

BARRINGTON REVIEW.

VOL. 23. NO. 27.

BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1907.

\$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

TRIP TO CALIFORNIA

Mrs. Sarah Howarth Writes An Interesting Account of Her

Trip West:

The following account of a short trip to Colorado was written by Mrs. Sarah Howarth, a lady of over seventy years who shows remarkable abilities for her years in taking such a trip and penning such a good description of it.

"Four of us ladies left the Rock Island depot, Chicago, July 16th, for Denver, Colorado. We were two days and one night on the way, crossing the Mississippi at Rock Island and Davenport; passing through Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska, crops were fine, but no fruit. At Lincoln, Nebraska, a lady came on the cars who had been at Bryan's home and she said the house was beautiful, but no flowers are near it and corn is growing nearly up to the doors.

The 500 miles of desert were interesting to me, as the boys of '49 were months going with their conveyances to get gold and my brother wrote me at the time that they bought their supplies at Council Bluffs to last them across the desert. We saw a great many prairie dogs and some herds with cattle.

At the Union depot in Denver, where all the trains arrive, there was an arch on which the word "Welcome" was illuminated with 2000 electric lights at night. Denver is a nice clean city and good for those who go there for their health. The Oaks home is a nice place for invalids, they are there from many countries. The Elitch Park in Denver was given by Mrs. Elitch and her home is in the center of the park surrounded by beautiful flowers. The national flower of Colorado is the Columbine.

The most wonderful mountain trip is the Georgetown loop; the cars wind in and out around the mountains until you get up to the mines at the top of the mountains; most of the miners there dig up their gold, then come down to Denver and stay until it is all gone; this trip is \$3.00; The Moffat line is the most skillful engi-erering; that trip is \$4.00.

We were at Colorado Springs for a few days, Williams Canyon, Cave of the Winds and the iron and soda springs, not bad to drink. The trip to Pike's Peak was grand; three sections left Manitou a few minutes apart, fifty in each car; no bad effects, a few complained of deafness; 10,000 feet up the mountain is a lake of 94 acres that furnishes water for Colorado Springs; we went around the mountains for nine miles, a trip known as the Cog Wheel Route built in 1890, 14,147 feet above the sea. We found a good fire in the Summit hotel. Some got coffee, some sent post, some threw snowballs, others bought souvenirs and others telegraphed home; above the tree line beautiful forget-me-nots are in blossom, blue as the sky, and right in the snow; this trip was \$3.00.

The greatest gold camp on earth is Cripple Creek and by the Short Line is 45 miles from Colorado Springs; the railroad is constructed around the rims of gorgeous canons, over the tops of high mountains, winding and twisting, with many as four views of the track in sight at one time; trip is \$3.00; the Portland and Stratton mines are the best, the houses are all of red brick and there is not a tree; there are many empty buildings, many had left for Goldfields, Nevada; the deeper they dig, the lighter the gold; it is not the city it was a few years ago, the population is now 25,000. Victor is also on the wane, also, Leadville, all on account of not getting sufficient water.

The Rocky mountains are majestic and you can see them at all times covered with snow and after a storm they are white and clean looking. A grand trip to go through the Rockies into the land of gold. As they faded from our view, we left them with regret."

A Humane Appeal.

A humane citizen of Richmond, Ind., Mr. U. D. Williams, 107 West Main St., says: "I appeal to all persons with weak lungs to take Dr. King's New Discovery, the only remedy that has helped me and fully comes up to the proprietor's recommendation." It saves more lives than all other throat and lung remedies put together. Used as a cough and cold cure the world over. Cures asthma, bronchitis, croup, whooping cough, quinsy, hoarseness, and asthmatitis, stops hemorrhage of the lungs and heals them up. Guaranteed at Barrington Pharmacy, 606 and 610. Used bottles free.

The Sweet By and By."

The following article concerning a familiar song will be of interest locally because of the fact that our Village Clerk, Attorney L. H. Bennett, M. E. Bennett of Grove avenue and M. A. Bennett of Main Street are nephews of the writer of the song, and that the late J. W. Bennett of Hough street, who recently died, was a brother. This article was the first paper read at the Barrington Woan's club and was written by Mrs. Miles T. Lamey.

"The immortal poem 'Sweet By and By' is held in reverence by Christianity as one of the most beautiful declarations of the faith in mankind in the future life and the ever lasting existence of the soul. Perhaps no other poem so quickly became immortal as this one, full of simple Christian feeling, from the pen of Sanford Fillmore Bennett. 'We think of it now, as one of the old songs but we love it in a way that nothing new in lyrics can appeal to us. 'The peace that passeth understanding' pervades the lines and together with the inspired music the song produces a moral elevation.

It has been sung by all sorts and conditions of men at christening fests and during last hours and for years after its appearance no funeral was complete without the strains of 'Sweet By and By.' It was sung in concerts, in choirs, in homes and the streets and even translated into Chinese.

Dr. Bennett lived to be 62 years old. He was born in Eden, Erie County, New York in 1836, but at the age of five years he was brought west with the family to a farm near Lake Zurich which we all know as the old Bennett farm on the west road to Wauconda. He was of an intellectual tendency and fitted himself to enter the Waukegan academy when 16 years old.

At eighteen the boy became a district school teacher and at twenty-two entered Ann Arbor, a large college in Michigan, for a year, returning to teaching for a time, thereafter going into newspaper work and was proprietor and associate editor of the Elkhorn (Wisconsin) Independent until 1861 when he enlisted in the 40th Wisconsin Volunteers and became 2nd lieutenant and served in that rank until the close of the war.

The versatility of the man is shown in his success as a teacher, journalist, soldier and physician. He opened a drug-store in Elkhorn after the war at the same time studying medicine and writing songs. He was graduated from Rush Medical College, Chicago in '74. 'Old Glory' is another of the songs known well but it is around 'Sweet By and By' that the greatest interest gathers. Concerning Its Inspiration and birth the gentleman says: 'The poem was written in 1867. It was associated with J. P. Webster of Elkhorn, a musician, in preparing a new Sunday school hymn and tune book, called the "Signet Ring." Mr. Webster was of a melancholy disposition and subject to fits of depression. One day he came into the store and stood by the stove with his back to me, apparently unhappy. I was writing at my desk. Presently I asked 'Well, Webster, what is the matter?' 'Oh, it doesn't matter, he said. 'But it does. What is the trouble?' 'It's no matter,' he repeated, 'It will be all right by and by.' 'Yes I said, 'in the sweet by and by.' And then the idea of the hymn came to me like a flash of sunshine—The sweet by and by.' Why wouldn't that make a good song? It might,' he replied gleefully. I turned to my desk and as fast as my pen could trace the words wrote the song—

"There's a land that is fairer than this,
And by faith we can see it afar,
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.
We shall sing on that beautiful shore,
The melodious song of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more—
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest!
To our Father above, we will,
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days."

When I had completed it I showed it to Webster. As he read he brightened up, and said a friend who had come in, Mr. Bright, to loan him his violin. In a few minutes he enveloped the melody and in thirty minutes from the time I had written the words we were singing it. Within two hours a quartette was singing it in front of the store. Within two weeks the song was singing it.

The war was just over and it seemed to bear the comfort to stricken souls.

Do You Want to Make The Women Happy?

Shopping by Mail is vastly unsatisfactory to the Female.

There isn't a woman in Christendom—or in Islam—who doesn't prefer ten times over the trip through a store to the trip to the postoffice.

Why, Lord bless their hearts, the ladies love to shop! It's just as unsatisfying and artificial to shop by mail as to make love by mail—and that's the limit.

But, while the women love to walk through aisles of bargains, they also like to read about the bargains. When a newspaper comes to the house, which page does the woman peruse first? The page with the biggest shopping ads. Sure

thing! Won't fail one time in ten. Test it and see.

In communities where the merchants don't advertise big enough to tempt the women, what happens? The Mail Order Catalogue comes along, full of attractive ads, with prices put down in black and white. The women read the catalogue; they are tempted by the bargains offered; they send their money by mail.

Thus they miss nine-tenths of the glory and joy of shopping. But what else can the poor ladies do?

Now, Mr. Merchant of Our Town, be good to the ladies. Give them some interesting reading matter. Print some of your bargains in your home paper. Put the prices there in black and white.

Isn't it really a pity to deprive the ladies of one of their supreme delights—shopping, seeing things, inspecting before taking?

BE GOOD TO THE LADIES AND YOU'LL BE PROSPEROUS.

Although a hymn to be sung at funerals it has a lifting air to it that is half joyful. It is the funeral hymn of the free masons. Mr. Bennett was a Mason of high degree. The song has been copyrighted in every country and royalties still recur to the heirs.

Dr. Bennett was one of a family of eleven children; two children are still living. C. Lowell Bennett, one of the drivers of the Lincoln Park tally-hos, Chicago, and Dr. L. L. Bennett of Onondaga, Minnesota; one sister, Mrs. Roxanna Wright of Denver; he had three children, two living, one of whom is Attorney R. C. Used of 149 LaSalle street, Chicago and Mrs. Mary Wright who lives the old homestead in Richmond, Illinois, near McHenry, where the doctor died in early summer, 1888. Mrs. Bennett died in March, 1903, at Richmond, and the Sunday of her funeral every church in McHenry county sang "The Sweet By and By."

Semi-Annual Gathering.
On Tuesday evening, the members and employees of the C. F. Hall Co. held their semi-annual gathering and partook of a supper furnished by Brey & Johns, our new firm of caterers. Hitherto this meeting has always occurred at the time of declaring the semi-annual employees' dividend, but it was this year deferred until all employees had returned from their summer vacations. In order to give full opportunity for the enjoyment of the repast, the store was closed an hour earlier than usual and the guests, some thirty in number, immediately adjourned to the room in which the supper was served. Following the banquet there were brief remarks by members of the firm.

Their plan of sharing the profits of the business with their employees was original with the C. F. Hall Co. and was adopted by them in 1902. Since then they have declared twelve semi-annual dividends, aggregating about \$55,000. That of last July was the largest ever declared at this season, averaging \$27.50 for each clerk, the largest check being \$70.00 and the smallest \$10.00.

Experience Social.
The Dorcas society of the Baptist church will give an experience social and supper, this Friday evening, in the church parlors. Supper will be served from 5 to 8 o'clock. Come and get a good supper for 20 cents.

Darius B. Wood.

Darius B. Wood, one of the earliest settlers in Palatine, died Friday, September 13th at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Arthur L. Castle, in Elgin, aged eighty-seven years.

He was born in Smithfield, Pennsylvania March 29th, 1829, and emigrated to Illinois in 1846 in company with his brother Joel Wood, who latter founded the village of Palatine. Mr. Wood taught school for many years and then farmed for a few years about two miles east of the village. Then, selling the farm, he moved into Palatine where he conducted a general store for almost forty years. He was postmaster for ten years and township treasurer for twenty-eight years and held other responsible positions in the community, always with absolute fidelity to the interest in his charge of the public.

He was one of the very few surviving sons of soldiers of the American Revolution; his father, as a youth, serving in that war and being one of the guard assigned to take Major Andre, the British spy captured within the American lines, to camp after his capture.

He was married in 1851 to Jane E. Wilson and of the marriage were born three children, Grace E. Wood (now Mrs. Castle), Florence E. Wood and Howard E. Wood. Mrs. Wood and the two younger children all died within a period of five weeks in 1872. Mr. Wood afterward married Sarah A. Sayles, a sister of Mrs. Albert Bennett, who died in 1899, since which time Mr. Wood has lived in Elgin with his daughter.

The deceased left surviving him, his daughter, Mrs. Arthur L. Castle of Elgin and Howard P. Castle and Francis W. Castle, his grandsons, who are both practicing law in Chicago. The funeral, which was private, took place Monday forenoon at the residence of his daughter in Elgin and the burial was in Palatine cemetery in the afternoon.

Services at the grave were conducted by the Rev. G. S. Young. The pall bearers were Messrs. Matthel, Shirding, Putnam and Arps.

School Notes.

Forrest Custer has enrolled in the ninth grade.

Pearl Wilmer who is absent on account of illness is missed by both classes and teachers.

A class of fifteen begin work in typewriting next week. The machines used are the Oliver and the Underwood. Lyle Alverson has procured a manuscript for his own use.

Recent school visitors are Mrs. Brockway, Misses Emma Hager, Edna Kampert, Madge Bennett, Esther Tuttle and Miss Taylor from Palatine, also Elmer Gleske who brought to the science teacher a very interesting specimen for the Zoology class.

Arthur Lagechule was unable to be in school Friday but came back Monday. Arthur Boehmer was sick most of last week but returned Monday.

Singing this week has been mostly from a collection of songs furnished by the Baldwin Piano Company. The new song books, Book 4. Modern Music Series, will be on hand next week.

The singing by Misses Sodt and Blocks at the opening exercises Friday morning in the High school was greatly enjoyed by all present. It helps to make a better school to have those who were former students show their will toward the institution.

Another fine program will be given in the school auditorium the first Monday evening in October. Songs, readings, and instrumental music will be rendered. See the Review next week for full program. Save the date, Monday evening October 7th.

Butzow Sold Out.

Henry Butzow has sold his bakery to Ernest Ankele of Chicago who takes possession today. Mr. Butzow and family came here on August 8th, thirteen years ago from Marseilles, Ill., and he has been a hard worker and successful merchant who feels he is entitled to a vacation. The family will be at Robert Frick's on north Hawley street this winter and are expecting to visit relatives in Germany before Mr. Butzow again engages in business.

The W. A. C. will give an experience social in the G. A. R. Hall Wednesday evening, Sept. 23rd. A short program will be given and light supper served for 10c. Every body come.

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Barrington Review.

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

Do nothing behind a man's back
that you would not do to his face.

Peary evidently thinks the pole will
keep, as he has postponed his expedition
until next summer.

The Chicago woman who lost \$400
in cash and jewelry out of her stocking
ought to buy a money belt.

The Washington dancing girl who
bathed in beer was merely further
demonstrating her love for hops.

The woman who died recently at
the age of 107 and claimed that she
owed her life to eating onions had a
strong reason for her prolonged existence.

An Italian duke who has no bad
habits and no debts is engaged to an
American girl, but we notice that the
girl's father is a multimillionaire, all
the same.

The Duke of the Abruzzi is talking of
making a balloon trip to the pole.
Walter Wellman may be able to furnish
him with a diagram of the best
serial route.

We have our doubts about Kissing
removing freckles, says the Nashville
American, since noticing that quite a
sprinkling of married ladies have a
complexion like a guinea pig.

It is officially denied that the down-
er of China is ill, and the spineless emperor may as well put off
indefinitely the day when he hopes to
rule where he is supposed to reign.

A feminine writer in a Washington
paper says that there are some hus-
bands who cannot be managed any
better than some mules. It might be
added that some husbands have an
other attribute in common with the
homely mule—they are great kickers.

It may be true as the professor tells
us that peanuts contain more nour-
ishment than beef steak, but no one
would claim that a sack of goobers
can impart that beatific expression to
the countenance that seems glued on
to stay when good digestion waits on
a large, jucy beefsteak.

Following the enactment of a law in
Texas, requiring that sheets on hotel
beds shall be at least nine feet long,
comes the passage of a bill in Georgia
making clean sheets, clean pillow-
cases and clean towels compulsory in
the hotels of that state. The next
step will naturally be legal provision
for clean tablecloths and dry napkins
in all hotels and restaurants.

A New York clergymen said at
Chautauqua the other day that he had
been alighted too many preachers
from the pulpit, the Methodists and the
Atheists and the other ies, and not
enough about the living gospel. But
how could we remember the names of
all those ies people if the preach-
er did not constantly jog our mem-
ories?

These are somewhat embarrassing
days for modest judges. One in
Omaha actually caused to blurt
by a handsome and grateful woman
to whom he had given the custody of
her children, and who proceeded to
hug and kiss him in open court, with-
out leave first obtained. It is note-
worthy, however, that he had no pro-
ceedings instituted either for assault
or for contempt of court.

The war on cruelty to animals has
reached an acute stage at Omaha,
where the Rev. John Williams has
appealed to the City Council for an
ordinance establishing a six-hour day
for monkeys. Father William stated
that the organ grinders of Omaha
force the unhappy monkeys to work
from twelve to sixteen hours a day,
and give them no chance to go to
school. What a contrast with New
port!

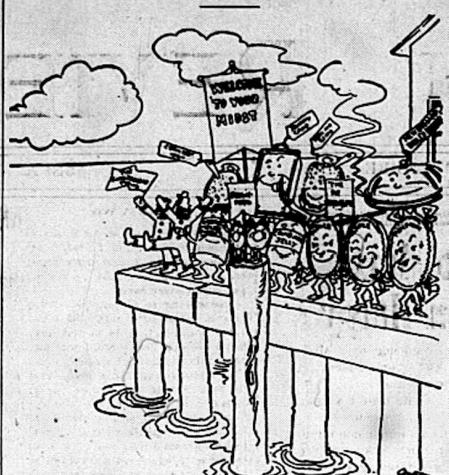
The president of the New York aero
club, just returned from a three
months' stay in London and Paris,
during which he devoted himself principally
to ballooning, says: "I can see
no reason why pleasure parties of six
or seven going up for a couple of
hours will not be a common thing at
our indoor resorts in another year."
Of course this exciting amusement
will be too expensive for the middle
classes.

A Chicago University professor is
on record as saying that Americans
segregate and isolate themselves too
much and are losing the sense of fellow-
ship. "We are cutting out our soul
from another," he says, "and we fail to become confidential.
Come, come! Where has this professor
lived? Did he ever take a three
hours' railway journey without some
chance stranger telling him the story
of his life?"

The statement by a lecturer that
the country spends \$4,000,000,000 a
year on poverty and crime, and
by the government that rate cost us
\$3,000,000 annually, shows some ar-
eas of expense in which we might
retrench. At least, none of the lux-
uries or necessities mentioned yield
either pleasure or profit at all propor-
tions to the amount invested.

Prof. Shaler Mathews of the university
of Chicago says that marriage is
too much like a picnic. In some cases
it is like a picnic when it rains.

READY FOR INSPECTION!



Foreign chefs have just arrived in the United States to make a study of American cooking and American dishes.—News Item.

H. H. ROGERS IS STRICKEN

STANDARD OIL MAGNATE HAS BAD PARALYTIC ATTACK.

Due to Business Worry—His Retirement from Active Life Probable—Told by Relatives.

New York—Information came from a
sound source Monday that H. H.
Rogers has suffered a stroke of par-
alysis. The president of the Amalgamated
Copper company has been a producer
of copper in this country, will soon
shut down its mines in and about
Butte, Mont.

New York—A crisis in the copper
situation, due to a deadlock between
the producer and the consumer, has
resulted in a tremendous over-production
of the metal, and the Amalgamated
Copper company, which is the largest
producer of copper in this country, will
soon shut down its mines in and about
Butte, Mont.

News of the intended suspension of
operations there was made known
Thursday by an interest closely identi-
fied with the company. Amalgamated
Copper stock, for about a fortnight, fol-
lowing its recent return from Europe,
where he went some months ago for
his health.

Despite the trip abroad and the
temporary retirement from all busi-
ness affairs, the Rockefeller chieftain
grew worse, an illness which culminated
in the stroke of helplessness. It is said
that the magnate has been ill for
some time, but his death was quite un-
expected. He had been spending several
weeks with his son at the cottage of Miss S. A. Pickering, of Salem,
Mass. Death was due to heart disease.

The recent order to close the Mon-
tana mines of the Amalgamated Cop-
per company is supposed to have been
given by William G. Rockefeller, who
was in the position formerly occu-
pied by Rogers, the field general of
the Standard Oil empire.

Even should Rogers recover, it is
believed that he will not return to his
place in the directories of the various
corporations with which he has been
identified.

The decisions against the Standard
Oil company and the failure of the
Rockefellers to stem the tremendous
situation in which they are supposed
to have been, contribute to his
stroke, Rogers' condition.

Boston.—Upon the evidence of mem-
bers of the family of Henry H. Rogers
and the family physician that Mr.
Rogers suffered a stroke last July,
and has since been unable to transact
any business, Judge Hammond, in the
supreme court, Monday announced
that it would be cruel to compel his
return to the bench and dismissed a
motion to that effect.

The condition of Mr. Rogers was
disclosed in the course of a hearing on
a motion to show that he was capable
of attending the trial of a suit against
him for \$50,000,000 brought by C. M.
Raymond, of Somerville, for alleged
conversion of certain royalties in con-
nection with the production of pe-
troleum.

MASKED MEN ROB TRAIN.

Two Bandits Hold Up Great Northern's Oriental Limited.

St. Paul, Minn.—General Manager
Elliott of the Great Northern Express
company, who has been succeeded in
that position by Mr. W. C. Farragut,
has been assigned to a
several important assignments, the
most conspicuous of which was chair-
man of the Isthmian canal commission,
which office he held from 1893 to
1901. Admiral Walker was 72 years
of age and was retired with the rank
of rear admiral after 49 years on the
active list.

WASHINGTON.—Aside from his
generally distinguished service in the
Rockefeller's, Admiral Walker, who died
Monday at York Haven, Me., had
spent some time in the service of the
United States, but his death was quite un-
expected. He had been spending several
weeks with his son at the cottage of Miss S. A. Pickering, of Salem, Mass. Death was due to heart disease.

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24 PERISH IN WRECK

TERRIBLE COLLISION OCCURS NEAR CANAAN STATION, VT.

THE INJURED NUMBER 27

PASSENGER TRAINS ON THE BOSTON & MAINE CRASH TOGETHER—CONTINUATION OF ORDERS ISSUED FOR THE DISASTER.

Passenger Trains on the Boston & Maine Crash Together—Continuation of Orders Issued for the Disaster.

White River Junction, Vt.—A fear-
ful head-on collision between the
south-bound Quebec express and a
north-bound freight train on the Con-
cord division of the Boston & Maine
railroad occurred four miles north of
Canaan Station early Sunday, due to a
mistake in train dispatcher's orders.
The cars from the damaged passenger
coach were taken out 24 dead and
dying and 37 other passengers,
most of them seriously wounded.

Nearly all those who were in the
death car were returning from a fair
at Sherbrooke, Quebec, 60 miles
north.

The conductor of the freight train
was given permission to make a
shorter time to reach a siding by
the night operator at Canaan Station,
receiving, according to the superintend-
ent of the division, a copy of a telegraph
order from the train dispatcher at Concord
which confused the train numbers 30 and 34.

The wreck occurred just after the
express had rounded into a straight
stretch of track, but owing to the
early morning mist neither engineer
saw the other's headlight until it was
too late.

Crowded Car Telecoped.

The baggage car in the rear
hurst back into the passenger coach
like a great ram and tore it apart
from end to end. The ill-fated passenger
coach was crowded with more
than 50 people, and in the accident
a dozen or more of the men had
broken back into the smoking car in the rear,
leaving the women to get a little sleep
in the straight seats. One of those
who escaped said that as the train
was rounding a curve some one in the
front of the car began to sing, so that
nearly every one was awake when the
train came.

Those who were in the other cars
hurried to the demolished passenger
coach, where great groans, cries
and shrieks were rending the air.

Fortunately, with the engines off to
one side, the wreckage did not take
fire. The train hands, ably seconded
by the passengers from the sleeping
cars, groped their way among the
wrecks and began the work of rescue.
The cars were hastily hauled up and
was started again, and the engine
was freed from the sleepers. The little
hand-worked diligence in the dawn light
before the doctors came.

ADMIRAL WALKER IS DEAD.

Distinguished Retired Naval Officer Succumbs to Heart Disease.

MAKES TRIP FROM QUEENSTOWN TO NEW YORK IN FIVE DAYS.

NEW YORK.—A new steamship
record between a European port
and New York has been made by the
Cunard line's new giant turbine ship,
the Lusitania, which arrived here
Friday.

The Lusitania left Queenstown, the
nearest transatlantic port to New
York, at 12:10 p.m. Sunday.

John Beach, Me.—Rear Admiral
John G. Walker, U. S. N., retired, died
Monday at York Haven, Me., having
spent some time in the service of the
United States, but his death was quite un-
expected, his health having been quite
good.

Even should Rogers recover, it is
believed that he will not return to his
place in the directories of the various
corporations with which he has been
identified.

The decisions against the Standard
Oil company and the failure of the
Rockefellers to stem the tremendous
situation in which they are supposed
to have been, contribute to his
stroke, Rogers' condition.

Boston.—Upon the evidence of mem-
bers of the family of Henry H. Rogers
and the family physician that Mr.
Rogers suffered a stroke last July,
and has since been unable to transact
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The Castle of Lies

BY ARTHUR HENRY VANCE

CONTINUED FROM "MURDER & CONSPIRACY"

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

I looked up, and saw that Locke met my expectant glance with cool contempt.

"That's what you think, my life?" repeated Helena, in wonder.

"Have I robbed your gallant counterman of your gratitude, Miss Brett?" he demanded carelessly.

"Then it was you who rushed down the stairs?" I stammered, my face hot with shame.

"Yes, sir," he said, sternly; "it was I. It is not a pleasant duty to expose the cowardice of an acquaintance, Miss Brett. I could have given him his terror. But that he should masquerade as a hero while I was vainly attempting to pursue the blackguard who tried to murder you—that is a little too much."

I confronted him, my hands clenched in my rage. But I did not speak. A defense was impossible. I stared at him in silence.

"I am afraid," he sneered, "that you are rather fond of wearing the lion's skin. I believe I had an appointment with you this morning at ten o'clock."

"With me!" I cried, hotly. "No!"

"Then you did not receive the note placed on your pillow last night? Ah, so you did receive it, after all, Sir Mortimer—bear your pardon, Mr. Haddon."

I turned from him; I looked at Helena. But I did not meet her eyes. One word, I did not hear even by a look. I had asked her to trust me, but I had not looked for a situation like this. Her eyes fell before mine, and they had told me nothing.

"I shall leave you to your interview with Mr. Locke," she said quietly.

CHAPTER XXI.

I Am Trusted Until Midnight.

"Now, Haddon, what is the game?" Locke had seated himself. He had selected with care a cigar from his case (which he did not offer to me), and was regarding me with the brutal amusement of one who has come across a snake sunning in the white road, and who heads off in desperate attempt to escape with a walking stick.

I was silent. I refused to be catechized like a schoolboy. Had I met Locke, his mind still unprejudiced against me, I should gladly have told him everything, even at the risk of making myself ridiculous in his eyes.

His mind was so evidently made up regarding me, his interference had been so fatally ill-timed, that I could not bring myself to the humiliating position of one who beseeches of one who explains, only to be doubted after all.

The episode in the porter's lodge was even now far from clear. I have already said that I knew that Helena's escape was not due to any heroism of mine.

Dr. Starva had concealed himself behind the glass partition of the porter's lodge in the landing. Unobserved, I stood flat against the wall, watching him.

I had seen Helena coming up the stairs; I had seen Dr. Starva level his revolver at her; I had heard the crash of glass and the report of a revolver. I had supposed that Starva had fired and missed.

Now it appeared that Locke's shot had shattered the glass of the lodge, with a report that I did not hear. With Locke should have been in the stairway—why he should have been concealed there—was not so clear. Certainly I had no intention of humiliating myself further by asking for an explanation.

"Come; I'm waiting," he cried sharply.

"You are waiting—for what?" I demanded with a smile. "I did not hear you playing for time. Should I, or should I not, try to make myself clear to Locke? That was the question I was asking myself over and over.

"You remember I warned you. I told you you were a pawn in the clever hands of Countess Saraboff. I prefer to think that you are her tool, rather than her accomplice. But if you have been fool enough to let yourself be taken in by her, then I suppose that, if you have made your intentions clear at one with her, you must expect to pay the piper as well as she."

"I see. You are Nemesis dogging me to justice?"

I had decided. No matter what happened I would keep my own counsel for the present. I was not to be baited into a confession.

"So you admit that the law has its terrors for you?" cried Locke dryly.

"And are you in justice or the law disengaged? By heaven, you are assuming a rather high-handed manner."

"Gaudy, gaudy, I said nothing about my right."

"Then I might ask what is your game?"

"I make no pretense to any right. I happen to hold the cards. That's all."

"By that you mean, I suppose, that

you have had two and two together. I may say the same for myself. We perhaps I say your antipathies are strong, and perhaps I don't choose to enter into an argument to enlighten you."

"We shall see," said Locke quietly.

"Now, Haddon, don't think that I am simply amusing myself. I am only too willing to give you every benefit of the doubt. You are an American; you are a man; you are a man of honor as myself. You have suffered from an unpleasant notoriety the past week or two. I went to your hotel at Luccore or two, and offered you my friendship."

"And you come as a friend now? Scarcely, you will admit that?"

"I offered you my friendship. I showed my sincerity by taking you more or less into my confidence. I gave you a chance to confide in me. I might see you fascinated by the woman whom I know to be a dangerous companion. When I warned you, you were clever enough to affect a disingenuous innocence."

"What shrewd observers you newspapermen are!"

"That very evening," continued Locke, frowning, "you dine with her and her accomplices—not openly in the restaurant, but in her own sitting room. Late that evening, in company

"Having seen Dr. Starva and poor self safely landed in Sir Mortimer's rooms," continued Locke, "I am free to join my acquaintance, Captain Forbes, in the garden, where I am keeping an inquisitive eye cocked toward the shutters of Sir Mortimer's salon. And Captain Forbes, as well as myself, has his own interests in the missing Sir Mortimer. Presently I see the shillers of the saloon turn those shutters. He is overjoyed to observe that Sir Mortimer is returned, and more than overjoyed that he can at last rid himself of the burden of his dispatches. You know how he did that, even better than myself."

"And you are waiting for me to enlighten you?"

"All in good time, my dear Mr. Haddon. You have a right to know all my hands. Were I to call you by name now, you might think that I have a couple of aces at the most. I am going to show you that I have a royal flush."

"It hard to beat a royal flush, I admit," I said lightly.

"I await developments, then, in the garden. My vigilance is soon rewarded. Shillers are seen to stealthily back my companion Haddon upstairs onto the balcony; he emerges outside the shutters of the salon."

"And does it not seem to you strange that the partner of Madame de Varner's intrigues should distrust her to the extent of spying on her movements?"

Locke pulled at his cigar thoughtfully. "I need not add his answer not without interest."

"It did indeed raise the faint hope in my breast," he returned coolly, "that my friend Haddon perhaps was not so guilty as the circumstances had proved him to be. But when I remeber that Captain Forbes was insisting on his right to see Sir Mortimer, I could understand that my quondam friend Haddon was anxious for his

success for him. He enjoyed a right status as much as a love seat, perhaps better."

"To resume my narrative," drawled Locke, "you disappear within the chamber. My friend Forbes is having his little interview with you. But presently I see you again at the window, packet in hand. You lean far out; you toss the packet into the bushes, where the shutters are closed. Your work is finished for the night. So is mine; that is, after I have rescued from the empty fountain the packet."

"Which you promptly returned to Captain Forbes, no doubt?"

"What was a greater right to it?" returned Locke coolly.

"But Mr. Haddon did not return it to Forbes. He had given it to Locke, who was a newspaper man trained in the school of modern Journalism. He had determined on a grand coup for his paper. If the sealed dispatch promised to be of assistance to him he would break the seal."

"That would not suit me at all. My task was to hush up the scandal of Sir Mortimer Brett and his wife. Locke was determined to give it the fullest publicity. Our ends were utterly at variance. Every sentence of his report made me see that more clearly."

I saw, too, that the object of his story was to overwhelm me in the certainty that I must make a full confession to him or suffer those consequences. My one hope was to avert that conclusion until my interview with Madame de Varner. I hoped everything from that.

For the present I need fear nothing from Forbes. Helena had given me her word that she would trust me until midnight. But the silence of Helena and Forbes was useless unless Locke also was silent. I awaited the rest of his narrative with anxious concern."

"The next morning I believed that Captain Forbes' rest had been equally perturbed. Together we discovered the startling fact that, early as we had aroused ourselves, our patient with his nurse and physician had been even more energetic. But my discovery is of a nature more dramatic than that of the king's mender. He imagines that it is Sir Mortimer who is ill. I am forced to the reluctant conclusion that it is Mr. Ernest Haddon, American tourist, masquerading as the diplomatist, Sir Mortimer Brett. Is it necessary that I enter into explanations for this discovery, or shall we take it for granted?"

"Take it for granted by all means, since you have already taken so much for granted."

"I shall not bore you much longer. Captain Forbes and myself John forces. I needed but one argument to persuade him to do that. I knew where Madame de Varner and her fellow-conspirators were bound; Captain Forbes did not."

"And Mrs. Brett, whom I had you remarry your matricides to them?"

"Go on," Locke looked at me significantly. "I have revealed them to no one. We arrive at Alterhoffen, then, the four of us. Captain Forbes insists on storming the chateau. With what result you know better than I. As for myself, I prefer to keep my counsel, and first of all to give my friend Haddon a friendly hint. I bring one of the shillers of the saloon with me, and a note to him requesting the honor of an interview at ten this morning. My friend Haddon denies me the honor of an interview. Then if the mountain will not come to Mohammed, Mohammed must go to the mountain."

"I am directed to the castle by the stairway that leads to the village street. I have not descended a dozen steps of the gloomy stairway when I hear a sharp report. I turn to see the shillers hastening. (Narrator: I pause) and quite as naturally I take the precaution of placing my hand on the revolver in my hip pocket, which I carry with me (remembering the fate of my acquaintance, Captain Forbes.)

"To my surprise the person in this extraordinary haste conceals himself in the thick gloom of the chateau. I descend the stairs, cautiously and curiously. There are other surprises in store for me. First of all I see a second figure standing at the end of the stairs, facing me. As my eyes become accustomed to the darkness I am startled to discover that the man concealed in the lodges has a revolver in his hand. For the moment I think he is killing me. But he is not. He is killing in his turn. I hear a report immediately I have steps from below. There is a click as the trigger is cocked. I am aware to bloodshed—even the killing of a would-be murderer. He is not at him, but to shatter the pane of glass and divert his aim."

"Now for my last surprise. The assassin, rather tame than I must say, has been disengaged by the shillers. He has concealed himself against the wall and was apparently awaiting developments. But the would-be assassin has succeeded in freeing himself from this very faint-hearted assailant. I pursue the assassin; he eludes capture; I return resolutely to the hotel to find my friend Haddon receiving the warm regards of the heroine for saving her life."

"A great deal of this is ancient history," I said, my voice trembling with shame and rage, "such of it as is not fiction. You return, then to unnamed who would be here. And now, what?"

"And now?" said Locke in a deep voice, his face thrust close to mine. "I want to know this: Why were you going to Alterhoffen? Why were you there? Passively while the man he was committing the act of murder before your eyes? Why did you pretend to struggle with the assassin, pretend to struggle, I say?"

"Even a coward will fight. I suppose when he is cornered." I said bitterly. (TO BE CONTINUED)

Illinois State News

Recent Happenings of Interest in the Various Cities and Towns.

SOCIETY SHOCKED AT WHEATON.

Young Married Woman Dressed as Jockey Wins Race Over Negro Rider.

H. L. Willert Chosen President—Next Convention in Chicago.

Wheaton.—From the moment when she saw her swing into the saddle and dash boldly into the ring for the running race, Ellen Rasmussen, Tutie, was the sensation at the Wheaton fair.

There was an "ahh" of appreciation from the men, a dainty shrug from the women, and then everyone settled down to watch eagerly the slender, boyish figure astride the chestnut horse, in the most daring costume yet seen at a gathering made to resemble of Chicago's fashionable society.

"It may be all correct in cut," murmured one, "but—"

"And she rides against a negro jockey."

"I think it is really dreadful!"

There was a pistol shot, and they were off with the white figure of the woman in the lead, leaning low over her horse. After that everybody lost sight of her, for they all came to their feet to watch. The horses, too, were atures as they circled the course on the far side. Mrs. Tutie led the race all around the course and the competition was never great even at the quarter.

But it was the finish that drew the cheers. Mrs. Tutie came down the stretch leading far over the neck of the horse, a true Tod Sloan fashion, her checkered skirt flying in the wind as she whistled it at, it all the time around the stirrups and her competitors were behind.

"Miss—Mrs. Rasmussen wins. Time—1:51!" the judge announced.

Announces His Candidacy.

Alton.—John C. Murphy has announced his candidacy for the position of circuit judge of Kano county, which has lived in this city since childhood, and was mayor of Aurora in 1892-4. He has been assistant United States district attorney of Dakota, and also district attorney; and at the last Ju-

Masons Elect Officers.

Alton.—The Illinois grand council, Royal and Select Masters, Masonic, adjourned at Alton to meet at Clinton next year. The retiring grand master, John C. Murphy, has received a gold jewel in his place, the grand council. The following officers were elected: Will C. Root of Chicago, grand master; Chester D. Clarkson of Peoria, deputy grand master; Henry T. Hubbard of Urbana, principal conductor of work; J. C. Smith of Chicago, treasurer; G. W. Barnes of Clinton, recorder; Henry R. Hopkins of Clinton, chaplain; M. L. Lord of Chicago, lecturer; Edwin A. Vaughan of Princeton, captain of the guard; A. A. Rose of Chicago, grand conductor; G. H. Vaupel of Chicago, grand marshal; G. S. Gurney of Chicago, steward; W. J. Delaney of Centralia, sentinel.

Peoples Go to Jail.

Clinton.—Joe Willis and Noble Davis, colored, were tried in the county court here. These men, who are strangers here, claimed they were only looking into the windows of Clinton women just to see. They were found guilty of disorderly conduct and were fined \$10 and costs. Being unable to pay the fine they were committed to the county jail. The men enjoyed many women of the city late by appearing at residence windows.

Wronged Girl Attempts Suicide.

Taylorville.—Lena Daniels, a domestic, attempted to take her life by taking poison. Monday morning she was found enough to walk out and go against her will to the coal cellar, employed in Taylorville, charging him with being the father of her unborn child. It was despair over her condition that prompted her attempt.

Pastor's Son Attacks Girl.

Rockford.—John C. Sparks, son of Rev. E. M. Sparks, pastor of Elmwood Methodist church at Freeport, Ill., was held to the grand jury under a bond of \$2,000 on his admission that he had attacked Miss Hazel Bristol, aged 16. When the girl defended herself Mr. Sparks hit her in the face with his fist and fled.

Bicycles for Firemen.

Havanna.—In order that the Havanna volunteer fire department may reach fires more speedily the city council has passed a resolution that each member be furnished a bicycle.

Pastor Becomes an Editor.

Kewanee.—Benjamin F. Moore and Miss Kate Shively, both of this city, have sold their home and moved to Marion, Ill., to be editors of the Free Methodist church.

Another Doctor Elopement.

Decatur.—Benjamin F. Moore and Miss Kate Shively, both of this city, have sold their home and moved to Marion, Ill., to be editors of the Free Methodist church.

Labor Will Be Discussed.

Rockford.—This city will see the gathering in fifth annual convention of 200 delegates of the Citizens' Industrial association, Oct. 7 & 8. President C. W. Post is making arrangements for the convention.

Magill Case Transferred.

Clinton.—Circuit Clerk Harold sent to the circuit clerk at Decatur the full transcript in the famous Magill proceedings. This is the formal way of transmitting the case from DeWitts county to Macon county.

THE REVIEW

Entered as Second-Class Matter

W. T. LAMET, Editor and Publisher.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1907.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

METHODIST CHURCH

First Tuesday evening of each month—Meeting Women's Foreign Missionary Society.

Last Tuesday evening of each month—Report of League business, literary and social meeting.

Sunday morning, 10:30 a.m.
Sunday school, 11:45
Sunday Evening, 7:30
Epworth League, 6:45
Sunday evening, 7:30
Wednesday Mid-week Prayer Meeting, 8:00
Corner Cook and Sewing, 8:00, 10th Street
Telephone 515. Every evening a welcome.

Rev. N. LARSEN, Pastor.

SALEM UNITED EVANGELICAL CHURCH
Sunday Services:

Sunday school, 9:30 a.m.
Preaching Service (German) 10:30
Keystone League, 6:45 p.m.

Wednesday Evening, 7:30
Wednesday Mid-week Prayer Meeting, 8:00
Corner Cook and Sewing, 8:00, 10th Street
Telephone 515. Every evening a welcome.

Rev. N. LARSEN, Pastor.

EVANGELICAL ST. PAUL'S CHURCH
Sunday school, 9:30 a.m.
Evening service, 7:30 p.m.

W. M. S.—1st Tuesday, 7:30 p.m.
Strangers are cordially welcomed at all the services of the church.

Phone No. 261. A. HARPER, Pastor.

ST. ANN'S CATHOLIC CHURCH
Sunday, Mass 8 a.m.
Vespers and Benediction, 7:30 p.m.
Observation of Holy Days and Morning Mass, 8 a.m. Subject to change.

St. Ann's Sewing Circle, Tuesday, 1:30 p.m.
Rev. Father E. J. FOX

HATHORN CHURCH
Saturday evening prayer and praise service, 7:30 p.m.
Sunday school, 9:30 a.m.
Sunday school and I. U. X. at 11:45 a.m.
Young People's Meeting at 6:00 p.m.
Drama society, Tuesday 2 p.m.

You are all cordially invited to worship with us. JAMES D. GAUNER

(Continued from First Page)

A. D. Parsons last Sunday, returning Sunday evening with pleasant thoughts of Wauconda.

Miss May Mainman entertained a few of her young lady friends last Friday evening the 13th inst, it being the 16th anniversary of her birth. The usual good time was enjoyed and refreshments served, after which all departed for their respective homes, wishing their hosts many happy returns of the day.

Work on the new Village Hall is being rushed and the contractors hope to have the building completed early in November. We understand that work on D. H. Murphy's new hotel will soon be started, and the two new building standing side by side, will add greatly to the beauty of our village.

In one of the finest games of base ball ever seen in this vicinity, Wauconda's hustling team of ball-tossers trounced the Libertyville Ramblers last Sunday afternoon by the tight score of 3 to 2 and sent them rambling homeward after the strenuous afternoon's performance. A large crowd was on hand to witness what was rewarded by seeing a fast, interesting game which was in doubt until the last visitor was retired in the ninth inning. The fun started immediately after the umpire's "play ball" was sounded, and one or two Ramblers graced the first and second cushions in the first inning. But Basely, old boy, aided by gilt-edged and steady support, blanked the enemy. Not so in our half, however. With two down and a runner on second, Brochner beat out a slow hit to short and Seger counted on the bad throw to first. The score was tied in the second by good stick work, and the knot held until the fifth, when Mainman and Thomas counted. With the game 3 to 1, the contest sped along, and Al pitching and brilliant fielding kept the bleachers' attention. When the first two visitors went out in the ninth, it looked easy for the locals. But two singles followed, putting men on first and second. Then Siller swung 'a beauty and the ball sailed out to far right with Griswold in hot pursuit. One runner scored and another was making a desperate attempt to tie up the game when a fine relay by Thomas to Duers nipped him about a foot from home plate for the third out. The battery work of Basely and Duers was again a feature, the former adding ten more strike out victims to his already long list. He gave two free passes and hit one batter, but was steady in the pluches. Boyce deserves great credit for the broad, pitching and serving, and with better support might have made it still better. Although he issued four comps and tickled our able first-baser, Mr. C. Hutchinson, on the spinal column, he faired well and kept the safeties to a low figure.

Score by Innings:

Libertyville 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 1—2

Wauconda 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2—3

Batteries—Broche and Seger. Basely and Duers. Umpire: Kimberly. Time 1:18.

We Saw the Game.

The office boy had buried countless grandmothers, brothers, sisters, aunts and cousins, but he felt an enthusiasm for the baseball game that day which would not be downed.

Suddenly an idea struck him. Approaching the boy with an air of merriment which had been nurtured by long usage he asked:

"May I leave at noon today, sir?"

"And why, my boy?"

"There is a fancy fair at our church and mother wants me to go this afternoon. She was so anxious that she bought me a ticket which cost a dollar. I do not think she will allow me the few hours off. I have to go at the refreshment stall, and it seems a pity to waste."

"But surely you are above such things as that which take you away from your work. Why not give the ticket to one of your sisters?"

"But, sir, that wouldn't be fair, for I'm the only one of our family who can be depended upon to eat a dollar's worth, and—"

His superior nerve won the day. Smith's Magazine.

An English Amenity.

A striking difference between our manners and those of our German cousins was shown one day at a garden party. The hostess, an American, was speaking to one of her guests, an Englishwoman of rank.

"Dear Lady B.," she said, "I made these with my own hands, particularly for you. You know I've often told you about our American sandwiches, and how good they are. Here are different sorts, lettuce and cucumbers, if you care for 'grass,' or if you like a savory better, try the cream cheese ones with pimento. I've some sweet ones, too, raisins and nuts chopped together—"

"Will you try first?"

"Oh, no, I'll eat plain in both hands, a pale finger, with faintly looking sandwiches, and they were extended invitingly toward her guest, who looked at them critically, then said in the clear, high pitched voice of the well bred Englishwoman:

"Thank you, so kind of you, but do you know I never touch the nowadays things?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

James D. GAUNER

Charge for a Home Run.

A clever teacher who has the power of calling out originality in her pupils says that she would have no use for text books if she took time to answer all the startling questions asked in the classroom. One day the attraction of gravitation was under discussion when one of the boys said that he didn't see any use in it.

"It seems to me," said he, "there's no particular use in having the earth attract things. Now, when the apple fell and made Newton think out the reason for it, that apple might just as well have stayed where it was until somebody gathered it."

"You play ball, don't you?" asked the teacher. "Well, suppose you knock the ball up very high, what happens?"

"It falls."

"But if there were no attraction toward the earth it wouldn't fall. Don't you think that might prove inconvenient?"

"My," cried the boy, "what a bally chance for a home run!"—Chicago News.

Her Supposition.

In the Beecher family the name of Mrs. Stowe was often quoted to the rising generation as one having authority. She was also quoted ad nauseam, it would seem from a story told by the Woman's Journal. On one occasion a grandniece of Mrs. Stowe became very angry with a playmate and, stamping her foot, said, "I'm not your maid-servant, nor your ox, nor your ass." Her mother sternly reproved her, asking her if she knew what the word was saying.

Little Miss Beecher promptly replied, "It's the Ten Commandments."

"Well, do you know who wrote them?"

The child, looking disgusted, answered: "Goodness, yes. Aunt Harriet did. I suppose."

The Word "Poultry."

Poultry according to the definitions given in one standard encyclopedia, includes "the whole of the domesticated birds rechristened by man for the sake of their flesh and their eggs." The word comes from the Latin "pulvis," which could mean a young horse or donkey as well as a chick (the English "fowl" is also derived from the Latin, the French "oiseau" a fowl). But it is curious that "poultry" has no French version, the nearest equivalent being "volaille," or "oiseaux de basse-cour," birds of the low yard. German in its descriptive way knows poultry as "federwisch" feather cattle.

An Unrestored Ancestor.

Mr. R. is very proud of his ancient lineage and never lets a slip an opportunity to boast of it. At a dinner where he had been unusually rampant on this subject a fellow guest quibled him by remarking, "If you claim much further up your family tree you will come face to face with the monkey."—Lippincott's.

A Piece Conference.

Russian Bear—I think we had better have our representatives sit in convention and do what we have long contemplated—divide up Turkey. British Lion—Yes; in other words, hold a better support might have made it still better.

Although he issued four comps and tickled our able first-baser, Mr. C. Hutchinson, on the spinal column, he faired well and kept the safeties to a low figure.

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His Big Score.

Beginner of Golf—How many have I taken, my boy? Is it fifteen or sixteen? Disgusted Caddie—Ach, I dinna ken. It's no a caddie ye are. It's a billiard marker.—People's Journal.

Gas

Beginner of Golf—How many have I taken, my boy? Is it fifteen or sixteen? Disgusted Caddie—Ach, I dinna ken. It's no a caddie ye are. It's a billiard marker.—People's Journal.

Gas Light Fuel

Beginner of Golf—How many have I taken, my boy? Is it fifteen or sixteen? Disgusted Caddie—Ach, I dinna ken. It's no a caddie ye are. It's a billiard marker.—People's Journal.

Very Nicely Done.

Gallant Man (inside)—At last I have her all to myself. Now I can tell her how I love her and ask her to be mine. How shall I do it, I wonder?

Gentle Maid (behind her fan)—It is surely coming. I am so nervous and frightened. I know he is going to be a gallant. I do not know what I have to help him up off his knees.

Goodness, why doesn't he say something? I must break this horrible silence. (Aloud, recklessly) Have you ever been abroad?

Gallant Man (smilingly)—No, I'm saving it for a wedding tour.

Gentle Maid (anxiously)—Why, how many?—"One."

Gallant Man (mysteriously)—Then why shouldn't we take it together?

Gentle Maid (innocently)—My wife and husband might object to going in such a crowd.

Gallant Man (surprisedly)—The crowd would be objectionably large if you insisted.

—"Well, sir, that wouldn't be fair,

for I'm the only one of our family who can be depended upon to eat a dollar's worth, and—"

(Further conversation was dissolved and indistinct).—Pearson's Weekly.

Where Animals Eat Meats.

"Nature's falcons aside," said the roo-keeper, "insects won't eat meat. It is a fact, Lay, that a pair of two and a pair of three, will eat meat in the morning, the butter will be gone, but the deer will remain untouched.

"Oh, yes, some animals are incredibly nice about their food. The otter, when living wild, will only eat one piece, one mouthful out of each fish he catches. He will land a beautiful trout, but eat only one bite of it from the tail, just behind the gills, and the butter will be gone. The rest he leaves aside. This critique often kills a dozen fish, big trout to make one meal.

"Chimpanzees have very delicate tastes. A banana or a peach that to you seems delicious to a chimpanzee may be revolting. His taste is keen. Grapes, grown in hothouses where the sun never shines, are not good enough for him. The rest he leaves aside. This critique often kills a dozen bananas.

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THE

Barrington

Bank

of Sandman & Co

JOHN ROBERTSON, PRES'T
JOHN C. PLAGUE, VICE-PRES'T
A. L. ROBERTSON, CHAS'R
H. C. P. SANDMAN

Barrington, - Illinois

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Palatine

Bank

of CHARLES H. PATTEN.

A General Banking
Business Transacted
Interest Paid on Loans on
Savings Deposits. Real Estate
Insurance.

The Sizz
of our SODA is a grate-
ful sound to those who
like refreshing bever-
ages. Try a Crushed
Fruit Soda or Sundae
and you will be satisfied.

SPECIAL for SUNDAY

CRUSHED PINEAPPLE

CRUSHED STRAWBERRIES

Our candies are always fresh.

Roy G. Myers
Barrington, Illinois.

Barrington

Local Happenings Told in Short Paragraphs

Read the fall announcement of the
Jukes millinery store.

Harry Church of Herkimer, Nebraska,
is here visiting relatives.

Royal Blue of Grayslake is attending
high school in Chicago.

Have you ordered your fall or winter
hat at Miss Jakes? See her new ad.

William Brandy and family have
rented the Laney house on Franklin

Miss Edna Broughton of Wauconda
is visiting her relatives, Mr. and Mrs.
George Banks.

Miss Minnie Lohman of Park Ridge
is a guest of Mr. Lohman of South
Hawley street.

James Riley of Chicago has visited
his brother, Ed Riley, near Langemoor
and California on business.

George Weimuth has purchased a
house near the Hager subdivision of
Barney Lakeschule for \$1500.

The ladies of the W. R. C. could not
drive to Libertyville Wednesday to
visit Mrs. B. Lyle as planned on
account of the storms.

William Paddock of Cuba township
is called as juror for the Lake County
October term of court at Waukegan
and Edward Ernst of Ela street for the
March term.

Earle Powers enters the Lewis Insti-
tute, Monday. He has been employed
at this office fourteen months and has
shown himself to be an industrious,
capable and honest young fellow.

A real estate deal recorded in Barrin-
gton township this week: Township
32, sec. 5 and 6, 42, 9, containing
204.60 acres and improvements, July
22, Nelson Butler Hayes of
Jackson, Wisconsin, to Robert McKey,
\$20,000.

The following articles are for sale at
the home of George Church, Grove Avenue,
and may be seen to-morrow.
Tuesday, Sept. 25: dining table and chairs,
Morris chair, leather rocker, velvet rug (9x12), ice chest, kitchen table
and chairs and hammock.

The Thursday club will commence
its fourteenth year of study, October
3rd, at the home of the president, Mrs.
S. E. Howarth, Main street. The
studies this year will be on selected
subjects. Mrs. W. C. Dodge of Chicago
will give a lecture on the Folk Lore of
Ireland at the first meeting.

Dr. Nute of Avondale, was here
Sunday in the interests of a Chicago
Home-Finding Association. He is a
retired Methodist minister who was
formerly the pastor here and he is the
father of Mrs. Ade McIntosh. Dr.
Nate spoke at the church services
during the day.

The Greening Nursery Co., Monroe,
Michigan, one of the largest nursery
concerns in the United States, write
us that they want a good live agent in
this section to solicit orders for their
trees, shrubbery, etc. Experience not
necessary. They offer good pay
weekly, and furnish canvassing outfit.
We advise any man or woman in our
community, who has some spare time
to take orders to write them for
particulars. Mention this paper when
writing.

The Methodist Sunday school rally
last Sunday was largely attended by an
appreciative gathering of people who
were pleased with the excellent program
of readings and music and responded
generally to a collection.

Mrs. Myrtle Kellogg of Ashland, Wis.
has gone to the Passavant Memorial
Hospital Chicago to have an operation
performed. Mrs. Kellogg is a niece of
Mrs. Geo. Banks of Williams street
and has been here nearly all summer.

Mrs. Carrie Kendall of Hough street
and Mesdames Conrad Kraus, August
Meier and Fred Summerfield of Lang-
enheim left Tuesday with a party of
Eigin people for a week's trip though
Texas with Canyon City as the main
opping place.

The ball game last Saturday after-
noon attracted a large enthusiastic
crowd who watched the ten innings
with interest and it was half past six
for the game closed with a score of 8
to 7 in favor of the Y. M. C. A. which
played the Hayes Class of Chicago.

Mrs. Kitson of Barrington has been
at the Hall farm near Honey Lake
several days, and also Harry Maxted
of Western Springs, a former player
of the late William Hall. He now
attends college at Olivet, Michigan.

Mabel Grace and Hall spent
the week at Glen Ellyn.

A party of twelve people from the
city, ladies and gentlemen guests of
Spencer Otis were here Wednesday
and intended spending the day in the
woods on the Otis farm, but rainy
weather prevented and their dinner
was served by a caterer from the city
at the home of Sanford Peck.

A business and social meeting of the
B. Y. P. U. was held at the Brockway
home on Lake street last Friday even-
ing. An entertainment committee con-
sisting of Mrs. Brockway, Misses Flan-
rence Collier and Mabel Peck de-
serve credit for the very pleasant time spent
by a large company of young people.

Lost and Found.

Lost, between 9:30 p. m., yesterday
and noon to-day, a billious attack, with
nausea and sick headache. This loss
was occasioned by finding at the Barrin-
gton Pharmacy a box of Dr. King's
New Life Pills. Guaranteed for bil-
liousness, malaria and jaundice. 25c.

"He's one of the get-rich-quick sort,
isn't he?"

"Yes, his wealthy uncle died very
suddenly."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Invasion.

When Alcibiades was told that his
countrymen had passed sentence of
death upon him for being at the head
of a conspiracy to overthrow the re-
ligious and political constitution of
Athens he said, "I will stay in
Athens, but I will leave the city
with my family." He left from Sparta
in safety and charmed the Spartans
as he had the Athenians in his earlier
years. He adopted their customs and
dress and was the strictest Spartan of them all. He wore his
hair short, bathed in the icy waters
of the Euphrates and ate black
bread and barley. In this he
was like a Spartan, but he
had been misrepresented. In
truth, as Plutarch said, "he changed
color more quickly than a chameleon."
In Sparta he was grave, temperate
and fond of physical exercise; in Ionia
he was easy going, luxuriant and mer-
curial. In Thrasse he was drunken. In
Theseus he was devoted to horseman-
ship and the games of the stadium.
He was surprised. The Athenians
had been magnificence. As Sparta
was to be the prize of the Athenian
victory, he showed the people their
danger, advising them to begin active
operations against that city. No better
advice could have been given them, and
they profited by it.

Questioning is Not Conversation.

The man who imagines that the art
of conversation consists in asking ques-
tions spoils conversation as much as
the man who never asks any. People
of this description will interrupt a
speaker as frequently as they do in the
French chamber, and run anxiously
from subject to subject with their
fingers in their ears, cracking hen that is
going to lay an egg, or talking to
the dog at Houghton, bemoaning the
existence of such a pest in the person
of an aunt. Writing to his friend Sir
Horace Mann, he says: "I have an aunt
here a family piece of goods, an old
remnant ofquisitive hospitality and
economy. She wore me so down by
day and night with interrogations that I
fretted all night and she was at my ear
with 'what's this, what's that and what's
that?' at least a very sharp I cried out,
'For heaven's sake, madam, ask me no
more questions."

John Drinker's idea of being ques-
tioned is well known, and he gives the
classic refutation of the habit in his
own inimitable style: "Sir, questioning
is not the mode of conversation among
gentlemen. It is assuming a superior-
ity. It is a particularly wrong
question to ask a man concerning himself.—
Chambers' Journal.

Gooseberries on Trees.

Travelers in Burma see many strange
things, and perhaps one of the strangest
is the way in which some kinds of
fruit grow. For instance, gooseberries
that at home grow on small bushes in
the garden, here grow on trees twenty
feet high, pulp fruit over twenty-five feet high. They are
not a soft, pulpy fruit, but are as hard
as marbles. The real Burmese grapes
also grow on high trees and not on
vines. They hang from the branches and
trunk of the tree in clusters on a long
stalk and are covered with a thick
outer skin, which cannot be eaten.
The bunches or monkey bunches are
the size of a man's hand. The pulp
is yellow fruit of soft pulp, with its
kerne attached to the outside of the
fruit at the end farthest from the stalk
from which it hangs.—London Standard.

Trotter.—I told me about this time
last year that he had arrived at the
conclusion that the trip to Europe
would do him good. Holmes—Yes, and
he's there yet. Trotter—in Europe?
Holmes—No; where he had arrived
when you saw him.—Philadelphia Press.

A nurse unable to make a crying
baby sleep ran quickly to her
master for a book. He asked her,
"What do you want a book for?" She
said, "I often see you go to sleep the
moment you have a book in your hand.
I want to put baby to sleep."—From
the Clinches.

Jackie—Does your father know anything
about music? Tommy—Yes.

Tommy—Well, what does he know?

Tommy—I know how many hours
there are in a beat, for I have heard
him tell mother so.—Tit-Bits.

Passenger (on Atlantic liner)—Hello,
old man! I find great difficulty in
getting a good night's sleep. I have
tried for fifteen minutes.

Puck.

Both Good Sales.

Two large auction sales on farms
have occurred in this vicinity this week
that have drawn large crowds. On
Wednesday the sale was on the F.
Brommekamp farm which Spencer
Otis has purchased.

The Thursday sale of Henry Brink-
er's, who has also sold to Otis, was
the largest one ever known around
here. It was a thousand people
attended and bidding was brisk. The
sum total of the sale was \$3200.00,
cattle sold at an average of \$25.00 a
head.

Wm. Peters is a successful auctioneer.

You'll See.

When the frost is on the punkin
And the bleak winds coldly moan
You'll hesitate to walk the streets
And wish you had a 'phone.

We have rates for any purpose. Chicago
Telephone Company.

Economical Facts.

Any man who is living today with-
out a telephone in his home, at a cost
of a few cents per day, is refusing
to economize. It saves his cost and we
have rates for all purposes. Chicago
Telephone Company?

Special Notice.

All who order telephones within
thirty days will secure service without
delay. Cold weather may prevent
prompt attention to your order after
October 15. Order before it is too
late. Chicago Telephone Company.

CO. HALL CO.
AND THE MILLINERY
DIVISION

WEEKLY JOURNAL

OF MILLINERY

AND FASHION

OIL BOND \$6,000,000

BIGGEST SECURE GM RECORD FIXED BY JUDGE GROSSCUP.

IN APPEAL FROM LANDIS

Hearing of New York Dissolution Suit Reveals That Standard Earned \$46,756 in Eight Years.

Chicago.—The largest bonds in the history of criminal jurisprudence were fixed Tuesday by Judge Peter B. Grosscup, of the United States circuit court to secure the government's \$10,000,000 suit against the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, pending an appeal from the sentence imposed by Judge Landis.

The aggregate security required by Judge Grosscup was \$6,000,000, represented by two bonds—a forthcoming bond of \$4,000,000 and a conditional bond of \$2,000,000. The total was considered by the Standard Oil Company to represent the value of the property owned by the defendant company.

Both the attorneys for the government and the oil company expressed chagrin over the court's decision. District Attorney Sims announced to the court that he was not satisfied with the amount of the security. His argument had been that the fine, John S. Miller, attorney for the Rockefeller corporation, protested that the estimate of the assets of the Indiana company were too high.

Judge Grosscup announced that he would grant the district attorney an opportunity later on to submit arguments as to why the bonds should be larger.

New York.—Delving into the financial workings of the Standard Oil company of New Jersey, the holding company of all the subsidiary organizations of the so-called oil trust, Frank D. Kellogg, conducting the federal suit for the dissolution of the company, brought forth Tuesday to public view for the first time the enormous profits made by the Standard Oil company.

In a period of eight years, from 1899 to 1906 inclusive, the company, on a statement spread upon the records of Tuesday's hearings, was shown to have earned total profits of \$46,756, \$34, or at the rate of more than \$1,000,000 a year, and distributed to its shareholders in the same period \$30,359,403.

FOUR DIE IN AUTO WRECK.

Prominent Elks Are Killed at Color-ado Springs.

Colorado Springs, Colo.—A powerful racing automobile occupied by seven prominent Elks and chauffeur and driver, to hold only three passengers, was running at a terrific rate, crashed into the telegraph poles at the bottom of the West Hurford street hill here early Tuesday and was wrecked.

Three of the occupants were killed outright, a fourth died shortly after the accident and others were more or less seriously hurt. The bodies of the three dead were mangled beyond recognition. The dead: John S. H. Ward, president of New York, killed outright; Britton L. Graves, drunkard, a dealer in electrical supplies, killed outright; H. W. Ward, killed outright.

The injured are James Engle, George Buckley, F. H. Ward and A. W. Markscheffel.

The party had been to the Elks' clubhouse at Manitou to attend a social session and was returning home.

CHICAGO'S CHARTER BEATEN.

Voters Reject the Instrument at Special Election.

Chicago.—Chicago's new city charter, the result of many months of work by committees and organizations, defeated in the special election Tuesday. The vote was nearly two to one against it.

The efforts of the United societies for Local Self-Government, the South Park board, the Deneen faction among the Republicans and of the Democrats generally, are credited with the result. The claim that the new charter would result in much higher taxes had much to do with its defeat.

Barry Guita the Jamestown Fair. Norfolk, Va.—In a letter addressed to a committee of directors which arranged a settlement of differences existing some weeks ago between himself and President Harry St. George Tucker, of the Jamestown exposition, James Guita, his requests to be relieved of his duties as director general. Continued conflict between Mr. Tucker and Mr. Guita over the social features of the exposition caused Mr. Guita's action. He claims he cannot continue in his position and maintain his self-respect.

Agree to Peace Conference.

Washington.—A proposal was signed at the state's department Tuesday by the diplomatic representatives of the five Central American republics, accepting the invitation of the United States and Mexico to meet here at an early date to negotiate an agreement providing for the arbitration of disputes between the countries represented. The proposal was signed in the presence of Secretary Ade of the state department and Minister of Finance, charge d'affaires of the Mexican embassy.

WHAT FATHER AND HARRY ACCOMPLISHED

AN ILLINOIS MAN WRITES REGARDING HIS SUCCESS IN WESTERN CANADA.

Change in Homestead Regulations
Maker Entry Easly
Accomplished.

"Nothing succeeds like success" is an old and true saying having many applications in Western Canada. The following letter is an illustration. The writer, Mr. Gerts, left Chicago a short time ago and the success he has achieved may well be gained by anyone having pluck and energy to back him up. The writer is located in Western Canada. A change recently made in the Canadian Land Act concerning homesteads makes it possible for any member of a family to make entry for any other member of the family entitled to a homestead.

For instance, a man may now make entry before the local agent for his father or for his brother or brother's wife, son or sons, or for distant son or daughter who may be the head of the family having minor children depending upon him for support. A sister, daughter or mother are also entitled to make entry upon a homestead.

The only fee required is \$100.00 for each entry. A great saving in rail-way fares is made in this manner.

Read what Mr. Gerts has to say:

Battleford, Sask., Aug. 4, 1907.
Dear Sir:

Thinking a letter from us Northwest settlers might interest you, and I write a few lines and let you know we are progressing nicely and well pleased with our new home.

When I think of the many hard working people here, east with families who are struggling for a living and doing the strenuous, laying up practically nothing for old age and the thousands of acres of land here yet to be plowed and cultivated capable of raising sixty to eighty bushels of oats, thirty to forty bushels of wheat, it certainly seems a pity the two cannot be brought together. But, as I said, it is only for the industrious and thrifty, also I might add, it requires some capital to start.

A man should have at least a team of three good horses; better to have more so as to have some colts coming along each year. It is best to bring them with him as work horses are high. He should be able to purchase plow, disc and drag, harrow, drill, binder, hay rake, corn cutter, seed planter, clamps or anything land and together can divide up the purchasing of the above machinery and exchange work. This plan will work well for a few years or until crop will warrant each individual to purchase a full outfit.

We have 400 acres of good farm land as we are in the famous Custer district. Every foot of land is plowed. Last year we sowed 60 bushels per acre and sold them for 50¢ per bushel on the place.

The indications are for a good crop this year, though we were very late in sowing owing to the late spring. Last winter was the coldest known in this country by the oldest settlers (some who have been here 35 years), but with a comfortable house and a good fire we had no trouble. We have 100 miles, we passed the winter quite pleasantly. The air is clear and dry. Some of the days I came from work I was surprised to find the thermometer registering 46° below zero. Though we never kept fire at night, we had nothing frozen in our cellar.

Our stock and chickens wintered fine. I have a rearing heifer, who is a two-year-old rearing heifer, who

is a faithful friend.

"Johnny can't come to work to-day, sir?"

"Why not?"

"He's troubled somethin' awful with heat exhaustion, sir."

"Ah, yes, it's chronic, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir, it's chronic, isn't it?"

"But didn't I see him playing ball in the vacant lot this morning?"

"Yes, yes, sir. You see, when he plays ball, sir, he forgets the pain."

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a mass of varying thickness, which is ugly, destructive of appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Dettance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its great strength than other makes.

Product of the Lovell Man.

Washington's monument is 555 feet high. The eggs shipped from 500 companies in this state, leaving 44 yet to hear from him, if placed and on end would build a monument 221,852 times higher than the Washington shaft.—Kansas City Journal.

Coal of Interstellar Space.

"Quite recently," says an English journal, "the Coal of the Sun has been reproduced in an electric furnace, and Sir James Dewar has obtained the coal of interstellar space."

By following the directions, which are plainly printed on the package of the coal, Sir James' Men's Collar and Garters can be made just as stiff as desired with either glass or domestic salts. Try it; 16 oz. for 10¢, sold by all good grocers.

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Hiram Perkins' Cure.

By F. A. Mitchel.

Copyright, 1907, by F. A. Mitchel.

HERE are two pictures extant of Timothy Portley, the one in which he stands among a group of working honest employees in high hats, trim coats and woolen shirts, the other in which he is dressed in the height of fashion, his natural florid complexion enhanced by the artist. The first was Tim Portley, butcher. The second is Timothy Portley, multimillionaire. He would give a thousand dollars for each of the group pictures to burn.

Portley lived most of the year in his country place twenty miles from the city. This was when he hadn't a nickel to take him, tired and hungry home from his work in the evening. Now there are express trains running



DALY WAS KNOCKED TO A DISTANCE OF TWENTY FEET.

past his place to the city, but they are not good enough, certainly not fast enough, for him. He has his own automobile, capable of making a mile a minute, and it has often taken him from his house to his office in half an hour.

The Arlington turnpike furnished a direct line between Mr. Portley's house and his office, and on thatpike is a straight piece of road over which he gave his chauffeur orders to make fifty miles an hour. At a quarter past 10 every week day morning and a quarter past 10 every week day evening, Mr. Portley's passage, the farmers living on this stretch of road were obliged to stop work to see that there were no children or stock in the way. Amos Green lost a horse and Joseph Briggs a cow. In both these cases Mr. Portley sat in his car, was handed a check book by his secretary, and when checks for double damages were claimed by the owners of the stock, tossed them at the farmers, and as the papers fluttered to the ground to be picked up by the papers, the paper dashed away.

The next thing to fall under Mr. Portley's judgment was something that could not be paid for in money. Daisy Burton, nineteen years old, was crossing the road when she heard a squawk of a horn and saw Mr. Portley's automobile coming. She turned back, but seeing the automobile turning in the same direction, started again to cross. The automobile changed its purse at the same time. It had slowed down, but continued on in the direction of a collision. Daisy was knocked to a distance of twenty feet, where she lay in a heap. Mr. Portley took in the situation and ordered his chauffeur to drive on. A cloud of dust marked his going, and a crowd of intelligent countrymen, among whom stood the father of the child, shaking his head and reflecting that automobile marked the scene of the accident.

Hiram Perkins, a middle aged, weather beaten farmer, whose skin hung loose in grooves on his face and neck, lived on the next farm to the Burtons. The only thing in the world he loved was Daisy. From the time she could talk he had been in love with her, and her father's house he had made a pet of her. While her father was shaking his fist at Portley Perkins picked up the girl, covered with dust and blood, and carried her into her home. There he bent over her and groaned. When she opened her eyes and looked at him with a faint attempt at smile, he dashed out of the house and mounted a horse and galloped away for a doctor.

The only inconvenience it occasioned Mr. Portley was having to take the train every morning to the city instead of his automobile. He dared not go over the Arlingtonpike till the damage had been paid, and there was no other outlet for the farmer's money. But he did not come at once to a frame of mind to accept money for the injury to his child, and it was some time before the matter was settled.

Meanwhile the farmers living on the pike discussed the situation. Daisy would be crippled for life. What they continued to ride the same misfortune or worse. Within the same distance was a state law regulating the speed of automobiles, but there was no one whose duty it was to enforce it, nor

was there any hope of its being enforced.

While the others talked there was one man who thought. Hiram Perkins did not recover from having seen his little pet made a cripple. He resolved that Portley's automobile should never pass his place again, and he would do his best to prevent it. By means of the law Portley's speedometer was mightier than the law. Dig a trench across the road and make it? That would be murder. One day Hiram read an advertisement of the sale of government condensing goods. This gave him an idea. He would dig a trench and stop the road.

"What's that?" he asked, of his chauffeur.

"Looks as if soldiers were firing across the road," replied the chauffeur, slowing up.

At a quarter past 10 on the morning after Farmer Burton had signed an instrument acknowledging full indemnity for the injury done his daughter and had received his check Mr. Portley's automobile came down the road at its accustomed speed. As it approached Hiram Perkins' farm Mr. Portley heard a crackling noise and saw smoke ahead.

"Hey, you old fool! Are you crazy?" yelled Mr. Portley.

Hiram stopped turning his crank and looked at the automobile.

"Why, no; I reckon not," he replied.

"I only shootin' at a mark."

"Go on, Pete," said Mr. Portley to his chauffeur.

The automobile gave a few preliminary puffs, and Perkins began again to turn his crank, sending a storm of bullets across the road. The chauffeur shot off in a hurry.

"What do you mean," roared Portley, "by monopolizing the road in that fashion?"

"Who's monopolizing the road?" asked Hiram, ceasing to turn the crank.

"You; firing that thing across it."

"I'm not, I'm mark practice. I have twenty acres on the side and eighty on the other side. Heckan I've got a right to do what I please on my own property."

"You haven't a right to obstruct the road."

"I ain't touchin' the road."

Portley was puzzled, but only for a moment. He was sure of the farmer's motives.

"How much do you want to stop your practicin' when I want to pass your farm?"

There was a world of calm intensity in Hiram's tone and manner as he replied:

"You ain't got money enough to stop my headin'-out at any time."

Mr. Portley refrained from further argument. He felt sure that if he couldn't buy his way from the farmer, he could buy it through a lawyer. He gave orders to his chauffeur to turn and hurried back in no good humor to take another road, doubling the distance to the market place. He turned straight to his lawyer's office and told him Hiram Perkins was monopolizing the highway and asked how he should proceed.

"There's no law," said the lawyer, "to prevent a man from on his own property, even if the highway runs through it."

"What! No law to keep him from shooting me as I pass his farm?"

"If he shoots you intentionally, it's murder; if unintentionally, you have an action for damages."

"I don't want no damages after I'm dead!" exclaimed Mr. Portley, his irritation dropping into the double meaning of the willful practice.

"The only way I see out of it," the lawyer went on, looking at the ceiling thoughtfully, "is to meet what I am

asked."

Mr. Portley was about to speak when a squawk of a horn and saw Mr. Portley's automobile coming. She turned back, but seeing the automobile turning in the same direction, started again to cross. The automobile changed its purse at the same time. It had slowed down, but continued on in the direction of a collision. Daisy was knocked to a distance of twenty feet, where she lay in a heap. Mr. Portley took in the situation and ordered his chauffeur to drive on. A cloud of dust marked his going, and a crowd of intelligent countrymen, among whom stood the father of the child, shaking his head and reflecting that automobile marked the scene of the accident.

Hiram Perkins, a middle aged, weather beaten farmer, whose skin hung loose in grooves on his face and neck, lived on the next farm to the Burtons. The only thing in the world he loved was Daisy. From the time she could talk he had been in love with her, and her father's house he had made a pet of her. While her father was shaking his fist at Portley Perkins picked up the girl, covered with dust and blood, and carried her into her home. There he bent over her and groaned.

When she opened her eyes and looked at him with a faint attempt at smile, he dashed out of the house and mounted a horse and galloped away for a doctor.

The only inconvenience it occasioned Mr. Portley was having to take the train every morning to the city instead of his automobile. He dared not go over the Arlingtonpike till the damage had been paid, and there was no other outlet for the farmer's money.

But he did not come at once to a frame of mind to accept money for the injury to his child, and it was some time before the matter was settled.

Meanwhile the farmers living on the pike discussed the situation. Daisy would be crippled for life. What they continued to ride the same misfortune or worse. Within the same distance was a state law regulating the speed of automobiles, but there was no one whose duty it was to enforce it, nor

was there any hope of its being enforced.

While the others talked there was one man who thought. Hiram Perkins did not recover from having seen his little pet made a cripple. He resolved that Portley's automobile should never pass his place again, and he would do his best to prevent it. By means of the law Portley's speedometer was mightier than the law. Dig a trench across the road and make it?

The machine crept on. Hiram pulled his broad brimmed hat over his eyes to obstruct his view, and he went toward the automobile. He went around the front and into view he turned his back so that he couldn't see the automobile came to within a few yards of the passing bullet and stopped.

"Go on!" roared Portley to his chauffeur.

The chauffeur climbed over to the back seat, leaving the wheel for his master. Portley took it and moved

the automobile to within a few yards of the passing bullet and stopped.

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PALATINE LOCAL NEWS

What the People are Doing in

Palatine and the Vicinity.

Some of the members of the Eastern Star attended a large meeting in Chicago Saturday night.

George Daniels is at home this week.

Mesdames E. W. Wood and B. W. Wilson spent Sunday with friends at Crystal Lake.

Dr. F. A. Gibbs returned home from the west last Friday.

John Dehan of Chicago spent Wednesday with L. M. Kuebler and family.

Miss Elvina Arps returned home from Milwaukee Tuesday.

Miss Emilene Kuebler will celebrate her birthday Saturday afternoon by entertaining the members of the Clinch club.

Our school teachers are boarding at the following places: Primary room, Miss Stevens is at Mrs. John Galnor's; Second room—Miss Meler at Mrs. Wm. Wilson's; Third room—Miss McGuire at Mrs. John Louis Schoppe's; Fourth room—Miss Ellis at Mrs. Jonathan Wilson's. Assistant principal—Miss Kellogg at Mrs. John Galnor's.

Miss Grace Gerimes is teaching at Rogers Park.

G. D. Stroker and family of Wauconda spent Sunday at W. C. William's Jr.

Voting population was increased this week when boys arrived at the home of Wm. Beckman and George Hamer. We are sorry to report Mrs. Hamer is very low, all hope for speedy recovery.

Palatine was defeated by the Prima Tonie's Sunday by a score of 6 to 4. The Prima Tonie's had only two of their own men and one man with them who had played with the Sox, so Palatine made a good fight considering what they went against.

Mrs. Van Horn and daughter, Grace, are visiting at Paris, Missouri, with Mrs. Bliggs.

G. D. Stroker and family of Wauconda spent Sunday at Paris, Missouri, with Mrs. Bliggs.

Dr. Pigott and family have returned to Chicago after spending several months of the summer at the Fiske house.

Wm. Wicknase was an Elgin visitor Monday.

Mrs. Schoenig and Mrs. Palm are visiting at Wm. Wicknase's.

George Knigge and family spent Sunday at Elkhorn's.

Mr. and Mrs. Wagner of Grayslake are visiting at Fred Hoefel's.

Frank Clark returned home from New York Wednesday.

Miss Anna Johnson and Mary Batchford returned to their homes in Wisconsin after spending a week at Jack Ellison's.

Get your School supplies at A. W. Meyer's.

Earnest Packard is on the sick list. Dr. A. W. Wight of Barrington is attending him.

The Woman's Aid society of the St. Peter's church met last week at the home of Mrs. John Koffen.

Mrs. Tillie Hokemeyer went to Gilmer Thursday.

Mrs. Bezeau returned home from Chicago Wednesday.

School shoes at A. W. Meyer's.

Sixty tickets were sold at the dance last Saturday evening at the Lake Shore pavilion.

The Lake Zurich and Des Plaines ball nine played at the Oak Park grounds Sunday, score 13 to 5 in favor of the home team.

Mrs. J. Dickson of Barrington visited here Tuesday.

Miss Mabel Killeen and friend of Chicago spent Saturday and Sunday at Hoefel's house.

When the physician came and made a hasty examination. He pulled the bent limb from under the man, straightened it out, took one long look and, turning to those gathered round, said gravely:

"This is no case for me, gentlemen. What this man needs is not a doctor, but a carpenter!"—Baltimore News.

Trouble Ahead.

"Then your husband won't give up his club?" queried the friend.

"No," he replied, pointing the patient's head, "I won't propose to give up mine."

"Yours?" Why, I didn't know you had one."

"Neither does he, but the next time he comes home late from his I'll be on hand with mine."—Catholic Standard and Times.

D. F. LAMEY

School Books

Big Bargains In second hand school books. Some

We Buy All the books that you don't want which are used in the school.

New school books We carry a complete stock of School and all the lower grades.

Stationery A big stock of school Stationery, Tablets, Books, etc. Also fancy line of Stationery in linen goods and fancy colors.

Now is the time to buy a

Talking Machine

We sell them so that you can easily own one yourself and entertain your friends

Jhat Fall Suit

You'll soon want it and it probably needs cleaning and repairing. Bring it in NOW. Or if you think you need a new one, come in and see my new line of Fall samples, and leave your order. I shall be rashed with work soon, so the earlier you come the better

Math Pecak

Merchant Tailor

Barrington, Illinois

Did you ever think of the field of opportunity that advertising opens to you? There is almost no limit to the possibilities of your business if you study how to turn trade into your store. If you are not getting your share of the business of your community there's a reason. People go where they are attracted—where they know what they can get and how much it is sold for. If you make direct statements in your advertising see to it that you are able to fulfill every promise you make. You will add to your business reputation and hold your customers. It is the persistent advertiser who gets there. Have something in this paper every issue, no matter how small. It will not cost as much as you think. If you do not employ an ad writer and do not wish to write your own copy we will get up your ads in a manner which will satisfy you, and at no additional charge.

Boon Your Business

Struck By Engine.

While returning from a party in the country last night Walter Homuth and three young lady friends had a narrow escape from serious injury at the E. J. and E. crossing on west Main street. An engine reported to be without lights or bell signals struck their carriage, overturning it and throwing them to the ground.

The young ladies were unhurt but Mr. Homuth's face was badly scratched and his wrist broken.

We will be pleased to quote you prices.

The REVIEW, a Home Newspaper.

\$1.50 a Year.