

THE POSTMASTER'S TROUBLE

Don't Annoy the Postmaster by Asking Foolish and Unnecessary Questions.

How would you like to be the Postmaster?

The unnecessary and ridiculous questions asked at the post-office window are really a study in the humors of life, providing you are a listener outside the window and not the long-suffering post-master or employee. Did you ever casually listen to the remarks of the ever-changing caller for mail? Why, if Uncle Sam paid a post-master and his assistants at the rate of so much a spoken word, they would all be retiring from active work! They cheerfully answer with politeness over and over the same questions and give information frequently that is only an accommodation to the public and in no way in the list of post-office duties. Of course, politeness is always a duty, but don't feel hurt if you are refused general information which you could obtain at a post-office, but which you have no right to expect or command.

For instance—in rushes a man too late to buy a post-office order. He is disappointed of course and expects that the window be opened for him and his lateness overlooked. The person behind the boxes is not intending a personal slight if he don't. Next—"Please give me the address of So and So." "No, Madam, I am not here to give addresses." And astonishment might be expressed by the patron at "such an impertinent answer," when it is a rule throughout the country, subject to the discretion of the post-master.

And again—gaze into your box at your rent slip, notice that there is no mail otherwise, and then ask "What is that in my box?" just to make someone spend physical energy in saying "your rent slip."

Ask "Is there any mail for me?" when you can see before you that there is none. Or when you meet someone who has been in charge of the office a few rods from the building, leaving after closing hours, ask to have the office re-opened for you. Never mind, if it isn't a duty, you had ought to be accommodated, you think, what is a post-master for? Scold him because the "mail trains are late, and because you had to pay more postage than you expected to. Also, kick to an R. F. D. post-master because he doesn't bring you every letter or newspaper you were expecting. It is all his fault.

In short, don't be appreciative of an obliging office force.

Written by one who has committed these offenses.

WINS PRIZE.

"Wauconda Belle" Takes First Prize at the Dog Show.

The Chicago papers of Wednesday state that at the joint show of the Bessford Cat club of America and the American Toy Dog club held Monday and Tuesday at the Coleman, "Wauconda Belle," cocker spaniel owned by L. A. Jones of Barrington was awarded first prize. This little dog may now add one more credit to a long list.

Badly Burned.

Albert Beuchat who is caretaker at the Hahn summer residence west of town was badly burned around the legs and abdomen Tuesday morning. In attempting to close out water pipes in the milk house with burning rags, his trousers caught fire and it was some time before the flames were extinguished. He will be confined to his bed for two weeks or more.

Standard Oil Station.

The two large oil tanks which the Standard Oil Co. is locating in Barrington have arrived and will be in place by the last of the week. They are along the tracks near Frank Alverson's barn and are 16 feet high and 12 feet in diameter; they will rest on cement bases.

Messrs. Aitland and Garbush are to be the local agents in charge and have completed a 16x24 building to be used as a pumping station.

Notice.

Ernie died yesterday morning at 11:20. Helena, please come home if you want to see her again.

Your cousin.

Bertha Brown, 238 2nd St., So. Chicago, Ill.

E. D. Shurtliff in Partnership.

Mr. Edward D. Shurtliff, Speaker of the Illinois House, and Mr. Henry P. Helzer announce that they have formed a partnership for the general practice of law under the firm name of Shurtliff & Helzer, with offices at 100 Washington St., Chicago.

WAUCONDA MENTION

D. H. Murphy was a Chicago visitor the first of the week.

Mildred Pratt was pleasantly surprised by a number of friends Saturday evening.

Elmer Duers and Edward Lindblad spent Sunday with friends here.

Miss Lyle Houghton of Libertyville attended the Old Folks Dance and remained for a visit with relatives here.

Mrs. M. S. Ford entertained a niece from Rockefeller last week.

The Old Folks Dance last Thursday evening was quite a success, about fifty-five couples being in attendance.

The sales that are being held here are drawing good crowds and both firms report a good trade.

Little Ruth Hasley who has been quite sick is reported better.

Willie Moore of Volo was a Friday caller.

A letter from Ray Neville at Lake Charles, La., states that he is in good health and enjoying himself.

Mrs. H. L. Grantham entertained her father, Mr. Van Natta, and sister, Mrs. Shales of Nunda, last week.

Mr. Sackett is here in the interest of the Woodmen and will give a free lecture at the Woodman Hall next Saturday evening. All are cordially invited to attend.

Mrs. Torrence has arrived from Chicago to visit for a couple of weeks with friends.

Mrs. Morris Hill is on the sick list.

Carl North has returned from a visit with relatives at Elkhart, Ind., and Chicago.

Robert Pratt is sick with the mumps.

F. L. Carr was a Barrington caller Monday.

Norman Ladd visited at Rockefeller Monday.

Mrs. Wm. Birckett is reported on the sick list.

J. B. Turnbull is serving on the jury at Waukegan.

Clayton Warden is on the jury at Woodstock this week.

Floyd Sunderlin of Woodstock was a recent visitor in this vicinity.

Advertised Letters.

The following letters remain uncalled for at the Barrington postoffice January 25, 1907.

Miss Lillian Betzer.

Edward Packman.

F. H. Hollister.

A. H. Kuert.

Tony Proantis.

Racaloff Stock.

H. K. BROCKWAY, P. M.

There is a penalty for inclosing writing in other than first class matter. The Post Office Department is after violators of this law.

The schools at Crystal Lake were closed this morning on account of a diphtheria epidemic.

To Raise Laundry Prices.

J. F. Gieske is contemplating a raise in price on collars. All material used in his laundry work has advanced in price and all laundries in and around Chicago are charging two and a half cents apiece while Mr. Gieske has never charged but two. The Barrington laundry prices are the cheapest known and the work equal or superior to that of larger towns.

This is a true story—Two little Barrington tots were discussing the meaning of the days of the week, saying "Monday means washday, Tuesday means iron day, but when they reached Thursday one child said solemnly, "Thursday means that Mama goes to club."

Judge Cutting on Monday was elected president of the Union League club, a prominent down town organization to which Chicago's finest business men belong. He has many friends here and has frequently been in Barrington and was at one time principal of the Palatine High school.

A bargain can be had in pianos by inquiring at Review office.

Barrington Local Happenings Told In Short Paragraphs

The "Autumn Leaves" will gather in clothes all fuss and feather in Barrington Hall to dance.

They'll give all an equal chance. To make a man in any style.

To come in couples or single file. They want you all to be there.

If in plain clothes they don't care. But come in some strange disguise.

Maybe you will win a prize.

Wm. Dawson spent Tuesday in Chicago.

Math. Peck transacted business in Chicago today.

L. E. Maiman visited out of town friends Sunday.

Mrs. V. E. Davlin visited her mother recently.

Mrs. L. A. Jones was a Chicago visitor Wednesday.

Who is the oldest man in Barrington? Send in your belief.

Geo. Wagner is serving on the petit jury in Chicago this week.

Mrs. D. F. Lamey entertained St. Ann's choir Saturday evening.

Mrs. Emily Gleason of Chicago called on friends here Sunday.

Mrs. Horace Church returned Monday from a visit in Rockford, Ill.

Mrs. Fred Meyer went to Chicago Sunday to visit a sick grand child.

Ben Schroeder arrived home Tuesday from Montana to stay until March.

Of course you are going to the Masquerade, Jan. 30. Spectators 25c.

Matthew Hurter of Arlington Heights visited friends here Wednesday.

Arthur Taylor came home from Fond du Lac, Wis. Saturday to remain a week.

Mrs. Chas. Lipofsky and son Conrad were in Chicago visiting the first of the week.

Miss Florence Peck went to Lombard, Ill. Saturday to visit relatives about a week.

Miss Alma Hawk visited over Sunday with her sister Miss Laura in Libertyville.

Good music, good amusement, good luncheon, good time. Rebeckah Masquerade.

The Rebeckahs will charge 25 cents admission for spectators at the dance next Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Lytle left Thursday to visit in Libertyville and Downers Grove about ten days.

The 7th grade had no school Wednesday on account of the illness of Miss Goldard, the teacher.

Mrs. Thomas Dermody of Chicago who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. J. Palmer returned home Tuesday.

"E. K. Magee returned Thursday from Bigsville, Ill., after a visit with his wife who is visiting her parents.

Little John Snyder, son of W. H. Snyder, is improving. He has been ill several weeks with a facial abscess.

Mrs. Justin Fellows of Lake Street is at the home of her nephew, Dr. Charles Davidson in Chicago. Two weeks ago she underwent an operation at St. Luke's hospital when a catarrh was successfully removed from one of her eyes.

Tuesday a gang of ice cutters arrived from Chicago at three o'clock and walked to Lake Zurich. They were the first gang seen this winter. The ice harvest will no doubt be as large as other years, even if delayed.

A. W. Meyer's windows are attractive this week with a display interesting to housewives. In one large front are all articles pertaining to the home.

dry with artistic decorations in tissue paper and the other window has shown household linens of all kinds.

More calendars were distributed this week in Barrington than for many years past. Among the prettiest ones out must be mentioned George Foreman 50c, Math Peck 10c; Conrad Kraus, Cuba, 10c; Lamey & Co., 40c, and yet the demand is great for more, probably on account of the expensive and artistic nature of the calendars.

In Palatine the same may be said. Charles Belp and H. H. Harmsen getting out pretty and expensive ones for presents to their customers.

Mrs. Manford Bennett entertained the ladies' card club last Friday.

Smith Bros. of Lake Zurich are showing a complete line of dairy feeds and are ready to fill coal orders promptly.

A basket social will be given next Thursday eve under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. for the benefit of the ball team.

Mrs. Frank Hollister was the guest of her mother, Mrs. Golden, and sister, Miss Carrie Golden, in Chicago over Sunday.

John Robertson and wife have been desiring valuable Lake Zurich property to their children as recorded in Waukegan Jan. 19.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Thorpe of Grove avenue celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary Tuesday evening with a family dinner party.

Miss Alta Powers attended the play "Powhatan" given in Library Hall, Ravenswood, Tuesday evening, in which Miss Austin took part.

A party of Chicago men visited here late last week to view the large lot owned by Spinner Bros. in the downtown district. They said their object to be the erection of a brick opera-house and hotel.

The Ladies' Missionary Society of the M. E. church met Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. F. N. Lapham at the parsonage to sew for the poor and enjoy a social hour arranged by the hostess.

The Chicago Daily News of Monday published a picture of Miss Ethel Austin, a frequent visitor here and a former resident. Miss Austin will appear as "Pocahontas" in a farce to be given in Ravenswood for the benefit of a local hospital.

Harry Mock spent Sunday here. He is now located in Chicago where he has a position as inspector of lamps for the C. and N. W. on all divisions, and is also engaging in repair work in the power house, Wm. Homuth has charge of the signals from Arlington Heights to Claybourn Junction.

Mrs. Jennie Powers was hostess this week for the Thursday club and Mrs. S. Dornier read a paper on the "Origin, Distribution and Preservation of Myth." A lunch was served.

The Woman's Club met at Mrs. John Schewinn's Thursday where twenty-four ladies listened to a Lowell program planned by the hostess. Many of the ladies spoke or read on the subject making the afternoon particularly interesting.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kirshner entertained friends at a cinch party Wednesday evening at their home in the country. Six tables were in the game and everyone enjoyed the evening and a typical Kirshner home "spread." Mrs. Kendall won first prize.

J. R. Moore is taking a well deserved vacation of two weeks after more than a year with the Gas Co. Mr. Moore's trip will spend a few days visiting in the city among friends. Henry Wolfe, his assistant, will probably go up to Lake Zurich and work on the lake.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Methodist church will have a sale of home made cooking in the church parlors, Saturday afternoon, Feb. 9th from one to five o'clock. A large patronage is desired.

New telephones are H. A. Brant, 351; W. Rogman, 231; Mrs. Harriett Colten, 243. Changes in numbers are: David Martin to 303, A. Haele to 261, Susan Jordan to 263 and C. F. Naeher to 264.

Chief McKay of the fire department says that the new supplies bought by the city council are very fine. There are six rubber coats, hats, boots and gloves of the best made by the Good-year Rubber Co. of Chicago and will enable six of the 25 volunteer firemen to fight with a vim.

H. G. Amond reports that he expects to build a two story residence for himself this spring on the corner opposite the Zion church near the croquet grounds, and that Sam Gieske will have erected a home and barn on his twenty-five acres in Cook county on Main street just out of the west limits.

Let us figure on your job printing.

They Play Cinch.

Miss Genevieve Fletcher gave a cinch party Tuesday evening to seven young ladies. They were the Misses Robertson, Kitson, Dix, Wagner, Powers and Mesdames Abbott and Wick. Miss Robertson received a picture as first prize and Miss Kitson was given a china cup and saucer in consolation.

PALATINE LOCAL NEWS

Mrs. W. C. Williams Sr. spent last week with her son John in Chicago.

Miss Fannie Richardson and Anna Damon and Forest Richardson of Chicago spent Sunday at W. Nasos.

A sale of real estate is recorded Jan. 16, C. H. Patten to Mary R. Patten, township 42, part S. W. 1 16-20-10, \$1300.

New telephones since the first of the year are—Milton Daniels, 231; Henry Knigge, 303; I. W. Frye, 2047; Frank Hamann, 1001; Stewart Paddock, 2052.

Henry Seme Jr. of Chicago is ill at the home of his father.

Miss Clara Wentz was operated on at the West Side hospital last Friday. She is getting along nicely but it will sometime before she will be able to walk. Her many friends hope for her complete recovery.

Peter Hartlett is still confined to the house.

Henry Pahlman and Sam Snyder have been on the sick list.

A. W. Hunt had his hands frozen while on the way from Chicago with a horse Sunday.

Miss Elvora Arps entertained at a cinch party last Friday. Four tables were played. Mesdames Bertha Williams and Amanda Schoppe won the prizes.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Broedly entertained a dinner party Sunday. The guests were C. H. Seip and family and Geo. Kuebler and wife.

Will all of those that received notices of subscriptions kindly send as soon as possible as I am anxious to straighten up with Mr. Lamey.

ELVORA M. ARPS.

The L. Y. C. is planning for a fine entertainment Feb. 15th. Don't forget the date.

Vern Postal attended a party at Ravenswood Wednesday night.

South Barrington.

Samuel Billings, a farm hand employed by Loomis Brothers, had a narrow escape from death last Friday in the Fred Shurring garage pit. A large tender fell and struck him on the head and caused an indentation of the skull bone which rendered him unconscious for several hours. He was later removed to the Cook Co. Hospital in Chicago where he may recover.

George W. Humphrey has returned home after a visit of several days with friends in Indiana.

A. E. Loomis expects soon to move his family and farming utensils to Conrad, Indiana, where he recently purchased a farm of 240 acres.

Miss Alvina Theising was given a shower party at her home Friday evening.

Mrs. Fred Riecke has returned from home after attending her mother who has been ill two weeks.

Miss Mary Shable, of Chicago, visited Miss Cross, the teacher at Humphrey's last Friday.

John Kellerman has moved to the Dr. Garrett Freyre farm South of town.

Fred Topple postponed his masquerade ball last Saturday evening on account of the rain, but held it Thursday evening.

B. Moore visited in Chicago two days last week.

Miss Stella Hennings of Lake Forest was home over Sunday.

Miss Lillie Linn who has been ill is now improving.

Mrs. Dortha Cross visited Wm. Dreyer and family Monday and D. C. Gilly and family Tuesday.

The Highway Commissioners have filled all their gravel contracts for the season which represents miles of good roads. But there is still lots of road to gravel.

Mr. Johnson of Belvidere will soon tenant the farm recently purchased by W. A. Caddick of A. E. Loomis.

Mrs. Wm. Humphrey was the guest of Mrs. G. Hansen Tuesday.

Let us figure on your job printing.

THE CHURCH WAS CROWDED

People Turned Away Thursday Evening. Miss Kitson Wins Medal.

Wins Medal.

People were turned away from the Democrat Medal Contest held at the Methodist church, Thursday evening under the auspices of the local W. G. T. U. and the church was completely filled. The Misses Esther Kampert, Alma Hawk, Ethel Kitson and Messrs A. Linn and Elmer Peckham were the contestants and each one read so meritoriously that the judges found it difficult to decide the medalist. The favors were finally presented to Miss Kitson. The medal giving however was only an incident of the evening as the principal object was to promote an interest in temperance work here and all the recitations were on this subject. A musical program was interspersed and the musicians were Misses Alta Powers and Beulah Otis, Newton Plagge and Wallace Hill and the singers were Misses Sallie Block and Lydia Sodi, and Messrs Shearer, Simmons and Waterman. The judges were Attorney Howard Castle of Austin, Prof. Snyder and Rev. G. Young both of Palatine. The medal was a silver one, the size of a dollar, and is engraved with the words "Oratorical Contest W. G. T. U." and the date.

The "Ten Commandments."

An exchange published these "Ten Commandments" which are good ones to follow.

1. Thou shalt not go away from home to do thy trading, thou, nor thy wife, nor thy sons, nor thy daughters.
2. Thou shalt patronize thine own merchants, also the printer, and they shall patronize thee.
3. Thou shalt patronize thine own merchants, that they may not be driven from their homes to find food for their little ones.
4. Thou shalt pay thy bills promptly that thy credit may be good in the land where thou dwellest, thy neighbor shall greet thee gladly.
5. Thou shalt not knock props from under thine own town in order to be avenged on thine enemy, lest thou perish with him.
6. Thou shalt not incline thine ear to the voice of pride nor permit vanity to overcome thine heart.
7. Thou shalt spend thine earnings at home, that they may return whence they came and give nourishment to such as come after thee.
8. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy town wherein thou dwellest, nor shalt speak well of it in the ears of all men.
9. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's seed wheat, nor his stove wood, nor his coal, nor his yearling, nor his meat hog, nor the corn that is in his crib, but whatsoever thou desiredst thou shalt buy from him that hast to sell, and thou shalt pay the price in the coin of the realm.
10. Thou shalt keep these ten commandments and teach them to thy children, to thy children's children, unto the third and fourth generations that they may be made to flourish and wax rich when thou art laid to rest with thy fathers.

Services at Baptist Church.

Saturday night 7:30, prayer meeting Sunday 10:30 a. m., subject: "The Five Commandments of Jesus."

Sunday School and L. U. X. at 11:45 a. m.

Junior Society at 3 p. m.

Young People's Meeting at 6:30 p. m. 7:30 p. m., subject: "Jonah."

Musical recital of the choral class will be given Monday evening, Jan. 28.

You are all cordially invited to worship with us.

V. V. PHILLIPS, PASTOR.

Statistics of the Catholic Church.

The following statistics of the Chicago Diocese of the Catholic Church will be interesting to local Catholics. Population (Catholic) about 1,200,000.

Archbishop	1
Bishop	2
Clergy	26
Churches with resident priests	28
Parishes with churches	127
Parishes with schools	101
Children attending	78,176
Orphan asylums	4
Orphanages	1,217
Charitable institutions	23

The Portia club met at Miss Bernice Hawley's Thursday evening. They are making a study of Whitler's "Soo's Island."

Barrington Review.

M. T. LANEY, Ed. and Pub.
BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS

On the anniversary in England of Parnell's death, his followers wear a sprig of lily.

The first in St. Louis is the first factory, in reported by the St. Louis Republic to have been struck out.

A man recently died in Germany who knew 52 languages. There is some doubt that he could outtalk his wife at that.

New York now claims to have more than 2,000 millionaires. It might add, says the Chicago Record-Herald, that few of them grew up in New York.

They are to dig a canal from Massachusetts to the Atlantic ocean. Boston should protest. It will give the Spanish fleet a route for a flank movement.

If food prices continue to soar, how, asks the New York Herald, can the men who tell us "how to be happy and healthful on 10 cents a day," make a living?

It is not so much his old debts that bother Count Boni—the Goulds may take care of them—but the déuce of it is he finds it so hard to make any new ones.

Professor A. Adams says that man is made largely of soap. This explains, says the New York Herald, the assertion made so often by philosophers that life is a bubble.

"Man is a plain necessity," says a woman writer. Yes, plain, but he needs to be so "plain" if he spent as large a proportion of his earnings in fixing up his most wretched dog.

Why should that Atlantic city girl break her mother's ribs by bawling her, asks the New York Herald, when there are hundreds of stars, strong men willing to run the risk?

Amid all our unparalleled prosperity it comes with a good deal of a shock, exclaims the Indianapolis News, to learn that the hints of the country didn't make much money last year.

Boni de Castellano says his "matrimonial entanglement" has not lost him a single friend. Of course, suggests the New York Herald, to lose anything one must first have had it.

Half of the town of Arica, Chile, was destroyed by earthquake. Possibly the other half of the city had put up signs reading, "Earthquakes must keep off the grass," or something of the sort.

Football is described by Andrew Carnegie as a "groveling in the mud." Unfortunately, says the New York American, a man will be loath to seek his exercise on the ground until he learns to fly.

"A road without a speed limit is the motorist's dream," says William K. Vanderbilt, Jr. It may be a dream to the motorist, says the Philadelphia North American, but to the rest of us it is a stern reality.

Three notebooks which formerly belonged to Shelley, the poet, containing autograph manuscript, a considerable portion of which has been published, were sold in London several days ago for \$15,000.

During the first six months of 1906 the number of emigrants from Italy was 458,615, more than half of whom went to transatlantic countries. This drain upon the population considerably exceeds the natural increase.

Newfoundland is a land of lakes. So numerous are they that it is estimated they cover about one-third of the total area of the island. There are 1,000 named lakes, and 5,000 known ones without names. The island has about 4,000 miles of lake coast.

Roy Knaebush is going to try to reach the north pole in a balloon, starting from Toledo. This looks like a reasonable idea. Still it would be better if the start were made from New Orleans. North pole discovered will yet be made to include all of the comforts of home, with stop-over privileges in Florida, California and Samoa.

It is the turn of the girls to crow—in these "aufragette" days the very is used advisedly. Statistics of the schools of America and prize awards of the Royal Academy in London show that in the three "R's" and in art girls beat the boys as students. Petticoat painters and modelers nearly monopolized the honors of the Royal academy schools this year, and, says the New York Mail, statistics gathered in various sections of the United States by the bureau of education at Washington showed that girls excelled generally in ability as students, in aesthetic taste and in color discrimination.

William J. Rolfe, the veteran Shakespeare authority, celebrated his seventy-ninth birthday at his quiet home in Cambridge, Mass., recently. Even at his advanced age he is still busy with his pen, turning off a quantity of work which would exhaust many a younger man—and this without the aid of secretary or amanuensis.

Prince Elton, Prætorik, the German emperor's second son, while at college, performed the difficult feat of swimming across the Tiber at Rome where the river is very broad, swift and full of dangerous eddies.

BIG LEVEE GIVES WAY

WABASH RIVER FLOODS SUBURB OF TERRE HAUTE.

LOSS WILL BE IMMENSE

Ohio River is Subduing Slowly at Cincinnati—Water at Shawneetown, Ill., Continues to Rise.

Terre Haute, Ind. — Four hundred feet of the levee opposite the southern part of the city was way late Monday night and with a tremendous roar the Wabash river overwhelmed Taylorville, a suburb on the west side of the river.

Thousands of dollars' worth of property will be damaged and between 300 and 400 residents of Taylorville were forced to abandon their homes. Many of the houses will be swept away, it is believed.

Subduing at Cincinnati. Cincinnati, Jan. 22.—After being stationary at 65.2 for a time during Monday morning, the Ohio at this point began to recede slowly and at dark had gone down to 65 feet, with all indications for a continuance of the fall.

By the end of the week it is thought the danger line will be passed on the way and some estimate of property losses will then be possible. At the present all that can be stated positively is that the aggregate damage will run far into the hundreds of thousands of dollars, this being distributed along several hundred miles of the river and its tributaries.

Reports from Other Towns. Reports from the river varied little from those of Saturday night. The lower end of Parkersburg was under water and the railroads were in trouble. Almost the entire business section of Portsmouth was under water and the entire north and west end of flood-bound, with 50,000 people driven from their homes were sheltered in schools and churches, and the city was without use of water service.

At Madison, Ind., several hundred people have been driven from their homes by the water which has gradually encroached on the business and residential sections. While the low-lying sections of Huntington, W. Va., and under water, it is not believed that the damage there will be very heavy. Many bridges in that section have been carried away.

Shawneetown Levee Holds. Shawneetown, Ill. — The Ohio river continues to rise slowly, the rapidity of the rise the past few days having somewhat checked by the cold, clear weather. The levee was still intact Monday night but people continue to move to the hills. Owing to the prompt suppression of the fire, the city is suffering among the refugees. Business is at a standstill.

ORDERS BROWNVILLE PROBE. Senate Adopts Resolution Not Questioning President's Action.

Washington. — The senate Tuesday passed the compromise Furaker resolution authorizing the committee on military affairs to investigate the facts of the affair at Brownsville on the night of August 12 and 14 last, "with-out questioning the legality or justice of any act of the president in relation to or connected with that affair."

This action came after the subject of the president's handling of the situation had been under consideration almost daily since the first day of the present session of congress and every phase of the question had been discussed on all sides.

In addition to listening to several speeches the house Tuesday passed the diplomatic and consular appropriation bill, which carries over \$1,000,000, and the military appropriation bill, carrying \$1,915,482. Both these bills were taken up and passed with-out material change.

Big Fire at Youngstown, O. Youngstown, O.—Fire thought to have been caused by the crowing of electric wires, has destroyed a building occupied by the H. L. McElroy company, furniture dealer, on West Federal street, completely destroyed that building and the adjoining one occupied by J. N. Brown Sons company, dry goods dealer. Sunday. The Eastman hotel, facing on Commerce street, which opened for business a few days ago, was entirely destroyed. The total loss is estimated at \$100,000, with insurance about two-thirds.

Nearly 200 Counts Against Walsh. Chicago. — The federal grand jury presented its report on the indictment of John R. Walsh at noon Friday. The indictment covers 182 different counts, chief of which is the alleged misapplication of funds of the Chicago National bank. The true bill contains all the counts under section 5209 of the revised statutes of the United States, known as the national banking law.

Blow Open Vault; Leave \$4,000. Crittenden, Ky.—Early Tuesday the vault of the Merchants' Deposit bank was blown to pieces. The robbers were evidently frightened away, as they took only \$500, leaving \$4,000 in the vault.

Nebraska Politician Dies. Norfolk, Neb.—William M. Hubbard, republican national committee man for Nebraska in 1888, and of many years' residence in that state, died Tuesday, aged 87, of cirrhosis of the liver.

Found Dead and Mutilated. South Bend, Ind.—The naked and terribly mutilated body of William Weston was found Tuesday morning on a railroad track at South Bend, a few miles northwest of South Bend.

Tidal Wave Engulfed Entire Island. The Hague. — The tidal wave which devastated some of the Dutch East Indian islands practically engulfed the island of Simala. It is said that probably 1,000 persons lost their lives.

Florida Limited is Wrecked. Charleston, S. C.—The Florida limited, a passenger train, was wrecked Tuesday night at Yamacraw. The train was burned; one or two persons were killed and several injured.

TRAIN IS BLOWN TO PIECES

TWENTY-FOUR DIE IN HORRIBLE RAIL ACCIDENT.

Car of Powder Explodes at Sanford, Ind., with Awful Results—Victims Cremated.

Terre Haute, Ind. — Twenty-four charred, broken and mutilated bodies have been taken from the smoldering ruins of the passenger train No. 3 on the Big Four railroad which was destroyed by the explosion of a carload of powder as it passed a freight train at Sanford, Ind., nine miles west of here, Saturday night. The number of injured will total at least 25.

The three coaches of the passenger train were blown to pieces, the engine and the freight train, including the engine, was blown to pieces. The locomotive was hurled 50 feet and the passengers either blown to pieces, consumed by fire or crushed in a more or less injured condition.

The full extent of the disaster was revealed at daylight Sunday morning, but the death list will not be complete until workmen now clearing the debris, have finished their task.

According to trainmen of the freight, the explosion of the powder, was caused by the concussion made by the passenger train, which was slowing down for the station at Sanford. Another theory is that gas escaping from an oil pipe line nearby entered the car containing the powder and a spark from the passing engine ignited the gas.

Not a home in Sanford escaped. Windows were shattered, dishes and furniture broken, and in some instances doors were torn from their hinges.

The train was an accommodation passenger, running from Indianapolis to Mattoon, Ill., and was destroyed at 5:50 p. m. It was a dark night and heavy rains had converted the streets and tracks at Sanford into a sea of mud and water. As the passenger engine went by the powder car of the freight train standing on an adjoining track, the explosion came.

Cries of the injured and the crackling of the fierce flames greeted the rescuers, who worked frantically, but soon were forced back by the terrible heat.

There was no efficient water supply to fight the flames and the bitter cold added to the suffering.

BUFFALO STORM IS OVER. Damage in that city \$1,000,000.—Four Lives Are Lost.

Buffalo, N. Y. — The hurricane which swept the Niagara frontier Sunday night, has done some damage, extended estimation of the damage to shipping lowers the original figure. At the port of Buffalo alone, however, it will be about \$1,000,000.

The ship-owners of Lake Erie recorded, leaving some of the stranded lake liners high and dry on the sandy beaches. None of them appears to be seriously damaged, but the expense of getting them adrift, again will be very heavy.

The death toll totals four. Three persons were killed in the collapse of buildings, and another was drowned. Lines of transportation and communication were restored to a normal basis again Monday. Niagara Falls power is again running; the trolley cars and lighting the city.

At Buffalo, the boats began to float the stranded vessels. Their cargoes are undamaged. The United States government sustains a loss of from \$100,000 to \$200,000 from destruction of property. Much of the government's equipment used in the harbor work was sunk.

D. P. DYER, JR., ACQUITTED. St. Louis Substray Teller Not Guilty of Embezzlement.

St. Louis.—David P. Dyer, Jr., son of the United States district attorney, and a teller in the local substation, was acquitted by a jury in the United States district court Friday night on a charge of having embezzled \$11,500 of government funds. The jury was out five hours and the verdict was greeted with cheers, the courtroom being nearly filled with friends of the Dyer family and federal employees.

Dyer's defense was that, while admitting that his books showed a shortage of the amount stated in the indictment and that he had falsified the records to cover the discrepancy, he had no knowledge of how the shortage occurred and had refrained from reporting it in the hope he could find and correct the mistake.

Senator Bailey Re-elected. Austin, Tex.—Joseph W. Bailey was Tuesday re-elected United States senator by a vote of 19 to 1, in the two branches of the state legislature, of 108 to 45. He needed 52 votes to win.

Indiana Burn to Death in Jail. Pendleton, Ore.—Five Indians were burned to death in a fire which destroyed the jail at the United States Indian reservation agency early Sunday.

Tidal Wave Engulfed Entire Island. The Hague. — The tidal wave which devastated some of the Dutch East Indian islands practically engulfed the island of Simala. It is said that probably 1,000 persons lost their lives.

Florida Limited is Wrecked. Charleston, S. C.—The Florida limited, a passenger train, was wrecked Tuesday night at Yamacraw. The train was burned; one or two persons were killed and several injured.

FLOOD SWEEPS ENTIRE OHIO VALLEY.

Shaded Portion in Center of Map Indicates Watershed of Ohio Valley, Which Was Flooded.



HEARTLESS CONDUCT OF BRITISH PARTY

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"About three years ago," says Mrs. Jennie Cowan of 111 N. Henry Street, West Bay City, Mich., "I caught a severe cold, which was the grip. I was confined to my bed for two weeks, and at the end of that time I was able to be about, but was completely run down. I was so weak I could not stand, my cheeks had no color and I felt faint. My heart would flutter and it was difficult for me to breathe at times. Neuralgia settled in the back of my head and stomach and I suffered from rheumatism in my shoulders.

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THE DELUGE

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[illegible][illegible]

Alter: "A girl—very quiet—just there came in Landron's voice—laughing, not a trace of annoyance; "I might have known! Come in, Matt!"

[illegible]

"For instance, I came through your house sometime—late at night. You're going to build a house. You don't be afraid to build. In ten years you'll have it. I'll make a loan for that. And I'll give you the money to go to school to be a lawyer, or any body, for that matter."

"Why do you build?" said he.

"I build to live," said the other. "I induce my wife to take the children to the country to live, and escape of this."

"That's it," she wife said. "I'll build a house for my wife."

"No," I replied with a laugh. "Not for me. I'm going to have."

At this point the door opened and a woman came in. She was dressed in a black dress, and she had a black veil over her face. She said:

"Well, my dear," and laid her hand on the arm of the man who had just spoken. "I'm glad to hear that. I'll build a house for my wife."

"That's only Mr. Blackrock. Mr. Blackrock, my wife."

And in the midst of this the woman came in.

LONG

[illegible]

"For, I have written a line about Keith for nearly a month now. I've been waiting for the right opportunity to publish my 'study' on matrimony. But I can't find a publisher. He's just not 'in' now," said she.

"You are sure none of your people is accepting the study?" asked, in a stern and disapproving tone, the editor of the "Daily Chronicle," "I'm afraid I'll have to say my business back," said he. "I can't buy until the spring. And I know none of my people would

marry?"

"I hope so," said I. "But as you say, matrimony is not in vogue. For obvious reasons I want to see the study published in the most prominent of all lines of matrimony as it is being a few magazines before."

"I'll just keep making a serial of it," said she. "I'll publish it in my magazine. I'll have a few extra stories there ought to be some good ones. I'll make one feel he was really as good as dead."

"I'll do women," I said.


[illegible][illegible]

The same day I began to plump a little, watching the market closely, and think that I might go more slowly about there be signs of a dangerous break—no more than Langdon did I wait a whole packy him. The price was still steady, however. But I, too, had

him on business long enough to get out of the last fraction of a cent. I was not a little surprised, however, only with a second look at the "allowance." I've come to ask your indulgence. I have been here before, but those who were here have been getting me off. And they're of the worst of people when it's impossible to

"I'd like to accommodate you further," said I, speaking that last little hint as a cliff aside rail. But your account has been in an unsatisfactory state for nearly a month now."

"I'm sure you'll give me a few days longer," said he, with a reply, as if he were a man of business. "I'll give you haven't been to see me yet. Only this morning my wife was wondering what you'd come. You didn't come. You said, Blackrock. Can't you do that with an tomorrow night—on Sunday

[illegible][illegible]

Illinois State News
and the Publishing Staff
Recent Warnings of Interest in the Various Cities
of the State
and Towns.
CLUB IDEA IS POPULAR.
Benefits Expected to Accrue from
Meeting of Farmers.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

Van L. Hampton.

He will own. He easily took a

down Frank Kalkbrenner of Phenixia, Ill., was the only one seriously hurt.

Plan to Protect Game.

Castroville.—The game warden of Monterey county, California, has been authorized by the state game commission to protect the game of the state. The warden, who is a member of the state game commission, has been authorized to protect the game of the state. The warden, who is a member of the state game commission, has been authorized to protect the game of the state.

Quabbin Meets Oyster Smith.

Quabbin.—Oyster Smith opened the revival services in Central Congregational church, and he illustrated with his own experiences. He was a member of the church, and he was a member of the church. He was a member of the church, and he was a member of the church.

Churches Fight for Bim.—Abolitionists—Converted action by the churches of Birmingham resulted in the forwarding of many telegrams to the president of the United States, asking for the restoration of Tobson here.

Teacher Indicted For Whipping Boy.—Tribuna. The Champion county grand jury just concluded its work and returned an indictment against a teacher for whipping a boy.

Hitler's Followers.—The German and Hitler, Adolf, leaders of the Tobson Anti-Rail, who are charged with assault and battery upon a pupil. This case has history upon it. Hitler has been tried will attract the population of Tobson here.

Clinton III. Minister Indicted.—Birmingham. The federal grand jury has returned an indictment against Dr. A. B. Campbell, of Clinton, alleging that he had been guilty of adultery with a woman, and that he had been guilty of adultery with a woman, and that he had been guilty of adultery with a woman.

Killed by Gas Engine.—The president of an elevator at Harvard, III., was killed by the explosion of a gas valve whereby gas entered the room. His head was blown off.

[illegible]



THE REVIEW

Entered as Second-Class Matter.

M. T. LAMMY, Editor and Publisher.

FRIDAY, JAN. 25, 1906.

We Can Stand It if England Can. Since Bishop Potter, fresh from across the water, made the statement that the English people do not really like Americans there have appeared in many quarters statements meant to prove or disprove the assertion. The controversy has progressed with some heat, as is usually the case when people rush into print to deliver an opinion. Their blood is up or they wouldn't notice trifles. For it is of no consequence to us whether the English or any other people like us or otherwise. We all wish to have the good will of our neighbors and contemporaries, but where the fault is not on our side when we fall to help it, why, we can go our way with a high head and exclaim, "What's the odds?"

Time has been when Americans were painfully sensitive as to the attitude of Europe toward this new venture in civilized government. We set out to do better for mankind than Europe has ever done. We had our troubles and fifty years or so ago were not just because the republic would hold out. It was of course, that when the foreigners thought of us, our tendencies and institutions. But since we stood the test of a titanic civil war and came through the fearful ordeal united and vigorous no doubt can be had as to our perpetuity. For the rest who cares? This is a government by the people, and so long as the people stand for what is right, it is what they want to be. So Europe may laugh or sneer or turn the cold shoulder altogether. America is full grown and can paddle her own canoe. If as individuals we are convinced it is no novelty. The Briton swells his chest over the fact that his nation's "drumbeat" is heard round the world. The German that his scholars and schools have given to the world its philosophy and their way, and the Frenchman points to France as "le home of the art, the science and the drama magnificence." We can "make good" on our boasts if called upon, but perhaps it is better to let facts talk and save breath. The world is fast finding out how colossal we are. If it doesn't go the full length or give the full measure of appreciation to much the worse for the world. As for England's attitude toward us, it is the same toward all people. The motto of the English is "We're never again anything we're in on." Play England's game and you're a good fellow, but play you're own and you're simply "naughty" that's all.

Another "Century of Dishonor" It would be hypocritical for us at this time to shed tears over the fate of the Indian, whose treatment at the hands of the American government was characterized by the late Helen Hunt as a "century of dishonor." We looked on and raised no hand in protest, just as we now look on while our less enlightened and humane neighbors, Mexico, does things to the Yaguis which we would blush to admit ever had a parallel in our own dealings with the red man. Mexico is playing her old barbarous game of setting wild beasts in human shape at work upon enemies she cannot conquer in open war.

It was long the practice of Mexico in the days of white colonization when her regular troops were too timid or too deceitful to number settlers who dared defy the dictator to betray them by the vilest means into the hands of the most bloodthirsty tribes of the border and call the slaughter an accident. Now she is setting upon the Yaguis the same tactics of the most savage warriors to exterminate by Indian tactics the pitiful remnant of this once noble tribe. Some time ago the government began deporting Yaguis from their house in Sonora to the mines at Yucatan. It has been said that once there the captives would be doomed to slavery, which would wipe them out faster than Mexican bullets could do. And there are hints that shipments of the Indians dispatched from Guaymas never landed in Yucatan nor any other civilized country, but were disposed of in the Mexican-Indian fashion, and will never again disturb the quiet of Sonora. The world gets wrought up over cruelties far less deplorable than are reported from Sonora, and yet upon the pretext of the responsible government. For eight years the Yaguis have been in revolt, and this new stage of man hunting must end in their annihilation, but only after an orgy of devilish cruelties which are a shame to this age. Desperate and cruel the Yaguis are, so doubt, and desperate and cruel they must be in order to match the power which aims to wipe them off the earth.

WANTED—By a prominent monthly magazine, with large, high-class circulation, local representative to look after renewals and increase subscription list in Barrington and vicinity, on a salary basis, with a continuing interest from year to year in the business created. Experience desirable, but not essential. God opportunity for the right person. Address, Publisher, box 56, Station O, New York.

THE END OF THE WORLD

By Wm. Hamilton Osborne

Copyright by Joseph H. Bowles

I found Von Minden on that humid, sultry night of the 21st of June—jamming the floor of his observatory, a huge box-like room that reared itself some ten feet above his house. He was in a suppressed state of excitement, which he attempted to conceal as I entered.

"It's no use," I said to him. "I cannot work tonight. And, anyway, I'm going to the others' meeting. I want you to come along, if you can."

He sprang to his feet and opened the window. "Look! Put your hand out here!" he exclaimed. I did not. When I drew it in, it was sprinkled with a few small specks of what resembled soft coal soot.

"Rub your hands together," said Von Minden. "Now look at them." Where I had rubbed and where each speck had been there was a small creamy smear of a bright red color. I glanced up at him, inquiringly. "What are these?" I asked. He laughed a strange laugh.

"Those," he responded, "are the germs of lunacy. That's all." He laughed again. I looked at him anxiously. I thought his mind was wandering under the electric heat. I glanced involuntarily out of the window. It had become dark singularly early for the 21st day of June. The moon was high in the heavens. As I glanced at it I leaped from my chair.

"Von Minden," I cried aloud, "look at that!"

The moon was full and large—and red as fire. That was not all. The whole town seemed to be on fire. A thick haze had settled down upon the housetops, and like the moon, the haze was red as flame.

Von Minden stood with outstretched arm. "It's come!" he exclaimed. "The great epidemic of lunacy has come." He pointed far out into the space beyond.

The strikers met that night in an old, abandoned skating rink—a large, rambling wooden structure. It was filled to overflowing. A loud, low, red-faced doctor stood in the room, surrounded by an excited mass of humanity. We were late—Von Minden and myself. The speaker had had time to raise his hearers to a pitch of fury.

"It's a good time," he cried, "a good thing to be here, restin' easy 'n' quiet. What the h—d—ye mean by it? D—ye know what's happenin' up town?"

And the Men Went with Him. Whistles were sweeter than dogs here, you white-livered hounds! D—ye know that McDevitt, the oppressor—McDevitt, that calls himself your boss—mine—d—ye know that McDevitt holds open house tonight for the silk stockin' crowd? We follow him, I starvin' 'n' chokin' 'n' his house is ablaze wit' light—wine is flowin' like water. The sky is rainin' blood tonight." He cried. "Let those stay who will. I'm goin' to McDevitt's hall. Who'll come where Mullen leads the way?"

He leaped to the floor and plunged through the crowd and out of the door, a wild cheer greeting him as he went. And the men went with him, pulling guns and knives from their pockets, picking up stones and staves as they went along with Mullen at their head. We followed them.

McDevitt's was ablaze with lights—but not for long. As we approached the house, it suddenly became dark. Some one produced a torch and red the house, filled as it was with horrid-looking guests. The flames spread, curling up on all sides.

Suddenly the clanging of many bells was heard upon the night air. Von Minden and I looked in the direction from which the sound came. It was help! Half a dozen horseless fire engines were charging down the hill. They drew up on the outskirts of the crowd. The water-butt was near where Von Minden and I stood—the crowd had forgotten it. Now they surged around it, and we were caught.

The firemen tried to get their machines through the throng. "Let us through!" they cried. "No!" yelled the crowd.

At the water-butt near which I stood, one of the crowd, a burly fellow, was waving a crowbar round and round his head. The firemen with their hoses tried to get near, but time and again he beat them off. I watched him.

I don't know what happened. Everything was red before my eyes. I was conscious only that something fell with a thud to the ground—something that the crowd trampled under foot, and that the firemen were attaching the hose—and that I had done it.

"Blood! Blood!" I cried in a wild frenzy, breaking away from the crowd and running up the street. "Blood!"

As I ran a great number of police officers passed me, on their way to the riot. Their eyes were wild and bloodshot.

I staggered on until I reached Von Minden's house. He had got there before me.

"Von Minden!" I cried, beating the door frantically.

He came out, and I started back in surprise. Von Minden it was, but he was completely encased, from his waist up, in a metal cylinder that surrounded his body. It was full of holes and emitted a white vapor that almost completely enveloped him.

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He laughed. "Steam!" he cried. "It's the only thing—the only antidote for the madness. Wait!"

He opened a small valve, and out came a flood of steam. Instantly the blood left his face. For the first time in hours I felt like a rational being.

Then he produced another portable generator and attached it to my person.

"We must go, Anson," he explained, "in the name of humanity."

We then proceeded to the two leading newspaper offices and dictated notices for their bulletins, directing everybody to keep their windows shut, to keep indoors, and to keep their kettles steaming. Von Minden and myself as we went through the streets, cried: "Steam! Steam!" to all whom we met.

The sun rose the next morning—asked a sun as last night's moon had been—and wherever shone the sun that day, it shone down upon ruin and disaster. The whole world woke to find itself gone mad.

The next day every state in the union was clamoring for one man—Von Minden—the federal government most of all. A special session of congress was called. Committees had experimented with Von Minden's steam generators. They sent for mechanics and engineers from every state, and called Von Minden in. Inside of 48 hours Von Minden's apparatus was being manufactured and distributed all over the country.

In a week, however, the officials—Von Minden with them—began to wake up to the fact that while steam was the great remedy, it was a remedy that the masses didn't want. To them madness was intoxication; they preferred it to sanity.

It was independent day, July 4th, that the crisis came. On that day, from every town and city in the United States, by prearrangement, men by thousands and tens of thousands, started out, armed as they were, yet with semblance of order, bound for one common destination.

They were bound for Washington. They had become anarchists. They had determined to wipe out the United States government—the president, congress, and every department.

On July 12, that fateful day, I stood with Von Minden on top of the Washington monument.

The mob had surrounded the city. The entire government had left it, and was speeding west by separate routes.

At a preconcerted signal the mob entered. Nothing could have kept them out, and no attempt was made to do so. Von Minden sat at my side with his finger on a button. He was ready at a moment's notice to loose upon the mass of humanity powerful jets of steam that would either kill or cure. For awhile there was no disorder. The great army entered, rank upon rank, and filled every street and every park. They were there to destroy, but to destroy within the time came. Suddenly we heard murmurs—something was wrong.

The girls with wild eyes, growing stronger as the time went on, burst from the throats of a million men. They had been thwarted.

At that moment Von Minden pressed the button on his hand. Nothing happened. Something was wrong. Von Minden became himself almost a raving lunatic.

"What the devil is the matter?" he yelled. Again and again he tried the apparatus. It would not work. The crowd had evidently cut his wires. He was about to descend to investigate himself, but I held him back.

"Look, look!" I cried. "Below!"

It is quite unnecessary for me to describe it. The mass of citizens below, in its frenzy and disappointment, had become uncontrollable—they had decided to let the mad men go, and themselves, not upon the city, not against the public buildings, but upon one another. All day long that force battle raged within the streets of the city. It was not men against men—it was man against man.

Von Minden covered his eyes with his hands. "My God," he moaned. We three ourselves upon the floor, and saw the mad men in the night of which the world had never seen the like. Then suddenly the madness seized on us. "The end of the world," cried Von Minden, leaping to his feet.

The crowd surged, and my head, "Hurrah!" I exclaimed in a delirium of frenzy. "The end of the world! Let us die now!"

We laughed again in unison, and muttered incoherent things.

Then with a wild fling of head and arm he slung himself away from the parapet and into the space beyond.

THE PURSE AND THE PRISONER

By ALFRED HURRY

Copyright by Joseph H. Bowles

Possibly she felt my gaze, for she turned. And her face was worthy of her figure. Two bright blue eyes met mine for an instant before they were turned away. I stood still. I was in it with that girl whom ten seconds before I had never seen.

I gazed after her till she was out of sight. Then I gazed at the sacred spot on the pavement where she had stood, and behold, there lay a little purse. I picked it up reverently and hastened after her; but she was lost in the throng of Broadway.

I reached Twenty-third street and turned and retraced my steps, and presently I saw the girl again. She was gazing into another shop window. I picked my way delicately through the feminine crowd. My arm brushed hers, and the blood rushed from my heart to my ears. She turned. Our eyes met. And, by all the saints in heaven, her eyes were brown! It was not, she, but some other girl dressed exactly like her.

My hand fell from my hat, and I gasped an apology. I was wriggling away, when a hand grasped my wrist and tried to wrest the purse from me. I turned and beheld a large man in blinding clothes.

"Ah, would you?" he said. "Quiet!" He dug his knuckles into the back of my hand. I restrained a fierce desire to inflict similar treatment on his countenance, and said: "Let go, you ass! Can't you see I'm not a pick-pocket? I picked up this purse five minutes ago, and—"

Yes, I've heard all that before, several times. I don't want to hear it again. Have you lost your purse, miss?"

The girl with the brown eyes searched for her pocket, found it, and then felt in it.

"Yes, I have!" she exclaimed. "I broke into a cold perspiration. Wrenching my wrist free I held out the purse. 'That is not your purse!'"

"But it is. Oh, you had, wicked man! I felt you take it!"

This settled the matter. I was marched off between two policemen. The girl and the detective went in a cab.

When brought before the magistrate she made a pretense of being dis-solved in tears, and pathetically besought the authorities to release me. But the magistrate, a white-haired, fatherly old gentleman—no, plainly expressed to her how necessary it was for the protection of honest people that rogues should be punished. At length this wretched woman, committing perjury for the sake of a paltry purse, suffered the oath to be administered and swore the purse was hers.

"Silence, prisoner," said the fatherly magistrate—still fatherly, but in a different way: "you will not meddle matters by blasphemy. A month. Take him away."

I was taken away to a cell. In this impolite prison I spent the next several hideous days, and nights of my life. But on the eighth day came release. A warder entered my cell and with more respect than I had yet received in the prison, told me that my innocence had been discovered and that I had been pardoned for the offense I had not committed.

My good name and my clothes having been restored to me, I was requested—a refreshing change from being ordered—to step into a private room. Here I found three ladies—a majestic matron, the girl with the brown eyes who had procured me a week's living free of expense, and a man in the dress of the New York man that he might almost pass for the same. The pugwash man has succeeded in breeding what he calls the fenceless pig. This is a pig with one eye, a diminutive and the worst of the single eye affects the pig just as the short leg affects the hen. Each tends in a circular course and consequently never wanders far from home. The invention is said to be worth millions to the western farmers and herdsmen, doing away entirely with the necessity for fences.

A man in Pugwash, Me., has hit upon an idea so like that of the New York man that he might almost pass for the same. The pugwash man has succeeded in breeding what he calls the fenceless pig. This is a pig with one eye, a diminutive and the worst of the single eye affects the pig just as the short leg affects the hen. Each tends in a circular course and consequently never wanders far from home. The invention is said to be worth millions to the western farmers and herdsmen, doing away entirely with the necessity for fences.

Children as Campaign Ads. More and more is the appeal to the child becoming a factor in the achievement of political ambitions. The New York city electioneer has discarded the earlier methods of house-to-house calls on the children, preferring to assemble all the boys and girls of the neighborhood at one time and place, and so strengthen his canvass by the impressive force of numbers. The leader of one district gave a day's holiday to his constituency the other day, and there were gathered together 20,000 persons, men, women and children, mostly children. There were ice cream and cake for the little ones, and, sandwiches and other induce-ments for the parents. Each May and June there are monster parades of children to Central park, where an outing is had on the grass under the trees. Prizes are given for victors in the games, and the political leader who stands the expense provides a uniformity of dress, in addition to the good things which the child's heart recollects of this day lasts in the district for many months; and the provider of the festival reaps his reward at the polls.

In Tokio every workman wears on his back an inscription telling his trade and his employer.

taken; but Alice laughed at the men, and declared that she was competent to guard her pocket. If Mabel was not, they went shopping, and Alice insisted on putting her purse in her pocket. It had been there for five minutes before Mabel, from pure love of mischief, took it out, unperceived by Alice and put it in her own pocket. The girls became separated on Broadway and the purse must have fallen out of Mabel's pocket when you saw her. Alice did not miss it till she saw it in your hand; and then—what could she think?"

"Oh, Mr. Felix," exclaimed Alice, "please forgive me. Mabel and I had a lift over those wretched pockets, and we did not speak for a whole week till this morning, when she came to make me think?"

"I felt you take it!"

It up. To my horror she presented me with another purse in place of the one she had lost, and then I saw what a fearful thing I had done.

There was a short silence. And then I laughed, heartily and long. I dined with the Featherstones that evening. And—er—well, to put the matter in a nutshell, my wife has been extremely clear and bright, like children of heaven. To some extent I deserve my Rachel. Did I not serve seven days for her?"

NEW INVENTIONS OF NOTE. Hen That Will Not Scratch and Pig That Never Runs Away.

It may have escaped the attention of the people, but it is nevertheless a fact that the last summer has been extraordinarily fruitful in inventions, says James Watson, N. J., applying the methods of Wizard Burbank to the poultry yard, has evolved a scratchless hen which promises to revolutionize fancy gardening.

The New Egypt hen is set up on the usual hen plan, with this difference: One leg is two inches shorter than the other. By reason of this shortage one side of the hen goes at a slower pace than the other, which has the result of a curvature in her locomotion. In other words, this hen, starting for the freshly seeded garden in a direct line, as hens will, finds herself mysteriously slanted aside. When she thinks she has arrived at the garden she is most mightily mistaken, for she has merely gone the circle and arrived back at her own domain. Simple as this idea is and effectual in curbing the nomadic propensities of the hen, the invention has laid dormant in the human brain for all these countless years. A man would not wonder at the underpinning circularizes the motion of the hen for time and eternity.

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A MATRIMONIAL MISHAP

By R. NORMAN SILVER,
Author of "Wonders of the Deep."

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

"Dear sir: Having seen and liked a copy of your paper, The Golden Circle, I venture to trespass a little upon your attention. I am young, only 23—"

Thaddeus Field smiled when he came to the statement just quoted. He had never in the whole course of his experience as a matrimonial agent met a would-be bride who owned to more than 30 summers. Hardly had the smile dawned upon his lips than it vanished; the letter had become interesting.

"And have inherited some money from an aunt, with whom I had lived since childhood, and who has just died. Thanks to her, I have been fairly well-educated, and I believe I am naturally neither stupid nor awkward. Yet I am now altogether alone, and am very, very unhappy. If you could see me, you would know why I am just the rightest woman in the world. Yet I think if some one could know me as I am, he would love me. Can you help me? I enclose \$15. I am sure it would never be worth your while to attend to my case at your ordinary rates. I am so very, very ugly. Believe me to be, yours very truly, Stella Garner."

A few days after Thaddeus Field's receipt of "Stella Garner's" letter he received an important visit. The tall footman opened the double doors, and bowed in a handsome man of middle age—a man with dark eyes, crisp, iron-gray hair and beard, and dazzling white teeth. Thaddeus Field was impressed, and rose graciously as Pierre, the footman, retired.

The newcomer held out his hand. "Mr. Thaddeus Field?" he said.

"I am Mr. Thaddeus Field," answered that gentleman, assuming his official dignity.

His visitor bowed.

"I am Stephen Osborne," he explained. "Stephen Montgomery Osborne, at your service."

"Pray be seated," said Thaddeus, offering a chair.

Mr. Osborne sat down, and crossed his legs.

"In what way," demanded Thaddeus, "can I have the pleasure of serving you?"

Stephen Osborne laughed out heartily.

"I want a wife," he answered.

"That should not be difficult to find—for you," replied Thaddeus, with gentle flattery.

"It may not prove as easy as you expect," said the other; "I'll wager ten dollars you don't keep the kind of a wife I want in stock. Perhaps you can get her to order."

"What kind of a wife do you want, Mr. Osborne?" he asked, blandly.

Stephen Osborne seemed embarrassed.

"To be quite honest, Mr. Mr. Field," he replied, "it isn't so much the kind of a wife I want, as the kind of wife I've got to have."

"Indeed?" said Thaddeus, puzzled.

"Yes," said his client, truthfully; "I haven't a great deal of time. You see, when I was a bit younger I was fool enough to tell my papa, who had married again—I was the only child of the first marriage—that I would never marry if I couldn't get some one a little better looking than my new stepmother. So we quarreled and parted, and when the old boy died last winter—there were no more children, and stepma died some years ago—he left me his money on condition that I married a girl older than he was, and gave me 12 months to make up my mind. I didn't expect ever to need the money, and so took it easy, but some of my speculations have done decently bad, and I must have some cash before long or go bust. That's why I'm here."

Thaddeus Field's eyes shone—it was just the kind of case he liked.

"If you will call to-morrow about this time, Mr. Osborne," he said, "I think I shall have something to say. Good-day."

With this comforting assurance he rang the bell, and Mr. Osborne departed.

That afternoon Mrs. Christina Field left for Boston. Her instructions were not to return without Miss "Stella Garner."

On the succeeding morning Christina, accompanied by a closely-veiled lady, entered the anteroom. Christina left her charge and went into her husband's sanctum. Thaddeus was standing on the hearth-rug, chewing his moustaches with impatience.

"Will she do?" he asked.

Christina grinned.

"As ugly as sin," she said; "but smart."

"That's all right," concluded Thaddeus; "bring her in."

Christina opened the door and called. The veiled lady rose and entered.

Field, Mr. Osborne laughed and chattered and looked so merry and handsome that the lady behind the carved screen lost her heart to him, and when Mr. Field escorted Mr. Osborne out, and the door closed behind them, the ladies were at liberty to come forth again. Miss Stella Garner laughed herself, and chatted, and looked not so ugly after all. And Mr. Stephen Osborne, who with Thaddeus had gone round another way into the hidden cupboard, that the former might spy upon Miss Garner as she had spied upon him, drew a deep breath, and whispered to the matrimonial agent, "I suppose I can't do better—she seems a decent sort."

"Quite the lady, I assure you, Mr. Osborne," murmured the wily Thaddeus in his ear; "any amount of accomplishments—young, and a little bit of money in the bank. Will you come up to my house to-night? I'll ask her round too."

"No, thanks," said Stephen Osborne; "let it be to-morrow. I've something else on to-night."

"To-morrow, then," replied Thaddeus. "You will make the acquaintance of the future Mrs. Osborne." Now, there was one thing in the world for which Christina Field lived and moved and had her being, and that was jewelry. In her bedroom at the little uptown house she had a small key in the lock, and the key of that safe never left her possession. Her diamonds were not imperial, still they were valuable, and had been mounted to her own instructions, and she had a ruby bracelet for which many a fairly honest woman would have risked her soul. When an opportunity arose for Madame Christina to don her glittering treasures she was happy; when there were women present to envy them she became positively radiant.

In obedience to this ruling passion, Christina—dressing for the early dinner at which Stephen Osborne was to meet Miss Stella Garner, and which was to be followed by a visit to the theater—clasped about her white throat and dainty arms some five thousand dollars' worth of precious stones. Very well she looked, too, did Christina, when she took her place at the head of the table and beamed on the ugly Miss Garner, the admiring Stephen Osborne and the complacent Thaddeus.

It was a wonderfully merry little party; each seemed to vie with each in brilliancy. If Christina was gay,



It Was a Wonderfully Merry Little Party.

Miss Garner was brilliant; if Thaddeus was overflowing with gold humor, Stephen Osborne proved a prince of entertainers.

Suddenly upon the midst of the party there descended an astonishing quiet. Thaddeus, strange to say, fell asleep in his chair, and Christina, after a gallant struggle to keep awake followed his example.

Then Mr. Stephen Osborne and Miss Stella Garner proceeded in a very remarkable proceeding. They rose from their places and calmly proceeded to strip their sleeping hostess of her jewelry. Miss Stella's light fingers unclasped Christina's necklaces and bracelets, and removing her rings, Stephen Osborne the while deftly concealing the jewels about his person. When Christina's shoulders, wrists and fingers were bare of their glittering baubles, the pair turned their attention to the slumbering Thaddeus, relieving him of a diamond stud and ring, worth together a hundred dollars or so. Then they paused, and looking at one another, laughed silently.

"It's a fair haul," Poulie," said the man who had called himself "Stephen Osborne."

Miss Stella Garner nodded.

"Are you sure that stuff'll only make them sleep?" she asked, anxiously.

"Certain sure," said the other. "Do you think I want to swing? Not much. Come on, look sleepy, now; this way out."

And with that Mr. "Stephen Osborne," Miss "Stella Garner" and about five thousand dollars' worth of "jewels" disappeared through the French window of Mr. Thaddeus Field's dining room.

Mr. Thaddeus Field never found a sufficiently only partner for Mr. Stephen Osborne, in fact he never saw Mr. Osborne again. Nor did he ever set eyes on Miss Stella Garner, nor find her some one to love. They had vanished into the unknown through that French window, and Christina still mourns her diamonds.

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MASQUERADE BALL.

The Autumn Leaf Rebekah Lodge Will Give a Masquerade Dance

Wednesday Evening,

Jan. 30th.

Autumn Leaf Rebekah Lodge, 628 E. 13th St., will give a Masquerade Wednesday evening, Jan. 30, in the Village Hall to which all are invited.

Three prizes will be given—one for best dressed lady, one for best dressed gentleman and one for the couple who are judged the best waiters. Lunch will be served all the evening and tickets will be fifty cents. Everybody plan to attend.

Related Valor.

General Hennenkampff, the Russian cavalry leader, who never made one good stroke during the campaign in Manchuria, although he seemed to have every advantage over the poorly mounted Japs, said recently that the war would have to be fought over in order that Russia may have revenge. Every great conflict of arms develops this sort of warrior, full of fight after peace is declared. In this country there were men who insisted for twenty years after Appomattox that the war must be fought once more. In the south the most bitter of the unreconstructed and in the north the wavers of the "dodgy shirt" were the ones who had shirked the battle when it was on.

Of course it is impossible for Russia to get revenge out of the Japs for that licking in this generation. No one knows that better than Hennenkampff if he is anything of a soldier. It is natural for a general who has been unfortunate to wish another try of luck. But Russia and her army have positively no chance to redeem themselves on the battlefield, and the sooner this talk of getting square is dropped the better it will be for the Russian people, who have troubles enough right at home.

Slowly, as is always the case with the Germans, but at the same time effectively, the people of the fatherland are coming to realize the importance of caring for the teeth. Twenty-five years ago dentistry was almost unknown in the Interior of Germany, and there was a demand for American practitioners. The field is still open for good dentists with American diplomas, according to the United States consul of Magdeburg.

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is a wise investment. It saves time and money, and increases your profit as a result of the increased production. No progressive farmer can afford to be without an I. H. C. engine. There is one to fit your special need.

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Lake Zurich, Illinois

The Inevitable Home the Need of America

NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS, D. D.

OBSERVATION suggests the value of hospitality and the glory of the home, a college of instruction, a hospital for hurt hearts, a center of inspiration and happiness. Doubtless foreign customs have crept in, and injured the old American idea of hospitality and the right use of the American home.

And yet, one of the first of the principles in the art of hospitality. One of the greatest of the sciences is the science of turning the home into an institution for the diffusion of refinement, culture and beauty. What the honey-suckle, overhanging the porch of a cottage and perfuming all the garlands that pass by is to the estate, that hospitality is to the home. Any home that exists solely or even primarily for the tyrant that lives in it is a prison, a Bastille, with this difference, that the walls of selfishness is built to keep men out rather than to keep prisoners in.

And, for a revival of the spirit of hospitality! No college ever founded can do what it is given to a beautiful home to accomplish. Clubs serve a useful purpose for men, but the spring of life is in the household. Hospitality has not been estimated at its true worth. It is one of the crowning glories of a city. Ambitious to achieve a home and fill it with beautiful objects, the next duty is to bring the home to bear upon one's friends, and to send out therefrom good will, inspiration, friendship and happiness. A good home, well built, is like a fruitful tree, but unless the fruit is picked when ripe it rots.

Boys of To-day Lack Good Manners

By R. G. F. CANDAGE,
President Boston Industrial Home.

battle for a livelihood is an open question.

Some think he is not, and give as a reason for so thinking that he lacks kindness in manners, respect for his superiors and has little regard for law and order as compared with the boy of earlier periods. Whether true or otherwise, such is the criticism.

If true, does not the fault lie largely in the home training and not at the door of the public schools? The boy who is trained at home to be kind to his equals, respectful to his superiors and to elderly persons, and to respect the moral and common law, is not likely to become a terror to his neighbors by his lawlessness, although there may be exceptions to the rule.

To teach the boy his duty as a member of society is incumbent on the parent and guardian, as well as upon the school teacher.

This is what has been called "a fast age." We have railroads, steamships, street trolleys, cars, telegraphs, telephones, electricity and many things in common use, that the boy of 70 years ago had never dreamed of, and every one seems to hurry to get ahead of his neighbor in the scurry to get rich quickly, leaving little or no time for polite behavior, and the boy who jostles and passes the middle-aged or old person without apology copies from his elders.

It cannot be denied but what in manners and behavior upon the street, on trolley cars and other public places the boy of the present suffers by comparison with the boy of earlier periods.

But the boy is not wholly to blame; the cause is to be sought in the changed conditions which now govern affairs.

The boy of the earlier period had "his chores to do," which taught him habits of industry and kept body and brain busy a good share of the time when he was out of school.

To-day our houses are heated with furnace, hot air or hot water and the boy has no wood to saw or fires to build. Water is drawn from a faucet and he has no pumping to do or water to bring in for washing and household use. And so in many ways he has been relieved of the "chores" the boy of earlier periods had to do, and he finds time for mischief, which it is said "idle hands" too often find.

Whether the boy of the present is better equipped for the duties of life, is equal in moral standing to take his place in the community and act his part as well as the boy of the former period has been questioned. But to him who believes in the onward and uplifting march of our race under Christian institutions, there can be no permanent backward movement, and the boy of to-day takes rank somewhat in advance of the boy of earlier periods; otherwise our boasted civilization must end in failure.

Lessons in Health from Chad

By MARIAN AINSWORTH WHITE.

Look at yourself! Immediately the child's resentful face changed, and nestling to her mother, who wisely refrained from saying another word regarding the ebullience of temper she, with an apologetic hug, softly soothed away the resentment.

Some weeks afterward, during which time there was a marked change for the better in the temperament of the child, the mother had occasion to reprove the little one for an act of disobedience, using, perhaps, unnecessary warmth of temper at the time. Without hesitation the little one seized her by the hand and urged her toward the mirror.

"Look at yourself!" she exclaimed, her childish voice as severe as her strength permitted, at the same time struggling desperately to keep the angry lines from her own face by puckering her lips into a form from which issued a succession of soft, noncommittal "soos."

The lesson had been taught, learned and relearned, and who shall say how, for teaching the individual, and even death, each would be more at peace with his neighbor, with the community, and with the world at large.

GHOST HAUNTS ROAD

MERRYMAKERS DISTURBED BY INCONSIDERATE SPIRIT.

Appearing wandering on Highway between Butte and Rocker, Believed to Be That of Recently Executed Murderer.

Miles Fuller's ghost haunts the road between Butte and Rocker and its first made as a party of merry-makers on the road from Crystal Springs to Butte, says the Apocryphal Standard. The night was a dreary one and clouds cut off the little starlight that would otherwise have been in evidence. The time was just midnight, that popular hour when graves are supposed to yawn. The tally-ho had just stopped the little raise below the tourist saloon. The horses were stopped, snorted to terror, for their eyes had caught the gleam of something white. "An instant later it came out of the darkness, and the sight was so appalling that the passengers actually fell out of the carry-all and fled shrieking toward Crystal Springs. The horses were petrified with terror for a moment and then fled panic-stricken through the darkness, the driver in his fright being unable to control them. The tally-ho was almost completely wrecked and the driver and horses escaped serious injury only by a miracle.

As soon as the passengers arrived at the springs they told of the frightful vision they had seen and the danger in which the driver had been placed. Immediately a party was formed to hunt up the driver and lay the ghost. The driver was found before going far, for he had swung the horses toward the springs and he still had control of them, although the wagon was wrecked. The poor bodies were actually wringing wet with sweat of terror and were trembling so their teeth rattled. "I have the horses all safe," said the driver. "Go up there and see what has frightened them," and the rescuers hurried on only to see a shadowy, phosphorescent object disappear over a hill towards Rocker.

One of the men who saw the ghost is positive it is that of old Miles Fuller, who was hanged in Butte a few months ago. Fuller used to be a resident of that section of the country and the people here say there is no doubt that his spirit is now haunting the road. "The sight was a terrible one," said one of the passengers. "When the driver stopped his horses

Library Cushion of Leather on Suede against gold. Black satin very frequently used an exceedingly novel and effective touch, bringing out the design as nothing else would.

A decidedly luxurious and Oriental air is imparted to cushions of velvet and satin by bands of heavy lace.



I looked out, and coming directly toward us were two people on horseback. One was a woman shrouded in white and riding a white horse. She was leading a horse so black that he only made a faint shadow against the darkness, and upon his back was a figure bound in straps and with a black cap tied over his head. He sat on that horse in a soldier's pose. We only took one look and there we fled, but we searched our souls for screams to tell how frightened we really were, and we were not content until we got to the shelter of the hotel at the springs.

Many of the residents of Rocker corroborate the truth of the ghost story. It may be that some one is playing a practical joke, but that is not believed by the superstitious, and a number of schemes are being planned whereby the ghost will be laid to rest again. Why Fuller's spirit should be accompanied by a woman is a mystery which his best friends cannot solve. As he was classed as a woman hater during all of the years he lived in Montana.

Rails Are Everer.

The fact that within the past 25 years two-thirds of the unexcusedness in railroad tracks has been done away with on certain lines was discussed at a recent meeting of the American Academy of Sciences.

The improvement has been brought about principally through new designs and methods of manufacture of rails. A "heavy" 100 lb. rail, weighing 20 or 30 lbs. in excess of the inequalities, the "heavy" and "light" rails for each mile reversed. Formerly the "total inequality" was as much as 100 lbs. or more, but even for the best roads; it has been reduced to only 15 or 20 lbs., and this remnant is said to be due to faults in the rails.

It is here pointed out that the improvement, which may be carried further, brings with it heavier locomotives and cars, longer trains and higher speeds.

MATTERS FEMININE

Comfort for Cozy Corners

ELABORATE AND PLAIN CUSHIONS IN PROFUSION.

Hand-Painted Floral-Pantheons Among the "Fitter Ones" shown in some Brocades Waxed in Many Varied Styles.

Among the most elaborate cushions, incidentally costing a vast sum, are the exquisite ones for the drawing room and the boudoir, in the shape of hand-painted scrolls from Watteau. Rich medallions of similar scenes in fanciful shapes and bordered by gilt-gilt, are temptingly displayed. Hand-painted floral fantasies, sweet peas, roses, lilies of the valley, besides other appropriate florals are shown in graceful sprays on pale tinted backgrounds in cream and black. A most tempting cushion was designed after the popular song, "The Honey-suckle and the Bee." Bees were shown gaily feasting upon cultivated and wild honey-suckle, the whole being unusually realistic.

Very handsome brocades are shown in scrolls and florals, both in satin and velvet with gold and silver cord and thread employed as high lights and to emphasize certain parts of the design. The edges are outlined with thin or thick cord, sometimes silk

leathers are immensely liked. More conservative tastes prefer the bright brocades with little or no decoration.

Stenciled effects in leather cushions are very good, these usually showing in a lighter or darker shade than the cushion itself or in a pleasantly contrasting shade.

For example, a very rich design was in a warm shade of ten suede with black fleur-de-lis outlined in raising circles of gold (yellow paint touched with gold). The same idea was also shown in a scarlet sash with black fleur-de-lis. Stenciled monograms, too, are among the exclusive novelties which the amateur artist may copy.

Altogether different are the cut-out patterns of leather, sometimes being an all-over design, again a wide border running diagonally through the center and under which a contrasting color is used.

Cushions of these rough and ready materials look their best in a well-stuffed circular design, the newest having earled corners. Many are stenciled in queer Japanese characters and heraldic designs. When only a little work is desired, then tinted patterns require only a heavy cotton or silk for outlining purposes.

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Timely and Useful Entertaining Hints

New and Novel Ideas for the Entertainment of Guests.

An "Indian Meal."

Put one or two tents for wigwags and send the invitations on paper arrows through which a feather is thrust. There could be a sale of baskets, bead work and pottery, if the affair is given for a church or charity. Girls dressed as squaws may serve as attendants at the booths and act in the capacity of waiters. There are Indian post cards, which would make very good place cards or souvenirs. For refreshments serve:

Communal Mush, with Milk
Fish or some kind of game
Bean Soup
Corn Bread
Corn Muffins
Indian Meal Pudding.

An Evening with "Christy."

A club composed of young men and women gave this entertainment, which delighted their friends and was a social and financial success. Invitations were sent out for "An Evening with Christy," and some 15 or more of this artist's pictures were illustrated by tableaux, among them being: "The American Girl," "Making Bread Pills," "Rival Beauties," "The Widow and Her Friends," "The Nightmare of a Young Man Who Dreams He is Marrying for Money," and "The Society Girl."

There was little or no expense attached to the affair, except the colored lights; each one participating which decorated their friends and was a social and financial success. Invitations were sent out for "An Evening with Christy," and some 15 or more of this artist's pictures were illustrated by tableaux, among them being: "The American Girl," "Making Bread Pills," "Rival Beauties," "The Widow and Her Friends," "The Nightmare of a Young Man Who Dreams He is Marrying for Money," and "The Society Girl."

Photograph Place Cards.

Guests invited to dine with a hostess noted for her clever schemes were told to find their places at table by the photographs at each place.

To the wonderment of all, the pictures were of children; it was some time before the "index" was recognized as the lady in knickerbockers sitting at each place with a picture book spread out in her lap. The "matron" was discovered as a wee six-year-old girl, clasping a doll, while the "debutante" turned out to be a debutante in a formal dress with an orange in one hand and a stick of candy tightly grasped in the other.

As the color scheme was red, the photographs were mounted in red ribbon, a bow at the corners; through one of these loops there was

HOUSEHOLD FRIEND.

Peruna is a household friend in more than a million homes. This number is increasing every day. Peruna has become a household word all over the English speaking world. It is an old tried remedy for all catarrhal diseases of the head, throat, lungs, stomach, kidneys, bladder and female organs.

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Kitty and the Russian Coatee

By Paul Creswick

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles)

"Tell me about the sales," I requested, when we were at last sitting alone. "Sales, servants, and scandals are the main lines on which conversation usually runs at afternoon teas." Kitty gave her skirt that peculiar flip downward over her little feet which is so marked a habit of the sex. She considered her reply. "I think I may agree with you, Reggie—so far as your first and second," she decided, at last. "But as regards your third, you must admit that no scandal would be complete without a man. It is man who always enjoys scandal; and, consequently, when he is present at an afternoon tea—"

"At which the tea is itself absent," I interrupted amiably. "Don't ring for Lofius, I beg—I'm not thirsty. Please refresh me instead with stories of the wonderful bargains you have acquired."

"Sales," commenced Kitty, "are a popular illusion. One hears them announced—"

"Full page advertisements in the papers—so philanthropic," I murmured.

"One rushes off to a steady shop—to jostle and fight with quantities of really extremely ill-behaved women—in order to buy an article that probably will never be of the slightest service."

"Did I ever tell you about the girl who put five pounds into the pocket of a coat that another girl sold?" inquired Kitty, earnestly.

"We have never talked about money in our lives," I said. "That will inevitably become our main topic—after we are married. Married folk never have time to discuss any other subject."

"There were two girls," began Kitty, totally ignoring my last remark. "One was named Clara, and the other called herself Polly. They were in a store, in the mantle and millinery departments. They also lived together."



It Was Perfect.

Apart from the way they had of halting each other by nicknames, they were very pleasant, orderly young things. They had a bad-manners club."

"Explain," I demanded.

"It's a money-box on the chimney-piece," said Kitty. "Every time Polly was disagreeable or snappy, Clara made her contribute sixpence to the box. Similarly when Clara was quarrelsome or lazy—"

"I understand. Tell me more about the five pounds."

"Don't be impatient! It happened that, after a year or so, this money-box became exceedingly heavy. They decided, after much discussion and consideration, that the club should be wound up—since both had been remarkably good-tempered and sweet for quite a long period. It seemed almost an aspersion on them, their keeping on with the club. Clara wondered what they ought to do with the money. Polly suggested, promptly, that they could divide it and buy themselves something pretty and permanent."

"Practical little girl!"

"They imagined that there would be fully three pounds in the club," Kitty went on. "But—alas! they had not been so very naughty, after all. The money-box yielded, on investigation, the sum of 29 shillings and sixpence. Clara said that such an amount couldn't be divided—it would be too difficult. Polly acquiesced; and they eventually sat down to a great game of cribbage, one night—no time to take the entire proceeds of the club."

"If this is to be a gambling story, I shall have to rise to order," said I. "It's such nonsense," announced Kitty, placidly. "Listen. The game commenced at 8:30 precisely, one windy March evening, and it lasted until 11. As the clock was striking 11, Clara, with a small grudge, pushed over to the fair and flushed Polly 59 shillings. 'They're yours,' said she, briefly. 'What are you going to do with them?' Polly, with a nervous, lanky chuckle of triumph, answered: 'Buy a new jacket, of course.'"

"I like Polly," I remarked. "A very sensible creature."

"Something in Clara's expression caused Polly to become nervous. She crossed to her friend, and, resting

her hand on Clara's shoulder, Polly whispered a trifle shamefacedly: "If you want the money, dear—take it. I haven't sold my old coat yet; and I'll wear it right out. Take the money; it will give me much more pleasure."

"And Clara?"

"Shook her head. She wanted the money for a purpose which she feared Polly would laugh at. Clara at last owned up. She would have given the money to the landlady—as rent in advance. 'But why?' requested Polly, amazedly. 'They don't pay us in advance for rent,' Nobby never ever dreams of doing such a thing. If you pay your way as you go, you're doing more than most folk, be sure."

"Country seed oats, lots of corn in crib and seed corn, grain sacks, harnesses, in fact, there are so many articles that space forbids mention of them all. Terms are cash for sums under \$10, and twelve month's credit on sums over that amount. Wm. Peters will be the auctioneer."

"I'm beginning to like Clara best, after all."

"Kitty feared that Clara was too sentimental. 'She may have imagined things,' she said. 'Her ladyship continued. 'Still Polly took the money, and sold her old clothes for another thirty odd shillings, and then, with what she had saved she possessed five golden pounds. She had only to wait now for the end of the great sale, when goods left in stock would be offered, at an alarmingly reduction, to the employees. There was one little Russian coatee of electric wool which she especially coveted."

"It was the very last hour of the sale. Polly popped down from the millinery department to tell Clara of her choice—if it still remained. The coatee was still there, but not Clara. She had been called away to the counting-house over some error in an account. Polly, who is rather a fine looking girl, I think—took the coatee off the model and swiftly tried it on. It was perfect. Polly's pretty reflection was beaming back from the glass when there came a sharp call for her from the millinery-room. She slipped out of the coatee, screwed up her five golden pounds in a bill from her book, and thrust the precious little screw of paper into one of the pockets of the coatee. Flushing the latter on Clara's chair, Polly fled for her life."

"Clara came back as soon as Polly had gone."

"She saw the coatee, and, tidily, put it back on the model. Ten minutes afterwards a small-hard-to-please woman came bustling into the mantle department. She snatched over every thing, tried on a hundred and one jackets, grumbled at the prices unceasingly, and finally—"

"Bought Polly's coatee."

"Bought it and took it away with her! Said her carriage was at the door, and she wouldn't trouble the store to send it home. You can guess what Polly felt, when at closing time, she came for the coat. Gone—gone—the five pounds as well! Her blue eyes flashed lightning and sudden death. There was a scene; and poor Clara cried. Polly cried, too; then stormed again. 'And you don't know the creature's address, nor anything? Oh, Clara—it is too cruel of you! Why are you so dreadfully tidy? Couldn't you see that the coat was there all ready to be packed? I believe you did it on purpose!'"

"I don't like people to be too neat," I put in. "I remember once—"

"This is my story," declared Kitty, imperiously. "Wait until you hear the conclusion. Clara was saying that the lady would be sure to bring the money back, when Polly dashed out of the room. She interviewed the hall porter. She spent the evening chasing electric seal coatees. Once she fancied that she had tracked it, and, chapsalingly addressed the wearer, who turned such furious eyes upon poor Polly that she stammered, went red, and gave way to ignominious flight."

"And the moral?"

"There isn't any. Days passed. Clara bought Polly a little for collar, and made her wear it. They were nice girls, with kind hearts, although rather slangy ways. One morning—behind the fussy lady! She had, at length, found the five pounds. Now arose a difficulty with the store. Polly had to make them understand, as she hadn't dared speak about it before. But directly the fussy lady perceived Polly, she exclaimed, roundly: 'You're the girl who spoke to me just as I was leaving my carriage on the night I had the coat! I recognize your voice and manner, my dear. I'm dreadfully sorry I was so rude—but hadn't the faintest notion then as to what you meant. You must let me make good your loss in any case.'"

"That convinced the store people!"

"After awhile, and the fussy lady and the two girls became friends. They took such an interest in a little scheme of weekly charity dinners which the fussy lady had in hand; and thus they met other friends who were helping."

"Were those the girls? And was that the coatee? I suppose you gave it to her—you dear, fussy thing? I must admit that I liked the coatee—and Polly—and Clara."

"You like all girls, Reggie—that's the worst of you," Kitty laughingly rose to ring for Lofius. "You must go now—my breakfast is coming. But you can call at eight, if you like. We have a committee meeting to-night. Nora is coming—besides Polly and Clara and the others."

"All women," I inquired, doubtfully. "Come and see," replied Kitty.

Coming Auctions

L. Peters, having sold his farm located two and a half miles north of Lake Zurich, two miles west of Fairfield, and one mile east of Lake Zurich, on Tuesday, January 29th, at 9 o'clock, a. m., all his farming tools, machinery, five work horses, thirteen head of cows, pair black horses, bay horse, sorrel horse, bay mare, thirteen new milchers and springers, shoats, brood sows, stock bull, hay in barn, shredded stocks, 200 loads, 200 Country seed oats, lots of corn in crib and seed corn, grain sacks, harnesses, in fact, there are so many articles that space forbids mention of them all. Terms are cash for sums under \$10, and twelve month's credit on sums over that amount. Wm. Peters will be the auctioneer.

Cary

Quite a few of the Cary boys have gone to Lake Zurich to cut ice for the Knickerbocker Ice Co.

Chester Baugh is quite ill in Chicago.

The Cary basket ball game has again been postponed.

Mr. Weaver has returned from Colorado and reports everything fine. He says Jas. Tomsky and Arthur Weaver are well pleased with their holdings.

Mrs. and Miss Mellick were in Chicago on business last week.

Meadows Dule and Herdicks were in Chicago Wednesday.

Henry Dempsey, Post Office Inspector, was here Wednesday.

The prizes for the Masquerade Ball are on exhibition at Hubert's.

Wm. and Chas. Washer were in Chicago Monday.

Chester Calow writes he is now bound in North Dakota.

Louis Mellick and Jas. Guest were in Chicago Tuesday.

Francis Munshaw of Elgin is a guest at the Thomas residence.

O. R. Ray of Davenport, Ia. was in town on business and spent the evening at the Owl club rooms.

Miss Emma Mesinger and Fred Hayes took in a show at the Garrick theatre Saturday night.

School Notes

Visitors for the week were Miss Hodgkins and Miss Cuddey teachers in Arlington Heights school. Miss Violet McIntosh of Chicago and Arnett Lines of Barrington.

The Twelfth grade are just beginning the reading of "Paradise Lost." Milton defines education as follows: "I call a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war."

When report cards were issued for December the following students of the High School were found to be marked "A" in each of their respective studies:

Eighth grade—Arthur Heise, Clarence Miller and Oliver Moorhouse. Ninth grade—Lillie Volker, Mabel Schaefer and Alma Plagge. Tenth grade—Herbert Wilmer. Eleventh grade—Earl Powers. Twelfth grade—Emma Hager, Lydia Solt, Amber Tuttle and Alta Powers.

The Twelfth year German class are reading Shiller's famous drama, "William Tell."

The second semester begins Feb. 4th at which time classes will be formed in Physiography, Civics, Commercial Geography and Political economy.

Cook County is a big county, 800 square miles, population equal to that of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Connecticut combined. There are 150 educational institutions, 2000 public school teachers, 6000 in the city, 1000 in the county outside of the city.

The simplified Spelling Board have recommended the following changes in spelling and President Roosevelt adopted the new form.

Old way. New way. although altho artistan artizan blushed blushed careased careast burr burr catalogue catalog chapped chap clew cleave coquette coquet dipped dip draught draft

The First grade teachers meeting this morning in a very pleasing manner. Last Friday was postponed because of scarlet fever in some of the Evanston schools.

The Misses Viola and Jennie Lines entertained in a very pleasing manner a number of the teachers Friday evening.

The music that will farther reach and cure all ill, is cordial speech. —Emerson.

BARRINGTON LOCALS.

FOR RENT—5 room flat near depot. Running water. W. H. GORMAN.

Kalamites is the cleanest and best finish for walls. Sold in 4 pound packages at Lamey & Co's.

Arnold Schaub's has just completed one of his famous Harrington gasoline engines for Steve Palmer. The engine is of eight horse power and will be used by Mr. Palmer in his wood-sawing business.

Next Tuesday, Jan. 29 is Carnation Day and is so called on account of being President McKinley's birthday, for the carnation was his favorite flower. The Carnation Society was formed in New York four years ago and it urges everyone to wear a carnation on that day in memory of the great man.

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

We Show You

where you can save money. If you don't want to save money, that's "up to you."

Great Reduction Sales

Our \$6.00 Ladies' Cloaks for... \$4.75
Best \$5.50 Ladies' Cloaks for... \$4.25
Fine \$6.49 Ladies' Cloaks for... \$4.75
The \$5.00 Ladies' Cloaks for... \$3.75
\$5.00 Cloak Bargains for... \$3.50
\$6.87 Broadcloth Cloaks... \$7.48
\$11.98 finest Ladies' Cloaks... \$8.43
\$7.87 special Cloak Bargains... \$5.43

\$1.29 Childs Cloak Sale \$1.29

Over 50 Cloaks, reds, blues, greys, etc., sizes 8 to 14, worth up to \$2.75, all reduced in price to \$1.29.

\$1.49 Childs Cloak Sale \$1.49

Big assortment of Cloaks, former prices from \$1.75 to \$2.98, choice now for... \$1.49

Corset Bargains.

Fine, new long waisted models, a 75c Corset, with Hose supporters, 49c

Ladies' Black Dress Skirts

Remarkable values, good styles, new makes, \$1.49, \$1.98, \$2.87

Waist Clearing Sale.

\$1.29 all wool Waists, sizes 34 to 42, black and colors, choice... 75c
Fine Black and White Waists, each grade, for... 50c
White and colored Silk... Handkerchiefs
Waists, big values at... \$1.10
\$1.29 and \$1.49 Fancy mixed wool and worsted waists, reduced to... 98c

Clearing Sale Bargains.

10 lb. 50000 inch Horse Blankets \$2.25
Heavy Canvas Blanket Lined Storm Blankets... \$1.25, \$1.49, \$1.69
Size 34 to 42 Child's Wool Pants... 10c
Boys' heavy Cotton Knee Pants... 10c
50c Giraffe Corsets, all sizes, now... 37c
Ladies' Sault Wool Hose... 10c, 15c
Men's Suit Bargains, heavy weight wool and worsted... \$7.95, \$9.05
Flannellette lined Natten Petticoats for... 75c
Ladies' and Gents' Street Hats and Caps... 4 former prices.
Nos. 2, 4 and 5 Ribbons, dark colors only... 10c per yd.
Sale of heavy Laces, 1 to 24 in. wide, per yd... 5c
50c Men's Underwear Samples... 39c
Toilet Soap, 4 cakes to box, price per box... 10c
Boys' Cheviot Pants, sizes 4 to 12, choice... 25c

Wait for our Muslin Underwear Sale.

Blanket your Horses, buy at this January Sale.

TRADE 50c AND SHOW ROUND TRIP TICKET AND WE RETURN YOUR CAR FARE. Dinner Tickets or Horse Tickets if you drive.

D. F. Lamey SHOES AND RUBBERS

We have a big stock of Men's, Ladies' and Children's Rubbers. We are still selling at the old low price on Rubbers.

Men's Fine \$2.50 Shoes, only 1.90 a pair.

Ladies' Fine \$3.00 Shoes, only \$2.00 a pair.

Childrens Shoes, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 \$1.50 a pair.

UNDERWEAR

Big stock of UNDERWEAR--But we are making very low prices on it.

D. F. Lamey

UP-TO-DATE MILLINERY

All the Leading Styles and Shapes in Silks, Velvets, Felts, Etc.

Fine lines of Beids, Chiffon and Ribbons, Ostrich Feathers, Tip, Broom and Wigs. My Hats are all hand made, and I will trim to order ladies' own material, made up to suit. Compare my prices with those charged elsewhere and see if I am not as reasonable as any place.

HETTIE R. JUKES

'Phone 272 Main Street, Opposite Depot

"The Barrington" GAS AND GASOLINE ENGINE
The Latest Improved and Best Gas or Gasoline Engine on the Market.
Simple Construction. Guaranteed. Lowest Prices.
made in all sizes from 5 to 10 Horse Power.
A. SCHAUBLE & CO.
Barrington, Illinois.
Manufacturers of Shafting, Pulleys and Belting, Cisterns and Tanks. Repairing of All Kinds of Machinery a Specialty.

Cuba.

Friday evening a party of 29 young people gathered at the home of Jacobson and made the house ring again with jolly laughter and music until one or two o'clock. Then they would liked very much to have gone home but the rain poured down continually until morning. The consequence was it was seven o'clock before the last of the party reached home.

X's trouble with Billy Peterson and his horses. Kindness and a pan of oats is the best remedy for making good natured horses. Try it Billy.

Will Blue has accepted a position with the Rand McNally Publishing Co. He has been attending school in the city, and is a very capable character. We all wish you success Willie.

Miss Sadie Hall attended a surprise party at Arthur Hall's of Glimmer Wednesday evening. During the evening Miss Rice, a pianist from Chicago rendered some very choice selections which with games and a fine lunch all agreed they had spent a very pleasant evening.

Little Minnie Gossel is on the sick list.

J. F. Berghorn's 50th birthday was on Monday, and a party of 25 friends surprised him about noon and remained until evening.

Lawrence Bros. announce that their dance advertised for Saturday, Jan. 25 will be postponed on account of illness in the family.