

BARRINGTON REVIEW.

Vol. 23. No. 30.

BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1907

\$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

NEWS OF WAUCONDA

Personal Paragraphs Submitted

By Our Very Able Correspondents.

Dr. Golding and wife were Chicago visitors Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Murphy and daughter Grace were in Chicago, Monday.

Mr. Seger and son, John, came out from the city in their auto Saturday.

Charles Rooney and Emily Geary went to Kenosha Saturday for a few days' visit.

Misses Nettie Murray, LuLu Oaks and gentleman friends spent Sunday here.

Mrs. August Landwehr of Hartford, S. D., is visiting her sister, Mrs. S. O. Darrell.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Cook and family are planning on taking a trip down east next week.

Mr. Anderson of Lake Forest was a business caller in our village Tuesday and Wednesday.

Archie Wallace and Miss Mamie Gardner of Woodstock called on friends in our village Sunday.

Miss Estella Grace is teaching school at North Chicago spent Saturday and Sunday with her mother.

D. McClain who has been visiting with relatives at Ringwood for the past few weeks returned to our village Monday.

Elmer Duers and Thomas Hanlon came out from the city Saturday to play with the billiard team at Libertyville Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Green and daughter Jessie will move into the Hill residence which they purchased this summer.

Mrs. E. L. Harrison went to the city Thursday to make her future home. Mr. Harrison expects to go in the near future.

The ball game at Libertyville Sunday, Wauconda vs. Libertyville, resulted in a victory for the latter. It was a close game, clear through the final score being 4 to 2.

The Misses Bryant of Chicago spent Sunday at C. E. Jenks'. The young ladies have spent a number of summers in this place and have many friends here who were delighted to see them.

Messrs. Putnam & Brooks are making preparations to install their band in the near future. They have the complete outfit here but it will take a week or ten days before they will have it in readiness.

Walter Walter was bidding goodby to all his friends Monday previously to starting for Fort Pierre, South Dakota, where he will make his future home. Walter has been one of our residents for the past few years and has made many friends who were loathe to see him leave but all wish him the best of success in the far west.

J. F. Honey had 200 bushels of wheat grown at the Barrington Mill the first of the week and has sold a large quantity of the flour to our citizens who pronounce it the A1 article. Isnt there some progressive man who would start up another good mill in our village? All the business people would lend their hearty aid to such an enterprise. There always has been good business for a mill in our village and we all know it was a good paying business. Several good sites are now available and now is the time to start, in order to get all in readiness for the winter grinding. If anyone has a proposition to offer let them present it to business men and they will tell you what they will tell you what they will do. Don't delay but present it at once.

Private Sale.

There will be a private sale on next Tuesday afternoon from 1 to 4 p. m. at the M. E. Parsonage the following household articles:

Dining table, 2 kitchen tables, bureaus, washstand, pitcher and bowl, wood bedstead, iron bedstead, 2 mattresses, 2 bedspreads, oil stove, refrigerator, couch and some ingrain carpet. Come early and get your choice.

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 it now. Chicago Telephone Co. Com. any.

Lecture at Baptist Church.

Capt. S. Alberti, having lately escaped from Siberia through friendly assistance, is able to give one of the thrilling and interesting experiences ever presented to the American public. Having served as an officer in the Russian army eleven years, two years in Turkey, three years in the Caucasian mountains, and six years in Siberia in different capacities, namely, as engineer in the mines and as telegrapher from place to place, thus knowing practically the everyday life throughout Russia and Siberia.

He came to American several years ago, but had to return to Russia for the purpose of settling some business in regard to an estate left him by a near relative, when he was taken a prisoner and sent back to Siberia; on this occasion not to serve the country in an honorable capacity, but as an exile. He managed to make his escape through friendly assistance, and will impart to all the world his experience and what actually exists in Russia and Siberia, where there is so much suffering and torture.

It will be well seen by any one to attend this lecture, as it is instructive and elevating, giving them an opportunity to learn something they will never forget in a lifetime, and it is not given by a person that has traveled through that country for pleasure but from the everyday life of one that has passed through all its privations. Illustrated with 100 stereopticon views and moving pictures. At the Baptist church, Wednesday evening, October 23rd, at 8 o'clock. Admission 25¢. Reserved seats 50¢.

School Entertainment.

The school entertainment held in the school house Monday evening was a complete success. The entire program was well received and the room was filled far beyond its seating capacity. There were ten numbers requiring an hour and thirty minutes for presentation. A collection was asked for and \$12.50 was received which will be used to pay expenses incident to the preparation of the program and to purchase some of the hundred books that are to be put in the school library this year. The gratitude of the public is due to those who so cheerfully and successfully gave the program. Some have been heard to say that the program was well worth fifty cents. Another program will be rendered in about five weeks.

W. C. T. U. Notes.

The regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. was held Thursday evening, October 2nd, at the home of the president, Mrs. Frank Gieseke. Eighteen members were present to listen to an interesting program. Duets by the Misses Alma and Mabel Stiefenhofer deserve special mention, also the report given by Miss Amanda Schaefer and Mrs. Herman Gieseke who were delegates to the sixth annual convention of the Cook County W. C. T. U. The next meeting will be held November 6th at the home of Mrs. H. F. Prue.

A Criminal Attack.

An inoffensive citizen is frequently made in that apparently useless little article called the "appendix." It's generally the result of protracted constipation, following liver torque. Dr. King's New Life Pill regulates liver, prevent appendicitis, and establish regular habits of the bowel, 25¢ at Barrington Pharmacy.

You'll See.

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

We have rates for any purse. Chicago Telephone Company.

Hard Times in Kansas.

The old days of grasshoppers and drought are almost forgotten in the prosperous Kansas of to-day; although a citizen of Codel, Carl Shandberg, has not yet forgotten a hard time he encountered. He says, "I was weak and discouraged by coughing night and day, and could find no relief till I tried Dr. King's New Discovery. It took less than one bottle to completely cure me." The safest and most reliable cough and cold remedy and lung and throat healer ever discovered. Guaranteed by Barrington Pharmacy 50¢ and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

Lost—Imitation buffalo robe, between Barrington and Wauconda on the Lake Zurich road. Reward: \$10.00. Trial bottle free.

Notice.

All who order telephones without delay will secure service without delay. Cold weather may prevent prompt attention to your order after October 15. Order it now. Chicago Telephone Co. Com. any.

Kick the Printer



In the city of Brooklyn, N. Y., there has been for many years a conspicuous signboard outside an office which reads, "KICK THE PRINTER."

Idiots persons sometimes go inside to carry out the apparent request, but they discover that the printer is a gentleman by the name of Kick.

In every town there are persons who, if they do not actually feel like kicking the printer—the newspaper man—at any rate do a lot of kicking at the way he conducts his paper.

Please DON'T kick the printer; he is doing the best he can.

And what he does for the town and community, despite his occasional mistakes, may be a great deal more than the kickers themselves are doing. Did THAT ever occur to you?

We are all neighbors in this town. What helps one helps the others. What hurts one hurts the others. Every community is a mutual benefit association, whether organized or just running wild.

If you had no printer—no newspaper—how would you like that? Do you know what happens to towns that don't support a newspaper? Nothing happens. Nothing ever happens in a town like that. As soon as things begin to happen in a town the newspaper comes along and tells about them.

The newspaper boosts the town. It records progress and offers suggestions, by the editor or the readers, as to further progress. Every copy of every issue advertises the town. This is all free advertisement. It costs the town nothing. It costs the people nothing. It is a part of the business.

In view of this fact, which nobly can dispute, it is much better to put the printer on the shoulder now and then or to speak kindly of him than to kick him.

NO: DON'T KICK THE PRINTER.

LAKE ZURICH

Mr. and Mrs. Seip are visiting at Waukegan.

Mrs. Mabel Kimbel of Capron is visiting here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Fink went to Chicago Monday.

August Froelich is on a business trip to Wisconsin.

Come and see the line of winter goods at A. W. Meyer's.

Fred Thies and Chas. Ost of Palatine, were in town Tuesday.

Will Elekman and lady friend, of Cary, visited at home Sunday.

Miss Emma Seip of Waukegan visited home Sunday and Monday.

Always use White Swan flour, the best. At A. W. Meyer's.

E. F. Schenning gives a base ball game Saturday evening. Good music.

Lena Schermer who visited at Otto Frank's, returned to Joliet Thursday.

Mrs. Rose returned to Chicago Monday, after spending the summer months at the lake.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Whitney and Miss Mabel Prusia returned home Friday after an extended visit in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Fieke and Miss J. and Miss L. Hokemeyer enjoyed an auto ride to Palatine and Barrington, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Hokemeyer, of Gilmer were given a farewell party at Wm. Blackman's hall Wednesday evening by about one hundred and twenty-five friends and relatives. Dancing, games and singing were the amusements. Mr. and Mrs. Hokemeyer and family leave next week for Shepherd, Michigan.

A young man was teasing his sweet-heart's little sister. "Lily," he said, "I don't love you at all."

"Are you mad at the child?" asked her tormentor.

"You must love them that hate you, and I'm sure I hate you!"—Philadelphian Inquirer.

Cinch Party.

Mrs. Fred Kirschner on Thursday gave a cinch party to thirty-five lady friends at her home in the country-side, being her birthday. The finest kind of a time was passed by the guests and prizes were won by Mesdames M. E. Bennett, F. O. Willoughby and W. Abbott. A chicken dinner was served after the game.

Monthly Business Meeting.

The monthly business meeting of the Young People's Alliance was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Gieseke Tuesday evening. All members and visitors were present. After the adjournment of the business meeting, a social hour was enjoyed and a surprise to all who attended when it was announced that the day was the first anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Gieseke.

Board Meeting.
Board met in regular session, President Spanner in the chair. All members present, excepting Trustee Peters. Routine business transacted and bills amounting to \$453.08 were ordered paid.

The Fire Department submitted the officers for the ensuing year: Chief, James McKay; Assistant chief, W. C. Harland; Secretary and Treasurer, Sam L. Landwehr, who were approved and election confirmed.

Communication from Law and Order League read and upon motion tabled. Petition of W. C. T. U. with 125 names attached read. Same was ordered filed for future reference.

Board of above communications were relative to the Saturday closing hour.

The clerk was instructed to notify the Chicago & Northwestern Ry. Co. of the condition of the culvert in the street leading to the stock yards and to ask that the same be repaired immediately.

Upon motion meeting adjourned.

L. H. BENNETT,
VILLAGE CLERK.

J. L. LAMLEY
in any quantity you desire
at Lamley and Co's.

Coming Auctions.

Having sold my farm, known as the old Wilmeth farm, located 3 miles northeast of Dundee and 3 miles southwest of Barrington, I will sell on Monday, October 14 at 10:30 a. m., 34 cows, 2 bulls, 10 heifers, 11 shoats, 2 sows and feed, farm machinery, tools, etc. For complete list, terms, etc., see bills.

FRED SANDMAN.

I will sell on my farm 4 miles south of Barrington and 2 miles west of Palatine, Tuesday, October 15th at 10 o'clock a. m., 10 head of cows, 2 horses, 1 colt. Grain, blower, corn binder, mower, hay rake, sulky, cultivator, hand cultivator, corn planter, seeder, combined shovel, plow and potato digger; harrow, hand plow, roller, lumber wagon, truck wagon, hay rack, surrey, 5 seated wagon, milk wagon, road cart, cutter, 2 sleighs, milk cans, scuttle, churn, etc., 50 pens, 15 tons of hay, 20 acres of corn in shod, 500 bu. of seed oats. See bills.

HENRY PLAGE, Prop.

Having sold my farm I will sell at auction my entire outfit on farm located 4 miles southwest of Barrington, 4 miles east of Dundee and 1 1/2 miles south of Barrington Center on Wednesday, October 16th at 10 o'clock. 54 lots of live stock, cows, horses, pigs, and lambs, 1 farm machinery, 4 farm buildings, etc. Corn, hay and grain. See bills.

FRED SCHAFFNER.

Having decided to quit farming I will sell at auction on the Mrs. Fred Wilke farm 2 miles east of Wauconda and 3 miles north of Lake Zurich, near Lake's Coppers creamery, on Wednesday, October 16th at 10 o'clock sharp. 40 head of cattle, 4 work horses, hogs and poultry, machinery, harnesses, wagons and carriages, hay and grain. See large bills for complete list.

EDWARD FRUITMAN.

I will sell my entire farming outfit, Friday, October 18th at ten o'clock, on the old George Johnson farm.

PETER OLSON.

Wm. Peters will conduct all of the above sales.

I will sell at auction on my farm one mile west of Barrington on Saturday, October 12th at 9:30 o'clock a. m., 50 cows, springers and new milchers, also for farming tools. See bills for complete list. Wm. HORNIG, Proprietor and Auctioneer.

Out of Sight.

"Out of sight, out of mind," is an old saying which applies with special force to a sure, born or won't that's been treated with Bucklin's Arsenic Salve. It's out of sight, out of mind and out of existence. Piles too and chilblains disappear under its healing influence. Guaranteed by Barrington Pharmacy 25¢.

Card of Thanks.

Mrs. Elizabeth Dawson sincerely thanks all friends who were sympathetic and assisted her during the illness and death of her mother, Mrs. Charlotte Earth.

They'll Never Forget.

An old college song runs thus— "Walzes, polkas, gallops, quadrilles, and slides, Newport, Lanciers, fancy hops and gildes, Hildas, dildas, how we danced them all." And you may be! I'll never forget. The night at the Odd Fellows' hall, And that describes the Odd Fellows here last Saturday night in Stott's hall. The crowd there will never forget the evening's fun, the good music, and how quickly the time passed until it was two o'clock in the morning before all were gone.

Twenty dance tickets were sold and the spectators were numerous. The "Big Four" orchestra of Palatine played fine dance music.

Announcement.

So many out-of-town customers have the habit of coming to us on Saturday that it has become difficult to do justice to them, even with the number of extra clerks that we employ on that day. We therefore advise those coming from a distance to choose, if possible, some other day of the week. However, if Saturday is the best day for you, come then and we will do our best.

C. F. HALL COMPANY.

Dundee, Illinois.

PALATINE LOCAL NEWS

What the People are Doing in Palatine and the Vicinity.

There was no school Monday. M. Foskett is still on the sick list.

E. F. Baker spent Sunday at home.

John P. Williams and wife spent Sunday with their parents.

G. B. Arps and wife spent Sunday at Harvard with their son, D. E. Arps.

August Burhart is working at the depot again.

Many residences and business houses are being painted.

Mr. May of Chicago spent Sunday with S. R. Paddock.

Miss Alma Bickmore returned from her western visit Monday.

Miss Delta Kalige is taking work at the Art Institute in Chicago.

George St. Young is returned to Palatine as the Pastor of the M. E. church.

W.H. Dahms and family of Wauconda visited a few days here this week with relatives.

John Umbeckstock is building a new home on the lot which he bought of Henry Pohlman.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Ost spent Sunday at Wauconda. The Stroter twins returned with them.

Mrs. Henrietta Scherding celebrated her birthday Monday by having near relatives for supper.

Mrs. Sophia French returned home Saturday from a two month's visit with her sister at Wilmington.

The carpenters are rushing the work on Mrs. Stroter's new home, in Wohlmann's subdivision next to W. H. Brocoker's house.

Mr. and Mrs. Kramer are the proud parents of a baby girl born Tuesday October 1st. Mr. Kramer has a larger smile than ever now.

The country schools opened Monday.

Miss Edie Galnor is at the Wittenberg school. Miss Cassie Gairnor at Deer Grove. Miss Diane Paddock at St. Paul's Church. Miss Diane Gairnor at St. Paul's Church. Miss Mary Hoffmeyer at Elmhurst. Miss Mary Hoffmeyer at Elmhurst. Miss Van Horn at Waukegan school.

The evangelical churches of Long Grove, Arlington Heights, and Elmhurst will unite with St. Paul's church of Palatine for the purpose of holding their annual mission feast next Sunday, October 13, at St. Paul's church, Palatine and as the union meeting of our Barrington and Lake Zurich churches is dropped this year, therefore these sister churches are also kindly invited to attend. Let us keep mission interests alive. Free dinner will be served in school room. Services morning, afternoon and evening.

J. C. HOPFENSTEIN.

His Dear Old Mother.

"My dear old mother, who is now eighty-three years old, thrives on Electric Bitters," writes W. B. Bruns of Dublin, Ga. "She has taken it for about two years and enjoys an excellent appetite, feels strong and sleeps well." This is the way Electric Bitters affect the aged and the infirm, giving results often in all cases of infirmities, weakness and general debility.

Weak, puny children are greatly strengthened by them. Guaranteed also to stomach, liver and kidney troubles, by Barrington Pharmacy 50¢.

Grand Dance.

Lawrence Brothers will give a dance at Spring Lake hall on Saturday, October 12th. The event will be the largest and best of the season. You are invited to attend.

Economical Facts.

Any man who is living today without 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.

Is Life Worth A Few Cents?

Autumn is the time for crops, colds and pneumonia. A telephone costs only a few cents per day and can summon a doctor instantly. You are not too poor to afford this protection, we have a rate for any purpose. Chicago Telephone Company.

Let us figure on your 'ob printing.

Let us figure on your 'ob printing.

The CASTLE OF LIES

BY ARTHUR HENRY VESSEY
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CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.
“At least it was easier. I persevered when I was about to despair. I was successful to this extent: Sir Mortimer agreed to have a secret meeting with the banker at this chateau.

“To-day!” I stammered. “And Sir Mortimer is dead!”

“I learned of his death when you were in the karsus with me.”

“You need say no more. I understand why you have brought me to the chateau only too well. A just fate snatched from your lips the cup of success. But the dashed cup from your hand came to tempt me with another. I have seen for myself that I bear a sufficiently marked resemblance to deceive one who has known Sir Mortimer but slightly. Perhaps Kuhn has never actually met Sir Mortimer.”

“Never!” interrupted Madame de Varnier, her voice trembling. “And you will not do what?”

“An interview of half an hour and the destinies of a nation will be changed. Oh, I know that the move is a desperate one. Its audacity is the best augury of success. Look, I give you power such as few men have had. Sir Mortimer lies in that room dead. But there are four people only who know of his death. Dr. Starva, Alphonse, myself, and you. One hour after this interview it will be given out that he has died suddenly from heart failure. But in the meantime while the interview between yourself and the banker will have taken place.”

“Woman, you are mad,” I cried scornfully. “Let us suppose for the moment that this interview has taken place between yourself and the banker. Let us suppose that the deception has proved to be completely successful. The loan is promised to Ferdinand, but how is that promise to be made good? There are papers to be signed and attested—there are checks to be drawn and receipts to be given. Who is to sign these documents—who is to sign the recipient? I, the false Sir Mortimer, or the Englishman, John. Your fanaticism has run away with your common sense. There is no pressure on earth that could make me consent to your scheme. Your banker would not be so great a fool as to be deceived. I say again, even if I consented. Did you think he would hand out a package to you containing millions as a grocer passes a packet of soap across the counter to a customer?”

“The banker would die of mortification with her at all seemed to her a hopeful sign. She drew her chair closer to me. I regarded her disdainfully. For a clever woman, her scheme seemed to me preposterous on the face of it.

“Do you think, my dear monsieur, that the perplexities you mention have not occurred to me? She was no less scornful in her turn. “Yes, and there are a hundred others. But I have thought of them all. Money! I have not mentioned money or checks or receipts. I am not quite an imbecile. I have arranged all that. You have simply to see this Kuhn. There will be no discussion. You will lay out the money and the banker will agree, a document will be given to him promising on the part of England her moral support. This document will have been officially sealed by the minister of the British Foreign Office. It will already have the signature of Sir Mortimer Brett.”

She leaned close to me. Her breath was in my face. Her eyes were liquid fire. But when I was silent for the moment she imagined me tempted. But if I were silent it was because my scorn was too great for utterance.

“A forgery!” I said at last.

“Listen. The document itself is of official. It awaited merely the signature of Sir Mortimer Brett.”

How well that obtained, since Sir Mortimer is dead!”

“Sir Brett is a clever man. That is why he is useful.”

I sprang to my feet, pushing back my chair so abruptly as to overturn it. Dr. Starva’s name was a red rag to goad me to enraged impatience.

“And this is the forgery that is to save a nation!” I cried in fierce contempt. “I am glad to think that your scheme can be successful!”

“Will England repudiate an act of her minister because he dies shortly after attesting it? I tell you, monsieur, I have counted the chances. I shall succeed.”

“And the loyalty of Dr. Starva? You may count on that! I am willing to believe that your mad project has been planned with the honest that it must profit your interested race. I will give to you the doubtful virtue of fanaticism. But that arch-fiend Starva—it is impossible that he be influenced by an unselfish motive. That death-mask did you know its significance till last night? Madame de Varnier, be advised by me before it is too late. You have said I am your enemy. It is true. I have a secret enemy. It is true. I have a secret enemy. That enemy is you. It was to do with you to learn what I have just learned, to learn what I shall learn.”

“Do you think I have been blind to that?” she interrupted, smiling disdainfully.

“A Copy is as Useful as an Original.” She Said, Coolly.

this adventure with nerves of steel. But it was the woman, the lover, who looked up at me. She loved Ferdinand; I read it in her languished face. I made my last appeal.

“Cast off that scoundrel before it is too late—before he betrays you. Help me to bring him to justice before he dooms to death the prince you worship. Make to me a full confession of your secret. I will give you the name of Sir Mortimer Brett from the dishonor that you aver (but have in no way proved) bestrides it—and I swear to you that you shall be spared.”

She laughed at my appeal. She was hysterical. It was also defiant and fearless.

“My dear Monsieur Haddon, you are too delicate. Do you think I have played my last card? Do you think I am only frightened by the name and sound voice? The dishonor of Sir Mortimer Brett not yet proved? It is proved only too surely, and you are to see those proofs presently. You have called me a fool more than once; permit me to return the compliment in all sincerity. I have told you much enough to send Dr. Starva and myself to jail for mad delusions. But I have with me secret books. I know out too surely that you dare not betray them. You will realize that presently; have no fears. You see I can threaten as well as yourself, and behind my threats is something more formidable than a scowling face.”

“Very well! I cried, not without satisfaction (for I had often told myself that I must die for mad delusions). But I must admit your corrected race. I will give to you the doubtful virtue of fanaticism. But that arch-fiend Starva—it is impossible that he be influenced by an unselfish motive. That death-mask did you know its significance till last night? Madame de Varnier, be advised by me before it is too late. You have said I am your enemy. It is true. I have a secret enemy. It is true. I have a secret enemy. That enemy is you. It was to do with you to learn what I have just learned, to learn what I shall learn.”

“Do you think I have been blind to that?” she interrupted, smiling disdainfully.

“I shall drag you with us if you by

any chance are successful. You say you did not take the drug—that you were acting that you might keep watch on our movements. Who believed you? Captain Forbes, I think not. You will find it difficult, my dear monsieur, to extricate yourself from my net.”

“Say that I grant that,” I said contemptuously, “you have still the possible treachery of Dr. Starva to deal with.”

This time she controlled her agitation though her eyes lurked terror and fear.

“For the present Dr. Starva is powerless. Had I remained in ignorance of the meaning of that horrible stamp I might have listened to your warnings with some misgivings. But you have deepened my suspicion concerning him. Dr. Starva has no longer necessary to do that. Even if he is a member of the Committee of Freedoms, he is no more dangerous than any other member, and with them he will be punished presently. In the meanwhile their intended victim is warned. No. Monsieur Haddon, your threats do not frighten me. On the contrary, it is time for me to threaten.”

“I have waited patiently enough, I hope, madam.”

I flung myself into my chair again with a careless assurance I did not feel. I remembered Locke’s warning: look out for the Countess Barhoff. She was about to scratch, and was to feel her claws. For this woman, exquisitely in feature, was at heart barbaric; the fierce cunning and treachery of the tigress were hers when aroused.

CHAPTER XXV.

Countess Barhoff Tempts Me.
“Before we settle our affairs I must speak to Alphonse.”

“To what purpose?” I demanded suspiciously.

“You shall bear for yourself. Have

ed. A sudden blow struck on the door of the staircase shocked me into tardy heed of Madame de Varnier.

The woman giving a cry of alarm to Alphonse, I said, “What is it?” She had taken the hint of making herself heard through the closed door. It was a short message. I had not understood one word of it. Though she had raised her voice almost to a shout, she had doubtless spoken in her native tongue. She represented herself complaisantly, offering me the cigarette case.

“Now I am ready, monsieur, for our little affair.”

“The sooner it is over the better,” I said, irritated that she had stolen a march on me.

“Are you familiar with the handwriting of Sir Mortimer Brett?”

She had opened a drawer of the table and had taken out the copy caught in the sleeve of her Japanese box.

“No,” I said, pretending that I had not seen the box. If the proofs of Sir Mortimer’s dishonesty were in that dispatch box it would not be many minutes before I had destroyed them.

“If that is the case, a copy is as useful as an original,” she said coolly. “We have not time to waste. You must have examined in the hotel at Vitznau.

“Evidently you think me a very trusting person,” I sneered. “You will be disappointed. A copy may be forged. Perhaps you are as clever with the pen as Dr. Starva. Show me the originals or nothing.”

“You wrong me,” she protested mockingly. “And you wrong yourself. I am not so stupid as to expect you to take these typewritten copies for granted. No, you will still as to trust the originals in your hands. You might destroy them, for instance.”

“Again it looks like a deadlock. As the burden of proof lies with yourself. As you say, I am not familiar with the handwriting of Sir Mortimer. Who is to vouch for its genuineness?”

“One whose word you will scarcely doubt—the sister of Sir Mortimer.”

I raised my clenched hand. Her cruel smile faded. “I do not forget her,” she said. “If she has been a woman I think I could have killed her then.”

“Then, that was your message. You have sent for her?”

“She will be waiting in the music room below. It is for you to say if she is to be spared the ordeal. You will cause her suffering, not I.”

I lowered my hands slowly. “I have learned the true doctrine of the personality of the devil. I believe it now. Show me the papers.”

“Let us understand each other first. In this envelope are copies of certain dispatches and notes made by Sir Mortimer. The originals are in a safe that is in the third room yonder. You will examine these copies. It will be for you to determine whether Miss Brett is to be the final arbiter of Sir Mortimer’s guilt or innocence.”

“And if I refuse to call on Miss Brett?”

“Sooner or later she shall see these papers.”

“What advantage will that be to you when I have failed to be a partner to your nefarious intrigues.”

“I shall be revenged on you, monsieur.” Her eyes glinted. “And my revenge will be profitable. The Russian or Austrian governments would pay a long price for the papers in the safe. Mr. Cowan will be paid.”

“Tell me who your own price for them,” I said hoarsely.

“And be robbed of my revenge? They are beyond price. Come, you weary me with questions. Are you ready for the proofs?”

“One moment. These dispatches were stolen from Sir Mortimer’s apartment that night at Vitznau. You gained access to that apartment by passing myself as Sir Mortimer. Where did you find them? Where did you know they were there?”

“Sir Mortimer had hidden them between the folds of a Venetian blind. That they were concealed in his rooms at Vitznau was told Dr. Starva by Sir Mortimer himself. When he had left Soda for Lucerne he was very ill. He was accompanied only by his physician, his nurse, and his maid. Dr. Starva was the physician; myself, the nurse; and Alphonse, the valet. But Lucerne availed too much of publicity for our plans. Even Vitznau was not desirable, especially in view of the alarming state of Sir Mortimer’s health. This chapter was our rendezvous. But on the way here Sir Mortimer suffered a collapse.”

“Dr. Starva remained with his patient; I returned to Lucerne to draw attention to our movements. In an obscure village in the mountains Sir Mortimer died. Or, rather, it was not Sir Mortimer Brett, Minister of His Britannic Majesty at Soda, but a Mr. Stanley Walters, an obscure English tourist.

“I regret to say that before he died cheerfully. ‘If you are obstinate I can be obstinate as well. At any rate I shall not open that door until I have seen the proofs of Sir Mortimer Brett’s dishonesty. If time is valuable to me, allow me to suggest that it is even more so to you.’

“The man was hysterical. It was also defiant and fearless. The dishonor that you aver (but have in no way proved) bestrides it—and I swear to you that you shall be spared.”

“It looks like a deadlock,” I said cheerfully. “If you are obstinate I can be obstinate as well. At any rate I shall not open that door until I have seen the proofs of Sir Mortimer Brett’s dishonesty. If time is valuable to me, allow me to suggest that it is even more so to you.”

“I listened at the door of the little chamber in which he had died. Captain Forbes was impressed. I did not again knock at this door. I thought it impossible that my voice could be heard. Presently I opened the door of the oratory and looked down in deep thought at the calm face of Sir Mortimer, my back to the woman.

“I was indeed guilty as she had said. It seemed incredible that the heart of this noble gentleman had been soiled by the touch of a scoundrel. Captain Forbes was impressed. I did not again knock at this door. The face, pallid in death, had the majesty of death. It had, too, that same noble serenity that had so impressed me when I first saw Helena Brett.

“The meanwhile you had met one who might out yet rescue your plan from failure. The rest I can guess. Secretly you had the body of Sir Mortimer covered over with a sheet. The proofs of his dishonesty were concealed. In his delirium he raved about certain incriminating documents hidden in his room at Vitznau. His unexpected death filled Dr. Starva with consternation. He joined me in Lucerne, thinking that our schemes had utterly failed.”

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THE REVIEW

Entered as Second-Class Matter

W. N. LAMFY, Editor and Publisher

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1907.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

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

Last Tuesday evening of each month—
Wesleyan League Business, Literary and Social

Meeting.

Sunday morning, 10:30 a. m.

Sunday school, 11:30.

Junior League, 3 p. m.

Epworth League, 4:45.

Sunday evening, 7:30.

Wednesday Morn. Prayer Meeting, 8:00

Corner Oak and South Main streets.

Telephone 21. Everybody is welcome.

P. N. LAMFY, Pastor.

BALEM UNITED EVANGELICAL CHURCH

Sunday Services

Sunday school, 10:30 a. m.

Praying Services (German) 10:30

Rehearsal League, 6:45 p. m.

Praying Services, 7:30

Monday—Junior League, 7:15.

Tuesday—English Praying, 7:30.

Wednesday—German Praying, 7:30.

Friday—Theatre meeting, 7:30.

Choir meeting, 8:15.

Music meeting, 8:30.

Mission Home, 1st Sunday, 1:30 p. m.

T. P. M.—1st Tuesday, 7:30 p. m.

Church Missionary Meeting at Wesleyan

day, 1:30 p. m.

W. M. M.—1st Thursday, 1:30 p. m.

Strangers are cordially welcomed at all the

services of the church.

Phone No. 261.

A. HARPER, Pastor.

EVANGELICAL SAINT PAUL'S CHURCH

Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.

Sunday morning service, 10:30

Evening service will begin a month later.

Phone No. 262. G. H. STANGER, Pastor.

ST. ANN'S CATHOLIC CHURCH

Sunday, Mass, 8 a. m.

Vespers and Benediction, 4:30 p. m.

Mass, 6:30 p. m. and 8:30 p. m.

Mass, 10:30 a. m. and 12:30 p. m.

St. Ann's Sewing Circle, Tuesday, 1:30 p. m.

Phone No. 263. Rev. FATHER E. J. FOX.

RAHPTON CHURCH

Saturday evening prayer and praise, 7:30 p. m.

Sunday, 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Sunday school and L. U. X. 10:30 a. m.

Young People's Club, 7:30 p. m.

Evening service, 7:30 p. m.

You are all cordially invited to worship with us.

JAMES J. GAGNON.

ZION CHURCH

Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.

Morning service, 10:30 a. m.

Evening service, 7:30 p. m.

Praying Services, Wednesday, 7:30 p. m.

Y. A. S. meeting, beginning first Tuesday

each month, 7:30 p. m.

A cordial welcome to all.

J. WENDE, Pastor.

Romance of a Geranium Leaf.

By MARY W. MOUNT.

Copyright, 1906, by E. C. Parsons.

His friends declared that Herbert Wyndham would one day be recognized as a great artist. "Genius will out," they said, "and the growing secret over his underground poverty will bring him to man and mind."

They were thiblant in this declaration when Miss Ruth Greville sat to him for a portrait. She was the fluttering butterfly who had drifted from the gilded realms of society into the obscure streets of the underworld. With her came a breath of luxury from a world which had long become a stranger to Wyndham.

Her parents arranged with the artist for her sitting. Now there all three were seated and talked at the setting between them, the point of view to be painted. The girl herself said little. She appeared sweetly anxious to have the portrait painted especially for herself. Of personal vanity she seemed to have little. Wyndham stirred with keen pleasure as he noticed her appreciative scrutiny of his pictures. She evidently understood something of art. Wyndham saw her and the sweet smile of her face in its frame of cutting hair had a mind to be explored. He was eager to begin the portrait.

When he had his hand was unsteady. To the exterior of a faint, premonitory order the kind he had signed, he added the excitement of pinching a face whose kindling beauty baffled while it enchanted him.

Ruth, unformulated of delight, her hands still clasped as though she were a child, sat at her first sitting. She was cold, with a calm serenity which held him as an effectually as some impasse barrier. The burning of haughtiness throbbed her manner. In her eyes he could see no sign of the secret which would occur to her that any social intercourse could exist between an aristocrat of Elmwood avenue and a dweller in this small studio at the top of three flights of dusty stairs. Her very youth took of the ring of this influence of wealth, which was so entirely unconscious of it.

Perhaps this impulsive barrier of reserve might have been brusked aside to let Ruth in. But she had been less receptive to it. Her met her eyes with like reserve, her uncommunicativeness with silence.

But as he painted in the lines of her face, now under his hands, the lines of her face were made his own. He was acutely conscious of her beauty, and that, madly rebellious that girl, with her wide, intellectual brows and soft, sympathetic eyes, never condescended him a single unnecessary word, never looked his



"WON'T YOU COME TO SEE ME?" ASKED SILENTLY.

With an effort she forced a smile from profoundy.

"Come now," she added, unwillingly, withdrawing her hand. "You—I have wanted to say this."

"Halt!" commanded the officer, but

no more attention was given to him

than to the rattling telephone poles.

Over those poles, however, sped a messenger, and the next instant a constable was encountered and also another representative of the law.

"Not only did he break the speed

law," complained the constable, when the party had come to a stand in center, "but he had told me to go to hell."

"You lie!" thundered the wealthy

parishioner. "I never use such language."

"I am a man of honor," retorted the

officer, "and I am not afraid to speak

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UNITED STATES SENATOR
FROM SOUTH CAROLINA
PRAISES PE-RU-HA.



Ex-Senator M. C. Butler.

Dyspepsia Is Often Caused by Catarrh of the Stomach—Perusa Relieves Catarrh of the Stomach and Is Therefore a Remedy for Dyspepsia.

Hon. M. C. Butler, U. S. Senator from South Carolina for two terms, in a letter from Washington, D. C., writes to the Perusa Medicine Co., as follows:

"I can recommend Perusa for dyspepsia and stomach trouble. I have been using your medicine for a short period and I feel very much relieved. It is indeed a wonderful medicine, besides a good tonic."

CATARH of the stomach is the correct name for most cases of dyspepsia. Only an internal catarrh remedy, such as Perusa, is available.

Perusa Tablets can now be procured.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTERS

LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

They regulate the Bowels. Purify Vegetables. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

CARTERS

LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Genuine Must Bear
Fac-Simile Signature
Frank Wood



FREE

To service any
automobile, the Axle Grease will
improve, not only
the performance of
the vehicle, but will
end her absolute
dependence on a box of Paxtine's
grease and tools. Send
your name and address
and we will send
you a free sample
box of Paxtine's
grease and tools.

PAXTINE

sections, such as nasal catarrh, pelvic catarrh and inflammation caused by the use of tobacco, smoking, etc. It cures mouth, by direct local treatment. Its curative power over all troubles is extraordinary and gives great relief. Thousands of women are using and recommending Paxtine's Axle Grease. It is a great convenience to buy it by mail. Remember, IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY IT. THE M. PAXTINE CO., Boston, Mass.

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EXPOSITION
IN OLD VIRGINIA

Completes in all Departments. Open
September, October, November. Govt.

Norfolk and Western Ry.
Through Sleeping Cars St. Louis, Chi-
cago, Toledo, Cincinnati to Norfolk.
Low rates now in effect. For all in-
formation call on your nearest Ticket
Agent, with whom we write.

THE HALEY CO.,
420 State St., Indianapolis, Ind.

ALLEN HULL, P. A., W. E. BEVILL, G. P. A.,
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A live representative to sell 400000
Waterproof Collars and Cuffs
to the public. No competition. No charge to good
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quid pro quo.

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Wm. H. O'Brien, President, 1100
W. 11th St., Washington, D. C. Address
agents to him.

PATENTS

LUMBERMEN IN NET

MEMBERS OF NORTHWESTERN
ASSOCIATION INDICTED.

CONSPIRACY THE CHARGE

Federal Grand Jury at Minneapolis
Returns True Bills Result
of "Little Black Book"
Probe.

Minneapolis, Minn.—As a result of its investigation of the so-called "little black book" the federal grand jury Tuesday returned 19 indictments against well-known lumber men and officers of the Northwestern Lumbermen's association, charging conspiracy to defraud by the use of the mails.

The individuals named in the indictment were: Ralph Basmash, who founded the Basmash lumber company; of the Hawkeye Lumber company, of Oskaloosa, Ia.; W. G. Hollis, of Minneapolis; secretary of the Western Lumbermen's association; George C. Ingram, a director in the association; Stanley Moore, of Sank Center, a director in the association; Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

ON A MACKEREL SCHOONER.

Daily Routine in the Life of the Glau-
cer Fisherman.

The routine life on a mackerel schooner is not strenuous. The crew consists of 14 men, a skipper and cook. Two men constitute a watch, one aloft as a lookout, the other at the wheel, so that each man has two hours on duty, and then 12 hours off, before his turn comes around again. During this period he may be called on to shorten sail, wash the deck or to perform other menial tasks. The crew have their books forwarded by the cook, who is king of the forecastle, and the rest sleep aft with the captain. We were assigned to a double bunk aft, where we were not troubled with galley smells, but had to be on our good behavior. All the roles and revels were forward. The crew ate in two shifts, the older men with the skipper.—Travel Magazine.

SLEEP BROKEN BY ITCHING.

Eczema Covered Whole Body for a
Year—No Relief Until Cuticura
Remedies Prove a Success.

"For a year I have had what they call eczema. I had an itching all over my body, and when I would retire for the night it would keep me awake till the bright, and the more I would scratch the more it would itch. I tried all kinds of remedies, but could get no relief.

"I used one cake of Cuticura Soap, one box of Cuticura, and two boxes of Cuticura Resolvent Pills, which cost me a dollar and twenty-five cents in all, and very glad I tried them, for I was completely cured." Walter W. Pagisich, 207 N. Robey St., Chicago, Ill., Oct. 8 and 16, 1906.

SHANGHAI WELCOMES TAFT.

Receipt by Chinese and Banquet by
American Residents.

Shanghai.—Secretary of War William H. Taft and the members of his party arrived here Tuesday from the steamer Minnesota, which is conveying him from Japan to the United States for his service. Drivenless, Bad Taxis, and the Foreign Residents of Shanghai united in giving the distinguished visitor the heartiest welcome that ever has been extended to a foreign statesman.

Tuesday afternoon Mr. Taft dedicated the building of the Young Men's Christian association. At four o'clock the secretary was given an elaborate reception by the Chinese residents. This reception marked an epoch in the matter of the status of women in China, for Chinese women of aristocratic families were present at the reception and even seated at the tables, whence they served refreshments. This is the first time such a thing has happened in China. The American residents gave a banquet to the secretary in the evening.

FIRST TEST RIDE IS TAKEN.

Army Officers Make Tryout "Hike" on
Virginia Roads.

Washington.—The first test ride by army officers, which was ordered by President Roosevelt to determine the horsemanlike quality of high-class cavalrymen, started from Port Moresby, two p. m. Tuesday, and two and a half hours later the party, 29 in number, was back at the fort, having traversed something over 15 miles of good and bad Virginia roads.

On the whole the officers, some of whom had not ridden horseback before for a number of years, seemed to enjoy the "hike." Gen. Duvall, who led the cavalcade, was much pleased with the showing made.

Next Court Clash Threatened.

Montgomery, Ala.—Prospects for a clash between the state and federal courts lie in the refusal of the Central of Georgia, at the meeting of the railroad commission Tuesday, to go into the question of rates on cotton to compresses, on the ground that this is one of the rates enjoined by the federal court. The commission decided that it could regulate the rate and at once went into the taking of evidence, though protest was made by officers of the Central of Georgia.

Receive Infernal Machines.

Denver, Col.—Gov. Harry A. Buchtel, David H. Moffat, president of the First National bank of Denver, and Charles B. Kountze, president of the Colorado National bank, received through the mails inferior machines containing sufficient dynamite to have caused great destruction of lives and property. Fortunately the bombs had been given to the recipients of the machines by Chief of Police Michael Delaney, who had obtained a confession from Kemp V. Bigelow, by whom they were mailed.

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.
How a Veteran Was Saved the Amputation of a Limb.

B. Frank Doremus, veteran, of Roosevelt avenue, Indianapolis, Ind., says: "I had been showing symptoms of kidney trouble from the time I was mustered out of the service, but in all my life I never suffered as in 1897. Headaches, dizziness and sleeplessness first, then dropper. I was weak and helpless, having run down from 180 to 125 pounds. I had to have a leg amputated. My leg ached almost invincibly. My left leg ached until it was 34 inches around, and the doctor taped it night and morning until I could no longer stand it, and then he advised amputation. I refused, and began using Doan's Kidney Pills. The swelling subsided gradually, the urine became natural, and all my trouble disappeared. I have been well now for three years since using Doan's Kidney Pill."

For all its dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Grammar and Gripe.
A professor at the University of Virginia was endeavoring to impress upon the youths of his class the monstrous crime of using the adverb "badly" when the adjective "bad" should be used.

"Now," he said, after an exhaustive explanation, "if a man should say to you 'you feel badly,' what would you think?"

"I'd think he had the gripe, sir," responded the wag of the class.

How's This?

We once had a Student Doctor, Bewer, for my son, and he was a good doctor, but he was not a good teacher. I have known F. C. Cheever for the past year, and believe him perfectly qualified to teach the students of the University.

F. C. CHEEVER & CO., Peabody, Mass.

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A Berkshire Rebel.

By FRANK H. MELOON.

Copyright, 1900, by Frank H. Meloon.

IN the year 1900 rumors of an incipient rebellion in the Bay State reached the ears of the alert agents of the newly installed food trust government at Washington, whose rise to a complete assumption of the reins of power men could clearly foresee even in the beginning of the century. The affair threatened to come off on no less a scale than that of the bloodless whisky insurrection, the local outbreak occurring in opposition to the excise law passed by the Congress of the United States. The rebellion, which President Washington was forced to call out an army of 15,000 militia, deciding that the arrest of a few of the ostensible ring leaders would put a sudden end to the Massachusetts affair, a secret service man was assigned to duty in each county with instructions to find out the local heads of the impending uprising.

My orders were brief and to the point. It read:

William Crimmins.

Upsetting amateur food trust threatened in Massachusetts. Proceed to Pittsfield, establish headquarters and report as soon as possible. Be sure to be in touch.

LESLIE KERMIT, Chief.

It was in the month of July, I therefore regarded the order as a special stroke of good fortune also I had been planning a vacation in the heart of the Berkshire hills. This business, which in truth I regarded as far from serious, I could easily combine with pleasure, thus sugar-coating my pill of a duty. I risked only a few moments delay.

Instead of obeying orders to the letter, I was supposed to use my discretion. Consequently I passed through Pittsfield and the junction beyond, getting off the train at Colgateville. It was a notion of mine that beneath the routine and satisfaction of the gentle-



BROWNING THE OMNIPOTENT BADGE OF THE FOOD TRUST.

man who occupied the seat ahead lay something of the mystery I had set out to solve. When he alighted at Colgateville, therefore, I followed suit, adding to my list the name of the ordinary criminal type of man would be most liable to concern himself in a rebellion against the authority of the great amalgamated food trust.

He went to Bald Mountain Inn, and I, like Ruth, the Mothbeast, in her purse of bones followed. At Bald Mountain Inn he ordered a room; so did I. Later I consulted the landlord, showing the omnipotent badge of the food trust, before which he bowed servile to the courtly and aristocratic air of the fellow's look of mortal fear. When interrogated, he said that the man, who had registered himself as J. S. Rockshaw, had insisted upon a well-curtained room. This confirmed my suspicions of mysterious concealment, fully rousing every detective instinct in my body.

During the next three days I worked as hard as a newspaper man, J. S. Rockshaw, himself, kept high society hours, being heard nowhere about in his room, when decent folk were trying to catch the fast express to the land of Ned. By day he slept, only once in three seventy-two hours going out for exercise. At that time his face had an expression betokening both exhaustion and anxiety. He kept an assortment of birds, which he paid the village boys to bring him occasionally, but which he never allowed to buy more, as opportunity afforded. One day the room, adjoining his, only one room over, was filled with a noise, which was that there was no transom between us. Evidently J. S. Rockshaw was too sharp a bird to be trapped in such fashion.

Each night I was disturbed by a sound reminding me of the sawing of boards. At last I confronted my man in the hallway, asking him bluntly why he made such a noise when other folk were trying to sleep. He turned red in his face, and stammered and said he was troubled with insomnia. Although insomnia did not account for the sawing sound, I concluded he was. If questioned, surely that was the asthma.

Both the landlord and I were much perplexed by the man's purchase of birds, but the youth of Colgateville

came and went, glad and unquestioning. What I asked myself, could J. S. Rockshaw a dignified, well-aged and evidently powerful man, who was of sound mind and appetite when met at the dining table, want of fresh caught hawks, bluejays, robins and even ordinary English sparrows? Why, too, after he had got them, did he release them? I was loath to accept insanity as the solution, since I pride myself on having solved a deep mystery.

At the verge of the cliff he stopped. Taking no notice of me, he began to undo his bundle, but suddenly paused. "May I ask you," he said, seemingly aware of my presence for the first time, "may I ask you as a personal favor, that you will not tell the world where I am?" I am sorry to have led you up here and must plead an occupation of mind. Of course if you do not feel like granting me the favor I cannot prevent your remaining."

For a second only I hesitated; then, convinced that the man was a harm-

less fool, I said, "I am sorry, but I have the premeditated rebellion

in the fence day, during the absence of Mr. Rockshaw, the tenant, submitted me to the review of his strange bundle. In one corner I found a few feathers; in another were feathers and sawdust. A hairbrush, afterward care fully cleaned, had been used to sweep up the debris." The contents of the well-filled wastebasket I immediately seized and carried in triumph to my room, spending hours in sorting what seemed to furnish the only promise of a clew.

All the specimens of handwriting I found were torn into small pieces. As regards the paper, I was compelled to turn in exactly the same manner as regards it. I managed to piece them together that I could make out such terms as rising, slight, deep-fold stroke, triumph, difficulties, overcome and a few others of no less significance import. Such incriminating fragments as these I carefully preserved to send to the chief at Washington with my report. The rest, which were of no use, I burned.

On the morning following my securing this evidence, J. S. Rockshaw knocked at my door, which I opened, at the same time inviting him to enter. He did so, breathed a deep sigh of relief and wiped the perspiration from his brow with a red handkerchief.

"I HAVE SOLVED THE PROBLEM OF AERIAL NAVIGATION."

less lunatic who could hardly escape me if I tried, I resolved to humor him. A walk of a couple of minutes sufficed to bring me to a point below J. S. Rockshaw and his hawk.

"There is a strange bird met my eyes.

The man had arrayed himself in the queerest costume I have ever beheld.

The headpiece was kin to the topknot of a bluejay, the tail was like that of a sparrow, and the wings were as those of a hawk, many times enlarged.

"It is evident to me that I have solved the problem of personal aerial navigation," he explained, floridly, clutching his wings two or three times.

The movement was so indescribably comical and the outcome of my adventure so utterly unexpected that I was overcome by laughter which my chagrin was not sufficiently powerful to check.

"Don't laugh at me!" begged the fat J. S. Rockshaw, looking hurt. I could see that the man was very sensitive, yet I couldn't for the life of me control that laugh, which, like murder, would out.

The eyes of J. S. Rockshaw lit with humor determination. Again the man was as though he could hardly escape me if I tried.

"And your advice?" I asked.

"And your advice?" he repeated, his last words to the fellow. An ill-advised arrest might influence the result of the coming state campaigns, for the food trust, powerful though it was, had not then dared to deprive the people of the voting franchise.

"I intend to do so," he admitted frankly in a tone I was at a loss to comprehend.

He ended the conversation by once more inviting me to accompany him on an after-breakfast carriage drive, intimating that I should be a witness of his success. Still unable to catch

"You have guessed? You know?" he peeped slyly.

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