

HIGH SCHOOL PUPILS. WALK OUT

Teacher is Dismissed and Pupils Strike. Refuse to Return to Their Studies Unless Teacher is Reinstated.

CHICAGO PAPERS FAIRLY REPORT TROUBLE

Affair is Serious and its Effects Will Be Felt for a Long Time.

The Discipline of the School is Demoralized.

An unfortunate state of affairs has existed in the public school here since Monday morning when a large majority of the students of the high school left in a body because of their disapproval of the dismissal of a teacher. Such wide publicity has been given the "school strike" that further notoriety is unnecessary.

Chicago papers have fully reported the trouble and are to be credited with having fairly chronicled the situation.

To-day public feeling is strong that the Board of Education should reconsider its manner of dismissing suddenly, Miss Olive Hurlbut, whose friends are legion in the town; any other adjustment of the trouble will not satisfy and the effects of this disgraceful occurrence in a town and school of this size will be felt for a long period. The discipline of the school is demoralized.

Telephone communication has been



THE BARRINGTON GRAMMAR AND HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING.



PROF. S. J. FULTON, PRINCIPAL

had with members of the Board of Education of Elgin, Woodstock and Waukegan who say: "The teacher should have a hearing before the Board."

The stories connected with the affair have never been proven, but their very existence has hurt the school.

A bad feature of the strike is that it said to now be a political issue and a rather strong remark was made to gentlemen from the city to this effect, "The lowest people of the town are supporting Miss Hurlbut. People you wouldn't be seen on the street with." Miss Hurlbut's sympathizers are among the prominent people, socially, financially and morally.

Where the Work Yoke Bears.
Some people figure it out that the present phenomenal prices of food stuffs is due to the famine of labor on the farms. It is a plausible explanation, for the bounties of nature are of no use to the world unless they can be gathered at prices which pay the husbandman. This scarcity of labor has existed in some fruitful sections for many years, and naturally led to demand with competition in wages involved, year by year, a wider agricultural area. Hard as it is for people whose incomes stand still and who have always had to pluck to make both ends meet to be held up for from 30 to 40 per cent more or do without the necessities of life, nevertheless the situation is not one to mourn over if high prices really mean that the harvesters are few.

The world is full of nature, and they all seem to be busy that is, all who care to work. If they can get jobs which pay better or make them more contented than farm work, then humanity is to be congratulated. No power can now force unwilling men to dig in the fields. Formerly this was not so. The same problem of how to get "hundreds of wood and drawers of water" has left its mark on all ages. It gave rise to African slavery; it spread serfdom in Europe; it led to conquest and subjugation of both men and women to slavery under the lash. Slaves have been known to come from riding in the chariot of independence and to be sold into slavery. There have been wars in the world there is a famine of labor and this need to be taken care of.

strained by force to bear the yoke of labor. The lesson of the hour should make us more charitable toward those nations and potentates of the past who forced men to do their drudgery. They had to do it or civilization would have gone backward. There are people to-day in this land of freedom and religious ideals who think the idle class should be forced to work; that the tramp and the loafer who eat and do not toll should be made to work under compulsion. It was this idea that often led to the practical enslavement of whole races in the past. The fields were crying for hands to the harvest, and men of the semi-savage tribes passed their time in idleness, living off the game of wood and stream and wasting their muscle power upon useless sport. To the moralist of the times, if such there were, it must have seemed reasonable and just that these wild men be conquered and harnessed to the plow. We have a better way of accomplishing the same thing. The hambone of the men who work are better off by laboring in the Mexican mines. Their muscle is congenial, and the hills are nearly depopulated of staid, old men in gray hair. "Warmer days in yam and yam," they say, "we do the work." In Africa the same story is told. The results of labor are better than the results of idleness, and this incentive to toil is the answer both to the red and the black. Capitalism says: "We have

Do You Belong to "The Citizens' Committee?"

This committee is made up of the men who sit around an excavation for a new building, whittle pine sticks, spit tobacco juice on the fresh dirt and watch the other fellows work.

It's all right to show interest in new buildings, in town development and progress, but there's a better way.

You can do more good for yourself and the community by resigning from "The Citizens' Committee" and getting into the General Progress Committee.

This committee is the one that PUTS UP THE NEW BUILDINGS, brings new business into town to occupy them, paints the old houses, keeps the sidewalks in good repair, beautifies the front yards, cleans up the back yards and otherwise makes this town a better town to live in.

The General Progress Committee is the Unofficial Town Booming Committee. It really ought to be organized and made official. Let all of us work together for the advancement of the town we live in, and there will be more room around new excavations for the fellows at work to throw out the dirt.

Eternal industry is the price of progress. Let's all fall in line for the General Progress Committee—and then



JUST WATCH THE OLD TOWN GROW.

person toll for his own necessities and everybody brought to the same plain. But civilization is based upon a division of labor, and in the long run it is bound to come to this, "The laborer is worthy of his hire," and all who enjoy the result of his toil must chip in and make up the price.

Coming Auctions.

On account of my health I will sell my farm 4 miles N. W. of Barrington, Monday, October 21, at 10 a. m., and entire farming outfit including cows, WM. BRANDT, Prop.

A mortgage sale will be held Saturday, October 19, at 10:30 a. m. on the G. W. Lageschulte farm 2 1/2 miles S. W. of Barrington. Horses, tools and produce will be disposed of, also, Mr. Lageschulte will sell 33 cows and young stock and Theodore Raskits will sell harnesses, wagons, etc.

Having sold my farm 1 mile S. W. of Barrington, I will sell, Tuesday, October 22, at 10 A. M., 40 Holstein cows, 30 hogs, 500 bushel oats, 60 acres corn in shock and farming equipment, PHILIP HAWLEY, Prop.

Having decided to quit farming I will sell my entire farming outfit on the Garrett Landwehr farm, 5 1/2 miles S. E. of Barrington, Thursday, October 24, at 10 A. M., cows, horses, pigs, tools, feed, etc., J. M. GREINER, Prop.

Having decided to quit farming I will sell at public auction, Wednesday, October 23, at 10 A. M., 9 horses, 14 head of cattle and forty hogs, also farm implements, all new, B. MOORE, Prop.

Wm. Peters, our popular auctioneer, will conduct all of the above sales.

Is Ethel? he began, "or Ethel, I mean. I've known you long enough to drop the 'ma'am' here!" "The dead her lovely eyes upon him with a meaning gaze. 'Yes, I think you have,' she said. 'What proof do you wish to substitute?'—London Tele-

Lecture at Baptist Church.

Capt. S. Alberti, having lately escaped from Siberia through friendly assistance, is able to give one of the most 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 exile transporter from place, thus knowing practically the everyday life throughout Russia and Siberia.

He came to America 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 time well spent 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 the 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 23d, at 8 o'clock. Admission 25c. Reserved seats 50c. 2-3-10

Want Free Advertising

We sympathize with the Nunda Herald which published the following in a recent issue—

"Now is the time when the country newspaper men are receiving letters stating the writer is a candidate for some office and any all the editor can bestow will be greatly appreciated. Yes, no doubt it would. On the other hand any politician can bestow the editor to recompense him for the space used in his paper would be appreciated. If politicians want to advertise their business why don't they include a cheque as evidence of good faith, for the amount of advertising they desire, and send along copy, properly signed, for advertising? Talk about business. If there is any business in newspaper man giving away his space any more than a merchant giving away his goods we are unable to see where it comes in."

The REVIEW is also weary publishing everybody's opinions with never a penny of pay, but with many "deed publication" remarks. Those who send their job printing out of town and don't subscribe to the home paper generally don't want to pay space.

Final Assessment Notice.

In the matter of a Special Assessment of the Village of Barrington for an improvement by constructing a cement sidewalk on the East side of Grove Avenue in front of Lot 2 and the North 18 feet of Block 13 in said Village, in Cook County, docket No. 2 in the County Court of said Cook County. Notice is hereby given to all persons interested that the Board of Local Improvements of said Village has heretofore filed in said Court a certificate showing the cost of the work and amount reserved for interest and also the improvement has been constructed in substantial conformity to the requirements of the original ordinance therefor.

The hearing to consider and determine whether or not the facts stated in said certificate are true will be held in said Court on the 26th day of November A. D. 1907 at 10 o'clock A. M., or as soon thereafter as the business of the Court will permit.

All persons desiring may file objections in said Court before said day, and appear at the hearing and make their defense. Board of Local Improvements of the Village of Barrington, BY JAMES C. FERGUSON, SECRETARY Dated, Barrington, Illinois, 1907 M. C. McIntosh, Village Attorney.

Out of Sight.

"Out of sight, out of mind." is an old saying with application with special force to a sore, burn or wound that's been treated with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Its out of sight, out of mind and out of existence. Piles too and chilblains disappear under its healing oil ointment. Guaranteed by Barrington Pharmacy 2-3-10

Buy your paints, oils, varnishes, brushes, etc., of LANEY & COMPANY

PALATINE LOCAL NEWS

What the People are Doing in Palatine and the Vicinity.

Mr. Wink died suddenly, Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Ira Freya has returned from her visit to Michigan.

Mrs. C. D. Taylor spent Monday with her parents in Barrington.

G. H. Arps attended the agents meeting in Chicago, Tuesday.

Prof. Millner, of Arlington Heights, called on friends here Sunday.

Miss Emma Menke, of Chicago, spent Sunday with Miss Selma Torgler.

Mrs. Austen Bennett, of Dundee, is visiting relatives here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bennett and Mr. Milton Daniels spent Sunday in Chicago.

Sam Lipofsky and family entertained his brother and family from Barrington Sunday.

Mrs. A. Schoppe entertained some friends Sunday evening in honor of her birthday.

Miss Cora Jahneke of Barrington spent Sunday with her friend Miss Elmore Arps.

Mrs. Frank Wright was operated up at the hospital Saturday. Last report was that she was doing nicely.

Charles Benwick was absent from his market a few days owing to sickness. He is back at the block.

Misses Jeanette Paddock and Hazel Burkitt, of Arlington Heights, spent Sunday with Miss Cora Schroder.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Bennett, of Barrington, called on Milton Foskett Sunday. Mr. Foskett is still very low.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Julian, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Knowe and family took an auto trip to Indianapolis last Friday.

The Queen Esther Circle met with Miss Clara Taylor last Saturday night. They are planning to give a play in the near future.

Misses Alice Conally, Cora Ellis and Mattie Holzkies, of Barrington, spent Friday night with Miss Lena Andersen and attended the "Chicken Pie" supper.

We regret to announce the death Wednesday night of Mr. George Griggs, an honored and respected citizen of Palatine. The funeral will be held Saturday at the house at 1 p. m.

The Chicken Pie supper given by the Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. Church was a grand success. Many took supper with the ladies so that they cleared about \$30.00. The church was prettily decorated with autumn flowers and fruits.

Notice.

There will be a special meeting of the Knights of the Globe, Tuesday evening, October 22nd, and all members are requested to be present.

HENRY SCHROEDER, Adjutant.

Dies of Burns

Monday afternoon an accident on the farm of George Pupp, south of town that cost the life of Ross Jahneke, the ten years old daughter of William Jahneke of Barrington township. The girl who had lived at the Pupp home sometime, was attending to the care of a young child in the house and was alone. Mrs. Pupp being at work in one of the barns and Mr. Pupp out in the fields. Suddenly a scream was heard by Mrs. Pupp and she saw the poor girl running across the yard enveloped in flames. The lady caught the child and extinguished the flames. But the burns were so severe that she did not recover full consciousness and died at four o'clock Tuesday morning. It is not known how she became afire and there were no marks nor signs in the house to judge by. Mrs. Pupp was quite badly burned on the hands and arms.

The funeral was held Wednesday afternoon at St. Paul's church and burial was in the Main creek cemetery.

"Hope you weren't rolled because I told that capital story of yours, were you, old fellow?" inquired a "Tummy" snicker man. "It went down immensely, didn't it? You don't mind?" "Certainly not," replied the owner of the joke. "I told it myself just before you came in."

Harrington Review.

M. T. LAMBY, Ed. and Pub.
HARRINGTON, ILLINOIS

If you can't be cheerful, be as cheerful as you can.

He who weds and runs away no more should seek a wedding day.

A nation cannot sink lower than its worst people or rise higher than its best citizens.

It is going to take a good deal of firmness to keep the Hague conference from breaking up in a fight.

Vladivostok imported last year from Australia and the Argentine republic more than 12,000,000 pounds of meat.

A Seattle girl has traveled 3,000 miles to marry a Connecticut preacher. He ought to be good when she gets him.

These maimed couples who kill each other and then are buried with property left up their eyes and see how wide the world is.

The record of the Alps, of eighty people killed and twenty-two injured during the season, almost puts them in the automobile class.

A million tons of paper are used a year in the printing industry of the country. That looks as if we, as a nation, were reading some.

A property owner in Kingston, a London suburb, has posted a notice that "no grandchildren or cats" will be allowed on his premises.

The later the fruit the better it has fared this year. Grapes and winter pears, for instance, are a pretty fair crop. It was the early blossom that the frosts caught.

Let all who think they have sounded the depths of human woe take heart in contemplating the fate of the Nevada man whose wife gets drunk frequently by eating onions.

Many a man who can comprehend perfectly the heinousness of illegal liquor selling in a hotel after hours can not see the slightest impropriety in his automobile's showing just what is in her.

Gov. Woodruff of Connecticut says that people are now so thoroughly informed that if they are robbed by financial schemers it is entirely their fault. This seems to materially reduce the ranks of the innocent investor.

The men behind the markets are protesting against their heavy tax of \$13 a month. Better pay and better treatment, remarks the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, will give the war department better soldiers.

The news that the treasury department has decided to call in all the outstanding \$10,000 bills, says the St. Louis Times, falls as a bomb and unexpected blow upon the heads of us who have been collecting sovereigns.

Aeronauts are basing vast expectations upon the airplane type of ship, but every bold attempt to show what these heavier-than-air flyers can do has resulted in demonstrating that there is no telling what sort of capers a seraphine will cut when it lifts into the air.

The man who is said to have accompanied Gen. Paul Shierman on his famous ride from Winchester, "twenty miles away," died at his home in a Pennsylvania village the other day. He may have accompanied Sheridan on that historic occasion, but the part he played was quite too small to bring him any personal recognition.

A South Dakota town has passed an ordinance forbidding male and female persons to loiter on the steps of any church, public building or doorway of any store for the purpose of visiting, eating candy or pastries, or in any street, alley, or vacant lot, or other obscure place, for the purpose of flirting in the evening. In other words, says the Hot Springs Post, the South Dakota idea is to get married people to do as they please, but to be as far as possible the efforts of those who desire to become engaged.

A New York bank cashier stole \$50,000 because a woman told him to do it. It is wonderful how well men may learn sometimes. There are many cases of this kind on record since the day Adam took the apple just to please Eve, but how few are the instances of which we have record where men have wandered back from the paths of sin and pleasure just because a woman told them to. And it is all the more remarkable, too, because that has been woman's chief occupation since she made the acquaintance of man.

It is now permissible in England for a man to marry his wife's sister, if the wife is dead. Is it not about time, asks the Brooklyn Eagle, to enact a law in America for the protection of the wife's mother from the alleged frenzy man, who never was funny?

A San Antonio, (Tex.) school teacher says it is impossible to make a president of a 15-year-old boy or a 16-year-old girl. Tell me to whitewash 300 yards of fence and he will think the whole world's going to smash.

POWDER MILLS EXPLODE; THIRTY-EIGHT ARE KILLED

Dupont Plant at Fontanet, Ind., Blows Up and Destroys the Entire Town --More Than 600 Are Injured.

Fontanet, Ind.—Thirty-eight lives snuffed out, 600 injured, of which number 60 were seriously hurt, and property loss of approximately \$750,000 is the latest estimate of the destruction wrought by the explosion at the Dupont Powder mills Tuesday morning.

From a workman employed in the glazing mill it was learned Wednesday that a "hot box," which was caused by too much friction on the shafting, caused sparks to be transmitted to some loose powder, was in all probability, the cause of the terrible catastrophe.

Loose Boxing Blamed.

The explosion, which was in William Sherrow and who is dangerously hurt as the result of the explosion, said:

"The explosion in which so many lives were lost was caused by loose boxing on the shaft. The day before this terrible explosion happened we had to throw water on it when it became too hot. This time it got too hot and caused the sparks that caused the explosion."

Another company of state militia arrived from Indianapolis Wednesday evening and immediately went into camp. The town is now under martial law, the two companies of state troops being in full control.

Dupont's Honeymoon Spoiled.

Wilmington, Del.—Alfred G. Dupont, vice president of the Dupont powder company, who married Miss A. Bradford Maddox in New York Tuesday and who intended to take a honeymoon trip to his honeymoon, was informed of the explosion at Fontanet immediately after the wedding. Mr. Dupont at once canceled his trip and flew \$5,000 to his home in Delaware to be with the survivors. He authorized the governor to use any amount in excess of the \$5,000 if he finds it necessary.

Mr. Dupont left Wednesday for Fontanet to see the damage to the works. He was accompanied by Frank L. Connable, general manager of the Dupont company in Wilmington.

Fontanet was practically destroyed by the explosion of the plant of the Dupont Powder company Tuesday. The dead number from 25 to 50. Over 600 persons were injured and every building in the town was wholly or partially leveled with the ground.

Where stood a thriving and busy town of 1,000 people there is ruin and scattered ruins. The houses were more seriously injured have been taken away. Five hundred inhabitants, all more or less wounded, remain to gather their scattered household goods and their few remaining possessions, guarded by soldiers of the state.

Seven Mills Blown Up.

Without warning the powder mills, seven in number, blew up at 9:15 Tuesday morning. The explosion killed 38 men and of these 75 were at work when the first explosion occurred in the press mill. In quick succession following the explosion the seven mills, situated several hundred yards from the mills, were stored 40,000 cases of powder. The concussion in it blew up was felt nearly 200 miles away.

Every house in this town was destroyed. Farm houses two miles away and schoolhouses equally distant were torn to pieces and the occupants injured. A passenger train on the Big Four railroad four miles away had every coach window broken and several passengers were injured by flying glass.

The Identified Dead.

Following is a list of the identified dead:

A. B. Monahan, general superintendent; M. A. B. Monahan, Mrs. Monahan's sister, George Justice, John Bobo, George Bobo, William Sherrill, Henry Harrington, Sylvester Dial, Ad Webster, Sammy Nevins, Yates, Will Dalton, T. P. Kellip, Wilmington, Del.; Henry Chandler, W. E. Criff, Earl Wood, L. J. Carroll.

The mills went up with three distinct explosions, followed 30 minutes later by a fourth even more serious than the others. The main explosion was followed immediately following the explosions the wreckage took fire and the inhabitants of the town who rushed to the rescue of the mill employees perished in the flames.

They worked frantically in constant danger from possible succeeding explosions, unafraid of their ruined homes. Dead and dying were picked up and collected. Eighteen bodies horribly burned and mangled were carried to a hospital at Terre Haute, Indiana while the badly injured, numbering upward of 50, were put on a special train and taken to Terre Haute for hospital accommodations.

Nearly one of the 1,000 inhabitants of the town but carried blood on hands and face from his own wounds or those of people who had required aid.

The mills were located one mile south of the town. With the first explosion the employees ran for safety, but most of them were killed or wounded by the quick-folowing explosion in the other mills. When the heat from the burning mills exploded the great powder magazine, 90 minutes later, destroying the town by the concussion, many of those engaged in rescue work were badly injured and several were killed.

Superintendent, Monahan of the plant was killed while sitting in his office and his wife and sister-in-law were killed in their home some distance away.

People Fled from Homes.

That the death list is not far greater is due to the fact that the people of the town had left their homes at the first explosion and were not in them when the explosion of the 40,000 cases of powder in the magazine hurled their household goods in heaps of ruin and scattered bricks.

Among the buildings destroyed in the town were the Methodist and Christian churches, two school buildings, the depot, all business blocks, including a large block just completed; a large warehouse and 500 homes. In many of them the fronts were blown away and in others the walls were hurled into space, the sides blown out or they were left a confused mass of collapsed wreckage.

AU REVOIR, BUT NOT GOODBY.



MORE DOGS FOR PRESIDENT

BRUTUS JACKSON TAKES FRESH SUPPLY TO THE CAMP.

Mr. Roosevelt Astonishes Companions by His Hardihood—Morning Swim in Cold Lake.

Stamboul, La.—No news of the president's day hunt on Tuesday has been received here yet. Brutus Jackson, the negro hunter who went to Newellton to locate a camp there last week, when it was decided to go there, returned Tuesday and brought a fresh supply of bear dogs with him, and an effort is being made to secure more from the same source to take the place of the animals on hand, which are becoming jaded.

Arrivals from the Bear lake encampment tell stories of the president's hardihood and capacity for roughing it. When he carried his blankets with him from the upper camp last Friday, and that night and next morning ate only the cold bread and meat he had taken in his saddle pockets, they marveled that a president could be so easily satisfied, but when he jumped into Bear lake for a swim upon a jake at daybreak their astonishment was almost without bounds.

The thermometer registered at the time less than 40 degrees and most of the others present were sedulously hugging the camp fire. The president plunged into the water as soon as he arose. As he approached the edge of the lake he battered some of the other members of his immediate party to join him, but none did so. He swam a hundred yards to an island and then returned, declaring upon landing that the exercise had been most exhilarating and that the water was warmer than the air.

It is now the president's purpose to close his hunt Saturday and to come into Stamboul early Sunday. He will spend Sunday afternoon and Sunday night at the residence of Leo Shields, plantation manager for J. M. Parker, one of the president's party, and on Monday morning leave for Vicksburg, where he is to speak Monday afternoon. Pressing invitations to speak at many other places have been received, but all have been declined, and there will be no more addresses on the southern trip except those to be made at Vicksburg and Nashville, with the possible exception of a few words at Tallahassee.

TRAIN GOES THROUGH TRESTLE.

One Woman Killed and Many Injured at Stony Ford, N. Y.

Middletown, N. Y.—One man was killed, five others were probably fatally hurt and six or eight were badly injured Monday when 17 cars of a worktrain crashed through a trestle on the New Erie & Jersey railway at Stony Ford, near here. The cars were loaded with dirt and stone, and 20 Austrian laborers who were on them went down to the bottom of the ravine, 90 feet below.

The engineer felt the trestle giving and, putting on full speed, succeeded in getting across with his engine and one car. The coupling with the second car broke and all the rest of the train went into the ravine.

Train Kills Four.

Pottstown, Pa.—The result of a grade crossing automobile accident on the Philadelphia & Reading railway at Kelm street here Monday night, four persons were killed and one probably fatally injured.

Supervisor Is Indicted.

San Francisco, Cal.—Supervisor J. P. son of John D. Spreckels, had a narrow escape from asphyxiation at his home Sunday night. Mr. Spreckels was taking a bath and was overcome by escaping gas from the heater in the bathroom.

Young Spreckels' Close Call.

San Francisco, Cal.—D. Spreckels, Jr., son of John D. Spreckels, had a narrow escape from asphyxiation at his home Sunday night. Mr. Spreckels was taking a bath and was overcome by escaping gas from the heater in the bathroom.

Man and Girl Crushed in Mine.

Pittsburg, Pa.—A fall of slate in a coal mine at Portview, near here, Tuesday, crushed a man and a young girl to death. The man was probably fatally injured. All were foreigners.

NEWS OF ILLINOIS

HAPPENINGS OF INTEREST FROM ALL OVER THE STATE.

WEASEL ATTACKS FAMILY

Is Finally Gained by Mother from Chair After Giving Battle to Women and Three Children.

Bloomington—Intercepted in its attack on a hen and her brood of young chickens, a weasel measuring only ten inches in length, turned upon Mrs. William James, wife of a farmer living near Chenoa, and her three children. The battle between the little animal and family ceased only when Mrs. James, standing on a chair, aimed a well-directed blow at the weasel with a croquet mallet and killed it.

Leater, the seven-year-old son of Mrs. James, was the first to notice the weasel as it came about to overpower the chickens. Thinking to frighten the animal away, the boy rushed toward it. Instead of running away the weasel tried to bite Leater, in the legs. The boy rubbed into the legs, with the weasel in close pursuit. Mrs. James and two children in the kitchen jumped upon chairs to escape, the sharp teeth of the animal. The weasel made desperate efforts to reach the mother and children, but failed. It was while the animal was rushing about the room that Mrs. James seized the mallet and killed it.

Weasels are said to be apt to attack human beings if hungry, but this is the first instance known here of where a weasel has attacked an entire family. The animal killed was an old one, brown in color, with a white spot on its breast. Its pelt was sent to a dealer in this city.

CANNON PLAYS FOOTBALL

"Uncle Joe" Kicks Off for College Boys at Galesburg.

Galesburg—"Uncle Joe" Cannon, speaker of the house and representative, began his football career, and by the vigorous "boot" he gave the platoon showed he was not decrepit despite his 71 years.

His kick in the hands opened the annual game of Lombard and Carthage colleges. Then the speaker got out of the road to let the younger generation finish their tussle, while he went back to his long cigar.

Speaker Cannon was escorted to the field, introduced to the players, and informed that his duty was to kick the ball as near the goal posts as possible.

"That's easy," was the response. "Let me have one trial first."

"Uncle Joe" took a kick in his trousers about 70 feet. They he tried again and did better, and the game began, Lombard winning by a score of 40 to 0.

FIREMAN TO RIDE BICYCLE

Havana—Nine bicyclists have been shipped to the volunteer fire department of Havana to be ridden by the firemen in response to an alarm.

The city council considered the idea because the firemen are some distance from the center of the city.

If the idea works successfully, other small cities dependent upon volunteer fire departments are expected to adopt similar methods of locomotion.

CITIZENS FEAR UP CAR TRACKS

Peoria—Inhabited citizens of Peoria recently had a rather bad scare, were up 100 yards of the tracks of the Peoria Railway company, and at night threats were being made of blowing up the company's cars and blowing up a viaduct spanning a deep ravine. The trouble grew out of difficulties arising between the village officers and the street car company regarding a franchise.

POLICEMAN KILLED BY BURGLAR

Peoria—While attempting to arrest an unknown man who had robbed the residence of a woman, a constable, James, was shot and killed by a burglar. This is the second murder in a week of policemen attempting to arrest burglars.

HORSE'S KICK IS FATAL

Lincoln—While Mrs. William Whitting, living a few miles from Grayville, was visiting her sister, Mrs. W. F. Barton, in this city, she received a telegram that her husband had been killed by a horse and killed. They live on a farm and Mrs. Whitting had been here little more than a week. The deceased was 60 years old and leaves no children.

FIRE CHIEF IS BURNED

Kewanee—While making a test of a new fire engine for Winnebago, Ill., Charles F. Kurbat, chief of the fire department, suffered terrible burns when an explosion occurred.

FAVORS PROBATION FOR ADULTS

Jacksonville—The assembly for an adult probation law applicable to all parts of Illinois was emphasized in a address before the Illinois State Conference on the Probation and Parole of the municipal court of Chicago.

Judge Foster suggested that the conference take active part in obtaining such a law and that a committee be appointed to work for the drafting and passage of a comprehensive state bill at the next meeting of the legislature.

The CASTLE OF LIES

BY ARTHUR HENRY VESSEY
CONTINUING FROM LAST WEEK'S COPY

CHAPTER XXVI.

Incriminating Dispatches.
She had been arranging the papers neatly in some sort of order.
"You read French, I think?" The letter of Ferdinand is in that language, Sir Mortimer's notes and answers are, of course, in English.
"I drew toward me the first of the papers she indicated."
"You are nothing, if not modern in your methods," I scoffed, glancing down the page. "Your sales and typewriters bring back to me the associations of my banking business. And a banker, let me warn you, treats the signature of a draft carefully before he cashes it."
"The typewriter is an amusing little instrument," she remarked, "and I am proud of my success in mastering it. As for the safe, if you have been a banker, you know that the combination is carefully guarded. M. Coward."
"It gave her the cruellest delight to tamper with the safe," I thought. During the next half hour she insisted me to at least half a dozen times. I bent my attention on the paper before me. I translate roughly Ferdinand's letter:

(Strictly confidential.)

"Hotel du Rhin,
"Place Vendôme, Paris."

"My Dear Sir Mortimer:

"I expect to start for Sofia via Vienna and Budapest in about a week; I trust I shall see you at the Palace shortly after my arrival. Meanwhile let me urge on you once more that you exert without further delay your great influence with your Foreign Office, that your ministers may be convinced that the crisis has come—the opportunity we have so long awaited. Now or never I must lead my army to the succor of the distressed people of Macedonia. I think that the profound knowledge you have always shown of affairs in the Balkan Peninsula must make you realize the truth of this statement. It is useless for me to repeat my arguments. For what you have done I thank you. But it is not to the diplomatist I am now speaking, but to the man. I have written this letter with my own hand, for reasons that you will understand."
"Believe me, my dear Sir Mortimer," Ferdinand said.

"I see nothing incriminating in this letter," I said, "nor anything out of the usual run of letters."
"You will notice on the back of the letter this brief statement: 'Answered, June 24, M. B.' to the effect that the letter is equally innocent. It is simply the guarded reply of a diplomatist dealing with a delicate topic. In these typewritten copies this letter and its answer are anonymous. The originals are simply useful to prove the authenticity of Sir Mortimer's handwriting."

I scanned the paper. It was not an exact copy, but the substance of Sir Mortimer's letter, jotted down to refresh his memory:
"I replied in substance as follows: It was useless to bring up the matter again; my personal wishes would not be sufficient to change the programme of the Foreign Office; at present I did not see my way clear to advocate as a diplomatist England's espousal of this cause; I would continue to lay the matter before the Foreign Office; more than that, when events justified the fact, I would see that such influence as I possessed was exerted in the manner Prince Ferdinand wished; but at present I could offer no encouragement."

(Note concerning the above, also in Sir Mortimer's handwriting.)
"This reply will put an end, I think, to further correspondence in this quarter. Certainly, the hopes of the nation seem so radically divergent from those of the ruler that I can favor one only at the expense of the other. Finally, I prefer to favor the party that promises the most for my own interests."

"I told you that the originals are particularly useful to identify the handwriting and signature of Sir Mortimer. But observe, monsieur, the expression: 'Naturally, I prefer to favor the party that promises the most for my own interests.' This is a statement that should be remembered when you read the other letters. It has its significance."

Again she stretched out her hand to receive the papers I had read. I did not relinquish them, however. I told them carefully on my knee as if to refer to them later.
"That remains to be proved," I said grimly. "The expression seems simple enough to me; on the fact of it it would mean simply that Sir Mortimer's interests were identical with the interests of England."

"We shall see," she returned with confidence. "The papers of the second envelope, which I have called Documents B, are all in English. The writer was evidently an educated Bulgarian of the official class; many of the class are trained at Robert College, and speak and write English fluently."

"Sofia, Headquarters of the Society of Freedom."
"To His Excellency, Sir Mortimer Brett, Minister plenipotentiary and Consul General to His Britannic Majesty at the Court of Sofia."
"Sir: We of the Society of Freedom wait patiently and anxiously for your Excellency's answer to our humble petition. We trust your Excellency does not ignore this petition because the signatures of the petitioners are not added thereto. Surely your Excellency understands that the dictates of prudence make it inevitable that it is sent to you anonymously."
"Your Excellency must be familiar with our grievances. Our present ruler cannot and will not be longer tolerated by his subjects. We fear the British Foreign Office, however, does not realize the extent of Prince Ferdinand's unpopularity. Even if your ministers care nothing for that, do they feel no concern that he is the tool of Russia?"
"He has asked Russia to be that he be recognized a King, and that he receive that title. His vanity is such that he would sacrifice the freedom of his people to be on equal terms with the sovereigns of Serbia and Rumania."
"Once more, perhaps for the last time, we petition your Excellency to exert the extraordinary influence your Excellency possesses, that the English Minister be advised in time. The gov-

ernment of Prince Ferdinand must fall. We do not desire bloodshed. There shall be none, we swear it. If England will support the insurgent party. But in any case Bulgaria must be free."

"We do not ask for the active aid of England. We beg that England shall not interfere with the ambitions of the people."
"Your Excellency shall have no reason to regret being our friend. And there are other means of rewarding friendship besides empty words of gratitude. Let your Excellency once assure us of your intention to support our cause, and we shall make this more clear."

"Your Excellency knows the manner in which your answer may be conveyed to this society. With profound expressions of respect, we submit ourselves, 'The Committee of the Society of Freedom.'"
I placed this letter on my knee with the others I had read.
"This Society of Freedom, is it concerned with the trick of the death-mask stamp?"
"I fear so," she answered in a low voice.

"Then has the fact no significance for you that Dr. Starva received a letter with one of those stamps on the envelope last night? These stamps are proscribed. They could be sent through the mail only because certain of the postal authorities were in sympathy with the revolutionaries. Letters with these stamps, it is said to be sent only to those who are equally in sympathy. Dr. Starva must be favorable to this party, if it is not actually one of the committees. I warned you last night that there was treachery in the camp."

There I tore them to atoms before her eyes.

that if England gives to the insurgent party is support in overthrowing the rule of Ferdinand, the relation of England to Bulgaria shall be similar to that which exists between Egypt and England."

"The Society of Freedom is fully aware that your Excellency's incoherence and labor must be recompensed. The sum of £20,000 is already placed in the Ottoman bank, payable to your Excellency on demand."
(Note by Sir Mortimer pinned to the above letter.)
"To the I replied that the sum mentioned was too ludicrously small to be considered. Only the most substantial guarantee could justify me in taking the risks involved."

"I have taken the step. It is too late to ask myself now whether I have been indiscreet. If I have consulted my own wishes, if I have furthered my own plans, I feel that I am justified morally. I am helping an oppressed people gain their liberty. My own recompense is nearer enough. If the Foreign Office should probe the matter, and discover the extent of my indiscretion, my diplomatic career will be ended. But I am content to do a little evil that good may come."

"It Dr. Starva has proved to be a traitor to the cause he will receive his punishment. The manuscript of Sir Mortimer's reply to the letter you have just read is pinned on the back of the sheet. Read it," she commanded harshly.
"It is a perplexing dilemma that has confronted me. To keep my honor as a minister intact, and yet not to sacrifice my own personal hopes. I think this is the first temptation of my diplomatic career. I have fulfilled my diplomatic duties hitherto as a champion, that neither thinks nor feels. Now I find that I am human; that I am a man, with a man's weaknesses. I say I am tempted. I believe that lofty principles actuate Bulgaria. That I say to myself, in my excuse. But lofty principles are not sufficient. I disguised my true feeling in answer to your Excellency. We fear this letter by vague objections confessed my self in sympathy with Bulgaria's cause; but I protested that more potent arguments must be used to convince me. The interests of England and mine own; but if it could be done without too great a risk, I believe, God help me, I would further my own ambitions at her expense. I say I am tempted."

"I say I am tempted." "If it could be done without too great a risk, I believe, God help me, I would further my own ambitions at her expense." Such expressions were hideously significant. But I most calmly the malevolent triumph of Madame de Varner.

"When you read the next letter," she said, watching me closely, "you will understand the meaning of the expression. There are other means of rewarding friendship besides empty words of gratitude. Even so staunch an advocate of Sir Mortimer's honor as yourself must realize that. In the words you have just read, he was endeavoring to discover just what that vague promise meant."

I received the next letter in silence. "To His Excellency, etc."
"Our answer to your Excellency's kind letter wishes to make this fact clear: The people of Bulgaria pledge their word, through this committee,

had hugged to his breast. I had hoped against hope. But if they were true copies, I could no longer doubt that Sir Mortimer had stooped to the taking of bribes.

"And these documents are word for word copies of those in the safe?" I demanded gloomily.
"I swear it. To every oath I hold sacred!" she replied without hesitation, and kissed the jeweled cross that hung about her neck.

"The stretch-out her hand for the paper. I tore them to atoms before her eyes."

"For a moment she struggled to rescue them from my grasp. When she perceived it was too late, she laughed hysterically—a laughter that showed at once contempt, defiance and triumph."

"Bravo!" She clasped her hands derisively. "You take your precautions. You are desperate. Protest as you will, you are convinced of Sir Mortimer's guilt."

"You are mistaken," I replied coolly. "If these papers are true copies of genuine documents, it is as well that even the copies be destroyed. If they are forgeries, and you have yet to prove it, they are not, they are dangerous toys, and so better destroyed."

"Another copy? I easily made, so long as I have the combination of my key. Sir Mortimer's key is so precious to you that you scorn to aid the woman whom you love."

"Silence, woman!" I cried passionately. "You think I am convinced of Sir Mortimer's guilt because of these typewritten copies? You must let me see the papers in the safe."

"You are desperate enough to destroy a copy, I should scarcely trust you with the original. For the last time, must the woman you love know of her brother's disgrace? I am in your power, perhaps you hope that I shall be coerced into opening the safe. Or are you about to compel me?"

"I should have resorted to that measure long ago had I thought it would prove effective. It seems that there is again a deadlock between us. I refuse absolutely, not only to help you, but to believe that Sir Mortimer is guilty."

"If I show the papers in the safe to Helena Brett, even she must believe the evidence of her eyes. Shall I call her and ask her if she recognizes her brother's handwriting? If you believe so strongly as you profess that Sir Mortimer was innocent of wrongdoing, you will not refuse that."

"I would spare her even the thought of this possibility," I said sternly. "This is impossible. She shall see those papers—if not to-day, to-morrow, the next day; it makes little difference to me."

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," I quoted slyly; but I began to think it inevitable that Helena Brett be summoned.

"Again we must compromise it appears. I will tell Sir Mortimer's sister here. She shall see the papers—decide for herself and for you whether they are genuine. You see, I am strong enough to prevent a woman from destroying the originals as you have destroyed the copies."

"And when she has seen those papers," I asked thoughtfully. "Say even that she herself believes them genuine? What then?"
"It will be for her to decide. Perhaps she will refuse to ask you to do what I wish. Perhaps she will offer to you happiness if you consent. She shall be the one to decide. You profess to believe that Sir Mortimer is innocent. More than that, you think her soul so white that she will refuse, even if she believes her brother's story, to rescue his memory from dishonor."

She had put into words my own thought.
"We will let her decide," I said quietly.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Two Women.

"And am I again to about my commands to my servant through the closed door?" asked Madame de Varner ironically.
"I unlocked the door of the staircase in order to taking the precaution, however, of not admitting Alphonse."

"Has Miss Brett come to the chateau as I wished?" Madame de Varner asked in a natural way.
"I shall do as madam wishes. But this American, this man we called his Excellency—he surprised me just now when he intruded on Madame."

"He came here to see an appointment with me," Madame de Varner replied composedly, cutting short his agitated whisper.

"Alphonse sighed his relief, and departed on his errand."
"What inducement can you have offered that she should come boldly to this castle?"
"Is not the inducement great that she is to see a loved brother?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Proof of Queen's Vanity.
Queen Elizabeth is said to have possessed no fewer than 36 outfits of false hair.

REBATES STILL PAID

VIOLATION BY SOUTHERN PACIFIC.
IS DISCLOSED AT FRISCO.

BOOKS PROVE CHARGES

Nearly All the Rebates, However, Are on Shipments—Insiders Say for the Pacific Coast.

Washington.—That rebates on charges for shipments of freight have been paid by at least one great railroad since the enactment of the Hepburn rate act, was ascertained definitely by Commissioner Franklin K. Lane, of the interstate commerce commission, on his recent trip to the Pacific coast.

The evidence of this violation of the law was obtained at a hearing before Commissioner Lane, acting for the commission, in San Francisco. It was developed that some rebates had been paid on interstate shipments of freight, but that the bulk of them were paid on intrastate shipments. It was admitted by officers of the company on the witness stand that the Southern Pacific had a regularly organized rebating system, certain business from one end of California to the other.

Proved by Company's Books.
Although the company's counsel requested Commissioner Lane's demand for the books showing the character and extent of the rebating, they finally were produced. The disclosures from the books settled the matter definitely. The evidence showed the refund of rebates in rebates during the past year aggregated about \$500,000. Many of the items on which the rebates were paid were interstate shipments. It was disclosed, too, that the company had what is known as "inside rates," that is, rates which are less than the regular published rates intended for the use of the general public. These "inside rates" were given by the Southern Pacific to favored shippers.

Commissioner Lane, just returned from California, has not yet submitted his report to the interstate commerce commission, but Tuesday evening he authorized the following statement setting out his investigation:

What the inquiry disclosed.
"I found in the Southern Pacific a list of preferred shippers who paid a proportion of the published rate upon state shipments. This list included many of the largest and most important manufacturing firms. We also found 20 books, which had accumulated since the fire of last year, showing special rebates. There were several thousand entries in all, most of them for very small amounts. These rebates amounted to about half a million dollars during the past year."

"It must not be understood, however, that the great body of those, or any considerable percentage of them, were refundable upon interstate shipments. But a small per cent. could be connected in any way with an interstate shipment."

"I do not regard the revelations in California as indicative of a settled policy by the roads to evade the law. On the contrary, I believe that the western roads, by the use of the country generally, are making a very serious effort to comply with the requirements of the law."

NINETEEN BODIES RECOVERED.

Sole Survivor of Foundered Steamer Cyprus Is Second Mate.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.—The bodies of nineteen members of the crew of the steamer Cyprus, which foundered in Lake Superior Friday night off Deer Park, have been recovered and brought to this city. Second Mate C. J. Pitt, of Manitowish, Wis., the sole survivor of the 22 people who were on the ship, arrived here Sunday afternoon on the tug Schenck, which brought the bodies from the Deer Park life saving station.

The bodies of Capt. F. H. Hutyck and two firemen, whose names are not known, are still missing.
Mate Pitt has somewhat recovered from the exposure and the battering he received from the waves while being washed ashore on a life raft.

Minnesota Mayor Missing.
Fairmount, Minn.—W. W. Ward, mayor of this city, is missing. Four or five weeks ago he went to St. Paul, and has not been heard of since. He was going to return to Fairmount. Since then nothing has been heard of him. His wife went to St. Paul, Chicago and Iowa, his former home, to search for him, but found no trace of him. There is no known reason why he should voluntarily disappear, and friends fear he has met with foul play.

Cigarette Decision in Wisconsin.
Madison, Wis.—The supreme court Tuesday decided that fine-cut tobacco in a leaf wrapper is not a cigarette and that the sale of such product is not a violation of the anti-cigarette law.

Freight Handlers Demand Increase.
Toledo, O.—All the railroads entering Toledo were served with notice Tuesday from freight handlers that ten days were given to them to increase the wages of the handlers.

CUBS ARE WORLD CHAMPIONS

WIN PENNANT BY BEATING THE DETROIT FOUR TIMES.

Final Game Captured by Score 2 to 0—Mordca Brown's Great Pitching—Division of Receipts.
Detroit, Mich.—Chicago's Champions are world's champions as well as twice champions, and for the first time in baseball history the big pennant, symbolizing everything that is best in the nation's greatest sport, will float over Chicago's National league ball park next season.

For Chicago's warriors made themselves world champions by winning their fourth straight victory over Detroit's American league champions. The score was 2 to 0, and that put four knots in the Tiger's tail.

For Mordca Brown was reserved the honor of driving home the final out with a big bang and well did he reward Master Chicago for reserving him for that high spot in the ball of fame.

From start to finish the final struggle was fast, hard and furious. Jennings' men never stopped hitting the ball with all their might, trying to wipe out the small margin of two runs which the Cubs snatched early in the day. They were more entirely because of their greater speed. But Brown was invincible in the pinches, and was given unhesitating and absolutely perfect support by every man on the team.

With a total attendance of 78,048 for the series, the gross receipts amounted to over \$101,000, as compared to gross receipts of over \$104,000 for six games in Chicago last year.

The players' share of the receipts amounts to \$54,933.29, which in round numbers exceeds last year's pool by \$11,000. The Cubs' share is \$122,940.34 and the Tiger's share \$113,722.34 on the new basis of dividing 60 per cent. to the winners and 40 per cent. to the losers.

SMALL IS TURNED DOWN.

New York Telegraphers Call on President to Resign.

New York.—The New York local of the Commercial Telegraphers' union at a meeting Tuesday voted unanimously to continue the strike against the Western Union and Postal Telegraph companies.

The vote was taken upon the suggestion of President Small, who, in messages to subordinate officers Saturday pointed out the inability of the general assembly to further finance the strike. He recommended that locals in the various cities vote upon the advisability of the men returning to work.

The meeting was characterized by bitter exchanges between President Small and the other speakers. The latter charged the national leader with inconsistency in first claiming that the strike could be successfully financed and Saturday admitting that the general assembly was without funds; and with having conducted the fight in a halfhearted, disloyal way.

Small then stood up to his position, but was frequently interrupted by hisses. When he suddenly left the hall in the midst of the speaking cries of "Resign" followed him. Saturday night Small issued a statement in which he said he was willing to continue the strike if the men insisted.

Reports received showed that the local unions in Baltimore, Kansas City, Denver, Salt Lake City, San Francisco and other cities voted to continue the strike until all demands have been granted.

HANGS HIMSELF ON A TRAIN.

Henry Nieland, of Wisconsin, Commits Suicide in Passenger Coach.

Wisconsin, Minn.—When passenger train No. 504 on the Chicago & North Western was pulled into the station here Tuesday afternoon, Henry Nieland, aged 40, of Dane county, Wisconsin, was found hanging by his suspenders, which had been attached to pipes in the toilet room of the coach. The man boarded the train at Huron, S. D. A ticket to Madison, Wis., and a few silver dollars, together with a note directing that whatever was discovered on his body be given to his brother William, at Dago, Wis., were found. The dead man held tightly in his hand a badly worn prayer book.

Nineteen Parish in English Wreck.
Shrewsbury, England.—The latest report from the coroner's office here says that 19 persons were killed, while 30 others were injured. There is still no explanation of the accident, it is suspected the cause may be failure of the vacuum brakes to respond. It seems certain that somebody blundered, for the engine was going at a tremendous rate of speed when the train fell into the pits.

Open Air Sermon in Wall Street.
New York.—Standing on a temporary platform, before an office crowd of 500, and with his back to the gray stone of the old custom house, the bishop of London preached the Gospel in the open air of Wall street Tuesday. It was the second appearance of the Rev. Arthur Foley Wilmington in New York, and a multitude filled the street from curb to curb. Bankers, brokers, politicians and newspapermen made up the audience. After the sermon the bishop was given a luncheon.

THE REVIEW

Entered as Second-Class Matter
U. S. MAIL, Editor and Publisher

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1907.

METHODIST CHURCH

First Tuesday evening of each month—
meeting Women's Foreign Missionary society.
Ladies Tuesday evening of each month—
Epworth League business, literary and social
meeting.
Sunday morning, 10:30 a. m.
Junior League, 3 p. m.
Epworth League, 8 p. m.
Sunday evening, 7:30
Wednesday Mid-week Prayer Meeting, 8:30
Corner Clark and South Haverley streets.
Telephone 261. Everybody is welcome.
P. N. LAFRAN, Pastor.

SALEM UNITED EVANGELICAL CHURCH

Sunday Services:
Sunday school, 9:15 a. m.
Prayer services (German), 10:30
Keynote League, 4:15 p. m.
Prayer service, 7:30
Week Night Services:
Monday—Junior League, 7:15
Tuesday—English Prayer Meeting, 7:30
Wednesday—German, 7:30
Friday—Teachers meeting, 7:30
Choir meeting, 8:15
Monthly meetings:
Mission Band—1st Sunday, 1:30 p. m.
Y. P. M. S.—1st Tuesday, 7:30 p. m.
Church Missionary Meeting—1st Wednesday, 1:30 p. m.
W. M. S.—1st Thursday, 1:30 p. m.
Strangers are cordially welcomed at all the services of the church.
Phone No. 261. A. HARRIS, Pastor.

EVANGELICAL ST. PAUL'S CHURCH

Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.
Sunday morning service, 10:30
Evening service will begin at month later.
Phone 261. REV. G. H. STANBORN, Pastor.

ST. ANNE'S CATHOLIC CHURCH

Sunday, Mass, 8 a. m.
Vespers and Benediction, 7:30 p. m.
Observation of Holy Days and Morning Mass, hour subject to change.
St. Ann's Sewing Circle, Tuesday, 1:30 p. m.
Phone 261. REV. FATHER E. J. FOX.

BAPTIST CHURCH

Saturday evening, prayer and praise service, 7:30 p. m.
Sunday, 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m.
Sunday school and U. Y. X. at 11:45 a. m.
Young People's Meeting at 4:45 p. m.
Dorcas society, Tuesday, 2 p. m.
You are all cordially invited to worship with us.
JAMES H. GARDNER.

ZION CHURCH

Sunday school 9:30 a. m.
Morning service, 10:30
Evening service, 7:30 p. m.
Prayer meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 p. m.
Y. P. A. business meeting first Tuesday of each month, 7:30 p. m.
A cordial welcome for all.
J. WIDDER, Pastor.

Jasper Price's Corner Lot

By FRANK H. SWEET.

Copyright, 1907, by Frank H. Sweet.

"It's done wid you, Jasper Price! Yes, sah, I's done wid you for good an' all!"

A woman's voice rose, loud and shrill, from a little tumble-down cabin by a Georgia roadside. Evidently the person addressed had no response to make, for after a little silence the woman's voice rose again.

"I jes' wants you to pack your traps an' clear out, Jasper Price! An' don't you nebber show your face heah no mo' long ez you lib an' breathe! I wants jes' zackly what I sez, an' I don't want to fin' you heah w'en I comes back from de spring."

A moment later a short, solidly built elderly black woman came from the cabin, holding a tin pail in each hand, and hurried away toward a little spring in a ravine some distance from the house.

Her face was both wrathful and tearful, and she had a worn, tired look. A flapping old calico bonnet, drooping about her face, added to her dejected appearance.

A few minutes after she had left the house a black man not much taller than the woman, but stouter and slightly gray, came out of the cabin and walked slowly and with an evident attempt at dignity down the dusty road.

In one hand he carried a small bundle tied in a faded red cotton handkerchief and in the other a cane, curiously carved, of a piece of gnarled wood. A green cotton bag was on his back, and within it could be seen the outline of a violin.

It was Jasper Price who had at last been strong to take this well deserved rebuke from his wife in earnest.

Jasper had been born with a constitutional tendency toward slothfulness, which his will power was quite too weak to overcome.

His wife, on the other hand, was a very industrious and energetic woman. She worked early and late, providing by far the greater part of the support of their large family of children. She had provided for her husband's wants as well until her patience had been quite exhausted by several weeks of needless idleness on Jasper's part.

There had been a more vigorous outpouring of wrath, ending with this command to "clear out for good an' all!"



"I JES' WANTS YOU TO PACK YOUR TRAPS AN' CLEAR OUT."

But she did not suppose he would let her at her word and go. "Dar ain't no s'ch good luck for me as dat," she said when she returned to the cabin and found that Jasper was not there. "He'll be back 'bout supper time. Maybe he'll lay out on'til he gets ecomom' honary, but he'll come back home den, sho' nough. Fictar I ain't a mild nebber to give him s'nderly bit to eat."

She had no opportunity to refuse him food. He did not come back to ask for it. He did not come back at all. Days, weeks and months passed without a word of tidings of Jasper from any quarter.

His wife, kind at heart, though overworked and worried, began to reproach herself. She discovered in her memory trails of excellence in her husband's character for which she had never before given him credit.

"I reckon I was too ha'rd wid him," she said. "He s'posed I'm a lazy family. His daddy befo' him was too laxy for to draw his b'ref, an' some t'ink he died on dat 'count. I reckon Jasper's no 'countness was bawn in 'im, an' I done draw 'im way for what he couldn't be!"

She found excuses to talk about him. "He was mighty willin' an' 'bligin' 'bout some t'ings," she told a neighbor. "He'd 'ten' to de baby by de hour. He'd allers carry home de washin' in 'de ladies in de town, an' my, couldn't he play de fiddle beautiful!"

But she could not keep her tongue from coming out "Money-mus' and 'de Swanee Ribber" an' git out'n de "Dan Tucker" like Jasper could. "I done miss his fiddle a-jiggle!" away out on de porch at a summer evening."

Four months after Jasper's departure from home a stout, travel-stained black man, slightly gray, walked slowly and wearily up the trail leading to a new and promising Rocky mountain mining camp.

He carried a little bundle tied up in a red cotton handkerchief. The outlines of a violin could be traced with a green cotton bag on his back, and he gave his name, at the mouth of a shaft where he stopped to get a drink of water, as Jasper Price.

"Well, old partner," said the man who gave him the drink of water, "you look as if you had walked all the way from Georgia."

"Yon done struck pretty close to de truth, sah," said Jasper cheerfully. "I's walked many weary miles ob'de way, an' I'd 'n' done walked de hull of it if it hadn't 'a' been for dis yer fiddle."

He had heard wild stories of the ease and quickness with which fortunes were made in this mining camp, and in his simplicity he almost expected to find nuggets of gold and silver unrequited on the streets.

He found quite a different state of things. People here had to work hard for their living, as elsewhere, only the reward of energy and industry was perhaps larger and more prompt than in the older parts of the country.

Jasper could get no farther, and presently he found himself possessed of some share of the restless energy of the people around him. His dormant powers seemed to be aroused by the spirit of activity that was in the crisp and exhilarating mountain air.

No one could be supplely idle long in such a place as this great mining camp. Jasper was soon busy with axes and saw and hammers, putting up a little cabin for himself on a corner lot he had staked out by his own hand.

When the cabin was done Jasper nailed a pine board over the door on which was the one word "LAWNDRY." He could not read or write, but he had induced an acquaintance among the miners to paint his sign for him.

In his spare-time hours of industry when at home Jasper used to help his wife with her daily washings and ironings and open a laundry.

His success was great and immediate. There were as yet in the camp very few women, and the prejudice against colored men was so great that Jasper was not safe for one of that race to come into camp.

Before the end of the first week Jasper was so overwhelmed with work that he hired a poor boy who had strayed into the camp as an assistant. Another helper was needed early in the second week and still a third be-

fore the month was done. Jasper had a flourishing business and found it necessary to enlarge his shanty. He developed a capacity for business that he himself had never suspected.

His industry increased with his success. There was plenty of money in the camp, and it was not long before Jasper was possessed of ten times as much money as he had ever seen before. Moreover, his head was not turned by his success.

He had a queer habit of going about chuckling to himself and saying: "I mus' write a lettah one of dese days—for a fac', I mus'. Hll! I bet he'll be a mighty welcome lettah to de prison."



HE STOPPED TO GET A DRINK OF WATER, WHAT GITS HIM KASE OF WHAT'LL GO ALONG WID HIM. OH, I'S Gwine write a lettah by'n by, 'deed I las'."

Even tempered as he had been in the midst of steadily increasing prosperity, Jasper almost lost his head when he was one day offered \$5,000 for his corner lot. It was needed for a business block.

So fast had the town grown and so speedy and great had been the rise in real estate that Jasper's lot had become so valuable as this in less than three months. Fearing a possible decline in values, Jasper prudently sold his lot and removed his laundry.

It was then that he wrote his letter, or, rather, had it written for him. Among his patrons was a young lawyer who had befriended Jasper upon his first arrival in the camp and who had taken an interest in him afterward. It was this friend to whom Jasper applied when he was ready to have the letter written, and the lawyer kept his secret.

It was a month after the letter had been sent that the crowd which always assembled to await the arrival of the stagecoaches which came to the camp from the nearby approaching line of railroad in the valleys below noted the restlessness and peculiar actions of Mr. Jasper Price, who was by far the most prominent figure in the town.

Newly shaven and spotlessly clean he was arrayed in a shining suit of black and wore a glossy high silk hat. He had given a bootblack 25 cents for an extra shine on his large shoes. His white expatriate of white shirt front shone in the sunshine, and upon it

he wore a large, ornate watch chain. He was a handsome man, and his bearing was that of a gentleman.

He was a man who had been in the camp for some time, and he was well known to the people. He was a man who had been in the camp for some time, and he was well known to the people.

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her lips when Uncle Jasper called out: "Jimmy, heah I be! Does' you see me, Jimmy?"

From every window and door of the camp gazing the eyes of all eyes and ears and in all sorts of caps and hats and bonnets were now thrust with cries of "Daddy! Daddy! We's come, daddy! Heah we be, daddy!"

"Hll's my family," cried Jasper as he pushed his way through the crowd. "Den'm's my folks in dat stage. Halls-koeyer!"

Down and out they came into his outstretched arms. "Glor'y!" he cried. "You's all heah! Heah's Jacky an' Lotty an' Libberty an' an' Ab'ham! Lawd, how dey has all growed! An' de baby! Bless my soul, I'd nebber knowed dat chile in all dis world—he's growed so! An' dis ain't Washinton? How he am changed now! An' heah's Matty an' Minty Jane! Yo' ain't feard of yer daddy kase he's dressed up so fine! I's yer daddy, all de same! William Henry ain't feard, is he? In yer all out! No, dar's Little Moses—'I hardly knowed de chile—he's got so big! Well, well, well, if dis ain't de happy day I eber see!"

They made a queer procession as they walked away from the smiling crowd. Jasper led the way with the huge baby on his shoulder. His rapidly changing features were marked by his side loaded with baskets and bundles, while the nine older children followed, each carrying a pot or a pan or a teakettle which their mother had foolishly sent out to bring all the way from Georgia.

Fortunate days had dawned for the reunited family. Jasper's industry did not flag, and he and his thrifty wife showed great success in the use of the little fortune that had come to them.

When the decline of the camp's prosperity came and the laundry business was no longer profitable they went to fertile valleys below and bought a ranch, that their numerous boys and girls might be trained to habits of industry.

Vanity, said the preacher. During the French revolution a priest rode in a tumbrel to the guillotine with two persons—one a marquis, the other a common thief.

As the car jolted through the crowded streets the citizens shouted maledictions on the occupants. "Down with the beasts of the aristocracy!" they cried.

The marquis smiled proudly, but the criminal was vexed. "My good friends," he cried, "I am no aristocrat. I am a thief!"

Then the priest turned to the arm guard, murmuring: "Ah, my son, this is no time for vanity."—Woman's Home Companion.

Fohn Winds. The Journal of the Meteorological Society of Japan contains an account by Dr. Okada of the occurrence in Korea of those remarkable winds which have been called fohn winds. The winds to which this name was originally given are warm winds blowing down from the snow-capped mountains of Switzerland and producing extensive meetings of the snow. They have been called "snow eaters."

The fohn is essentially a phenomenon of mountainous regions, and was known in Korea, where they have been observed, is surrounded except on the east by high mountains. In this region they are always dry and cold and cause abnormally high temperatures and dryness of the air. A similar wind in North America, blowing down from the Rocky mountains has been called the chinook. Fohn winds occur also in the arctic regions. Blowing sometimes in midwinter they produce a remarkable climatic paradox. As a result of the elevation of temperature caused by them it may happen that northern Greenland, though in winter darkness, is warmer than southern France.

Men Who Help Thieves. The "rechristener" is the professional name of the man who alters the names and numbers on stolen watches. The rechristener is usually a clever engraver who through drink or other vice has lost the chance of obtaining honest employment and aids the receiver of stolen property. When a watch has been stolen the number or name or other indication of make or ownership may be forwarded to the police and by them communicated to pawnbrokers. There is consequently an element of risk in attempting to dispose of it. There are various ways of getting over the difficulty, and rechristening is one that is frequently resorted to. The engraver adds or prescribes another figure to the number or he turns the name "J. Robbins" into "T. J. Robinson," the extra initial serving to make the name look level and correct on the watch case. This is done very cleverly, and the rest of the letters or figures are touched up to make all appear to have been cut at the same time.—London Standard.

Why Is the Ocean Salt? The Creator made the ocean salt to save the land from putrefaction. The winds blow everything offensive and pestilential off the land as we sail them to do the work of boards of health out to sea, where all humors are absorbed by the hungry waters. Salt is a purifying agent. The ocean is a great manufacturer. It converts everything foul into health making ozone and hands it back to us without charge. No government label is necessary. It is a free gift of a ship for three hours a day, deep breathing like an athlete, and your lungs will be cleaned of everything poisonous. Your blood will start afire with the life of the ocean's stomach, where they are digested, salted down, cured and redestored pure again.—Marine Journal.

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Tomatoes, Peppers, Sweet Apples, Grapes and small white Onions.
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Your Inspection Invited.
MISS H. R. JUKES
Main Street, Barrington

Foolish Question.
"Hello!" cried the neighbor. "What are you building a new chicken house for?"
"Why," replied Nettles, "for a flock of plump elephants, of course. You didn't suppose I'd put chickens in it, did you?"

Applause.
A friend having declared in Mrs. Siddons' hearing that applause was necessary to actors, that it gave them confidence, "Move," interrupted she, "give us breath."

Beached.
"What else do you generally take when your wife gets in an argument with somebody else?"
"Outside. It's safer."—MUNWASHO Beached.

Barrington Local Happenings Told In Short Paragraphs

Milk is now selling for six cents a quart here.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mock of West Chicago were here this week.

Mrs. M. A. Bennett entertained the Friday Pleasure club last week.

The Dorcas society met at Mrs. A. Weichelt's Wednesday for work.

For Rent—Modern eight room house on Grove avenue. JAMES SHERIDAN.

Misses Esther and Malinda Wiseman spent mother, Mrs. Fred Wiseman.

Mr. and Mrs. Wayland McIntosh of Chicago visited Mrs. E. McIntosh here Sunday.

The lecture on Russia at the Baptist church next Wednesday night will be worth hearing.

Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Sprague and son Kenneth of Nunda visited at Fred Kampert's Sunday.

Mrs. Deahler, of Washington street, and son will have charge of the Farming farm this winter.

John C. Plagge left Tuesday night for a business trip to Springfield. He returned Thursday noon.

Mrs. Noyes of Evanston came Tuesday to visit her sister, Mrs. Eliza Prouty, for about a week.

Miss Mabel Wagner, nurse at the Baptist hospital, Chicago, visited at her parents here.

Miss Elsie Miller returned home Monday morning from about a week's visit with friends in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Martin expect to move next week into their new house on North Hawley street.

The Woman's club met at Mrs. H. Powers yesterday and devoted the time to a study of the writings of Eugene Field.

Mrs. Cella Manbeck of Naperville, Illinois, came last week to make her home here for the winter at her sister's, Mrs. A. Haelele.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Porter have moved from the Gray house on Main street to the Howard house, corner Franklin and Williams.

The Thursday club met at Mrs. John Collett's this week and Mrs. H. K. Brockway led the study of the articles in the October Cosmopolitan.

Genuine White Rice pop corn \$1.00 per bushel. Orders booked for delivery after Nov. 1st, 1907.

ARTHUR C. HEISE 31-3

The outer door of the Y. M. C. A. stairway has now been hung to swing outward to comply with the ordinance relating to doors on public buildings.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Wiseman and son Gilbert, and Mrs. Fred Wiseman left Tuesday to visit in Nebraska at the home of Mrs. Fred Lageschulte, a former Wiseman girl.

William Webb who has a summer home, "Mossley Hill" near the Harrower farm, Cuba township, has gone to a Chicago hospital for an operation. He is very sick and afflicted with a heart trouble.

Mrs. A. Haelele returned last Friday from a ten days' trip to Berwick, Pennsylvania, where she attended a convention of the Board of Missions of the United Evangelical churches of which she is secretary.

Carl Naecher and family next week will give possession of their present home on South Hawley street to Henry Plagge and family and will move to the Comstock farm east of town which they have purchased.

Mrs. Nellie Robertson and two children were here over Sunday visiting relatives. Mrs. Robertson has decided not to return to Denver but will live with her mother, Mrs. Flora Lines, in Maywood, Illinois.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wells and children, of Cemetery street, moved last Friday to West Chicago where Mr. Wells is now assistant supervisor of the Northwestern electric signals from Chicago to West Chicago on the Galena division.

Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Willmarth and family will leave tomorrow for Wyoming where Mr. Willmarth will visit for a few weeks and Mr. Willmarth will purchase an interest in a sheep ranch and remain in the West. The family will move there later.

Olivier W. Stewart, temperance lecturer of Chicago, was here Wednesday night at the Salem church to talk on the subject "Center of Iniquity." He is said to be a great speaker and thinker on the liquor question. He is a professional lecturer.

The new ladies card club has been named the Fortnightly Club. At Mrs. H. Power's last Friday afternoon sixteen ladies played club and Mrs. Ray Cannon took first prize and Mrs. Grunau second. Mrs. Am-lla Colby will be the next hostess, Oct. 25th.

Capt. A. S. Henderson and son, Bert, left Wednesday evening for Wall, S. Dakota, to take up a claim of land and develop it. Their departure was mainly for the benefit of Bert who is in failing health. All their friends and acquaintances here wish them success wherever they go.

Meivin C. McIntosh on last Saturday started proceedings in the Cook county court to break the will of his father, the late William B. McIntosh, who died in August, 1906, leaving an estate valued it is said at \$30,000, consisting of his two sons with small sums and leaving the bulk of the properties to three grandchildren.

The Chicago team, the Aerials, which was to have played the Y. M. C. A. team last Saturday did not arrive.

If you wish to escape publicity, don't try to dodge the editor. Write him a letter about it and then he will ignore you. —Saturday Evening Post.

A week from next Thursday is Halloween, Oct. 31st. At this early date the small boys are planning their fun. A joke is a joke but some of the actions of recent years if repeated will get the young people in trouble. Our merchants have been good natured and patient when their property has been stolen and buildings disfigured, but "there is an end to all things."

A Criminal Attack.
An unoffensive citizen is frequently made in that apparently useless little tube called the "appendix." It is generally the result of protracted constipation following liver torpor. Dr. King's New Life Pills regulate the liver, prevent appendicitis, and establish regular habits of the bowels. 25c at Barrington Pharm. Co.

Want to speak French fluently? Get a clothespin and pinch up your nose. Then start in, and in a week you will have the correct accent of the boulevard. To speak good French you must pretend to have a bad cold. Nothing is so simple in the good language as to French. You have not to make a public exhibition of the boulevard. From the menu of a New York American hotel—always in the cheapest possible language—the language de cuisine, or kitchen French. And in a discussion never forget to add every assertion or interrogation "n'est-ce pas?" In pure French this is spelled "n'est-ce pas?" In American it means, according to Dr. Amos Jefferys of Virginia "Ain't dat so?" New York Press.

Speaking French.
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A Disconcerting Interruption.
A good story is told of a disconcerting interruption which Mr. Gladstone once experienced when addressing a woman suffrage meeting in Leeds. In the course of his speech he paid a graceful compliment to the eloquence of the ladies who had previously spoken and further gallantly remarked on the great pleasure which it gives the other sex to listen to women talking. Pausing for a moment after this observation, Mr. Gladstone, like his audience, was thrown into an unexpected state of excitement by a male voice which proceeded from the back of the hall and proclaimed in the broadest Yorkshire dialect, "Thi, lad, thou'nt noon wed yet, I see?" —Westminster Gazette.

Women Nameless In Korea.
The Korean woman has not even a name. In her childhood she receives a nickname by which she is known in the family and by her near friends, but which when she arrives at maturity is removed only by her parents. To all other persons she is "the sister" or "the daughter" of such and such a one. After her marriage her name is buried. She is absolutely nameless. Her own parents refer to her by mentioning the district into which she has married. Should her marriage be blessed with children she is "the mother" of so-and-so. If it happens that a woman has to appear in a law court, the judge gives her a special name for use while the case lasts so as to save time and simplify matters.

Nothing Doing.
"What 'thi' asked the man acquitted of a charge of murder as his lawyer handed him a paper.
"That's my bill for services," explained the lawyer.
"Get out!" responded the acquitted.
"You proved I was insane, didn't you?"
"I did."
"Well, you can't do business with a 'insane'." —Philadelphia Ledger.

Humorous Poachers.
A French provincial paper has a story of a gamekeeper who, going his round one night, saw a poacher and pursued him, but lost him on the highway in the darkness. Soon a motor car came up, and the keeper accepted an offer from the occupants to get in for the purpose of following the poacher. But nothing could be seen of the culprit, and when the keeper asked to be let down there was a burst of laughter and an intimation he would find himself in Paris before morning. In the twilight the motor stopped in the Place de la Concorde, the keeper was thrown out, and the party—which, of course, included the poacher—drove away. The unlucky keeper had to pawn his gun to pay his train fare back. Envy.

"Think of the poet, uncomplaining industry of the busy bee," said the man who makes perfunctory efforts to be cheerful.
"The busy bee," replied the business man, "has no occasion to complain. He is one of the few manufacturers who are not being bothered constantly by the tariff or the pure food laws." —Washington Star.

NEWS OF WAUCONDA

Personal Paragraphs Submitted

By Our Very Able Correspondents.

Roy Sampson of Waukegan called on friends here Sunday.

Dr. Maudeline Platt of Chicago spent Saturday with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Malman were Grayslake callers Thursday.

Mrs. Mary Karp of Waukegan visited with Miss Sarah Geary this week.

Mrs. Eva Stanford of Chicago visited friends and relatives here, a few days this week.

Leo E. Malman who is attending the Northwestern School of Pharmacy at Chicago spent Sunday with relatives and friends in our village.

Quite a number of our citizens attended the ball game at Lily Lake, Sunday.

Mr. Comisky of Chicago, manager of the White Sox, passed through our village in his auto Friday.

Mrs. Grosvenor and lady friend of Chicago spent Saturday and Sunday with relatives and friends in our village.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. D. Straker and family visited with relatives at Palestine Sunday.

Misses Grace and Myrtle Mullen and Emma Van Natta were city callers Saturday.

A number of young people of Wauconda and vicinity attended the dance at Long Grove, Saturday evening.

Ed. Loomis who has been employed by H. F. Scherman at the Lake's Corner's factory for the past two months moved to McHenry Thursday.

Mrs. H. T. Fuller and Grandma Fuller started for Jackson, Michigan, where they will spend two weeks with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Malman started for Pierre, S. Dak. Tuesday. They will be gone about two weeks and will take in the sights of the west.

Died—at the home of her daughter, Mrs. M. C. Smith, Mrs. Phoebe Oaks, Monday, October 14th, aged eighty-six years.

Miss Lucy Spencer, of McHenry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Spencer, formerly of Wauconda, was married to Walter Peak of Kentucky, October 16, 1907.

Hard Times in Kansas.

The old days of grasshoppers and drought are almost forgotten in the prosperous Kansas of today; although a citizen of Coler, Carl Shamburg, has not yet forgotten a hard time he encountered. He says, "I was worn out 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 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

His Dear Old Mother.

"My dear old mother, who is now eighty-three years old, thrives on Electric Bitters," writes W. B. Brunson, of Dublin, Ga. "She has taken them for about two years and enjoys an excellent appetite, feels strong and sleeps well." That's the way Electric Bitters affect the aged, and the same happy results follow in all cases of female weakness and general debility. Weak, puny children too, are greatly strengthened by them. Guaranteed also for stomach, liver and kidney troubles, by Barrington Pharmacy 50c.

Women Nameless In Korea.
The Korean woman has not even a name. In her childhood she receives a nickname by which she is known in the family and by her near friends, but which when she arrives at maturity is removed only by her parents. To all other persons she is "the sister" or "the daughter" of such and such a one. After her marriage her name is buried. She is absolutely nameless. Her own parents refer to her by mentioning the district into which she has married. Should her marriage be blessed with children she is "the mother" of so-and-so. If it happens that a woman has to appear in a law court, the judge gives her a special name for use while the case lasts so as to save time and simplify matters.

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"I did."
"Well, you can't do business with a 'insane'." —Philadelphia Ledger.

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Beating the Bryans.

By LESTER CORNING.

Copyright, 1915, by C. H. Butcher.

"That woman is back again," snarled Mrs. Paulding. Her son smiled. "That" woman could be none other than Mrs. Bryan, the only person in Glendale who dared challenge Mrs. Paulding's pretensions to social leadership.

"They got in last night," said Fred merrily. "They had three weeks at the shore, two weeks in the mountains and a month in New York. They brought back a lot of things from there."

"And where did you get all this information?" demanded Mrs. Paulding in key tones.

"Easy," said Fred promptly. "I met her down at the postoffice and walked part of the way home with her."

"I wish you would remember that I do not like to have you speak to that best person," said Mrs. Paulding frostily. "Mrs. Beeman had the audacity to ask at the sewing circle the other afternoon if you were engaged to Nancy."

"There doesn't seem to be a chance for such talk," said Fred gloomily as he rose from the table. "Every time I ask her she reminds me how our respective mothers-in-law would love us."

"Every time!" repeated his astonished mother. "May I ask how many times you have lowered your dignity by proposing to that impudent girl?"

"About a hundred," said the easy response. "One of these days I'll catch her off her guard and she'll say 'Yes.'"

"I hope I may never live to see the day," said his mother dolefully.

"I hope you do," he said, with a laugh, as he bent and kissed the tightly compressed lips. "You'd like her, wouldn't you? You'd like her mother so."

"Fred slipped out of the room, and his mother could hear the rumble of his car in the street."



"FRED AND NANCY WERE MARRIED HALF AN HOUR AGO."

laughter as he crossed the broad hall. For a time she sat with compressed lips as she pondered the situation. Until two years before she had quipped at the Glendale set both by virtue of her husband's business and political importance and because of her own skill as an entertainer. Then the new pulp mill had been started at the upper dam, and Benewah Bryan had brought his family to live in Glendale.

From the first the two women had crossed swords. Mrs. Bryan, who humbly followed other leaders in the city, now asserted her right to the title in the small town, and by the brilliancy of her entertainments she had very nearly wrested social supremacy from her established rival before Mrs. Paulding had realized what was going on.

Her own entertainments became more ambitious, and for the last year the advantage had lain first with one and then the other. To have Fred fall a victim to Nancy Bryan was the worst blow she had sustained, and had the known the Nancy's mother was as furious as she at the turn affairs had taken she would have devoted small comfort from that fact. In blundering ignorance of Mrs. Bryan's state of mind, she elected to believe it a move of that designing woman.

To add to the discomfort of the situation, she heard during the day that Mrs. Bryan was to celebrate her return by a grand party of unusual proportions.

A number of her city friends were to make up a house party, and there was to be dancing on the lawn to the music of an orchestra famous throughout the state.

In her calmer moments Mrs. Paulding would have waited for triumph. But the prospect of the lawn party had not soothed her. When she learned that her son had announced a party for the same afternoon and evening, she engaged a large band for the promenade grounds and arranged for a house of champagne to be put up on the lawn.

Glendale society was shaken to its foundations, and on each side were kindled the flames of bitter rivalry.

The new feature was added as an afterthought until it seemed that nothing short of the engagement of a circus could definitely settle the matter.

It was in this frame of mind that Mrs. Paulding approached her son.

"You know that automobile you wanted," she began at the breakfast table. "I'll get it for you if you can do some feature that Mrs. Bryan can't possibly get for her party. That woman has copied every idea I have originated so far."

"You give me carte blanche?" he demanded.

"Spend as much as you like," she murmured.

"And you won't ask what it is until I spring it?" he stipulated.

"I promise," she said. "I may rely upon you, Fred."

"For the sensation of the season," he assured, "take heart of grace, mother mine. I am planning to shake Glendale to its very foundations."

Much relieved, Mrs. Paulding hurried to confide in her dearest friends that she would have a sensation that could not be equaled. This in due course was communicated to Mrs. Bryan, who worried much; but, since Mrs. Paulding did not herself know the nature of the surprise, she could not betray Fred's plans.

The day of the "double header," as Paulding irreverently referred to it, dawned bright and beautiful, and by 2 o'clock the festivities were under way. There were circus performances on both lawns, and honors seemed fairly even. Mrs. Paulding went about with a smile of confidence upon her face and with skillful references to her surprise kept curiosity up to pitch. The afternoon passed without the appearance of the surprise, and the dusk had gathered before Fred disappeared, and it went was passed that he had gone to engineer the great event. An hour later the Paulding butler sought his mistress, and she vanished into the house.

She found Fred in the library, and with him was Nancy Bryan.

"I want to introduce you to the sensation of the season," said Fred, with a laugh, as he led the girls to the door. "Nancy and I were married half an hour ago."

"And this is your surprise?" she gasped.

"Could you have a greater one?" he asked. "Every one knows of the rivalry between you and Mrs. Bryan. If you turn your party into a wedding reception you'll beat Mrs. Bryan to a standstill. You've been bragging about your surprise. You pretend you know what it was coming all along, and the laugh is on Mrs. Bryan."

For a moment Mrs. Paulding hesitated. In some ways it was a bitter pill to swallow; but, as Fred had shown her, it was necessary to make the best of the situation. She stepped forward and took the bright faced girl in her arms.

"My dear," she said, sincerely, "I am very glad to welcome my son's wife to her new home. Let us go out on the lawn. I will introduce you to my friends."

She turned toward the door, but paused as down the street there came the sound of a marching band.

"What is that," she asked—"more of the surprise?"

Paulding nodded his head. "It's the people from the Bryans coming to congratulate the bride!" he exclaimed.

"Mr. Bryan was with us, but went home to tell his wife and invite the crowd over here. You have swallowed up Mrs. Bryan's party with your counter attractions. I guess I've kept my promise, haven't I?"

Mrs. Paulding patted the curly head. "You have kept your promise," she agreed. "You have shaken us all to our very foundations." Then, putting on her best smile, she led the way to the piazza to meet Mrs. Bryan at the head of her guests.

Genesis of the Hailstone.

If it were possible for the countless trillions of dust particles that float, separately, invisible, in the atmosphere there could be no raindrops, snow crystals or hailstones. From a perfectly dustless atmosphere no moisture would descend in countless rain without drops. The dust particles serve as nuclei about which the vapor gathers. The snow crystal is the most beautiful, the hailstone is the most extraordinary. The heart of every hailstone is a tiny speck of dust. Such a speck, with a little moisture condensed about it, is the germ from which may be formed a hailstone capable of felling a man or smashing a window. But first it must be caught up by a current of air and carried to the level of the dry cirrus clouds, five or six or even ten miles high. Then, continually growing by fresh accretions of moisture, it begins its long plunge to the earth, spinning through the clouds and shaking in the sun like a diamond ball shot from a rainbow.

Still He Wouldn't Reform.

This curious case of old time spiritism is taken by DeWoe from Baxter's (1815-1861) "Historical Discourse on Apparitions." "There is now in London an understanding, sober, pious man, one of my hearers, who has an elder brother, a gentleman of considerable rank, who, having formerly seemed pious, of late years does often fall into the sin of drunkenness. He often lodges long together here in his mother's house, and whenever he is drunk and has 'stept himself sober' something knocks at his bed head, and he says, 'What's the matter? When they remove his bed it follows him. Besides other loud noises on other parts where he is, that all the house hears. He has often watched him sleep, and he has said he should do himself.' But his mother declared that she had never his shoes under the bed when up and 'nothing visible to him.' She has seen him sleep in his bed in spite of these noises when he was sober, and she has never known him to be drunk since."

\$1207.37

Dundee, Illinois,
October 14, 1917.

This day appeared before me F. F. Hall, treasurer of the C. F. Hall Company, and made affidavit that on Saturday, October 12th, the cash sales of the Company amounted to \$1207.37.

Signed: Robert Schultz,
Notary Public.

F. F. Hall,
Treas. C. F. Hall Co.

Last week we published in this paper and in every other in which we advertise, a warning to our customers to do their trading (if possible) on some other day beside Saturday;—we were apt to be too rushed then to do our best for them. The show was the result.

We now withdraw the warning. Come any day you like and we will see that you get what you want. Some reasons for coming are:—

Underwear: Sale of Samples

Over 800 sample garments in Men's, Women's and Children's sizes at 1 less than regular prices. Lot consists of samples which have been used in a wholesale house and by traveling men and are slightly soiled from handling. Cottons and Wools in shirts and drawers; also some very special Union suits. Guaranteed saving on every purchase.

Ladies' heavy Cotton Union Suits, 3pc 2 for.....\$1.50
Finest gauge Cotton Union Suits.....75c
Good quality heavy Grey, or Black Wool Union Suits 95c.....\$1.19
Men's fine wool Shirts, 75c, 95c.....\$1.29
Every style and make will be found among these samples, which we offer at a saving of 1.

Specials from all Departments

White German Enamel Pitchers.....25c
Fancy Woven Baskets, 4 styles of 25c makes, choice.....15c
36 in. Sharkskin Dress Goods, all colors, per yard.....25c
Lonsdale Cambric, in short lengths, per yard.....13c
Large White Enamelled Dish Pans 37 and.....49c
Boys' and Girls' Heavy Wool Hose 12 1/2 and.....19c
Ladies' fine black Wool Hose, specials 15 and.....19c
Men's full cut, long, loose, all wool Overcoats, serge lined body with satin lined sleeves \$4.95, \$5.95, \$7.95
Boys' Cap sale over 15 styles of 25c caps, at.....10c
Men's mixed Wool socks 10 and.....13c
Men's heavy, long cut, Tenela Flannel Night Shirts, sale of \$1.00 makes for.....85c
36 inch all wool Dress Flannels, all colors, per yard.....30c
Tennis Flannels, remnants of 10 and 12 goods, per yard.....71c
11-14 Bed Blankets, per pair 55c 104 size.....45c
Remnants of Best Quality Calicoes per yard.....51c
Pure White German Enamel Wash Basins, 22 and.....25c

Ladies' Department Values

SECOND FLOOR.
All Children's, Misses' and Ladies' ready-to-wear goods shown in our Ladies' Department.

Ladies' Cloak Values

The prevailing styles are the long, loose cut, 54 inch coats. Short half fitted Bear Skin and Crushed Plush Jackets are also worn. Note and compare our prices.

Black, Satin lined, Broadcloth Coat.....\$6.87
Grey mixed, heavy Kersey Coats \$5.97
Finest Black Broadcloth, elaborately trimmed Coats, \$20.00 makes, for.....\$10.97
Heavyweight Black Kersey cloaks.....\$6.49
Half fitted bear cloth Jackets, with Persian trimming.....\$11.99
54 inch Ladies' Crushed Plush Cloaks.....\$11.99
Girls' Box Coats, specials, \$12.25, 95c
Glede of Ladies' and Misses' 54 inch Cloaks, in plain and fancy materials, over 70 in this lot, choice \$4.39
Draped Sequen, Furs, Fall Suits and Skirts, Ladies' Fancy Coats, now

Skirts That Have Been In Soak

Bought of the railroad, 400 Skirts, that have been to the bottom of the Missouri River. Some show water stains. Many do not. All fine materials. All have been pressed and put in best possible condition. Original prices \$2.50 to \$10.00. Now offered at less than 1/2 that.

Millinery Department

The place to get bobby styles at low prices. The place to get good hats. Prices lower than you find elsewhere. Visit new department on 2nd floor.

Remember

We sell only solid leather shoes. We are headquarters for all ready-to-wear goods.

THANK \$10 AND BUDGET BUDGET TRY THEM AND WE REFUND YOUR CASH. Please. Thanks or Return Thanks if you drive.

The Rise of a Painter.

Only painters looked long at the picture which Eugene Carriere exhibited at the salon of 1877, and for a dozen years afterward, while his portraits and his studies of children and women steadily gained in distinctive character, they puzzled and repelled the unwary, says Henry Cooper George in the Century. Their merging varied colors in a single tone, their dissolving of sharp contours in smoke hued mist, suggested either indolence or myopia of vision. Yet little by little Carriere impressed first a few critics and critics, then part of the public, then even the minority of fine arts. In 1889 he was decorated, and in the next year, when his paintings were seen at the then new Salon du Champ de Mars isolated in a single group, Carriere began to be more widely understood. His fervid sincerity reverberating, as it were, from picture to picture destroyed all suspicion of pose, and as his technique grew familiar the sculptural solidity of his heads and figures suggested that this mild in proof of his genius of eye and hand.

The Herring's Heads.

Miracles are not only of religion. The herring may be the origin of the strange adventure of the great Johann Sebastian Bach. The story was told by Bach himself and is therefore, we may be assured, substantially true. There was a very young man at the time. His chief object then was to bear a great organ of Hamburg named Heinken. He was very poor, and on one of these journeys, returning home he found himself destitute and yet far from Lüneburg. So he sat down on a bench outside an inn and tried to dine on the smell of the cooking. Suddenly a window was thrown open above and a couple of herrings heads fell at his feet. He picked them up and discovered in each a piece of money! He could not find out who his benefactor had been. He made a good use of the gift, for he immediately trumped back to Lüneburg to hear Heinken once more. However it happened, it was a miracle. But Bach was following the regions of the miracle—London Academy.

What Barbers Must Know.

The barber spoke indignantly. "A doctor, a lawyer or a divine," he said, "learned his business in three or four years, and afterward he is wonderfully looked up to. It takes us barbers many, many more years to learn our business, but who is there that looks up to us? On the contrary, we are rather looked down on."

"Yet think of all a good barber must know today."

"He must not only shave and cut hair and trim beards beautifully. He must understand facial massage, slugging, hairdressing, undressing, drying, wigmaking and switchmaking, and he must be able to compound pleasant washes and shampoo lotions, massage creams, skin foods, eradicators and regenerators and depilatories—if you know what they are—tonics, oils, bristles and shaving creams."

"With all this knowledge why shouldn't the modern barber hold his head as high as any doctor or lawyer or preacher in the land?"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Rise in the Salt.

There is no denying the fact that salt will not run out of a shaker in humid weather. It is a very clever mineral; knows enough to stay in when it rains. There is no better reminder. The best thing ever known to cause the salt to run is rice. Heat a teaspoonful of rice on the stove and put it in the salt shaker with the salt. The hot rice quickly absorbs all the moisture and the salt knows forth as dry as the inside of the desert. Two dry grains of rice are sufficient for a small shaker. Although it has only plain salt in the top, the salt will not pack in the moist humid weather.—New York Press.

Myer—I'm going over to the barber shop to get a hair cut.

Gregory—You've got them all cut while you are at it?

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"Water of Life."

Distilled spirits came into use in London in 1600 and had to be prohibited in 1694. Michael Bevanston produced a treatise on the making of "water of life" in the fifteenth century which became a standard authority on that subject and was followed by the work of Matthioli of Bienna. These books gave an impetus to brandy making in Italy, whence the trade extended to France—London Graphic.

"Pa, why do they call all sodas 'water'?"

"Because there are no women with them."—Judge.

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