to ask that the company be required to furnish bonds for its appearance to answer the indictments.

John S. Miller, who has been retained as special counsel by Standard Oil, will resent the plea for bond. Mr. Miller said:

On the earlier indictment Judge Bethea fixed the bond of the Standard Oil company at \$100,000, which has not been given as yet. If the same ratio is pursued the total demanded would exceed \$5,000,000.

Laughs at Bond Plea.

"The Standard Oil company does not propose to resort to obstructive tactics and will not unnecessarily delay the hearing of the cases. It is ridiculous, however, to ask the Standard Oil company to give bond for its appearance in court. The company cannot be compelled to have a bond of a corporation being compelled to give bail in a criminal prosecution."

The indictments returned far exceed any advance estimate of what the two grand juries have been doing in their secret sessions, yet it is declared to be apparent that the reports are but the beginnings of the government's battle against Standard Oil.

The indictments referred simply to rebate giving and receiving, and were returned as under the Elkins Interstate commerce law of 1887. The vastly more important phase of the proceedings which are now the uppermost endeavors of the Roosevelt administration, as betokened by the policy which has been adopted by the present Attorney General Moody is to bring Standard Oil to an accounting as violating the Sherman anti-trust law, as a corporation acting in restraint of trade.

CONSIDER RAILROAD TARIFFS

New Rate Law is Discussed by Shippers and Carriers.

Washington.—To discuss certain phases of the railroad rate law which applies to all railroads took effect Monday, there was a conference which lasted the greater part of Tuesday between the commissioners of the interstate commerce commission and representatives of the railroads and shippers of the country.

The railroad representatives uniformly gave assurance of their intention to fully comply with the new law, but presented their views as to the operation of certain provisions, among the points urged being extension of time in which carriers may file their tariffs.

The shippers' representatives urged the protection of their interests, particularly against the railroads shifting classifications so as to put up rates and contending for the discretion of the commission in the export and import charges and for the publication of tariffs in the full acceptance of that term. The commission received decision of the questions brought up.

Author of Children's Books Dies.

New York.—Rev. C. Winter Bolton, rector of the Church of the Redeemer, at North Peabody, Westchester county, died Tuesday. He was 86 years old. Mr. Bolton was the author of several books for children.

Friend of Lincoln Dead.

Atchison, Kan.—E. S. Wells, one of the first civil engineers employed by the Burlington railway, and a friend of Abraham Lincoln, when both lived in Springfield, Ill., died at his home here aged 73 years.

NEW RAILROAD LAW IN EFFECT

Lines Have Been Unable to File Schedules for Switching.

Washington.—The new railroad rate law which applies to all railroads went into effect at midnight Monday. Details of this affair have not yet been received here.

The presence of small parties of insurrectionists are reported daily in the four western provinces, principally in Havana, where they are said to be 100 in number.

Rails Rob City Treasury.

A band of 100 insurrectionists entered Las Lajas, Santa Clara province, and got away with the contents of the local treasury, \$8,000, and all the horses in town.

The province of Havana is still kept nervous by unimportant encounters.

Fighting in Pinar del Rio.

Havana.—Heavy fighting occurred in the province of Pinar del Rio between forces commanded by the rebel general Pino Guerra, and the government troops commanded by Colonel Estramantes.

The government claims that Guerra

was defeated, but the revolutionists

declare that Estramantes is in full

reast, after having been whipped in

a three hours' battle.

Governor is Reinstated.

New York, R. L.—W. Clothier, of Philadelphia, defeated Karl Behr, of New York, in the finals Tuesday of the all-comers' tournament in the national lawn tennis championship. 3 sets to 0, the scores being 6-2, 6-4, 6-2.

Clothier Defeats Behr.

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Chilians Off to Meet Root.

Santiago.—American Minister Hicks,

the foreign minister and the members of the reception committee

started for Lota, by the land route

to receive Secretary Root. The party

will return the same way.

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MANDY'S MANDOLIN.

"My girl's set come from boardin' school. An' what do you suppose she's fetched to while away the time, I wonder? Well, I know. It looks 'bout like a crookneck squash. Except the handle's straight, An' it's got strings, an' them things. An' it's got a bow, too!"

I guess she's named it for herself, she calls it 'Mandyin'. It's somethin' like a fiddle, tho' it ain't so wide an' thin. She's got a bow, too, with no bow. But picks an' picks away. An' keeps a-pickin', seems to me. But don't get down to play.

Now I like music, but I want somethin' a little different. Ain't none teach me for, but this Thing I can't understand. It's 'tinkle, tinkle, twiddle-dee,' or 'tinkle, tinkle, twiddle-dee.' With Mandy's fingers siddin' up an' down each tiny string."

An' Mandy she says "pew" an' "maw," An' picks her mandolin. An' I know she's got somethin' An' sets the neighbors in. Then all them kin hear except when some one's a-set to sing. Is "tinkle, tinkle, twiddle-dee," or "pink, pinky, ping."

Maybe it's all right, I hope it is, But I'll be called a "jay" If they had any such affairs. Well, I know she's got somethin' No, sir, an' I'll be called a chump, Or somethin' wuss ag'in. Ed I'd a-mended ma of she had picked a mandolin! —N. Y. Sun.

THE SPENDERS  
A Tale of the Third Generation

By HARRY LEON WILSON

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CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED.

"You know it's so," the daughter went on, accusingly. "One night last winter when you were away we dined at the Baldridges'. In Eighty-eighth Street, and when we got home the sixty horses couldn't stand, so Col. Baldridge brought us home in the Elevated, about 11 o'clock. Well, at one of the stations a big policeman got on with a little baby, all wrapped up in red flannel. He'd found it in an area, nearly covered with snow, where some one had left it, and he was taking it down to the police headquarters, he said. Well, we made a short wait, and she insisted on holding it all the way down to Thirty-third street. One man said it might be president of the United States, some day; and Col. Baldridge said: 'Yes, it has unknown possibilities—it may even be a president's wife—just like that. But I thought my wife would be demented. It was all fat and so warm and sleepy it could hardly hold its eyes open, and I believe she'd have to give it up if a policeman would have left her. She made him promise to get it a bottle of warm milk the first thing, and borrowed \$20 of the colonel to give to the policeman to get it things with, and then all the way down she talked against the authorities for allowing such things—as if they could help it—and when we got home she cried—'you know you did, ma—and you did know it was too bad to give it up—she was so perfectly daft about babies. Why, whenever she sees a woman going along with one she thinks the poor thing is going to leave it some place; and now she's in with those charity workers and says she won't leave New York at all this summer."

"I don't care," protested the guilty mother, "it would have frozen to death in just a little while, and it's done so much damage. Well, I went to the factory they sent out a basket at the side door, so a body can leave their baby in it and ring the bell and run away; and they get one twice a week sometimes; and this was such a sweet, fat little baby with big blue eyes, and its forehead wrinkled, and it was all puckered up around its little nose—"

"And that isn't the worst of it," the relentless daughter said. "She's also getting letters by the score and asking money to all sorts of people, and a man from the Charities Organization, who had heard about it, came and warned her that they were impostors—only she doesn't care. Do you know, there was a poor old blind woman with a dimpled, wheezy organ down at Broadway and Twenty-third street—the organ would hardly play at all, and just one whine of it would make the woman cry. I, at all, we found out, and I bought her a nice new organ that cost \$75 and had it taken up to her. Well, she found out through this man from the Organization that the woman had pawned the new organ for \$30 and was still playing on the old one. She didn't want a new one because it was too cheerful; it didn't make people sad when they heard it, like her old one did. And yesterday ma bought an Indian—"

"What?" asked her brother, in amazement.

"An Indian—an tobacco sign."

"You don't mean it! One of those lads that stand out in front and peer under their hands to see what pale faces are moving into the house across the street? Say, ma, what you going to do with him? There isn't much room here, you know."

"I didn't buy him for myself," replied Mrs. Bines, with dignity; "I wouldn't want such an object."

"She bought it," explained his sister, "for an Italian woman who keeps a little tobacco shop down in Irvington. Her name is Mrs. Baines. You know, she was so battered that this man told her it wasn't worth painting again, and she'd better get another, and the woman said she didn't know what to do because they cost \$25 and one doesn't last very long. The bad boys whittled him and threw him down, and the people going along the street stopped up and then scratch matches on his face, and when she goes out and says that isn't right they tell her she's too fresh. And so ma gave her \$25 for a new one."

"But she has to support five children, and her husband hasn't been able to work for three years, since he fell through a fire escape where he was sleeping one hot night," pleaded Mrs. Bines, "and I think you know, Ma, that all those poor babies when the weather gets hot, I never thought there were so many babies in the world."

"Well, have your own way," said her son. "If you've started out to look after all the babies in New York you won't have any time left to play the races, I'll promise you that."

"Why, my son, I never—"

"But sis here would probably rather do other things."

"I think," said Psyche, "I'd like Newport—Mrs. Dremler says I should not think of going any place else. Only, of course, I'd have to go alone. She said she could afford to change me, but her husband hasn't had a very good year in Wall street, and she's afraid she won't be able to go herself."

"Maybe," began Mrs. Bines, "If you'd offer—"

"Oh! she'd be offended," exclaimed Psyche.

"I'm not so sure of that," said her brother, "not if you suggest it the right way—put on the green jacket, and the other things help you along, and that she'd oblige you with a kiss out and all that. The more I see of people here the more I think they're quite reasonable in little matters like that. They look at them in the right light. Just lead up to it delicately with Mrs. Dremler and see. Then if she's willing to go with you, your summer will be provided for; except that we should both have to look after Mrs. Juszkiewicz here now, and then I think that she doesn't overplay the game and get sick herself, and make sure that they don't get her vaccination mark away from her. And, maybe you'll have to come off on the yacht once or twice, just to give it tones."

It appeared that Percival had been right in supposing that Mrs. Dremler might be led to regard Psyche's proposal with light enthusiasm. She was reluctantly drawn first, it is true, but it was a fairly deuce of you to ask me, child, but really, I'm afraid it will be quite impossible. Oh!—for reasons which you, of course, with your endless bank account, cannot at all comprehend. You see we old New York families have a secure position here by right of birth; and even when we are forced to practice little economies in dress and household management, we do not want to give up our social position. I mean, I don't know if a policeman would have let her. She made him promise to get it a bottle of warm milk the first thing, and borrowed \$20 of the colonel to give to the policeman to get it things with, and then all the way down she talked against the authorities for allowing such things—as if they could help it—and when we got home she cried—'you know you did, ma—and you did know it was too bad to give it up—she was so perfectly daft about babies. Why, whenever she sees a woman going along with one she thinks the poor thing is going to leave it some place; and now she's in with those charity workers and says she won't leave New York at all this summer."

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"I didn't buy him for myself," replied Mrs. Bines, with dignity; "I wouldn't want such an object."

"Much obliged, old man, but I haven't

touched a drop now in over three weeks. My doctor says I must let it be for at least two months, and I mean to stick by him. Awfully kind of you, though!"

CHAPTER XV.  
THE SIGHT OF A NEW BEAUTY, AND  
SOME ADVICE FROM HIGHEE.

From the shining sea late one afternoon steamed the Vilcea. As her chain was rattling through the hawse hole, Percival, with his sister and Mauburne, came on deck.

"Why, there's the Chicago—Highee's boat," said Mauburne.

"That's the boat," said Mauburne, "that's been putting the white water up in front of her all afternoon trying to overhaul us."

"There's Millie Highee and Old Silas, now."

"And, as I live," exclaimed Psyche, "there's the Baron de Palliac between them!"

"Sure enough," said her brother, "we must call ma up to see him dressed in those sweet, pretty yachting flannels. Oh, there you are!" said Mrs. Bines, looking at them. "Just take this place, and try to look a look at your old friend, the Baron. You notice he has one on—see—they're wearing to us."

"Doesn't the Baron look just too distinguished beside Mr. Highee?" said Psyche, watching them.

"And doesn't Highee look just too Chicago beside the Baron?" replied her brother.

The Highee craft cut her way gracefully up the anchorage to the Vilcea, and launches from both yachts now prepared to land their people. At the landing Percival telephoned for a carriage. While they were waiting the Highee party came ashore.

"Hello!" said Highee, "If I'd known that was you we was chasin' I'd have put on steam and left you out of sight."

"It's much better you didn't come up; these boiler explosions are so noisy."

"Know the Baron here?"

"Of course you know the Baron. Ah, Baron!"

"Ah, ha! very charmed Mr. Bines and Miss Bines; it is of a long time that we are not encountered."

He was radiant; they had never before seen him like this. Mrs. Highee herself near him with an air of proud ownership. Pretty Millie Highee posed gracefully at his side.

"This is a carriage," asked Highee; "I'll telephone for one myself. Going to the Mayors? So we are. We're going again to stay. We're off for Bar Harbor early to-morrow."

"Looks as if there were something doing there," said Percival, as they drove off the wharf.

"Of course, stupid!" said his sister; "that's plain; it isn't doing, it's already done. Isn't it funny, ma?"

"For a French person," observed Mrs. Bines, guardedly, "I always liked the Baron."

"Of course," said her son, to Mauburne, mystified, "and the noblest men on this earth have to wear 'em."

The surprise regarding the Baron de Palliac and Millie Highee proved to be correct. Percival came upon Highee.

will be a bully ad; and it kept the women quiet," he concluded, apologetically.

"The Baron's a good fellow," said Percival.

"Sure," replied Highee, "They're all good fellows. Hank had the marin's of a good fellow in him. And say, young man, that reminds me; I hear all kinds of reports about your getting to be one yourself. Now I know your father, Daniel J. Bines, and I liked him, and I like you; and I hope you won't get huffy, but from what they tell me you ain't doing yourself a bit of good."

"I don't believe all you hear," laughed Percival.

"Well, I'll tell you one thing plain, if you was my son, you'd fade right back to the packing house along with Henry-boy. It's a pity you ain't got some one to shut down on you for that way. Tell me you got your father's capacity for carrying liquor, and hear you're known from one end of Broadway to the other as the easiest mark that you ever came to town. They mark that you can't walk in shape before you was to get his affairs in shape before his death. The signature on the deed indicates where nerves and poor vision are, and the land is all right, too."

"I'm not much good in that way," said Psyche, watching them. "I'd like to get to the Standard Oil for a few hundred thousand. The reports of our losses were exaggerated. And we stood to win over—"

"You—You stood to win, and then you went 'way back and set down,' as the saying is. But it ain't the money. You've got too much of that, though. Lord knows, it's this everlasting hulabaloo and the drink that goes with it, and the general trifling sort of a dub it makes out of a young fellow. It's a pity you ain't my son; that's all I got to say. I want to see you again along September, and I get you to San Francisco. I'm going to try to get you interested in some business. That'd be good for you."

"You're kind, Mr. Highee, and I appreciate all you say; but you'll see me settle down pretty soon, quick as I get my bearings, and be a credit to the state of Montana."

After they had gone away Percival was reviving the paternal warnings of Highee. He considered them seriously. He decided he ought to think more about the place, and then he thought he should do something more, he could think better with something mechanical to occupy his hands. He took a cab and was driven to the local branch of his favorite temple of chance. His host welcomed him at the door.

"Ah, Mr. Bines, a little recreation, eh? Your favorite dealer, Dutton, is here to night, if you prefer bank."

Passing through the crowded, brightly-lighted rooms to one of the faro tables, where his host promptly secured a seat for him, he played alternately under the watchful eyes of the host and his reasons for believing he had done wisely to follow his New York clients to their summer annex.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PHOTOGRAPHING GHOSTS.

Story of a Remarkable Spook That Was Found by an Eminent Psychiatrist.

All interested in psychical research know of the mysterious "Katie King," who is stated by such a scientific authority as Sir William Crookes to have materialized several times in the presence of himself and of other persons, and whom he photographed. Prof. Charles Richet, a Frenchman, who has long studied such questions, has just made the acquaintance of a new materialized spook, who gives him name as "Blieen Boa." Of course, Prof. Richet took every possible precaution against imposture. It is true that some years ago he was repeatedly taken in by a spurious medium, whom he himself eventually showed up. In the present case the medium is a Miss. Martha B—, who is betrothed to the son of Prof. James N. D. Noell, in whose villa at Alziers the ghost in question was made flesh temporarily on several occasions last September. The seances took place in a room sufficiently lit for persons to see each other well and to read the time by their watches easily. Doors and windows were duly barred and sealed, all usual precautions against fraud being observed.

Miss. Martha was put into a trance in a corner of the room behind drawn curtains, and the spook, who had been hidden behind the curtains, was that of a dark-complexioned man clad entirely in white, wearing a turban, and round the forehead a band of some bright metal, portions of it being gold. The ghost walked among the spectators. Five hundred persons turned upon the volunteers, who used their guns as clubs to drive back the crowd. Finally they took refuge in a barn, which the local police barricaded. The Chicago men surrendered and were locked up. Their trials were set for October 8.

G. A. R. Men Ask Convict's Release.

Dixon.—The Rev. W. A. Wissman, of Rockford, brother-in-law of George W. Feits, the convict ex-Senator W. A. Mason endeavored to have released from the penitentiary at Joliet. His attorney, Mr. George J. Patsos, filed a petition asking Gov. Denison and the Board of pardons to release Feits. The petition has been signed by every member of the G. A. R. in the county. Feits at one time rescued a number of people from drowning here.

Teachers Adjoin in Sparta.

The Randolph County Teachers' Institute, under the direction of County Superintendent Maurice A. Mudd, closed its week's session in this city. One hundred and fifty teachers were in attendance. The instructors were: Prof. S. B. Hood and Prof. W. H. Burgett, of Sparta; Prof. Joseph Carter, of Champaign; and Prof. W. R. Davis, of Carbondale.

Lov for Wife Leads to Jail.

Joliet.—By a desire to see his crippled wife and their five-year-old son, Robert E. Ward, under indictment for forging notes for \$20,000, returned to Joliet. He reached home without being observed, but when he tried to leave Joliet he was discovered and arrested. Ward was indicted last March, when he fled from Joliet. Prof. E. H. R. Ward himself photographed the phantom by flashlight, and the pictures of the gathering, with the apparition among them, can be seen.

Illinois State News

Recent Happenings of Interest in the Various Cities and Towns.

Engleman's American Investment.

Bloomington.—A remarkable deed has been filed in the Logan county recorder's office. "Lord" William Scully transferring to E. Angela Scully, his wife, all his lands in that country to the extent of 30,000 acres, and a sum of \$1,000,000. The deed read that the transfer was made for one dollar and other good and valuable considerations.

"Lord" Scully made the acknowledgment July 9, 1906. In the deed it is written that he is about 90 years old, he, doubtless, decided that it was time to get his affairs in shape before his death.

The signature on the deed indicates where nerves and poor vision are, and the land is all right, too.

The Standard Oil cuttings, even though state and federal courts are believing the body itself, seem to be stealthily encroaching the independent oil producers in the new Illinois field, and fastening their blood-sucking cups down on the independent properties.

The Standard Oil men have a 15-cent cut in the price paid for their oil, and are monetarily expecting a fourth five-cent cut, and then more after that, say the "genial Johns," who "admits" that he has not had anything to do with Standard Oil for 11 or 12 years, has his coveting eye at the Standard is thus cutting the financial breath out of independent producers.

The Standard Oil men are not the only ones to do this. The Standard is thus cutting the financial breath out of independent producers, and is monetarily expecting a fourth five-cent cut, and then more after that, say the "genial Johns," who "admits" that he has not had anything to do with Standard Oil for 11 or 12 years, has his coveting eye at the Standard is thus cutting the financial breath out of independent producers.

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In Illinois Oil Field.

Robinson.—The tentacles of the Standard Oil cuttings, even though state and federal courts are believing the body itself, seem to be stealthily encroaching the independent oil producers in the new Illinois field, and fastening their blood-sucking cups down on the independent properties.

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## THE REVIEW

Entered as Second-Class Matter.

M. T. LAMM, Editor and Publisher.

Friday, August 31, 1896

### Well Worth Trying.

W. H. Brown, the popular pension attorney, of Pittsfield, Vt., says: "Next to a pension, the best thing to get is Dr. King's New Life Pills. He writes they are good for fainting, colds, health, etc. Quick cures for headache, constipation, and biliousness. 25c. Guaranteed at Barrington Pharmacy."

The Chicago American sent out an extra edition this afternoon, the head of the front page in 6-inch letters describing the attempted robbery of E. P. Rasch, who was said to be a business man of Barrington. No such party by that name is known here, and either the American "faked" a story or was "faked."

### To Cure a Felon.

says Sam Kendall, of Philadelphia, Kan., just over it with Buckle, Arnica Salve and the salve will do the rest." Quickest cure for burns, boils, sores, scalds, wounds, piles, eczema, salves, etc., chapped hands, sore feet and sore eyes. Only 25c at Barrington Pharmacy.

## WAUCONDA MENTION

W. J. Spencer, of McHenry, was on our streets Monday.

J. Barnes called on friends here.

E. L. Harrison and wife spent the first of the week in Chicago.

H. Holzhofer, of Chicago, spent Sunday with his family here.

Mrs. J. Allbright, of Michigan City, visited relatives in our vicinity the first of the week.

Miss Emma Welch has returned home after a visit with Chicago friends.

Walter Cannon, of Barrington, was guest of Lee Brown this week.

Mrs. F. S. Courtney, of Carlisle, Ark., is visiting at the home of her mother, Mrs. D. Murray, at present writing.

Any fish commissioners desiring an extra sime, could possibly find one or two without much trouble—in this vicinity.

Rev. S. F. Wouffe is attending the Annual Retreat of Priests of the Chicago Archdiocese at Notre Dame University this week.

Finding it necessary to regain a portion of their jarred confidence, our Deacons, to Lake Zurich last Sunday, and defeated the Grand Lodge team 12 to 7 in an interesting and exciting contest.

In one of the prettiest weddings ever seen in this vicinity, Miss Lillian May Golding, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Golding, and one of the most popular young ladies of this place, was married in a marriage to Mr. Geo. Block, a prominent young man of Raviniawood, last Thursday evening, Aug. 23, at 6 o'clock. Rev. F. M. Lapham of Barrington officiated. The bride's words, "I do," were as sweet as any intimate friend, Mr. Roy O. Samson, of Waukegan, who was best man. Little Miss Beatrice Kimball carried the ring.

The bride's dress was of beautiful white thin material decorated with shadow embroidery, and she carried a bouquet of lillies of the valley. Miss Nina J. Pratt, a cousin of the bride, and also of our village, acted as bridesmaid. She wore a gown of pink batiste, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. The groom was accompanied by an intimate friend, Mr. Roy O. Samson, of Waukegan, who was best man. Little Miss Beatrice Kimball carried the ring.

The wedding march was very ably rendered on the piano by Mrs. A. Jacobus, another cousin of the bride, while the bridal party proceeded to a corner of the parlor very neatly and tastefully decorated with ferns and roses, with a bell of the same variety suspended from the ceiling, and under which the pair stood during the ceremony.

The banquet was spread in the dining hall of the Oakdale hotel, and the three tables, accommodating sixty-two guests, were decorated with bouquets of ferns and carnations. The bridal cake stood upon a decorated center piece of ferns and roses in front of the bridal couple, and ribbons were strung across the tables.

The bride is well known in this vicinity as a young lady of sterling qualities, besides being an accomplished pianist, she having been awarded a gold medal in class competition at Nunda.

The groom is a young man of uprightness and straightforward character, and has gathered a host of friends in his village.

The happy couple left on the day following for Long Lake, Mich., where they will spend their honeymoon. They will be at home to their many friends in the village, Chicago, on Thursdays, after Oct. 1.

We join in extending congratulations and wishing the young couple a long, happy and prosperous journey through life.

Those present from a distance were: Mr. and Mrs. Rose Burton, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Charles Clarke, Chardon, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. Frank and Winnie Evans, Spearfish, S. D.; Mr. and Mrs. A. Jacobus, Clarke Washington, Beatrice Smith, Chicago.

### 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.

**The Neglected Art of Oratory.** A book that makes its appeal to "lovers of noble eloquence as well as to those who aspire to oratorial eloquence" will shortly be brought out by an American firm. The author, John O'Connor Power, writes from personal observation and experience in the British house of commons and on the public platform. What he has to say is intended for beginners who are willing to take pointers from speakers who have been through the mill.

Mr. Power begins by laying stress upon the importance of voice culture and, after discussing various methods, says that the simplest and easiest method is reading aloud, noting to acquire eloquence, but to secure distinct articulation. Many British speakers who have come to this country with the intent to say something have thoughts home unspoken, because the American public would not stand for mimicry and half-shallowness. Speakers in this country have avoided that fault in the main through indulging in the fault of simply talking when the occasion calls for something higher.

When talk is made to do duty as a speech in time that call for eloquence it is often because the speaker shrinks from just this course of careful exercise which Mr. Power recommends for beginners. Training for the platform is hard work, and not every one is gifted with the primary qualifications. But it is always possible by due attention to speak impressively and send the message home. This busy age demands talks from the platform, and yet the true orator with an up-to-date theme and ideas seldom fails of an audience and a hearty welcome. Even on the stage long speeches are applauded alive with modern thought and well delivered.

**Activity in the Wool Trade.** Reports from Nottingham, England, by Consul F. W. Mehl, show that the year's prospects in the wool trade are exceedingly good the world over. The question of markets is being considered by interested parties, and the conclusion is reached that not for over thirty years have prices and conditions been so good as they are today. The conditions in April were all toward making higher prices, and another upturn is expected to be made in May. This says the annual surprise, even well informed persons, in view of the conditions and unprecedented rise in wool prices during the past four years. It is noted, besides, that there is a complete absence of speculation, advancing prices being purely the result of a bona fide demand. It is remarked that the satisfactory quantities of wool absorbed by America are helping to sustain values.

The high prices made for wool still on sheep's backs, with other indications, point to an indefinite continuation of current values, if not yet higher. The calculations of experts are not based solely on local conditions, but on the unprecedented consumption apparent everywhere, for they say in every manufacturing country the world over wool users are unusually busy, with no present prospect of any slackening of machinery. The only possible check to high prices now apparent, according to expert opinion, is in augmented supply. Australia, for instance, is expected next year to make a record wool clip, current conditions there being highly favorable to such a result.

**A Crowned Democrat.** The crowning of King Haakon restored the historic Norse kingdom after a lapse of centuries, during which it has been kept subsidiary to Denmark or Sweden. Its peaceful restoration to the family of nations is the most remarkable event of the twentieth century.

Notwithstanding his solemn reverence for the crown which he accepted as a religious duty, King Haakon is a good enough democrat for any country today. "When I go walking," he said, "it is simply in the midst of my people." If he keeps that pace he will walk down history's pages as king of the Norwegians rather than king of Norway.

The society ladies of Chicago are said to be after Upton Sinclair. Some of them recently accepted the packers' invitation to come and see their inspection they intimate rather strongly that the author of "The Jungle" was not too violently enamored of the truth when he plied his pen on the story of Jurgis.

Tender scoundlers are informed that composers on the great dailies do not have to set up the excruciating headlines "Crashed to Death in Auto Crash" for every issue. It is cast solid and kept standing in the form ready for details of the freshest horror.

"Any man who has served a term as mayor of Chicago is entitled to eternal bliss in the realms beyond," says May or Dunne. But it will be a case of eternal bluster if he goes where Chicago people tell him to go.

How few of us, after all, really blush when we hear from the pulpit the thundering dictum, "There is a degree to grow rich!"

**A Chance For American Railroads.** If some folks have their way about it and congress shakes the dust—or mud—of Washington from its feet to more central and possibly more salubrious clime, more things than will be set down on the official programme may happen. Some fine structures that have cost enormous and are haloed with sacred national memories will be doomed to fall into ruin. The Europeans say that there will be no romance in this country until we have ruins to inspire it. We have a few ruins scattered over the country, and there would be more but for the activity of our people, who patch and brash up and restore until every old feature loses its individuality as a landmark. The modernized White House is an example.

It is of course possible that this nation will always be too prosperous, proud and self respecting to permit any pile of national importance to fall into decay. But the salvation of Washington from decay, once it ceases to be the home of political activity, would seem to be impossible. Should all the government buildings be turned over to an army of caretakers it would still be impossible to prevent their becoming eventually the prey of the weather and the abodes of bats and owls. It takes the throb of human energy to keep life in things of stone and iron. The capital is too vast ever to find a occupant except as the seat of a vast national congress. The same argument may be applied to other buildings, which, if they are not unique architecturally nor haloed by the associations which cluster about the home of congress, are suitable for the purpose which they were designed and for little else.

National roads in Washington would be historic, but the double sense because of their past use and loss of their usefulness. First and half and independence hall mean something to us, they are for it was the stirring events around Boston and Philadelphia which led to the scenes which followed that. And it will be impossible in the future to turn the thoughts of the people away from the city on the Potomac as the cradle of much that is classic in American history. They would travel across the continent to see the capital where Webster and Clay debated if it were used as a mammoth canning factory and to do reverence to the White House even were it an adjunct to some Dreamland or Luna Park show. Somehow Washington stands for more than the mere seat of the national machinery. It was burned by the British, threatened and raided to its gates by Lee's Confederates. It gave shelter to the Father of His Country, who founded it, and to Lincoln, who consecrated it with his blood. Were congress and the executive departments removed to the center of the North American continent the people of the United States who daily visit the city only a fraction have to do directly with government business.

Washington's persistence in being a capital city worthy its fate and not merely the dooryard of the government shop will have much to do with delaying the removal and the inevitable ruin that must follow. It is even doing things better than the government itself, although, as a rule, the government enterprises show results for the money expended. With a nearly perfect capital to pit against a perfect location, the city on the Potomac seems to have the inside in the race where the architects and building commissioners were wrangling over a site for a new army and navy building in Andrew Jackson's time the impetuous soldier happened to be passing over the ground where the structure was finally erected. One of the commissioners reported the differences in the counsels, and Jackson jibed his cane into the earth vehemently, saying, "If it build it here, right?" There it was built, and still it stands, not ideal, but very suitable as things are. It is the capital with Washington as the capital site. Destiny has dictated and history has consecrated. Destiny will have another throw of the dice, but however it turns out historic Washington will remain.

It is a fair inference that the \$30,000-odd Kentuckians who didn't "drop in" on the old folks home coming week originally left their native diggings for their country's good. But it's a fair as well as safer bet that the road happened to be in bad shape about that time.

**Very Low Rates to Boise City, Idaho.** Via the North-Western Line, passenger tickets will be sold August 30, 31, and September 1, with favorable return limits, on account of National Irrigation Congress. Apply to agents Chicago and North-Western Railroad.

**Do you want Hay?** If you do now, it is your chance. I have for sale sixty tons of choice timothy hay which was cut in season and put up without rain.

A. W. LANDNER,  
Barrington, Ill.

**For Sale.** Corn and oats, 50 cents a bushel; oats, 35 cents a bushel and best quality. JOHN BALMER,  
C. H. III.  
R.F.D. Barrington Route No. 1.

**What Shall We Wear?** This reform in clothes which the national fathers are trying to set looming is sure to draw out goods of satire from those who think that any old style is good enough but nevertheless the most of us are deeply interested in our get-up. We want to be comfortable in our duds every day and Sunday, too, and at the same time pass as same among our fellow men. Genius is allowed latitude in dress, and judging from the things we see on the public streets and highways of late the geniuses have their lassings. Bryson's neckties got him set down as eccentric and Dickens was even called underhand on account of his gaudy waistcoats and faring cravats. Most every city has its Beau Brummel, who gets notoriety by affecting outlandish frills in dress.

Some dress reformers cry out for more variety in styles and more color in the ensemble. A glance into the shop windows where hats, gloves and neckwear are displayed makes one marvel if there is not a color or combination of colors not already in use.

Old styles run from the slimpy derby to the simple sombrero, and House Greeleys are to be met with every day, barring the round, red face and spectacles. In fact, it would be impossible to pass as eccentric now with some of the articles of dress which marked men as peculiar a generation ago. Everything goes with some of the people. There are short coats and long coats, robe-like affairs and close fitting armor that suggests breastplates and corsets. There are plaid and stripes and "pepper and salt" and solid colors, and the rage to put on "latest thing" in this or that regardless of the other articles it is to be worn with leads to exhibitions which are really startling from an artistic or philosophical point of view. If we could have some sort of a Hague court to decide on what is becoming for the different figures and types of manhood rather than what is "good form" according to fashion's tyrants, doubtless some of the horrifying contrasts we see on parade would be cut out.

**Mexico's Isthmian Line.** On paper at least the so called Tehuantepec line, which has been the hobby of President Diaz, promises to be a future rival of the Panama canal as a transportation route, and it is now about ready for business. Although leased to an English operating company for nearly fifty years from date, the Tehuantepec railway is a Mexican enterprise and at the termination of the lease will revert to the government. English capital helped to finance the present line, which superseded an old government railway completed some years ago.

One hope for the success of the Tehuantepec railway is that it will get business between Atlantic ports and Panama city while the Panama railway is congested with extraordinary traffic made by the canal enterprise. It is claimed that the new line will shorten the time between New York and the chief port of the Pacific for oceanic traffic by three or four days. The new road is rock ballasted and equipped with steel bridges, and the docking facilities on both sides of the Isthmus are arranged for the speedy loading and unloading of vessels.

Cuba ranks second in importance in the trade relations of the United States with other American countries. The total trade of the United States with the principal countries of America in the fiscal year 1905 was: With Canada, \$203,000,000; with Cuba, \$125,000,000; with Brazil, \$111,000,000; with Mexico, \$92,000,000, and with Argentina, \$30,000,000. In both imports and exports the figures of the year 1906 are larger than those of any earlier year in our trade with Cuba.

The French chamber of deputies recently passed a measure providing old age pensions for workmen of sixty-five and over. The Laborite party of England proposes a similar law for British workmen. Nearly every country in Europe has recognized the right of old age pensions for workmen.

Mr. Joseph Medill Patterson, Socialist and millionaire, is declaiming against the wealth of the Armours to listening and applauding crowds, while holding on most tightly to his own. Well, Joseph will need his. These high fliers after the abstract all do when they bump up against the real thing.

**That case of "conscience"** in the reformed tramp who offers to give up first class fare for the railroad ride he stole in his degenerate days will not go down as a precedent for legislators to pay for all their used up passes.

A clerk in a New York life insurance company has been arrested on the charge of stealing \$104. In amounts of that petty size there seems to be no doubt of criminal intent.

**As the British army is to have a court martial for hanging, our Anglo-Canadians will have a chance to find out just "the proper thing" to be done with harsers over here.**

# The Lake County Fair.

## Libertyville, Sept. 4-5-6-7.

Racing Events with \$3350.00 in Purse. - \$150.00 Purse for Ball Games.

## BALLOON ASCENSION

With Parachute Drop Wednesday, Thursday and Friday Afternoons.

The association has purchased three and a-half acres additional ground and is erecting new buildings and providing accommodations such as heretofore been impossible.

The Best Half-Mile Track in Illinois, and this year will be Witnessed the Best Racing Events Ever Started at the Track

Special arrangements with the Electric and Steam Roads have been made for adequate transportation facilities. There will be Special Rates during Fair Week.



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

## SHAME ON YOU

If you let your women folk sizzle over a coal range or wood stove these hot summer days.

## We will connect free

Your gas range or water heater if you will put in your application for service and meter.

## NOW....IT'S UP TO YOU

## Northwestern Gas Light & Coke Co.

EVANSTON, ILL.

## McAVOY'S MALT MARROW

### FOR SALE BY THE BOTTLE OR DOZEN

BY

## GEO. FOREMAN

BARRINGTON, ILL.

## THEIR FIRST RIDE

By T. S. Boyd

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Gilder glanced anxiously at his watch. He had only seven minutes in which to catch his train. The night was dark, and he could scarcely walk five blocks in a driving rain, wait for a car and make connections.

Just then a carriage drove up to the curb and an elderly man of about his build alighted. The chairs were all occupied; it would be fully fifteen minutes before the newcomer could get a shave. In that time he could get to the station and the carriage would have time to return.

It was worth the chance. He dashed across the sidewalk, caught an umbrella to the driver and jumped in. As the door slammed the horses started up and they were off at a brisk pace before Gilder realized that there was a second occupant in the carriage.

"It did not take you very long," laughed a musical voice.

Gilder sank into the seat with a groan. "I didn't realize it," he said apologetically, "but I'm a robber. I don't care if I am a regular robber, but one through force of circumstances, I have to catch the 6:45 train, and the only way I could do it was to borrow a carriage without permission."

"My uncle did not give you permission to borrow a carriage," denied the voice. Gilder knew that a girl with a voice like that must necessarily be pretty.

"I didn't ask him," he said calmly. "You see, it would have wasted precious time. I figured that I could get to the station and the carriage could get back before he was shaved. A dollar would have fixed the driver. I suppose now that you will have me arrested."

"For trespass, perhaps," she laughed. "On your own confession you did not mean to steal the carriage."

"How was I to know that a man who went to get shaved would leave a



"THE MAN'S DRIVING DOWNTOWN," HE WAILED.

woman waiting in the carriage for him?

"When one gets as old as uncle one is apt to feel himself privileged," she laughed.

"He doesn't appreciate his privileges," she said boldly. "Now, if I had a pretty niece!"

"Flattery will not amend your offense," she warned. "How do you know what I look like?"

"You're not invited," he explained. "It's a sort of invitation."

"I thought that was a feminine gift," she laughed.

"Not entirely," he insisted. The carriage rattled past an electric light, and he peered into her corner. "You know I am right," he added triumphantly.

"What can I say?" she laughed helplessly. "You are a most embarrassing person."

"I can't say anything," he panted. "If you did you would probably tell me to get out."

"In all this rain?" she questioned, with a little shudder. "I shall let you go on to the station in common charity."

"The gods are good," he murmured. "I am only sorry it is such a short ride to the station. I'll be there in a minute."

He glanced out of the window and gave a cry.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"The man's driving downtown," he wailed. "I can never make the train now."

"Did you just tell him to drive to the station?" she asked.

"Of course," he said. "There is only one station."

"I expect the Northern," she reminded. "Uncle was taking me there. I live in Union terrace. John supposed that you meant the Northern."

"It served me right," he admitted, glancing at his watch. "I suppose the only thing to do is to drive back to the barber shop and ask his forgiveness."

"He might be getting worse," she suggested.

He lifted the speaking tube and blew through it. When he had given the order for the change of direction he turned to the girl again.

"It's going to be mighty awkward

explaining," he said. "Is your uncle inclined to be?"

"Very," she said impressively. "I don't know when he will come you or all the police."

"Pleasant prospect," he commented.

"You can get out before we get there if you wish," she suggested.

"I usually face the music," he said apologetically, "but uncle can play a very lively tune."

"The 6:45 of 'Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight' thing," he suggested with a chuckle.

"Very likely," she assented. "But you will not be long in doubt. Here's the shop."

Gilder threw open the door and darted across the sidewalk. The men in the shop crowded curiously to the door.

"The old gentleman has gone to the police station," they explained. "He thinks it was an eloquent." Gilder went back to the carriage.

"Your uncle thinks we have eloped," he said. "Shall we follow him to the police station?"

"I think you had better take me to the Northern," she said coldly. "Perhaps that will be the quickest way of getting you to the station."

Gilder gave the order to the coachman and stepped inside. "I am sorry to have to inflict my company on you longer," he said penitently. "It might be as well if I went along. I will take you to the station and then be driven to the house and explain to him in person."

He sat silent as they sped along to the little suburban station, his timorousness of which had caused a part of the situation. The Northern was only a fifty mile line, cutting some of the manufacturing towns, and it had entirely escaped his memory.

It seemed a longer drive than it really was, for the Northern was a model and he enjoyed his responsibility in the awkward position in which he had placed her. Just as they were driving up to the station the horses were pulled up quickly and a blue coated form shortly appeared at the door.

"I didn't think you would be so foolish as to try to get away," was his rejoinder. A policeman stepped into the carriage. "The captain wants to see you at the house."

"Won't it be sufficient if you take me?" demanded Gilder. "This lady is anxious to reach her home."

"They're anxious to have her there," was the terse comment, "but orders is orders, and I was to bring you both in if I found you."

"I don't suppose that \$25 would bring about a forthrightness of orders?" suggested Gilder.

"It's bad enough about a broken head," was the wrathful answer.

Gilder remembered that there was a police investigation then on and realized that the policeman feared a trap, so he kept silent until they drew up before the street lights. The policeman promptly led them up to the desk sergeant, who ushered them into the captain's room.

"Your uncle said he would come right down when we phoned," he explained.

"I don't like to lock you up," Gilder had recovered his self-possession and by the time the wrathful uncle arrived he had made up his mind that his apology had been accepted in full. Then the door flew open with a bang and a choleric old gentleman entered flourishing a cane. Even in his excitement Gilder wondered how the coachman had mistaken him for his master, but the next development drove all such thoughts from his head, for the new arrival passed in with belligerent demonstrations.

"Are you Jimmy Gilder's son?" he demanded.

"So I've been given to understand," he answered wonderingly.

The cane flew across the room, and the old man came toward him with outstretched hands.

"You're the living image of your father," he said, "and I have known you anywhere."

"I wish you had recognized me in front of the barber shop," he laughed, then added brazenly: "No, I don't. Then you would just have helped me to catch my train. I'm glad I stayed."

It was easy work explaining. John Davis now seated the whole John and his son and himself upon carrying Gilder back to his home.

"I'm sorry the eloquence wasn't in earnest," he said late that evening as they smoked in the library.

"I do the best I can," was the earnest assurance, and when Gilder finally caught the 6:48 Mabel saw him off, and on her finger glinted a ring that had not been there when they took their first ride together.

Had a Welsh Cough.

There was a crowd watching the fire when one of the bystanders gave a smothered, guttural cough. Immediately the man beside him grabbed his arm.

"You're Welsh," he said sharply.

The man with the cough looked pained. Then his neighbor poured out a volley of Welsh words that ended in English with: "What part of the country did you come from?"

The man with the cough shook his head, and his neighbor became indignant. "It's nothing to be ashamed of, to be a Welshman," he said, "so why not admit it?"

"It's not Welsh," said the man with the cough. "I wouldn't know a word of the language if I heard it."

His neighbor was still indignant. "You just said a Welsh word, mind."

"I didn't. I only coughed," came in protest, and the man coughed again.

"This is it! That's it!" said the Welshman, exasperatedly. "That's the word I heard."

But the coughing individual lost himself in the crowd, muttering something about "tools being allowed to run loose." —New York Press.

## THE SMOKE of DECISION

By Frank B. Wells

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"Move on there!"

Bondell pulled heavily at his cigar in studied abstraction of the limb of the law. The policeman advanced a step nearer, bellowing hoarsely:

"I tell you to get a move on you! You've been obstructing travel on this road for a quarter of an hour."

"See here!" the bundle of obstinacy waved the emblem of authority into silence. "I'm going to stand here till we finish this cigar. You might as well rest on that."

The policeman made a move for the man's collar. "I'll give you an ultimatum," he said, "and if you don't take it, I'll break your legs."

Bondell smiled grimly and stepped out of range of the policeman's muscular arm. Suddenly he became conscientious.

"A young girl asked my permission to marry my daughter just a few minutes ago, and I've set her around the town as a sort of an errand."

"Well?"

"Well, if he gets back before I finish this cigar he can have the girl. If

"Hold on, sir!" demanded the officer.

"What's up?"

he fails to show up in time he doesn't get her. That's the long and short of it."

The policeman surveyed Bondell with mute astonishment. "It occurs to me," he said, "that you have a rather ticklish grasp of human destiny. What kind of errand did you send this young fellow on?"

"Not much of anything. Just told him to go down and ask the Stullmans for quotations. They're gone today and the office is closed. It hadn't ought to take him long to find that out."

"Now, see here, you're excusing a blue coat, but I can't tell if that's good or not. Your good is my good will hunt all over the Empire State before he will come back to you without the information you wanted. You will have time to grow baldheaded smoking cigars before you set your optics on him again. That's my opinion."

"You might as well go about your business," said Bondell.

"Oh," said the officer. "I supposed by your actions that he was some stranger you had picked up on the street. You are more intelligent than I thought he is. Did you ever see him before?"

"Of course I have. He is one of my clerks. I'm a banker."

"I'm sorry," replied the officer. "You can't tell if you want to see him you'll have to make the circuit of them all."

Late that night Bondell returned to his home after a fruitless search for the unfortunate lover. As he was mounting the steps a cab halted at the curb.

"Papa," came a wee voice. "Henry and I have been married tonight, and you'll forgive your own little girl, won't you?"

The broker staggered down the steps with arms outstretched. "God bless you both!" he exclaimed fervently.

"Hold on, sir!" blustered the broker. "I'm going to catch you in the act."

The officer wandered down to the next block rambling. At the turn of the corner he met a young man dashing breathlessly along the walk. He promptly laid a heavy hand on the youth's shoulder.

"Hold on, sir!" demanded the officer.

"Nothing—nothing. Don't detain me. I'm going in an awful hurry," struggled the youth.

"How do you know you are?" asked the policeman mildly.

"How do I know I'm bluffed?"

"There—none of that!" "I'll be off as fast as you might, seems to me."

The officer wandered down to the next block rambling. At the turn of the corner he met a young man dashing breathlessly along the walk. He promptly laid a heavy hand on the youth's shoulder.

"Hold on, sir!" demanded the officer.

"Nothing—nothing. Don't detain me. I'm going in an awful hurry," struggled the youth.

"How do you know you are?" asked the policeman mildly.

"Because—because why, there's a man waiting for me up at the next corner. I have an important dispatch. This is an old crick, and I've kept him waiting half an hour already. He'll be here in a minute."

"I don't believe a word of this stuff," solemnly declared the policeman.

"I have!" The youth glared at the officer with a wild animal.

"Then let me see 'em," the policeman demanded.

"—that is, the message is verbal," explained the other.

"I told you you hadn't got any dice, but you have. You have got the dice you were ordered to see."

The young man began to turn pale. "How in thunder did you find out all about my affairs?" he gasped.

"I just know. That's enough," assured the officer grimly. "And I know another thing—you don't want to see that old chap up there on the corner."

"He got back by the time he had finished a cigar. Now, course, you don't want to see him."

The youth stood wrapped in bewilderment. "Heavens!" he exclaimed at length. "What am I going to do?"

"Well, I'll tell you if you want me to," replied the policeman.

"Then tell me."

"Do you really want to marry this girl?"

"Yes."

"Does she want to marry you?"

"I—she—said she did."

"All right. Do you know where she is?"

"I do."

"How long would it take you to have the man's collar?"

"The man's collar?"

"How long would it take you to have the man's collar?"

"Two hours would be sufficient."

"Then get about it quick. I'll tell the man."

The policeman turned and sauntered back to where Bondell was still standing.

"Have you seen your man yet?"

"No!" the broker thundered. "He won't get the girl, you can bank on that."

"How was he dressed?" asked the officer.

"Light brown suit, blue tie, black derby hat."

"He was great. Heavens!"

in the policeman.

"

# The Britishers' Sentiment Towards Americans

By RIGHT HON. GEORGE WYNDHAM.



HE sentiment of the British toward Americans is something much warmer and closer than friendship. If we do not call it love it is because we are chary of using that word even in the domestic circle. We feel that protestations of love are out of place between grown-up men who are related by blood, proud of that relation, and fond of those to whom they are bound by it.

In such cases we prefer to prove the worth of our sentiment by action if and wherever occasion calls for action. Meanwhile we are too chary of talking about it. But it is there all the time.

In the second place, there is not a good deal of gush about it. On the contrary, we err on the side of silence. We take things too much for granted and assume that our attitude is understood. We are not too idle, but too shy to express it in words. And we are shy just because the feeling is so intimate.

## Oriental Woman as Ideal Wife

By EDMUND RUSSELL.

The oriental woman is the most restful in the world.

One cannot know the oriental woman by effort—there are no opportunities save by living in the orient and asking no questions.

Then the realization

of all she is gradually quickens and dawns and possesses until she seems to be the most perfect complement of the life of man—that is, of the tired man.

Sir Edwin Arnold, Lafcadio Hearn and Pierre Loti were all tired men.

And there are many others who never raise their heads from the nirvana under the swing punkah to tell their lotus dreams.

The culture of these men was broad. Their experience wide. Their natures lofty. Their choice unlimited.

When Sir Edwin Arnold's relations remonstrated with him, he always simply replied: "She rests me."

The missionaries would try to insinuate some life of harem-like sexuality.

This is not true.

The meddling societies fall back on the old Balzacian notion that all a literary man wants for a wife is an illiterate woman who is a good cook and knows just enough to find his slippers—a sort of Marguerite married-and-settled who plays the dea-ex-machina that he may be left alone to commune-with Helen of Troy in his poems.

But this also does not fit, for the oriental woman is in no way illiterate; nay, even if she knows not to read or write, she holds the "higher education" of thousands of years, when we were savages, and though she has attained by different process she has attained.

It is her heritage of centuries of holiness, reverence, poetic thought, handed down by those who knew the paths of power attained in the silence.

She is like a flower of the forest and has unfolded without our effort and struggle. The sectional bookcase of her mind was not purchased.

But she must keep oriental and live in seclusion even if the poet brings his treasure home—her veils must not be lifted to the crowd or the bloom will be brushed from the lily.

Put her into corsets, tight boots, high heels and the strenuous, and will soon have her lecturing at woman's clubs on "Woman Is No Rest-Cure for Man!"

She has always been taught the holiest thing in the world is for a woman to be absorbed in her husband, to be both goddess and slave.

It is difficult for her to adapt herself to dead level of equality.

## Physique and Mentality of the Future Man

By G. ELLIOTT FLINT,  
Physical Culturist and Author.

It is certain that our cerebral development is now far outstripping our corporal development, and that the danger of this one-sided progress is not half adequately recognized. Future man, we are told, will be

great of brain and insignificant of body. There could be no such type, for too much is the size of the brain dependent on the strength of the body.

Progressive cerebral evolution with progressive corporal retrogression would eventuate in such great physical feebleness that both the body and brain would die. Moreover, before this occurred,

power of propagation would be lost where the brain too much ex-ceeded the body in strength; and this would be a further check on an overbrained race.

Prof. Nicoforo, of the University of Brussels, has just concluded extensive researches into the causes of height. He found that an abundance of pure air and food favored growth more than did all other causes. The poor, that are so often ill-nourished, and the under-fed French peasantry, are, as a rule, undersized. Furthermore, Prof. Nicoforo found that the size of the brain was proportional to the height of the man.

Now, if both corporal and cerebral growth depend so absolutely on the amount of air and food that we absorb, it follows that physical exercise, which enables us to appropriate the maximum quantity of these elements, must be a most powerful factor in developing brain as well as brawn—provided the brain also be exercised.

The bearing of the foregoing facts on the ultimate human type is most important. Those that continue to neglect their bodies that they may the more excessively develop their brains will, in the struggle for existence, at last be swept aside by those whose whole strength is better balanced.

Could the brain exist apart from the body, there would be excuse for neglecting the body. But not only is the brain's health absolutely dependent on the corporal part—it would be perfectly useless could not that part carry out its directions. Lastly, it is incredible that a weak human organism could endure amid the rigorous physical environment to which it is constantly subjected. Future man will, of necessity, be strong both in body and brain.

## WILL BUILD IMMENSE TUNNEL

Longest in the World to be on Central Pacific Railroad.

The boring of what will be the longest tunnel in the United States, and one of the longest in the world, has very recently been determined upon by the Central Pacific Railroad company.

Chief Engineer William Hood has made a report and reported for the proposed steaming six-mile tunnel bored through the Sierra Nevada mountains in California a short distance west of the town of Truckee.

The object of this great tunnel is to cut down the present mountain climb of 7,017 feet by fully 2,000 feet, and the estimate of the present cost of the tunnel and its approach is \$1,000,000. To engineer Hood's report contains some modifications of his first series of surveys, made some years ago, and these will doubtless be approved by President Harriman, and work it is expected, will very soon be commenced on this great tunnel.

It is estimated that the tunnel will cost more than \$1,000,000, and among other things it will shorten the annual expense of operating trains over the mountain division by fully \$100,000. Being over 38,000 feet in length, the tunnel will be one of the longest in the world, and certainly the longest in the United States. The longest now in existence on this continent is the 16,000-foot bore in the Cascade range in Washington on the Great Northern railroad.—Technical World.

## PROPER HANDLING OF TRUNKS.

Matter in Which There is Considerable Room for Improvement.

At the convention in Los Angeles of the railroad general baggage agents many subjects of an esoteric character were discussed—subjects of no especial interest to the general public. Such topics as the proper checking of baggage, the proper marking of baggage and the forms for foreign checks are attractive to experts only. One of the delegates, however, incidentally referred to a matter which is of direct personal interest to everybody who travels with a trunk. He suggested the advisability of impressing train and station baggagemen with the need of avoiding less than ordinary handling of baggage. He said that there had been some improvement in this direction, but believed that there was room for a great deal more. In this conclusion the American traveler will join. In these days of trains de luxe, upon which the traveler enjoys most of the luxuries of a first-class hotel, it is still true that the average trunk is handled little more considerately than it enjoyed in the old times of uncomfortable day coaches and innumerable changes of cars. It is handled with a vigor and freedom which leave their marks upon it and which cause its owner to grieve.

**Read Would Cost Much Money.**

To build a bridge across the Russian settlements in Siberia, which Alaska would necessitate laying down about 2,000 miles of track. The chief obstacle is the Siberian tundra, which a train would have to cross before reaching Behring strait. Tundra is a native word signifying the vast expanse of swamp and marshland, interspersed with numberless stagnant lakes, which extends for thousands of miles across the interior of Siberia. In summer time the tundra is like a wet sponge, into which even a man sinks knee deep at every step, and consequently the natives seldom venture any distance from home save by lake or river. From May to October the settlements are completely isolated by this vast ocean of swamp. It is only in winter, when the tundra is covered with a layer of hard-frozen snow, that people are able to move from one place to another in a dog or reindeer sled. The tundra section of the proposed railway line Harry de Windt, the explorer, estimates would cost about \$100,000,000, for every wooden crossing would have to be imported into this treeless country.

**Bridge Will Be World's Wonder.**

The Canadian Pacific is to build a bridge near Lethbridge, Alberta, which will be an engineering marvel and probably will be ranked as one of the world's wonders. The plans call for a structure slightly more than a mile long and 200 feet above the water level. As compared with the bridge of the world, the Brooklyn bridge is no longer. The world-famed Tyne bridge in England, which was built by Robert Stevenson 50 years ago, is only half as long and less than half the height.

The Canadian Pacific bridge will span the Belly river and is to be built for the purpose of shortening the route between Lethbridge and MacLeod.

**The Heaviest Passenger Train.**

What is said to be the heaviest passenger engine ever built has been delivered to the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railroad. It weighs 34,198 pounds, and 1,000 pounds are on the driving wheel, and the tender weighs 402,700 pounds and the capacity for water is 7,500 gallons, while that for coal is 15 tons. This powerful locomotive was designed as a step in the development of large passenger locomotives on the Lake Shore road, which began about seven years ago, as a result of which this road has a series of successful designs.

## HAS MUCH MEANING

PRACTICAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE TERM "STAND PAT."

It Meant a Great Deal More When Hanna Injected It into Politics and It Means More as the Years Roll By.

"But what does it mean to stand-pat?" This is the question propounded in a double-leaded and rather nervous editorial by the New York Mail Journal. It is easily answered. To stand-pat means more precisely what it meant when that non-political epithemism was projected into politics by Mark Hanna five or six years ago. Mr. Hanna saw a country on the wave of a sea of unparalleled prosperity. He contended that the constitutional rights of the people forbade the inclusion in any tariff rate of "spur" to encourage competition. He held that a tariff should be based entirely on public revenue requirements, and that American manufacturing interests and the wage earner connected with them should adjust themselves as best they can to force production and wages. This is free trade and the Bryanites should not balk at the only term that squarely expresses their position on the tariff. They are not tariff revisionists, but partisans for tariff revision as economic critics. The publicans have revised protective tariffs again and again, but always kept them protective. Bryan and his party are against any protection.

If half a dozen words Bryan could have stated that he is now, as always, a free trader. He prefers to postpone a statement of his tariff position. If this delay could mean that he would come to an protective schedule, he should be a Republican. He may jingle and baffle his tariff views, but multiplying words will not change his free trade intent. Business men should realize this fact. Wage earners should keep it in mind. In protection Bryan is an absolute destructionist. With such a man at the head of executive affairs the policy would be to do away with all protection. He would be a free trader in every way, except that he would be a protective tariff.

He saw the outside world taking more and more of our agricultural and manufactured exports. "Stand-pat!"

He saw a big increase in our imports alike of non-dutiable articles for use in manufacture and of dutiable goods of the competitive sort. "Stand-pat!"

He saw that the duties collected on imports were yielding ample revenue for the government, increasing requirements. "Stand-pat!"

He saw the excess of exports over imports bringing to us annual trade balances averaging more than half a billion dollars. "Stand-pat!"

He saw in consequence a vast inflow of gold, which in the past ten years has added \$700,000,000 to our supply of yellow metal. "Stand-pat!"

He saw American securities held abroad sent back to aid in settling favorable balances of trade, and the amount of American money sent abroad to pay interest and dividends on foreign capital invested in this country reduced to less than half what it was ten years ago in a tariff revision period. "Stand-pat!"

He saw that the duties collected on imports were yielding ample revenue for the government, increasing requirements. "Stand-pat!"

He saw the foreign trade pass the two-billion mark and growing at the rate of \$200,000,000 a year. It is now over three billions. "Stand-pat!"

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He saw the United States paying off its debts to foreigners and rapidly becoming the money center, as it has been for centuries, of the world. "Stand-pat!"

He saw in short, the most extraordinary prosperity, the highest rate of wages, the highest standard of living that the world has ever known. See him, "Stand-pat!"

What Mark Hanna saw five years ago is to be seen to-day on a much bigger scale. If he were living to-day he would again say, "Stand-pat!"

He did not see what the world now says, as the Mail seems to think, that protection is "a hoop of iron," an inflexible, inexorable thing that will never permit of the change of a single tariff schedule. The Mail ought to know better. That is not what stand-pat attitude. That is not what stand-pat means. To suppose it is to suppose a silly thing. Free traders and chronic tariff reformers ought to give a name to that kind of stand-pat.

This is a stand-pat year. So will next year be and the year after that, and many years after that, we should all hope. When a different condition comes, and when revision of the tariff is called for to promote the general good—when a decrease of some of the schedules and an increase of some of the schedules shall obviously work to the advantage of the country as a whole—then tariff revision should come into play.

Should it be many years before that? The best statesmanship of the country says no. The business interests of the country say no. The wage earners of the country say no.

That is what it means to stand-pat.

When the Test Came.

A Democratic contemporary makes the rockies assertion that "the declaration in the Democratic platform that tariff taxes shall be levied for revenue only strikes at the very root of the true evil." It is well known that this has been the fundamental principle in Democratic doctrine ever since the party came into existence and is still the fundamental principle of the party.

It is well known that the party has been reinforced by favoring industrial conditions under the Dingley law. It will be hard work for the Iowa revisionists to convince either Tennesseeans or North Carolinians that the time has come to scale down the customs schedules to let in foreign merchandise which those states are now producing.—Bartington Hawkseye.

When the Test Came.

In the tariff revision period of 1894 this country's imports of all previous years amounted to \$4,712,415. The following year, ending June 30, when the effects of tariff revision were still upon us and the Dingley law had not yet been passed, the importation was only \$2,672,598. After nine years of Dingley tariff protection our total imports of previous years had risen to \$4,024,791, or more than \$100,000,000 more than in 1897.

For this forty odd millions imported in 1896, \$16,874,654 were unclaimed, whose value was doubled and trebled by American labor. Nine years ago almost nobody could afford to buy diamonds, thanks to tariff revision.

It is like the old story of burning the barn to kill the rats that are eating the wheat. The barn is lost, but the rats escape and lay low for the coming of another barn.—Day City Tribune.

## SHALL BRYAN FIX THE TARIFF?

If He Gets the Chance Every Vestige of Protection Will be Eliminated.

Mr. Bryan is a free trader. In his latest generalized manifesto he says the tariff is one of the issues he will discuss hereafter. But this is not a question on which he is likely to change his record in the least, nor can he modify it essentially without violating all Democratic precedent. All that he has said or written in the past Bryan has wholly condemned. He has been a strong protectionist. To stand-pat means more precisely what it meant when that non-political epithemism was projected into politics by Mark Hanna five or six years ago.

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## BACACHE IS KIDNEYACHE.

Get at the Cause—Cure the Kidneys.

Don't neglect bacache. It warns you of trouble in the kidneys. Avert the danger by curing the kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills. J. A. Haywood, a well known resident of Lufkin, Tex., sold his back working in a sawmill, was laid up six weeks, and from that time had pain in his back whenever I stooped or lifted. The bone was badly disordered and for a long time I had attacks of gravel. After a time I used Doan's Kidney Pills and the gravel passed out, and my back got well. I haven't had backache or bladder trouble since.

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Beginning of Great Industry.

The first woolen cloth made in England was manufactured about 1230, though it was not dyed and dressed by the English until 1667.

Don't Get Footsores. Get Foot-Ease.

A special ointment that cures footsores, aching feet and makes feet not tight or easy. Ask for Foot-Ease for Allen's Foot-Ease. Accept no substitute. Trial package FREE.

Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

French State Monopolies.

State monopolies are more than ever in favor in France as a means of raising revenue to the prejudice of the people. The character of the empire has been appointed, with a foreign minister of finance as chairman, to collect information on the possible working of monopolies on sugar and petroleum refining, the recalcification of alcohol, and insurance.

Superb Service, Splendid Scenery

en route to Niagara Falls, Muskoka and Kawartha Lakes, Georgian Bay and Temagami Region, St. Lawrence River, Algonquin National Park, White Mountains and Atlantic Sea Coast resorts, via Grand Trunk Railway System. Double track Chicago to Montreal and Niagara Falls, N. Y.

For complete tourist publications apply to Geo. W. Vanx, A. G. P. & T. A., 125 Adams St., Chicago.

England Meets Dairy Butter.

The London Times asserts that genuine dairy butter is a thing past praying for. Four-fifths of the population of London, the Times asserts, have never seen it in their lives. Those who know what it is have great difficulty in procuring it, and cannot obtain it in many cases at any price. What is called genuine butter in London, the Times says, is blended and reworked butter.

Has Been Buried for Centuries.

The body of a young woman has been discovered in the ancient Pridy lead mines in Somersethire, England, some 16 or 17 feet deep. Waterborne sand has been washed accumulatively since the days before the Roman camp. The hair is wonderfully preserved, and remains in the plait in which it was worked. Beside the body were found five large blue and green glass beads.

His Only Concern.

A well known man of the New York bar, a man of most patronizing manner, one day met John G. Carlisle, to whom he observed loftily.

"I see, Carlisle, that the supreme court has overruled you in the case of Mullins versus Jenkins." But, he added, in his grand way, "you, Carlisle, need feel no concern about your reputation."

Carlisle chuckled. "Quite so," he agreed. "I am only concerned for the reputation of the supreme court"—Harper's Weekly.

GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP.

No Medicine so Beneficial to Brain and Nerves.

Lying awake nights makes it hard to keep awake and do things in day time. To take "tonics and stimulants" under such circumstances is like setting the house on fire to see if you can put it out.

The right kind of food promotes restful sleep at night and a wide awake individual during the day.

A lady changed from her old way of eating, to Grape-Nuts, and says:

"For about three years I had been a great sufferer from 'indigestion.' After trying several kinds of medicine, the doctor would ask me to drop of potatoes, then meat, and so on, but in a few days that craving, gnawing feeling would start up, and I would vomit everything I ate and drink.

"When I started on Grape-Nuts, vomiting stopped, and the bloating feeling which was so distressing disappeared entirely.

"My mother was very much bothered with diarrhea because she was constipated. She used Grape-Nuts and the trouble stopped.

"It is a great brain restorer and nerve builder, for I can sleep as sound and undisturbed after a supper of Grape-Nuts as in the old days when



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

Lot 1. Girl's Fancy Cotton Dresses, plain and mixed colors. Sizes 6 to 14. Now one-half former prices.

Lot 2. Girls' strictly all-wool Coats and Jackets. Sizes 6 to 10. Reds, blues, etc. Limited supply. One-half former prices.

## Ladies' Fall Suits, Jackets And Waists

Special values this week in all-wool Cravette..... \$5.96 and \$3.98

Latest style in short, Fall Jackets, Tans, browns, etc. For..... \$4.69, \$3.98 and \$2.98

New style 50-inch Fall Jackets, strictly all-wool materials, in latest cuts. Two big values for 7.98 and \$2.98

## \$1.10 Fall Waist Sale

First sale of the season, with some remarkable values in Fall Styles for..... \$1.10

## New Blanket Season

Large sizes and small prices. Full weight and guaranteed full sizes as given.

12-4 Heavy Double Blankets. Per pair..... \$1.60

Very Heavy 11-4 Blankets. Per pair..... \$1.10

Medium weight 11-4 Blankets. Per pair..... .98c

## Shoes

Shoe Shoes at Low Prices.

Girls' Kid Lace Shoes, with oak tanned or heavy-weight..... .98c and \$1.10

Soft Finish, Kid Shoes. Best wearing Shoe known. Sizes 6 to 2. For..... \$1.19 and 1.39

Special Boys' Calf Shoes, sizes 13 to 5. .... .98c

Boys' Army Calf Shoes, extra weight, heavy soles, double stitched..... 1.49

## Bargains in Clear Outs

At this season great values in summer goods.

Dress Materials, Men's and Ladies' Suits, Ladies' Skirts, etc. One-third to one-half former prices.

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

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

Very Low Excursion Rates to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo.

Via the North-Western Line, will be in effect from Aug. 1 to Sept. 1, 1900, to 22, inclusive, with favorable return limits, on account of Pike's Peak Centennial celebration. For full information apply to agents Chicago and North Western Railway.

M. C. McINTOSH,  
LAWYER.

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PHONES: 1-CENTRAL 663  
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Do a General Law Business. Practice in all State and Federal Courts.

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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

Mrs. Gleason of Chicago is spending the week here.

Mrs. Hastings, who has been quite ill, is improving.

Geo. M. Wagner visited with friends at Roselle Sunday.

Arnold Schaeuble and Henry Brinker visited at Milwaukee Sunday.

Verne Hawley was on the sick list the first of the week.

FOR SALE—An excellent gun for sale cheap. Inquire of this office.

Dr. A. G. Gieske attended the McHenry Co. Fair Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Wiseman took a trip to Devil's Lake Tuesday.

Miss Lizzie Gilly attended the Woodstock Fair Thursday.

Miss Emma Muermer of Naperville is attending Camp Meeting here.

A number of people from here took a trip to Devil's Lake, Wis., Tuesday.

Miss Laura Neimeyer has returned from her visit at Glen Ellyn.

A. C. Lines and Miss Ann Dix drove to Glen Ellyn Saturday.

WANTED—Man to work on farm. Must understand milking. Apply to B. F. FANNING.

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