

Paul-riding generates enemies.
A bear in camp is worth two in the castrake.

The deepest grief finds no expression in words.

Faculties in the poor are only eccentricities in the rich.

An automobile ran into the post office. Hence all the dead letters.

Lychning has a most deplorable effect—particularly to the gentlemen lychned.

A Yarmouth man has married a girl named Dollar. Hereafter she will only be a better half.

The Zeppelin airship outdistanced a steamer. Most any airship would. It has the advantage of gravity.

It is a dull man who does not wait with more or less interest for the appearance of the "curious woman."

Conan Doyle, with or without the aid of his friend, Sherlock Holmes, has succeeded at last in finding a wife.

A Chicago forist is growing dahlias equipped with thorns. No doubt he figures that his patrons will get stuck on them.

A policeman in Brooklyn recently reported a hard battle with a real live rattlesnake. They must serve strenuous liquids from the Brooklyn side doors.

The manufacture of glass eyes is said to be a growing one. However, this is not an indication that the story stars will become more than usually fashionable.

Sweden is starting with the idea of snaking the America cup and what's more, she will send a steel yacht, not a wooden one as first announced, after it. More power to her!

New York can't get over the fact that her buildings are high. Every time a skyscraper paints a sarsaparilla on top of one of them she's got a front page story with pictures.

Prof. Haupt having decided that Solomon did not write the songs attributed to him, says the Washington Star, may now take up the question of who wrote "Laugh and the World Laughs with You."

A convention for the purpose of discouraging fish stores is expected to be held in New York in a short time. While it is not authentically stated, it is strongly suspected that fishermen will not attend.

It is probably true that the public welfare and safety do not call for the rigid enforcement of the law which requires the placing of exit signs over the doors of the interiors of the country churches. What they seem to need most is more general attention to the entrance signs outside.

It is reported that a man in Denver has married his mother-in-law. This may seem strange, but Edgar Allan Poe, who was somewhat hypercritical, once wrote a sonnet eulogizing his wife's mother. Still, the Benedict in question must have mixed up things considerably if his new spouse should happen to be a stepmother to her grandchildren.

The opinion of Mrs. Gilson, of Champaign, Ill., that the substitution of the Teddy bear for the doll will not mean a "diminution of the instincts of maternity," carries with it the weight of her position as president of the National Union of Mothers. An additional argument for the substitution of bears is that it may help the young idea to shoot, beginning at the earliest possible period.

By way of variety, why not sing the praises of the peaceful fishes that plow the waters of the great lakes? asks the Detroit Free Press. They outperform far the armored and armored crafts of destruction. They build and do not tear down. They symbolize life, prosperity and progress; not death or suffering. There is a glorious and blessed mission contributing ever to the strength and renown of the country.

Two Paris physicians are reported to have demonstrated that radium will remove birthmarks. The method is very simple—the application of a plain surface covered with a varnish containing radium—and it is said to be painless as well as radical in its removal of all trace of the marks, without any disfigurement. If the report is correct it will cause radium to be recognized as a boon to the human race by a number of persons who heretofore have taken very little interest in it.

This proposition to make bank notes of different colors, varying according to the denomination of the bills, is at least well calculated to give point and pertinency to the language of the vernacular as to the color of your money. Otherwise it is a somewhat fanciful proposition.

A surgical operation has been performed on a New York woman, in which six of her internal organs were removed. It is said that she will live, but that she will not be so much harmony in her life as heretofore.

NEED TWO FLEETS

PRESIDENT'S POSITION IS THE RIGHT ONE.

Little Doubt That Congress Will Fall in With the Suggestion—Protestation for the Pacific Coast.

Report has it that in his message at the opening of congress the president will urge the building of several battle ships, and the naval commission of both houses will favor the scheme. Probably this is correct. The president is expected to urge this on the ground that it will be necessary to have two powerful fleets, one on the Pacific and the other on the Atlantic. As this need ought to be apparent to everybody, congress will be expected to fall in line with the president's suggestion. According to the present plans the big Atlantic fleet will be ready to start for the Pacific just about the time the oceanic is coming together. Two vessels of the fleet have just got under way, and are to make the trip before the rest of the squadron moves.

The president is for most of the fleet to return to the Atlantic after making the cruise in the big western ocean. It is safe to say, however, that several of them will be detailed for the Pacific coast. As the president remarked in his recent St. Louis address, the Pacific coast is as much American as the Atlantic coast, and it needs the protection of the navy just as strongly. There is, indeed, more need for powerful fleet to be kept constantly in the Pacific than in the other ocean. Trouble is much more likely to come from Japan than from any other quarter. For police purposes we need a large fleet on our western ocean border. Our coast line there is much longer than it is on the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico.

Some Democratic papers are saying that the president's purpose in sending the fleet to the Pacific is to arouse a popular sentiment throughout the country which will compel congress, in the coming session, to provide for a substantial increase in the navy. Possibly they are correct in this surmise. The increase, however, is needed, and it ought to have been authorized last year or earlier. San Francisco, Portland and Seattle need the protection of our warships just as much as do New York, Boston and Philadelphia. The country will stand no favoritism in the distribution of the land or naval force. The president is neither an eastern man nor a westerner. He is an American, and as an American he will ask congress to legislate for the whole country. Any view to which the foreign authorities the United States stands in the second place in naval strength now, with England in the front rank. The American people want their country to retain the second place and advance steadily toward the first place.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Why Farmers Are Protectionists.
If there is anyone who deserves the comforts of this life, it is the farmer. When a farmer has splendid gas lights all over his farm, his bath, his bedroom, his cold running water, his furnace heat, his hard wood floors, his piano, his gas for cooking and even gas lights in his barn, he can't shed tears over his trodden condition. And we are glad that we can't. In addition, of course, has rural free delivery at his door. All he needs is a trolley car and an automobile. As it is, he has more of the comforts of life than any resident of Belle Plaine. This is an overdrawn picture. If you don't believe it we can show you, and with in eight miles of Belle Plaine, too.—Belle Plaine Union.

It is this collection of things that makes the average Iowa farmer a protectionist. All of the good things that the Union speaks of have come to him through the beneficent operation of the protective tariff, which has not only afforded him better prices for his grain and produce, but has furnished him a wonderful market in which to sell. The unlimited amount of work now afforded the laboring man, and the splendid wages he is receiving, are able him to buy generously of the good things of this life, which include in large measure the products of the farm. With scaling down of the protective tariff, the farmer would at once experience a decrease in demand for what he has to sell and a resultant falling off in profit. There are those who strenuously deny the farmer is benefited by the protective tariff, but not many of them exist among the farming classes.—Burlington Hawk Eye.

The American Payroll.
True it is that the American payroll has no equal anywhere. Compositors, stone masons and plumbers, on an average the country over, receive 46 cents an hour. The general average of the skilled trades is 35 cents an hour, as against 12 cents an hour in Germany and 17 1/2 cents in Great Britain.

In the last generation, while the population has doubled, the wages paid to labor has tripled, the sums deposited in savings banks has more than quadrupled and the savings invested in life insurance have quadrupled. It is to get a place on the American payroll that immigrants are coming in at the rate of a million a year. The American payroll means "the full dinner pail," and it means, Mr. Cortelyou says, something more than that. It means the American school and the American home.—N. Y. Mail.

NOW UP TO THEMSELVES.

Philippines to Settle Vested Questions in Assembly.

It is not probable the members of the Philippine assembly or the people of the islands will be altogether satisfied with the promise of future independence given by William H. Taft, secretary of war, speaking in part for President Roosevelt. Yet there is good reason to believe that they are their nearest way out. In fact, complete acquiescence in that promise and devotion to their energies to cultivation of civic virtues and orderly life will shorten the period of their dependence more than all else. Flamboyant discontent and resistance to American rule will simply prolong the present regime, to the disadvantage alike of the United States and the Philippines.

Secretary Taft's positive assurance that there is no thought of transferring the islands to any other power should have a good effect. There has been no serious question on that point in this country, however it may have been discussed by the press, but the people of the Philippines needed that assurance. They are thus given but one avenue of escape from the "American yoke," as they are pleased to call it, and that is to fit themselves as they may for self-government.

Beyond these announcements, "by authority," Secretary Taft gave the members of the assembly good advice. He wisely refrained from specifying legislative details that they must pass. He did suggest careful attention to their civil service and then discussed broadly the subject of good government. On the whole, the address is another proof of the diplomatic ability of the secretary of war, containing enough of positive warning to restrain an ebullient people and enough optimistic good wishes and confidence to incite friendly feeling. The task is now for the assembly, and the people of the United States will note with interest how the membership approaches its duty. It may mean the lightening of the increasing "white man's burden" in that quarter.

A Virginia Free Trader.

Says the Norfolk Free Trader: The Dingy bill does more plunder than a band of pirates. The profitable funds yielded in a decade. Of all schemes of robbery that by law is the most thorough and comprehensive. The pirates of Tarifa had a glimmering idea of the principle, but they did not have \$50,000,000 of subjective victims of people on whom to wreak its practice.

This is in the good old free trade way in which a few years ago the country was familiar. Protection is robbery. Cut it out, therefore, free the people from the system—not by degrees, but immediately. Why long tolerate an abuse so shameless and offensive? Make it a crime, not on any order of going, but at once.

We shall not see the Democratic party make any such pronouncement next year. A comparatively recent experience taught it a lesson it will not soon forget. Memories of 1892-94 are too fresh. The people recall the promises of the last Cleveland campaign, when protection was challenged to a fight to the death, and then the performance of a Democratic Congress—a body which many of the protected industries dominated. There never was a more ignominious surrender. Mr. Cleveland pronounced it perfidious and dishonorable, but Mr. Gorman and others who engineered it declared that he had consented to the work.

But the record in the main and in the essentials is unchallenged and unchallengeable. The Democracy won on its platform and with a candidate consenting to it, yet violated its promise. Protection was not only not destroyed, but actually codified. The sugar trust had bought its schedule with a campaign contribution, and got the goods. The bill was a botch, but this grew out of the efforts to hunt with the bounds and in Canada. It was another instance of the failure of bunco—a word which Mr. Bryan has applied to the whole of Mr. Cleveland's second administration.

Secretary Root.

Mr. Root has returned from Mexico, where he was most cordially received. The fruits of his visit may not show at once, but that they will show in time and prove of great and lasting benefit to both parties is certain. The Washington Star, by a special commissioner, so to say, the secretary of state has revealed his talents. In Central and South America he favorably impressed his hosts, and in Canada was quite successful. And now the Mexicans have set their approval on him. Mr. Root is not a "jollifier" nor anything of the typical courtier, but an uncommon man of some nerve, and of sober and unornamental phrase. Still, in Spanish and in English America he succeeds equally well. In warm and in cold countries his temperate pleasantness and his tact and his recognition in him one to be trusted and who has a message worth hearing.

Always Had Bryan Sized Up.

Mr. Bryan says the large metropolitan cities are open to the highest bidder. The huge bid of an inflated currency didn't catch any of them, and the silver barians failed to get the support of a newspaper of any consequence. Mr. Bryan's chair in the suit of disappointment in his attempts to fool the press. The leading newspapers have always sized him up correctly.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY

By WILLIAM T. KILLS

The Disfranchisement American Journalist is Traveling Around the World for the Purpose of Investigating the American Foreign Missionary from a Layman's Standpoint. Illustrated with Drawings and from Photographs.

China Does Not Want the Missionary, But Needs Him

Hong-Kong, China.—Kecialisms the fervid missionary speaker, "China's millions are crying for the Gospel." Rabbits!

China's millions would like to throw Christianity into the Yellow sea, and they would have a fete day in the banishment or murder of every missionary within the borders of the Middle Kingdom. If they had their way, it is only the fear of foreign gunboats and armies that makes China endure the missionary. Everybody in China knows that, be he missionary, merchant or legislator. The untruthfulness of the sort of sentimental presentation of the missionary cause that is so frequently indulged in throughout Christendom is clearly understood and earnestly deplored by every thinking missionary.

China does not want missionaries or missions. Sir Ernest Satow was right when he declared that China does not desire the spiritual side of western civilization. Not for a minute. From the shrewd, unforgetting old oligarch on the throne down to the ignorant, superstitious, ox-like coolie trailing at a horse's head, the Chinese people may be said to be practically one in not desiring the "Jesus way." True, they now want the appliances of western civilization, to make more effective their old spirit, as when officials of North China conspired by telegraph against a foreign-administered famine relief. Put the principles of Christian civilization there care not for at all.

Desires Versus Needs.

China does not want the western religion. But does she need it? Ah! that is another story. While there is almost no basis for the enormous mis-



Chinese Family Dining While Surrounded by Indescribable Filth.

slonary propaganda in the desires of the people, there is abundant warrant for it in their necessities. As little as a dirty small boy desires a scrubbing, he still requires it; so with this vast nation. Let me, after a careful investigation that has ranged through many cities and villages, from remote Peking to little settlements in the remote interior which have no place on the maps, indicate a few of the reasons why, in the eyes of ordinary man of common sense, the presence of the missionaries, those pioneers of civilization, is justifiable in China.

China is dirty. The first day I landed on her shores I said that her greatest apparent and immediate need was 400,000,000 cakes of soap and an ocean of disinfectant. On this point I am writing to uncomprehending readers; for America can never understand or imagine the unspeakable filthiness of the Chinese, in their persons, in their clothes, in their dwellings and in their streets. It is almost impossible to list at the true state of affairs in any public less unlicensed than a medical journal.

The tourist who "does" China, by passing through the port cities stopping at the big hotels—although these are bad enough, in all conscience—can have no understanding of what life is like in the interior. Only those who live or travel in the interior can comprehend this. I have found many reasons for admiring the missionary body as a whole, none of these is greater than the manner in which they maintain, amid such miserable surroundings, the ideals and standards and practices of cultivated American life. To be a lady in interior China is to be a heroine.

John Chinaman Too Much for Germs. The germ theory is all upset by a study of China. By all the laws of modern medical science, the country should be continually ravaged by destructive plagues. The Chinese seem to grow fat on germs; they eat them alive, as they also eat, in order to get back their blood, certain unnamable creatures which they pick by the dozen from their persons and raiment. "China's millions" is a good, reputable missionary phrase at once; out here it is used to designate the uncounted guests with whom you are obliged to share your bare room in a Chinese inn, or your sleeping shelf on a Chinese boat. I can scarcely imagine any power short of a supernatural religion, that can clean up the Chinese, even externally. As for his inward, mental and spiritual filthiness, that must be passed over in silence. To hear, and understand, one Chinese as he reviles another is to discover a new and horrible world of corrupt imaginings.

Making Sport of Suffering.

The first day we landed in China, we saw some children having fun in sport in killing a kitten by the gentle process of jumping upon it. The impression then formed has been steadily deepened, that the Chinese are a cruel people, cruel to dumb creatures, but crueler to one another. The statement is almost warranted that here is a nation without a sense of pity or sympathy. A roadside death is a pastime for the bystanders. When a coolie was cut clear in half by the swinging of a heavy steel plate against the highway of a ship at

age to maintain their simplicity and open-heartedness in this land of guile is a marvel of religion's power.

Being a liar, the Chinese is also, logically, "faked." The steamship clerk thought no more of stealing two dollars from a stranger than the vicar thought of "sneaking" the public house. He would also doubtless have worked off his counterfeit money in change, had change been required. On that very occasion I discovered, by the refusal of a Chinese to accept it, that he had one of the inimitable counterfeit coins with which the land is flooded. When I threw it into the river the surrounding Chinese plainly looked as if they thought that I should be thrown after it, as a fool and a miser. Simple honesty is most madman. Simple honesty in most matters seems beyond the Chinese ken, although they have a scrupulousness about keeping contracts once made, and about fulfilling trusts, which has been frequently and justly praised.

No Work for Gospel.

One day a certain native pastor was pointed out to me as a man who really loved his flock. The Chinese are so rare as to be noteworthy. Marriage here is a matter of barter and convenience. Yesterday I dined with a progressive official whose head wife sat at a table with her two subordinates to wait on her, while his three subordinate wives stood around the room, or peeped in at the doorway, and two of his pretty little slave girls waited on the table. The family felt, or rather cash feeling, I not based primarily on affection, but mutual self-interest. The quarrelsome nature of the Chinese family is patent to the ears of every resident. If any one thinks that the ordinary Chinese woman, especially after she becomes a mother-in-law, is a crushed and desolate creature, she should hear her in scolding for five minutes. No man is better able to look out for himself than this same small-fogged creature.

The absence of anything approaching the home life known to America or Great Britain is a conspicuous fact about China. The cities are noisy, not with traffic, for they have none of our modern means of conveyance, but with the perpetual and everywhere present sound of squabbling and strife. Here it is "Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost." On yesterday as I rode along the street in a rickshaw, I saw a grown man trying to steal a bundle of old straw fuel from a group of tots whose ages must have ranged from four to eight. And the children, who showed how early young Chinese learn to look out for itself. China is a synonym for selfishness.

In all these observations I have not had out of mind the virtues of the Chinese—their patience, their industry, their frugality, the obedience to authority and their respect for the established order. The virtues have been magnified in their place. The present design is simply to point out certain deficiencies which Christianity, ideally, at least, would remedy. Missionaries would not be wasted in China, but they are needed.

Are the Christians Better?

A study of the facts compels the statement that in the case of many native converts these objectionable Chinese characteristics have been eliminated, showing that "Christianity" really has the power to make over the people. From one viewpoint this is the crux of the missionary question. Are the Chinese better? Do they display the virtues which are commonly supposed to accompany the Christian religion?

While it is true, as the oldest living missionaries would tell you, that recently, that "There are more heathen in China" today than there were when Robert Morrison began work 100 years ago, owing to the increase in population, yet there is also a body of native Christians whose faith is ineradicable. The Boxer movement convinced China that Christianity among her people is here to stay, and cannot be stamped out.

These native Christians are for the most part sincere and steadfast. Subtracting all those who may in any way be called "rice Christians" and who, so far as I can ascertain, are a decided minority, there remains a body of men and women who have been made over by Christianity. The light in their faces alone is enough to mark them. They are sincere in various parts of the empire. I have seen hundreds such; some I have come to know personally. The unpleasant traits of their fellow countrymen which have not been eradicated, have been stamped out by them; they bear the marks by which sincere disciples of the Nazarene have been distinguished in all ages.

Slow, hard and discouraging are the labors of the missionary, but a handful of such converts are his reward. Despite the dead weight of inertia which continually confronts him, the missionary is a more active position and hostility of the people as well, he is steadily winning his way, undercutting the foundations of the old creeds, disseminating a new spirit of freedom, tolerance, and sympathy among the people, and preparing for the advent of that day, whose dawning he confidently expects, when the Senator Bingham, "My attention has been largely expended in keeping down campaign expenses. I have been studying economic politics."

His Sunday.

"Have you devoted much time to the study of political economy?" "No," the Senator Bingham. "My attention has been largely expended in keeping down campaign expenses. I have been studying economic politics."

The CASTLE OF LIES

BY ARTHUR HENRY VESSEY
(REPRINTED FROM THE LITERARY DIGEST)

CHAPTER XXX.—Continued.

"The papers from the safe, did you say?" asked Helena in slow wonder.

"Perhaps you know that I was imprisoned in the room under the eaves, for three hours to loosen the bar of the window. I made my way round the sloping roof of the towers by the stone gutter to the window of that other room. The window was open. When I gained it, and was about to enter it, I saw this man, whom I believed to be your brother, enter the room, bolt the door behind him, kneel at the safe, open it, and select from it a packet of papers which he now has in his pocket."

If Forbes had expected Helena to be dumfounded at this surprising news, his wish was gratified. But she was wonder tempered with infinite fire. The papers that convicted her brother of guilt had been rescued from the cruel clutch of Madame de Varrier. She did not realize at once that the steward clear of Chatterbox only to fall foul to Scylla. The pearl of Sir Mortimer's girl being known was now infinitely greater than it had been half an hour ago. Her own defense of myself, and Madame de Varrier's untimely interruption, had both alienated all sympathy from Helena and strengthened his conviction that I was one of the conspirators.

If I had kept silent so long, if it seems unmanly that I should have allowed a woman to plead in my behalf—it is because I was racking my brain for a means of escape from the awkward predicament that held me captive.

"I have told you, Captain Forbes, that I have ample reason to believe in the honesty of Mr. Haddon. If he has taken any papers from the safe, it is with my fullest and deepest gratitude. It was the woman there who had stolen them from my brother. They are personal papers. They only my mother and myself now that Mortimer is dead. Mr. Haddon will restore them to me."

"I shall forbid that," protested Forbes hotly. "I tell you, Miss Brett, those are papers of State. They belong to the State. I must see that they are placed in the hands of the ministers of the Foreign Office. For the last time, give me those papers. I leaped at the jockhole Helena had offered me. If I could not prevent their falling into the hands of Forbes, at least I could delay that dire event."

"I shall obey you, Miss Brett. Into your hands alone shall I place those papers."

"If you please," she said with dignity, and held out a hand that did not tremble to receive them.

And still I hesitated. I saw the gleam of resolution in the glitter of Forbes' blue eyes. If I produced the paper now it would be only to have the king's messenger snatch them from my grasp. Forbes turned to Helena in angry triumph.

"You see, Miss Brett, he hesitates. The woman and himself are as reluctant as the papers fall into your hands as they are that I obtain them. He thinks that he may trick you, as he has already once tricked me. Is there nothing I can say to shake your blind confidence in this treacherous impostor?"

"Nothing," said Helena, with resolution; but I could see her troubled surprise at my reluctance.

"Then I shall be forced to resort to violence. I am going to have those papers, and at once. If you are not blind to the grave danger of letting this man keep the papers, even for the moment, I am not. How could he have taken them from the safe unless it were with the permission and help of the eavesdropper of the castle?"

"The inference is clear enough. I should think—she must have left the door of the safe open."

Helena spoke confidently, but trust in me had been put to a sore test.

"Your credulity is very great if you think that. Why, madam, I saw him deliberately work the combination of the safe."

Helena uttered a cry of horror at my supposed treachery. Her trust was shattered.

"I could not dream of a villainy so hypocritical."

Instinctively she came close to Forbes' side as if for protection. She had read in my eyes that Forbes spoke the truth. No words of mine could convince her now.

Madame de Varrier had been quite forgotten by us all. Until now she had been listening in breathless silence. Forbes' declaration that I had taken the papers from her seemed to her the shrewdest absurdity. She had been certain that she had locked the safe; she was equally certain that no one but herself knew the word by which it might be opened. She must have thought, too, that my tactful confession of taking the papers was a ruse to deceive her, though she could not guess its purpose.

But when Captain Forbes asserted with evident sincerity that he had seen me working the combination her anxiety became unendurable. At the risk of being surprised at the safe, she had

stolen quietly to the room, thinking herself unobserved. But through our backs had been turned from the room, had seen her movement by her shadow cast on the floor by the setting sun pouring in the open window through which Captain Forbes had made his entrance.

I clutched the arm of the king's messenger. I made an imperious gesture for caution and silence. I pointed to Madame de Varrier disappearing into the little room of the safe. With a motion incredibly light for so heavy a man, Forbes tipped up the safe and watched her open the safe through the half-closed door.

It was only a question of instants before she had thrown open the door of the safe with a cry of dismay. But that instant sufficed.

As Forbes turned his back to me I took swiftly from my pocket the two packets. One envelope was plain, with no writing on it. The other was addressed to Sir Mortimer Brett and bore a foreign stamp.

No word was spoken. I had but to hold the two packets before Helena. In an instant she had hidden in the bosom of her dress the first packet. I have mentioned, whose envelope was plain; the other I returned to my pocket.

Madame de Varrier sprang to her feet with the litheness of a tigress. She came toward me as I stood by

the door.

"Take it!" she screamed. "Take it!"

Forbes' side with a rage that was dreadful in its intensity.

Before I could guess at her purpose she had torn my coat open and seized the packet I had placed there. She pressed it into Forbes' hand. Her bitter rage and disappointment made her oblivious of the fact that she had given only one of the packets.

"Take it!" she screamed. "Take it!"

Ah, Mr. Coward, you are clever, but it shall have you nothing. At least I shall have my revenge."

Forbes buttoned his coat over the papers he had received with an amused but scornful satisfaction. Helena, standing apart from us, was convulsively clenching and unclenching her hands. Unseen by the other two, I cast her a meaning glance that she should exert her strong will to regain her peace. When they looked at her she stood passive and acquiescent. As for myself, I affected an air of chagrin and defeat.

"You will bear me witness, Miss Brett, that I did my best to place the packet in your hand. I can only hope that Captain Forbes will restore you those papers without reading them, or that they are of little importance."

"Little importance!" blazed Madame de Varrier. "Sir, guard those papers well; your ministers at Downing street will not thank you if you lose them. And now, Mr. Coward, if you have conquered me, but not robbed me of my revenge, how much longer are we to stay here?"

Captain Forbes showed little surprise at the turn affairs had taken. He interpreted Madame de Varrier's move as that of one who had been betrayed a confederate for motives of revenge. While he recognized the fact, he mistook the motive.

"And they speak of honor among thieves!" he sneered in an aside to Helena.

I feared that Helena might make an indignant protest. But she said nothing. I supposed her silence dictated by prudence; but she was no one to be deceived. But as I looked at her I read her perplexity in her troubled eyes. I had given her back the papers indeed, but that I should have known the combination was too startling a fact to be accepted without distrust. I could have known the combination only from Madame de Varrier; that proved to me to have been in her confidence. If I had repeated and betrayed my accomplice in my remorse, she was grateful for the act itself, but she could no longer trust me.

"As this woman says," Forbes was speaking to me, "there is nothing to speak us here longer. But you, sir, as well as this woman, will leave this room only to be placed under arrest. You must consider yourself my prisoner."

With these words he strode toward the door of the staircase, and turned the handle.

"It is locked," he said sternly. "Who has the key?"

I handed it to him in silence. As he received it from me he glanced meaningly toward Helena. It was one more link in the chain of evidence. I confess I could have sworn the key had not been in my pocket.

He turned the key. To the consternation of all of us the door still resisted his efforts. He exerted all his strength to no purpose.

"What new trick is this?" he demanded furiously of me.

"I think," it was to Madame de Varrier I answered, "that Dr. Starva has taken the precaution of insuring himself a free field."

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Ladder of Stones.

Madame de Varrier had been seated on a cushion spathly. At my words she

"Mr. Haddon, it is hard to believe you guilty of treachery. In spite of everything, I wish to keep faith with you. But will you not explain to Captain Forbes?"

"No, Miss Brett," I returned bluntly, "shall make no explanation to Captain Forbes until he sees fit to ask me for one."

"And I should refuse to believe any," said Forbes with contempt. "You say your brother is in that room. May I see him?"

She led the way to the oratory in silence. The door closed gently behind them. Madame de Varrier and I were alone.

"I hope you are satisfied, monsieur, with your adventure in this Castle of Happiness," she said with a hysterical sob.

"I am waiting for the climax," I answered significantly. "Is it to be a comedy or a tragedy?"

"Oh, God!" she raised her clenched hands in a gesture full of anguish. "It is a tragedy."

"Why did you tell me in that manner. You wish to tell me something to warn me."

"The death-march," she whispered. Her motionless face. "Why should Dr. Starva have imprisoned us here, unless—"

I looked at her stupefied.

But Prince Ferdinand is not here at the castle. Her self-control vanished utterly. She clung to me in her despair.

"Save him! Save him!"

But Ferdinand is not at the castle. Her self-control vanished utterly. She clung to me in her despair.

"Last night—in the music room—that death-march!" she spoke incoherently, but her meaning was too clear. You knew that he was coming here.

"When you told me of the death-march, when I saw the rage of Dr. Starva—I realized his danger. Yes, he was coming here—to-night. But I telegraphed him that all could be must not come. But if Dr. Starva by some means intercepted that telegram—"

"Who sent it?" I questioned anxiously.

"Jacques."

"Then your prince is doomed. It was Jacques who betrayed me your presence here. I thought it was because I bribed him sufficiently well. Be sure of this, he is Starva's creature."

"Heaven, how you torture me! But if this is true, why did he allow Sir Mortimer's sister to come to me? He must have known that you sent for her."

"With ourselves she would be safe out of the way. Dr. Starva is more ingenious than I have given him the credit of being. We are caught like rats in a trap."

"But you must save him!"

"Impossible!"

"Listen! It is not impossible. There is a ladder—no, not on this side, but beneath the window of the oratory."

Her eyes glittered in the semi-darkness. She placed a finger on my lips. I had cried out in my surprise.

"A ladder of a hundred feet or more! And it stands against the wall of the tower!" I exclaimed incredulously.

"Besides, if it were there, Captain Forbes must have seen it."

"This ladder, I call it so for want of a better name, is made of great stones half as long as one's forearm that project from the smooth masonry at intervals of a foot. The chateau is old, very old. In feudal times, with a stout rope, one might escape from the tower. But it is impossible. We have no rope."

"But if this ladder of stones reaches from roof to terrace, it would be simple enough without a rope. The stones are built out at regular intervals. How far are they apart?"

"At intervals of a foot, they reach in a straight line for 100 feet. The chateau is 150 feet high. These stones begin at the roof. No one could put that 50 feet to the marble terrace below and live. Yes; we are caught like rats in a trap."

"Fifty feet! It would mean a broken limb, if not certain death. But a rope could be knotted of our clothing for half that distance!"

I went into the room through whose window the king's messenger had projected the smooth masonry at intervals of a foot. The chateau is old, very old. In feudal times, with a stout rope, one might escape from the tower. But it is impossible. We have no rope."

"I was resolved to make the descent myself. Twice I had proved myself a coward. This was to be my chance. Unless Forbes should stubbornly refuse to believe in the existence of Ferdinand's danger."

The moon was rising; it shed an unearthly light on the pale face of Madame de Varrier. She looked up at me anxiously. The wind came in gusts gallop.

Suddenly there sounded a muffled report. At first I thought it hummed in this city. The attendance was large. The domestic science session held in connection with the meeting was also well attended.

Agad Woman Hange Self.

Post-Office. Mrs. Barbara Smith, 66 years old, ended her life by hanging herself with a strap from the post of her bed.

Thousands View Remains of Deere.

Illinois State News

Recent Happenings of Interest in the Various Cities and Towns.

SUNDAY CONVERTS THIEF.

Youth Who Stole \$170 From Friend Repents and Confesses.

Galesburg.—A young man named Simms, who was located in the city as an agent for a patent gas burner, was mysteriously robbed of a sum of \$170, which he had secured in a trunk in his room. Certain circumstances pointed to the guilt of a friend. The suspicion of his complicity in the deed was confirmed by his sudden disappearance from the city. The young man returned to the city, attended several of the "Billy" Sunday meetings at the tabernacle, and finally became converted.

He hunted up Simms, confessed to the theft of the money, and stated that he was willing to stand the consequences of his act. He then went to the sheriff accompanied by the man whose money he had taken, and gave the full details of his crime. So sincere in his grief and repentance was he that both the officer and Simms were deeply affected. An agreement was made whereby the lad was to work for Simms until he had repaid the money which he had stolen.

MAYOR ARRESTED AS ELOPER.

Executive of Duquoin Taken into Custody in St. Louis.

Duquoin.—Benjamin W. Pope, mayor of Duquoin, and Mrs. Ida Lee Manion, wife of a well-known business man at Mount Vernon, were arrested in the Burlington hotel, St. Louis.

They were taken to the central district police station, where, in the presence of her husband, Mrs. Manion broke down and sobbed for her face with her hands. She is 24 years old. Pope is 54 years old.

Manion told the police that he had tracked his wife to St. Louis, and at length he appeared at the police station and asked that she and her companion be arrested. He told the police where they were. Policemen located the couple without trouble and made the arrests quietly. Pope and Mrs. Manion went to the station without making any comment, but at the station, when Mrs. Manion saw her husband, she broke down and cried. They were released on bond.

CALLS FOOTBALL PRIZEFIGHTING

Kankakee Attorney Seeks Injunction to Prevent Playing of Game.

Kankakee.—Charging that football is prizefighting, Attorney R. H. Moore filed a bill for injunction restraining local high school students from playing the game.

Moore declares that L. N. Tracy, superintendent of the public schools, and L. W. Smith, high school principal, have aided and abetted prizefighting among the students; that the game of football not only injures, but demoralizes students; that members of the team use profanity and swear, and the game is degrading, unmanly, unchristianlike and uncivilized.

Claims \$100,000 of Estate.

Pana.—John Cord of Perago, N. D., is here on his way home from Raleigh, N. C., where he has laid claim to 40 acres of land in the heart of the city, valued at \$100,000. He offers to take \$20,000,000 in settlement. Cord's grandfather leased the land to Raleigh for 99 years, and the lease has just expired. Cord is wealthy and says he does not wish to rob the city. He formerly resided here, and attorneys say he has a good claim.

Cuts \$500 With \$5.

Bloomington.—The will of the late Frederick Behr, disposing of \$9,000 in real estate and \$10,000 in personal property, was proved here. All debts are to be paid and five dollars paid to the son, Frederick. The real and personal property is given to the widow, Cecelia Behr, for her use during her life, and at her death, all her estate is equally divided among the three daughters, Cecelia Mahon, Ida Rhodes and Louisa Behr.

Farmers Hold Meeting.

Litchfield.—The annual Montgomery County Farmers' Institute meeting was held in this city. The attendance was large. The domestic science session held in connection with the meeting was also well attended.

Agad Woman Hange Self.

Post-Office. Mrs. Barbara Smith, 66 years old, ended her life by hanging herself with a strap from the post of her bed.

Thousands View Remains of Deere.

Moline.—The funeral of Hon. Charles H. Deere was held from the Moline city hall, where the remains lay in state during the day, and were viewed by thousands. Rev. Paul Brown, pastor of the church, solemnized services over the body.

Missionaries Meet.

Jacksonville.—The Women's Foreign Missionary society of the Methodist church, Jacksonville district, held its twenty-third annual meeting at Grace church in this city.

TALK OF JUVENILE LAW.

Officers Complain That Measure is Not Sufficiently Explicit.

Chicago.—An attack was made on the juvenile law of Illinois at the annual meeting of the directors of the Illinois Industrial School for Girls in the Chicago Women's club.

"We have heard such a fuss made about the juvenile court and the juvenile law and then have to find there is so much that should be added to it to make it complete," said Mrs. Henry Solomon, president of the board of directors.

"The trouble is that after a child has been brought into court there must be some place where he may be taken," said Mrs. Charles Hennrich.

"The law does not go far enough." The treasurer's report showed there is a monthly deficit of almost \$700. The state is mortgaged for \$100,000. If purchasers can be found, the property will be sold and the school moved to the location at Park Ridge that has been secured by the board.

The following officers were elected: President—Mrs. Henry Solomon. Vice presidents—Mrs. J. W. Huntington, Mrs. A. W. Wyant.

Corresponding secretary—Miss Grace Temple. Treasurer—Mrs. Lawrence W. Masters.

A plan for the sale of the property in Evanston was discussed. This property is estimated to be worth \$25,000. It is mortgaged for \$100,000. If purchasers can be found, the property will be sold and the school moved to the location at Park Ridge that has been secured by the board.

STILL LIVES ON PEANUTS.

Aurora Man Stays Well and Healthy on a Peanut Diet.

Aurora.—Dr. T. J. Allen, the upholder of the peanut, has overcome one of his rival single-food exponents. James Hurrell has been compelled to give up a green onion diet after six weeks.

Edna Brobeck, the beanoater, and Henry Spoden, the sauerkraut addict, are still feeding on their favorite diets, but the rooster standard bearer is confident that they will fall by the wayside before 60 days have elapsed.

A gastric waitress and customers watched Brobeck eat eight plates of beans at a single sitting. He likes Allen, is on his fifteenth day. Both are feeling well.

Arrest Mine Official.

Litchfield.—Thomas F. Holmes, superintendent of the Citizens' Coal company, and the late James Rogers, died at her residence, 821 North State street, after a short illness of heart trouble at the age of 70 years.

Martha J. DeShane was born in Montgomery county, her ancestors being among the pioneer settlers of the county. At an early age, she was united in marriage to James Rogers. In the early fifties, they moved to this city.

State Architect's Bill Wins.

Springfield.—The senate passed the state architect's salary increase bill with an emergency clause, and also bills giving boards of education in cities the same power to acquire school sites as is now given in country towns. The bill giving towns of 1,500 inhabitants authority to construct and maintain public libraries.

Amateur Dare Devil Injured.

Lewistown.—While making the "slide for life" stunt on a home-made wire device at his home near here, Glenn Arnett, a 12-year-old amateur circus performer, fell and broke his collar bone and dislocated his right shoulder.

Triplets Born at Pana.

Pana.—Mrs. William Robinson gave birth to triplets, all girls.

Gives Rockford College Telescope.

Rockford.—Mrs. M. L. Hinesman, of Dunkirk, N. Y., has given Rockford college a telescope and will erect an observatory on the campus as a memorial to her husband, Mrs. Hinesman is a graduate of the class of 1862.

Mount Sterling Man Killed.

Mount Sterling.—James Bradbury, 60 years old, died at Versailles from injuries received the day before in falling from the Wabash trestle, which is about 25 feet high. It is said he had been drinking.



"Take it!" she screamed. "Take it!"

Forbes' side with a rage that was dreadful in its intensity.

Before I could guess at her purpose she had torn my coat open and seized the packet I had placed there. She pressed it into Forbes' hand. Her bitter rage and disappointment made her oblivious of the fact that she had given only one of the packets.

"Take it!" she screamed. "Take it!"

Ah, Mr. Coward, you are clever, but it shall have you nothing. At least I shall have my revenge."

Forbes buttoned his coat over the papers he had received with an amused but scornful satisfaction. Helena, standing apart from us, was convulsively clenching and unclenching her hands. Unseen by the other two, I cast her a meaning glance that she should exert her strong will to regain her peace. When they looked at her she stood passive and acquiescent. As for myself, I affected an air of chagrin and defeat.

"You will bear me witness, Miss Brett, that I did my best to place the packet in your hand. I can only hope that Captain Forbes will restore you those papers without reading them, or that they are of little importance."

"Little importance!" blazed Madame de Varrier. "Sir, guard those papers well; your ministers at Downing street will not thank you if you lose them. And now, Mr. Coward, if you have conquered me, but not robbed me of my revenge, how much longer are we to stay here?"

Captain Forbes showed little surprise at the turn affairs had taken. He interpreted Madame de Varrier's move as that of one who had been betrayed a confederate for motives of revenge. While he recognized the fact, he mistook the motive.

"Take it!" she screamed. "Take it!"

Forbes' side with a rage that was dreadful in its intensity.

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"Take it!" she screamed. "Take it!"

THE REVIEW

Entered as Second-Class Matter

M. T. LANEY, Editor and Publisher.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1901.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

METHODIST CHURCH
First Tuesday evening of each month—
meeting Women's Foreign Missionary society.
Last Tuesday evening of each month—
Epworth League business, literary and social
meeting.
Sunday morning, 10:30 a. m.
Sunday school, 11 a. m.
Junior League, 3 p. m.
Epworth League, 6:45
Sunday evening, 7:15
Wednesday Mid-week Prayer Meeting, 8:00
Carter Cook and South Hawley streets.
Telephone 251. Everybody is welcome.
O. F. MATTHEWS, Pastor.

SALEM UNITED EVANGELICAL CHURCH
Sunday Services:
Sunday school, 9:15 a. m.
Prayer services (German) 10:30
Keystone League, 5:45 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 meeting:
Mission Band, 1st Sunday, 1:30 p. m.
Y. P. M. S., 1st Tuesday, 7:30 p. m.
Choir, Missionary Meeting, 1st Wednesday, 1:30 p. m.
W. M. S., 1st Thursday, 1:30 p. m.
Business are cordially welcomed at all the
services of the church.
Phone No. 261. A. HARKLEY, Pastor.

EVANGELICAL ST. PAUL'S CHURCH
Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.
Sunday morning service, 10:30
Evening service will begin a month later.
Phone 524. REV. G. H. STANGER, Pastor.

ST. ANN'S CATHOLIC CHURCH
Sunday Mass, 9:30 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 521. REV. FATHER E. J. FOX.

BAPTIST CHURCH
Saturday evening, prayer and praise ser-
vice, 7:30 p. m.
Sunday, 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m.
Sunday school and Y. P. M. S. at 11:45 a. m.
Young People's Meeting at 6:45 p. m.
Ladies 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. M. S. business meeting first Tuesday of
each month, 7:30 p. m.
A cordial welcome for all.
J. WINKER, Pastor.

"Comin' Through the Rye."
It is said that Robert Burns' famous
song "Comin' Through the Rye" did
not have reference to a rye field, but to
a small river, Rye, in Ayrshire, which
could be forded. In wading through
however, the lassies had to hold up
their petticoats, and it was a favorite
pastime of Robbie Burns and his
chastest companions to lie in wait for
the lassies coming through the
Rye. When they got to midstream the
ladies would wade and snatch a
kiss from the lassies, who were unable
to resist without dropping their skirts
in the water.—Westminster Gazette.

The Busy Merrimac River.
The Merrimac valley is one of the
busiest of industry on earth. The
Merrimac river, it is claimed, turns
more wheels than any stream in the
world, for not only Manchester, but
Lowell, Lawrence, Newburyport, Haver-
hill, Amesbury, Nashua and other big
manufacturing towns lie upon its
banks. The value of their united prod-
ucts amounts up into the hundreds of
millions.—Exchange.

Pearl—Why are you so blue?
Ruby—Because George had the audac-
ity to propose, and I told him to go
to grass.

Pearl—Well, did he go?
Ruby—Yes, the horrid thing went to
a grass widow, proposed, and now they
are married.—Chicago News.

Shoved Back the Tide.
"Bletherin' Bobbie, a Dumfries
carter," went down to Charleston
one day for a load of sand, but to his
dismay found it was high water and
none could be got. After pouring out
the state of his wrath on the harbor
master for allowing the tide to rise he
went home with his empty cart. Com-
ing back next day when it happened to
be low water, he exclaimed:
"Aye, this is something like the
thing. The berrin' folk's name the
war o' belin' spoken to."—Dundee Peo-
ple's Journal.

"I didn't know the Bartons kept a
donkey. How long have they had it?"
"Oh, ever since I have been staying
with them."

Appendicitis.

It is due in a large measure to abuse
of the bowels, by eating drastic pur-
gatives. To avoid all danger, use only
Dr. King's New Life Pills, the safe,
gentle cleansers and invigorators.
Guaranteed for headache, biliousness,
malaria and jaundice, at Barrington
Pharmacy 25c.

Odd Fellows. Take Notice.

Chicago Encampment No. 10 will
visit Barrington Lodge, No. 856, on
Saturday evening, Nov. 9th, to present
Prize collars won by them. Degree
work will be put on by a staff selected
from members of this Encampment.
All members should attend, if possible.
Fraternally yours,
S. L. LANDWEY, Secy.

The End of the Feud.

By Charles Sloan Reid.

Copyright, 1897, by Charles R. Reid.

"WELL, ye've got me, Tom, hard an' fast, an' that's a fact."

It was even difficult for the man to speak, so completely was he wound with ropes. Beginning at his shoulder, the ropes, by unmercifully drawn coils, bound his arms tightly against his body, and held his feet and legs so close together that his knee joints worked as one. The man's cap sat opposite on the ground, dangling his hands over his knees and grinning.

"Yes, Joe, I've got ye, yer slippery, Joe, slipper as a greased eel, but I've got ye now."

"It's all on account of them dinged inguns I eat this mornin'. Allers would sleep like a dead horse arter eatin' 'em."

"I reckon so, Joe."

"Didn't reckon anybody wad derin' into this place nobow."

He looked up and around. They were sitting at the bottom of a deep gorge, with perpendicular walls of granite rising more than a thousand feet above them, and these walls almost surrounded the little basin in a small compass. There was only one narrow outlet.

"But, ye see, I been traillin' ye for three days, like a hungry wolf, an' on the track of a crippled jack rabbit."

"I reckon so."

"Hain't been for that don't reckon I'd found my way in here for some time. Somehow never had tried to come down in here in all yer born days. I guess this place sort o' seemed to be on yer side."

"What air ye goin' to do about it now ye've got me?"

"Hain't decided, but maybe I'll jest open a vein in yer neck an' let ye peg out that way."

"Can't ye make it quicker'n that? I allers dose my work clean, Tom, an' ye know it, don't ye?"

"So ye did, mighty clean. Ye're a pack o' sinners, Joe."

The feud was an old one and had claimed many victims on both sides. In fact, it had reduced the two families to four members. Joe Dunston had an only son left, and Tom Wylie had an only daughter. Hardly a gorge or ravine there was throughout the mountains that did not bear some ghastly legend of the feud. Over there a young man kneeling to drink at a clear spring had dried his waters with his lifeblood ere he could rise, and down there the bones of a bleaching skeleton had remained above ground for months before the tragedy of a missing member had been learned, and so the epochs of the feud had been marked.

Joe Dunston sat at the bottom of the gorge and cursed himself for eating



"LOOK AROUND, JOE," HE SAID.

onions, and Tom Wylie grinned over his victory. He seemed in no hurry to put an end to the work he had begun. It was an unusual circumstance, the opportunity of capturing a victim before putting him to death. Usually it was a quick shot, a well aimed weapon, a bullet speeding to its mark, but now the last of the Dunston tribe but one sat bound and utterly helpless before old Tom Wylie, awaiting the end which he knew was inevitable.

Occasionally Joe allowed his gaze to wander a stinging course along up the opposite wall of the gorge. It might chance that Jim would come that way, in which case he would give a signal to his son, one that would of course seal his own doom quickly, but would also put Jim on his guard, with a chance to get a speedy revenge. But the broken line of the cliff showed no sign of the presence of a human being.

"Joe, yer slippery—powerful slippery. It's a pity, I reckon, that a man like you has to die."

A leer of sinister admiration trailed from old Tom's eye, but he did not weaken from his purpose.

"Yes, I reckon so, Tom. Ding the inguns."

Tom grinned. "There's jest one more, Joe, an' the feud 'll be ended. Have I thought about that since ye woken?"

Joe gulped. Jim's big form and handsome face rose in his mind. Jim was the baby and had always been nearest to old Joe's heart. All the rest had gone the way of the feudists. A vision of Jim tripping from some high cliff with a bullet in his heart passed through his thoughts, and Joe's chin sank on his breast.

"Tom, ye're countin' party fast," he said presently, lifting his head again. "Maybe the bullet will come the other way."

"Maybe so. Some have come that way in time."

It was Joe's turn to grin.

"Don't reckon ye've got any talk ye want to make afore I slit that vein in yer neck, Joe?" Tom had drawn a knife from his pocket and was whetting a small blade of it on the leather strap of his shoe.

"No, guess not, Tom, an' if ye're determined to do it that way there's no use wastin' any more time, though I ain't the keen thing, Tom, an' ye know it. Ain't nary a Dunston here that died any other way than by a long range bullet. That's all, Tom—all I got to say."

Old Tom chuckled and continued to whet the blade of his knife. At length he tried the point of it with his thumb and was apparently satisfied with its keenness. Then he grasped and went over to Joe, where he knelt by the latter's side.

"Look around, Joe," he said, "for where ye see all the sunlight now will be midnight to ye in a few minutes. Ye're a brave man, an' it's a pity for ye to die this way, but there ain't no regulations in the feud, ye know."

Tom began to feel about Joe's neck for the vein, and presently pressed it outward with his thumb. Joe had thrown his head backward, and Tom was bending low and looking upward under his victim's chin. Presently the sting of the knife thrust started old Joe into madness. His head darted forward with the suddenness of a serpent, and his long, slender hand teeth snapped down upon the throat of his foe. There was a struggle in the throat; then his windpipe closed, and as Joe's lifeblood, gushing from the wound in his neck, dyed the young boy's shoes and the green grass in the bottom of the gorge the death set of his jaws sealed the doom of his slayer. In a little while every quiver of the flesh had ceased, and one more tragedy of the feud had left its story more plainly readable than words could make it.

The midday sun looked down into the chasm. A pleasant breeze stirred in a narrow trail among the laurels, while a woodcock ran up the tall, thin trunk of a dead spruce pine and after a shrill call that pierced the deep silence of the gorge sent out the long, low roll of his drumming.

Ruth Wylie stood in the cabin doorway watching the trail that led down the ravine, winding from one side to the other as it sought the easier ascent or descent of the projecting boulders. Thinking slowly up the depths of the hollow, and still no sign of old Tom gliding along up the path in his habitual stealthy manner.

"It's a beautiful tale, tonight, it seems to me," the girl took a step down and sat upon the doorstep. Her cheeks glowed like red ripe cherries by the sunshine, for she had been bending over the evening fire, looking the corpse and trying the bones for the night's meal. From the table came the odor of the meat. It floated out through the doorway on the evening atmosphere and was lingering in the sense.

"If I could smell the meat I reckon he'd be countin' in home without waitin' any longer. I wonder what he can be doin' an' how."

A feeling of uneasiness darted through her as she thought of the feud; but, suddenly rising, as if to escape some burden, she hurried the thought from her. "Tain't that. No, tain't that," she declared as she sat down again.

But the twilight deepened into darkness, the stars came out, the meat grew cold on the table, and its odor no longer told of its savor. Still old Tom had not come. Ruth peered into the darkness at every crackling of the twigs, but nothing materialized to her longing. It had been years since old Tom had spent a night away from home, not since the night when young Tom was shot down on the side of Little Craggy. The girl felt to counting the stars and saying to herself:

"Before I can count a hundred he will be here."

But the hundred grew to 200, then to 300. Then she began and counted them over again. Hour after hour dragged away, and the moon had climbed to a position in the heavens whence its light shone down the cabin chimney. The occasional hoot of an owl or the cry of a catamount pierced the silence and fell upon Ruth's ear with startling effect, though these were but common noises of the night. Again and again came the thought of the feud, but just as often as it came, shuddering, she cast it from her.

"It can't be, it can't be," she murmured. "Dad's too quick for that."

The moon slipped over the roof of the cabin, and Ruth watched the shadow of the house lengthen away from the doorstep, and she counted the points of its serrated edge.

Suddenly while thus engaged the shrill, ear splitting shriek of a mountain cat struck upon her ear with terrible distinctness and nearness, and at the same instant came the flash of a long, angular body, splitting the moonlight, from the high branch of an old chestnut oak and terminating in a

plight a few yards away. There followed one answering squeak from an unfortunate pig, and Ruth, springing to her feet, ran inside the cabin, slammed the door shut behind her.

"I reckon I ain't jest a scowder, jumpin' an' runnin' at the scream of a cat, but there's one pig less, poor thing!"

She threw herself across the bed and closed her eyes with her hands.

"Strange I ain't sleepin' by this time an' it's past midnight. If I didn't start by daylight I reckon I'd better start out after him. If I could jest keep from thinkin' about the feud, if there was only Jim I'd feel easier about it. Because Jim is—Jim's about—There, now, if I did only know it was a shakin' in that way about it about one of the Dunstons—I don't know what would happen."

A tall, handsome young mountaineer came into Ruth's vision, and, forgetting the feud, she fell asleep.

At the first peep of dawn among the hills Ruth Wylie set off down the ravine. She knew every pig trail or cow path among the hills, and she now traversed them, one after another. She knew every hiding place among the rocks, and she sought in them all. She knew every dangerous passage of the cliffs, every point of exposure to the fire of an enemy in ambush, and she searched at the base of all these rocks.

Tirelessly she pursued her quest all through the morning and until a late



"YES, RUTH, I SEE IT ALL."

hour in the afternoon, when she passed and peered over the brink of the giant of all cliffs overlooking the Hollo-hole chasm. Once only had she ventured to make the perilous descent into that gorge, but now it was the last place she could think of in her search—she lowered herself to the first ledge of the narrow way.

The descent was too difficult to be accomplished in a few minutes, and the sun had already dragged its rays far up the side of the cliff when Ruth reached the foot of the chasm. The long search, the past night's sleeplessness and the fears that now had come upon her heart were telling upon her strength, and she was compelled to throw herself upon the grass for a moment of rest before taking up the search again.

But the scene of the tragedy of her hours lay not far from her, and when she came upon it, the awful spectacle telling its own terrible story, it struck such horror into the girl's heart that she sank to her knees and clasped her hands in the voiceless agony of her soul. Sitting upon her feet, she stared vacantly before her, contemplating the fixed countenance of death.

Time was passing, and still Ruth sat motionless on the grass. The sun continued to drag its rays higher and higher up the face of the rocks, but it was not until the twilight began to thicken that Ruth arose, still bewildered, but realizing that she must get out of the gorge before darkness came on.

Heading over, she told her hand up on the cold forehead of old Tom, then turned away, but she had taken only a step when she stopped suddenly and put out her hand.

"Oh, Jim, you see it all?" Her hand slipped into one which silently had been outstretched toward her.

"Yes, Ruth, I see it all," Jim Dunston had drawn nearer. "I been standin' here again this free ever since ye come an' some time before. Ye passed me an' didn't see me."

"It's awful, Jim."

"Yes, it's awful, an' I've been thinkin' 'jest thinkin', if ye'd be willin' we'd call that there the end of the feud. Ye're alone in the world, Ruth, an' I'm the only Dunston there is left standin'."

"I've been waitin' ye across the border a long time, but there was the feud that had to be fought out, but it's ended now. Ruth, if ye'll jes' say ye'll have me, an' there'll be no two sides of another generation raised to the killing."

Ruth hung upon Jim's hands for a moment; then she bowed her head upon his breast.

"It's the end of the feud, Jim," she said.

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Front quarters 4 1-2 and 5 1-2
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Sell it. Climax Buggy Paint, Wagon and Implement Paint, Family Prepared Paint, Sunshine Finishes, Sassafras Enamel, Varnish Stain, Japanese, Screen Door Paint and

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DEALERS IN BUILDING MATERIAL

Barrington, Illinois

That Fall Suit

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

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Merchant Tailor
Barrington, Illinois

Sale bills printed promptly and at reasonable prices at the Review office. Notice in paper FREE.

Barrington Local Happenings Told In Short Paragraphs

My Enemy

I shall not fear my foe,
What'er his strength may be,
If he will let me know
Who hate he bears for me.
But how may I defend—
However weak his arm—
Myself against the "friend"
Who waits to do me harm?

A Farmers' Institute will be held here in the village hall in December.

Friends are good for two things—to get you out of trouble and get you into it.

Read the article in another column, Supt. H. Russell's "Success Talk to Boys."

The Royal Neighbors met at Mrs. Carrie Kendall's Wednesday afternoon for a sewing bee.

FOR RENT—Cash or shares—600 acre farm, 4 miles southeast of Barrington. Inquire of Henry Solt.

If you are patriotic attend the Lincoln concert, Thursday, October 14th, in the Baptist church.

The quilting bee is to the woman what a barber shop is to a man—a clearing house for news.

Prof. Fred Smith and family of Hampshire, Illinois, were guests at the Spinner home Saturday and Sunday.

Now comes the time of the year when a man's wife can get him up in a hurry by telling him there will be hot flapjacks for breakfast.

A complete line of postal cards now on sale at Plagge's store. Over 50 varieties of local cards and a fine line of the latest Thanksgiving cards.

Mrs. Mae Lane Spinner has been secured to give three readings at a reception to be held by the Woman's club of Arlington Heights, Friday evening, November 8th.

Charles Churchill of Athens, Illinois, formerly proprietor of the Jones' pharmacy, was here Sunday. Mr. Churchill is in very poor health and is afflicted with lung trouble.

Edward Wichman has purchased the property owned by Mrs. A. D. Parker on Main street in Lake county, adjoining the lot occupied by him for a blacksmith shop, for \$1500.

Mrs. Herbert Barrows of Monticello, Florida, visited Mrs. S. Benton and other friends here this week. Mrs. Barrows was formerly Miss Edith Clark of Barrington Center.

Why is the Law and Order league so anxious to have the schools closed on Sundays? Are some of its members so constituted that they can not resist temptation? (Chicago Journal.)

The Chicago & Northwestern Ry. have this week extended the Plagge track into the lumber yard of Lageschulte & Company. The old mill track has been taken up, doing away with a very dangerous crossing at the warehouse of Lageschulte & Co.

Why don't some ministry try locking the front door of his church Sunday morning after sending word to the men members that they can get in by slipping around the back way through the side entrance when no one is looking? They ought to get a full house to hear the sermon.

It is the opinion of the REVIEW that even though the younger generation have not reached their twenty-first birthdays, they might better be found bowling, playing pool, or billiards or engaged in other innocent amusements in some respectable place rather than to be loafing upon the street corners.

Prouty and Jercks received Monday a carload of the famous International Harvester company gasoline engines. They have sold out of the consignments three 12-horse power engines to be installed on farms owned by Mrs. C. A. Kendall, Job Thompson and C. P. Hawley. H. J. Lageschulte has purchased for use on his farms two 8-horse power engines.

The second regular meeting for this school year of the Cook county Teachers' Association will be held in the Association auditorium, corner of La Salle and Arcade courts, Saturday, November 9, 1907, at 10:30 A. M. (An address will be given by Dr. J. A. Rondal of Chicago, subject "America's Feast of Opticism.")

Miss Emmert will be at Dr. Richardson's Friday, November 15, from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. This is the fourth year this optician has been coming to Barrington.

He Fought at Gettysburg.

David Parker, of Fayette, N. Y., who lost a foot at Gettysburg, writes: "Electric Bitters have done me more good than any medicine I ever took. For several years I had much stomach trouble and paid out much money for medicine and little purpose, until I began taking Electric Bitters. I would not take \$500 for what they have done for me." Grand tonic for the aged and for female weaknesses. Great alternative and body builder; best of all for lame back and weak kidneys. Guaranteed by Barrington Pharmacy, Inc.

They Say That:

It takes hot water to bring out the good qualities in a lobster.

Those persons who make the best use of their time have none to spare.

There's lots of beauty in the world, but the man who travels in the alley can't expect to see it.

The man who says that he works like a dog generally speaks the truth. Just watch a dog work some time.

That success costs too dear, which is attained by a sacrifice of truth, honesty or justice.

The man who boasts that he is self-made, never gives his wife credit for putting the finishing touches on a crude piece of work.

If you keep your eye on the other fellow's nose, you will miss his good qualities as well as his yellow streaks.

Too much rests give one a tired feeling.

No money is talented worse than that which is kept in the cold storage pocket.

When God wants a man to come in ahead he frequently gives him a hand-leap.

It is hard work and not cleverness that turns opportunity into success.

You should cut your own path. Don't try to square upon the other fellow's lines. They may be wanting.

You should not watch your competitor too closely. Put in the time in hustling your own business.

A Hard Debt to Pay.

"I owe a debt of gratitude that can never be paid off," writes G. S. Clark, of Westfield, Iowa, "for my rescue from death, by Dr. King's New Discovery. Both lungs were so seriously affected that death seemed imminent, when I commenced taking New Discovery. The ominous dry, hacking cough quit before the first bottle was used, and two more bottles made a complete cure." Nothing has ever equalled New Discovery for coughs, colds and all throat and lung complaints. Guaranteed by Barrington Pharmacy, 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

At the Majestic

For the week of November 11th the Majestic Theatre, Chicago, will have Peter Bailey as its principal headliner. Mr. Bailey was the principal comedian with the Weber and Field's company when that aggregation boasted of Lillian Russell, Fay Templeton, Charles Ross and Mabel Fenton as its members. Since that time Mr. Bailey has been starred in a number of productions, besides filling a number of engagements in vaudeville. For the present occasion he will be seen in a musical lodge-podge; he is assisted by a number of pretty girls. May Boley who achieved a success in vaudeville last season with her headliner act known as "May Boley and her Polly Girls" will be another attraction in her show girl and sales-lady monologue specialty. The act will be embellished with original costume novelties and will be interspersed with new songs. John C. Rice and Sally Cohen will present their farcical success "A Bachelor's Wife", which has been one of the hits in vaudeville. Both of them are most favorably known in the amusement world. H. B. Linton and Anita Lawrence will offer a sketch called "An Auto Elopement" and Sheila, the noted East Indian magician, will present a novel act.

A Significant Prayer.

"May the Lord help you make Bucklen's Arnica Salve known to all," writes J. G. Jenkins, of Chapel Hill, N. C. It quickly took the pain out of a felon for me and cured it in a wonderfully short time." Best on earth for sores, burns and wounds. See at Barrington Pharmacy.

A Prayer For Rain.

The minister was having Sunday dinner with one of his parishioners. Suddenly the eight-year-old daughter of the house spoke up. "Oh, Dr. Will, with you please say the prayer for rain tonight, so it will pour tomorrow!" she urged. "Why, dear?" asked the clergyman. "Cause I have a dandy new suit—la and mackintosh," replied the eternal womanly—Judge. Tom—Can I kiss you? Tom—Mamma is in the next room. Tom—Oh, well, I guess your father can kiss her.—Eliza Observer.

Percy V. Castle
Jesse R. Long
Arlita B. Williams
Howard P. Castle

Castle, Williams, Long & Castle
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Howard P. Castle at Barrington
Monday Evenings.

Dr. A. Weichelt,

Has removed to his new residence, corner Lake and Hough street, North of the school.

Office Hours: Till 9 A. M.
1 to 2 P. M.
7 to 8 P. M.

'Phone 391 Barrington, Ill.

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John C. Plagge, Vice President;
A. L. Robertson, Cashier.

Barrington, Illinois

R. C. Myers
Confectionery, Cigars and
Tobacco. Fruit in season. Ice
Cream furnished for all occasions.

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Commerce Building. Tele-
phone Main 266. C. W.
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E. Rosenberg, 302.

Chicago, Ill.

The Barrington
Home Bakery

For Saturday specials recom-
mends high class German

Coffee Cake
Apple Cake
Cream Puffs

Large Variety of Cakes, etc.
My home made Bread has no
equal. Try it.

Ernst G. Ankele
Barrington Illinois

Notice of your sale published
FREE if we print your bills.

Stott's Amusement Parlor

Have you tried our new pool tables? Lots of room to use a cue.

Up-to-date in every respect. We have the fastest pool tables in town. Fitted with electric cushions.

Try a game of BOX BALL. The worlds most fascinating game. 5c per person.

Stott's Amusement Parlor

Fall and Winter Season

Fine Millinery

Prices Most Reasonable

The Latest Fall and Winter Styles

Your Inspection Invited.

Main Street, Barrington

MISS H. R. JUKES

Boom Your Business

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

Boom Your Business

Jewelry

Up-to-date jewelry is always popular in fashion's eye, and without doubt my values are unequaled anywhere. Repairing of jewelry, watches and clocks a specialty.

Work Guaranteed
W. D. Burkhardt
302 1/2 Bldg. Barrington

FREE if we print your bills.

Palatine Bank

of CHARLES H. PATTEN.

A General Banking

Business Transacted

Interest Paid on Savings Deposits.

Real Estate

Insurance.

BIG KENTUCKY FLOP

BLUE GRASS STATE GOES REPUBLICAN, CHOOSING WILLSON AS GOVERNOR.

JOHNSON IS REELECTED

Debates Congressman Burton for Mayor of Cleveland—Heard Party is Soundly Whipped by Tammany in New York.

Washington.—Six states elected governors Tuesday and eighteen others Monday. Even for an "off-year" the election was unusually devoid of features, but Kentucky furnished a sensation by swinging into the republican column by pluralities of the state candidates ranging from 5,000 to 10,000. The republicans also carried the city of Louisville by 3,500 majority for their majority candidate. Results of the governorship elections were as follows:

Kentucky—A. R. Willson, republican; estimated plurality 14,000.

Massachusetts—Curtis Guild, Jr., republican; plurality, 10,151.

Maryland—Austin L. Crothers, democrat; plurality, 4,541.

Rhode Island—J. H. Higgins, democrat; plurality 2,307 with all but one district in the state heard from.

New Jersey—J. Franklin Fort, republican; estimated plurality 7,000.

Mississippi—E. F. Noel, democrat. The democrats had no opposition, the election being a mere formality.

Besides the election for governor

the cities of Buffalo, Albany, Rochester, Syracuse, Oswego and Utica, the republicans electing a mayor in the latter for the first time in 14 years. To offset this the democrats carried Newburgh for the first time in 17 years. Elmira, Rome and Binghamton also elected democratic mayors.

Tom Johnson's Plurality 9,313.

Cleveland, O., Nov. 7.—Complete returns give Tom Johnson (Dem.), for mayor, 48,339; Theodore E. Burton (Rep.), 39,025. Johnson's plurality is 9,313. The entire Democratic ticket was elected with the exception of police clerk.

The city council will stand 25 Democrats to 7 Republicans.

Following the reelection of Mayor Johnson, the Cleveland Electric Light company resumed selling tickets at the old rate of 11 for 50 cents. For a month prior to the election the company sold tickets at the rate of seven for 25 cents, upon which basis it asked a renewal of its franchises.

Mayor Johnson was elected upon a straight three-cent platform.

Whitlock Wins in Toledo.

Toledo, O., Nov. 7.—Mayor Brand Whitlock and the entire independent ticket was elected here by majorities ranging from 7,000 to 2,000. R. A. Bartley, republican candidate for mayor, polled a gain in Illinois.

Springfield, Ill., Nov. 7.—Prohibitionists are jubilant as a result of Tuesday's election in Illinois, 16 counties so far as known having put themselves on record for the exclusion of the licensed saloons. This was the first test of the new local-option law made in counties not under township organization, and the result was a distinct jolt to the liquor lobby. Seven counties were absolutely dry.

At the headquarters of the Anti-Saloon league here it was said that 250 saloons had been permanently put out of business and that 90 per cent. of the territory affected and 55 per cent. of the saloons involved had been put under the influence of the "dry."

Results shown by Table.

The result was shown on prohibition as follows:

TOWNSHIPS VOTING ON LOCAL OPTION.

Counties—Dry Wet	Counties—Dry Wet
Calhoun	Polk
Case	Scott
Edwards	Union
Johnson	Van Buren
Monroe	Washington
Morgan	Wayne
Perry	Wright
Totals	Totals

Counties totally dry: Edwards, Johnson, Monroe, Pope, Union, Wabash and Williamson.

"DRY CITIES AND SALOONS AFFECTED."

Counties—Dry Wet	Counties—Dry Wet
Jacksonville	Marion
Duquoin	Caldwell
Chandlerville	Carrollville
Newark, N. J.—McBride, Dem.	Virginia
Elmira, N. Y.—Bhead, Dem.	Tallula
Salt Lake City, Utah—John S. Bransford, anti-mormon.	Anna
Hamilton, O.—Thad. Bland, Dem.	Monmouth City

"Wet" cities—Beardstown, Meredosia, Petersburg, Exeter, Piquetteville.

In addition to the counties listed above, Hardin and Randolph gave Prohibition majorities, but returns are delayed.

The most spectacular victory of the anti-saloon forces was at Jacksonville, where by a plurality of 715 37 saloons were voted out. At Duquoin, where a terrific battle was waged between the two elements, the "dry" won by 26 votes.

Everywhere the Prohibitionists won victories there were scenes of the greatest enthusiasm.

Mormons Batten in Salt Lake.

Salt Lake City, Nov. 7.—Through the election of John W. Bransford as mayor, the city ticket and a majority of the city council the American party will retain complete control of this city for two years. The victory was won on the issue of Mormon church domination. The Americans claiming that the other parties were under ecclesiastical control. Bransford received 11,774 votes; Morris Dem., 5,894; and Hamilton, Rep., supported by the Mormons, 4,310. The council stands: Americans, 9; Democrats, 4; Republicans, 2. As compared with the county election last year the democrats gained a majority and the republicans lost. Outside of Salt Lake the Democrats made notable gains.

No Ruler.

Mr. Wopsey (sentimentally)—Well, to have them rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world, you know.

Mr. Popsey (savagely)—It's a lie, my wife makes me do it at our house.

—Cleveland Leader.

Sell Alleged Opium Cures.

Since the opium act came into force Chinese traders in Shanghai and other large cities have been making big money by selling alleged cures for the opium habit.

ELECTION RESULTS.

State	Plurality
New Jersey	7,000
Governor, Fort, R.	10,000
Justice, Reser, R.	20,000
Massachusetts	19,451
Governor, Curtis Guild, R.	2,000
Votes for no license (maj.)	2,000
Kentucky	14,000
Governor, Willson, R.	14,000
Governor, A. L. Crothers, D.	4,541
Governor, Higgins, D.	2,307
Mississippi	7,000
Governor, E. F. Noel, D.	5,000
Cleveland	9,313
Mayor, Tom Johnson, D.	9,313
Mayor, Burton, R.	11,000
Mayor, J. F. Bransford, Ind.	4,000
Mayor, J. F. Orin, Ind.	2,000
Mayor, Brand Whitlock, Ind.	4,000
Mayor, Leopold Markel, Ind.	10,000
New York	26,725

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"FOREIGN EXCHANGE."



A Parisian paper estimates that American girls have paid \$900,000,000 for titles within the last twenty years.—Cable Dispatch.

BIG WIRE STRIKE WILTS

MILWAUKEE OPERATORS CALL HALT TO THE STRUGGLE.

Chicagoans Have Enough—Resolution of Complete Surrender Beaten Only by Two-Thirds Rule.

Chicago.—The great telegraph operators' strike probably will come to an official end Wednesday. In several cities the unions already have declared the strike off, the latest being Milwaukee, where Tuesday the operators voted to return to work after they heard the report of M. E. Bell, who was one of the conference committee sent to New York.

The calling off of the strike in Chicago probably will come Wednesday. The first steps were taken Tuesday, when in a tumultuous mass meeting of the Chicago local union a resolution favoring an unconditional surrender and termination of the strike received 212 affirmative to 109 negative votes.

Because of a clause in the constitution of the union it was held that a two-thirds vote is necessary to carry a proposition to end a strike, and the resolution was declared lost by the narrow margin of two votes.

After the announcement of the result of the vote little knots of strikers gathered in the hall and on the stairways to discuss the situation. A number openly declared they had filed their applications with the companies to be taken back to work, while others said they would apply for work at once. All declared that the decisive action would come Wednesday, when the defeated resolution or another action the same will be presented and adopted.

The national officers and members of the executive board said they would take no action to declare the strike off until authorized by the local unions. They intimate that the unions called the strike against the advice of the officers, and that they should take the first decisive action in terminating it.

"UNION" DOCTORS INDICTED.

Grand Jury at Waverly, Ia., Again Hits at the Physicians.

Waverly, Ia.—The Bremer county grand jury, which a few weeks ago indicted 14 members of the Central Medical association, alleging violation of the anti-trust law, Tuesday reported additional indictments against Dr. W. A. Rohlf and Dr. O. L. Chaffee on the general ground of conspiracy. Their alleged offense resulted from their adherence to the boycott feature of the association agreement which operated to force an independent doctor from a surgical case in which he, as well as one of the accused doctors, had been employed, after he had refused to sign the union scale.

Steel Train in Big Deal.

New York.—The United States Steel corporation has secured a controlling interest in the Tennessee Coal & Iron Railroad company. The deal was concluded Monday and is traceable to the conferences held at the home of J. Pierpont Morgan Saturday and Sunday.

It is understood that the price paid is a little above \$55 a share. The holdings of a pool controlling some 70 per cent. of the stock of the Tennessee Coal & Iron company were transferred in the sale.

Belgian Miners Killed.

Liege, Belgium.—The cage of a coal mine shaft at Collard fell 350 feet Monday, killing, mortally injuring or maiming 13 occupants.

Pacific Whalers Are Safe.

San Francisco.—The fire whaling vessels of the Pacific coast fleet, which were thought to have been caught in the Arctic ice floes, and for the safety of which and all on board grave fears were entertained by the whaling men of this city, are safe.

Minneapolis Mills Shut Down.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Owing to financial conditions which prevent the placing of big orders, the four mills of the Consolidated company shut down temporarily on Tuesday.

ACCUSED OF WALKER MURDER.

Two Hesperus Mine Men Charged with Killing Government Agent.

Denver, Col.—Joseph Vandewide, who shot and killed William Walker, state secret agent, Sunday, and William Mason, superintendent of the Hesperus coal mine, where the shooting occurred, were charged with murder jointly Monday on information sworn to by E. J. Brennan, also a federal agent.

A post mortem examination of Walker's body, conducted by Coroner LeFurgey, disclosed that six shots had entered his body, one penetrating the left wrist, two entering the neck, one of them severing the jugular vein, and three others entering the left side of Walker's back. It is alleged by Walker's brother officers that it was impossible for him to have been firing at Mason and Vandewide when the latter shot him, as is maintained.

A new twist given the case was the discovery of a number of maps, plates and diagrams of the Durango coal field, as well as statements of persons and Walker's own memoranda concerning the results of his ten months' work gathering evidence on that country to be used in the land fraud cases, were missing. Walker is known to have carried this mass of documentary matter on his person at all times, it is said, and with his death it has entirely disappeared.

BLOODY ELECTION BATTLE.

One Man Is Killed and Three Wounded in Lexington, Ky.

Lexington, Ky.—Following an election day arrest here Tuesday afternoon, Clyde Campbell was killed; Patrolman Michael Murphy probably died; and three others were injured. Patrolman Smith and W. R. Campbell, Clyde's father, severely wounded.

The elder Campbell, who was a Republican candidate for congressman, was arrested after he had protested against what he termed election frauds. His son came to his assistance and was shot by Murphy. W. Campbell then shot at Murphy, who returned the fire, severely wounding his man, although himself probably fatally wounded.

ONE MAN ROBS FIVE HOTELS.

Highwayman in Prescott, Ariz., Also Fatally Wounds a Man.

Prescott, Ariz.—A lone highwayman armed with a knife Saturday night entered five hotels in this city, fatally wounding one of the guests who offered resistance, and made his escape after robbing a score of people encountered during his single-handed raids.

The man first made his appearance in the Schuterman hotel, where he was discovered by Robert Lutely. The latter realized when the robber made demands for his valuables, and was almost cut to pieces by his assailant.

John Bunyan's Will Found.

Bellows Falls, N. D.—While searching among old papers Mrs. M. K. Covington, of Huntville, discovered what purports to be the last will and testament of John Bunyan, as the document is on parchment, yellow with age, and is dated December 22, 1653.

Bourbon Stock Yards Burn.

Louisville, Ky.—The plant of the Bourbon stock yards located at Johnson and Main streets was practically wiped out by a fire which broke out early Tuesday evening. The loss is estimated at \$200,000. Ten carloads of hogs were burned.

Admits Taking Bribe; Fined \$200.

Milwaukee.—Max Reinhold, former supervisor from the Nineteenth ward, pleaded guilty Monday afternoon to accepting a bribe of \$100 from John H. Reisinger, from the grand jury investigations. He was fined \$200. Reinhold was charged with accepting a bribe of \$50.

Eminent Chilean Is Dead.

Santiago, Chile.—Diego Barros Arana, the most eminent historian and educator in Chile, died Monday. He was born in 1830.

AND TRUST CONCERNS

MORGAN AND OTHERS DECIDE TO HELP TWO INSTITUTIONS.

STOCKS MOVING UPWARD

Turn in Financial Crisis Seems to Be Reached—Three Small Banks in Kansas Close.

New York.—The buoyancy of the stock market Monday reflected the ultimate decision of large bankers to support the two institutions—the Trust Company of America and the Lincoln Trust company—which have been subjected to the most severe runs during the last two weeks.

The day was one of doubt and conflicting rumors, and the fact that it passed without an adverse development is evidence that the worst of the situation is probably over. At a late hour in the morning an agreement was reached, largely through the influence of Mr. Morgan, by which the trust companies will cooperate in future for their mutual protection and the directors will lend the assistance of their personal fortunes to meet immediate necessities.

The assets of the two threatened companies were carefully gone over by experts on Saturday and Sunday and both of them were found to be solvent, with a considerable surplus after paying all claims and providing for the capital stock. Under these circumstances it was thought advisable by the big men to support them cordially if they would adhere to thoroughly conservative methods and direction in future.

Turn in the Crisis Reached.

The achievement of these results, with the steady upward movement of the stock market will near the close, is believed to mark the turn of the crisis. The loss of \$100,000,000 in cash by the clearing house banks, according to their Saturday showing, in spite of \$20,000,000 which had been poured into their funds during the week from the treasury, was expected to have a disturbing effect. It was a worse showing than will be possible again in the face of the heavy arrivals of gold. The disturbance, which is sweeping over the exchange market and arousing concern in foreign markets were indicated by the rise of foreign exchange rates, and the considerable advance the point at which gold could be imported profitably. The fact that it is still coming this way indicates the determination of New York bankers to strengthen their position even at a loss. The high rate for bills was caused by the demand for exchange to cover the arrivals of gold.

Reports from Washington indicate that the national banking situation throughout the country is sound and the efforts of the controller of currency to get notes into circulation are meeting with considerable success. The calls for bank circulation are so numerous that the mail can hardly be handled except by the clerks in the office of the controller.

The fact that Tuesday, election day, is a legal holiday in New York will afford time for further perfecting plans for mutual support which are well under way.

The executive committee of the Merchants' association Monday passed formal resolutions in which confidence in the financial institutions of the city was expressed.

Three Kansas Banks Close.

Topeka, Kan.—Bank Commissioner J. W. Rogers announced Monday that three Kansas banks had been forced to close their doors, owing to the failure of the Bankers' Trust company of Kansas City, Mo., on October 25. The banks are the Coyleville State bank, Coyleville; the Garland State bank, Garland; and the Citizens State bank, Mulberry, all small institutions. They had deposits with the Bankers' Trust company.

Cargo of Pesos for Philippines.

San Francisco.—The transport Buford sailed Tuesday for Honolulu, Guam and Manila with over 100 passengers and 4,000 tons of freight supplies. In her treasure vault are 200 boxes of Philippine pesos, valued at \$1,800,000. Among the passengers is Lieut. Col. Webb C. Hayes, president of the United States, who is en route to the Orient to place bronze tablets on the monuments erected at Peking and Tientsin in honor of American soldiers and sailors who were killed during the Boxer outbreak.

Prominent Southern Mason Dies.

Richmond, Va.—Frederick Webber, secretary general of the supreme council of the Scottish Rite Masons, southern jurisdiction, died at his residence in this city Monday night. Mr. Webber was a thirty-third degree Mason.

Taft May Abandon Siberian Trip.

Manila.—Secretary of War Taft gave out a statement Tuesday in which he said he had not yet decided regarding the abandonment of his Siberian trip, but that the probability is that he will return to Washington via that route. He declined to discuss the reasons for abandoning his trip around the world, but laid great stress on the situation at Vladivostok, which he has highly complimented Manila on the fine engineering feat in the construction of the water works for the city.

TIMBER FOR ONLY 20 YEARS

SUPPLY IN UNITED STATES WILL THEN BE EXHAUSTED.

Government Forester Pinchot Sounds Warning, Saying Natural Resources Must Be Protected.

Washington.—"In 20 years the timber supply in the United States, on government reserves and private holdings, at the present rate of cutting, will be exhausted, although it is possible that the growth of that period might extend the arrival of the famine another five years."

This announcement was made Monday by Gifford Pinchot, the government forester, who has just returned from a six month inspection trip, on which he traveled 10,000 miles. In sounding his warning, Mr. Pinchot urged that the danger of the situation should not be underestimated. He said that the United States uses more timber per capita than any other country, and that every year the timber supply would be affected. He declared the policy of discounting the future of the country by failure to protect the natural resources, and he advised everyone who has not been done so to read President Roosevelt's speech at Memphis on this general subject.

About one-fifth of the forest area of the country is government reserve, but Mr. Pinchot called attention to the fact that as privately owned timber lands are better than the government reserves, as a general rule, and that even if the government controls one-fifth of the timber supply, the forest service will lack congress for more money and more men in order to extend the service, and prevent serious depletion of the timber supply. The forest work of reforesting the denuded timber lands, Mr. Pinchot says, however, that it is utterly beyond the possibility of the service to meet, the situation and prevent serious depletion of the timber supply. The forest service has a conference in Washington shortly of governors of states and experts in the study of natural resources. The conference will be for the purpose of developing sentiment in favor of the administration's policy of looking into the future in the matter of conserving the natural resources, such as timber, coal, oil and gas.

It is believed by administration officials that when the people realize that the increase in lumber prices, which has been rapid since the various rapidity since that time, was based not on actual shortage of supply but upon the fact that the owners of private tracts of timber land were merely looking into the future, the government's policy will be endorsed without question.

BRUTE IS ALMOST LYNCHED.

Assault on Girl at Marietta, O. Reported from Frijoles Mo.

Marietta, O.—John Sweeney, a married man, 35 years old, narrowly escaped being lynched by a mob for a dastardly assault on Anna Koon, a 15-year-old girl. Sunday afternoon, Sweeney, who is the father of five children, was caught with the girl in one of the buildings of the fair grounds, which he situated in the rear of his place. A crowd quickly collected, and binding him with a rope, started for the Muskingum river, bent on throwing him in. The police arrived in time to save him and fought the crowd back to the police station.

Uprisings Coming in Russia.

St. Petersburg.—It was announced here Monday that the tour of inspection just concluded by the minister of ways and communications through southern Russia, the Caucasus, Turkistan and Central Asia had revealed complete chaos in the railroad system. The statement is made that the railroads are in a state of chaos, and that the revolutionists and that plans for armed uprisings are spreading everywhere. The minister himself narrowly escaped having a bomb hurled at him at Anzob.

Heirs Buing for Vast Lands.

Mobilizing the Billions of Acres for Public Saturday was the first step in a contest for lands in Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana aggregating a value several hundred million dollars. The lands are alleged to have been the property of the late Dr. Joseph Clatsburg, whose heirs are the plaintiffs, held under the treaty granted by the United States government in the Louisiana purchase act. They are now in possession of several hundred owners.

New College Buildings Dedicated.

Kankakee, Ill.—The new buildings of St. Viator's college, built to replace those destroyed by fire two years ago, were dedicated at Holyrocks Grove, a suburb of Kankakee.

New Limer Chicago Launched.

St. Nazaire, France.—The new liner Chicago, belonging to the Compagnie Generale Transatlantique, was launched at St. Nazaire, France, Tuesday. She is 15,000 tons register.

Destroyer Makes Record Speed.

London.—An official trial Tuesday the British torpedo boat destroyer Metchuk attained the record speed of 21.2 knots an hour. This speed is equal to about 23 1/2 land miles an hour.

Portrait of Bryan for Filipinos.

Manila.—A portrait of William J. Bryan has been presented to the assembly by Justice Mapa, and was received with many thanks. It will be hung in an appropriate place in the assembly hall.

A Dark Diplomatist.

By Gray Allison.

Copyrighted, 1907, by E. C. Parrella.

"Deed, Miss Marjole, I don't like these bath flats."

Aunt Debbie stood with arms akimbo, occupying the greater part of the tiny kitchen. Mrs. Blair, arranging a mass of dahlia in an old fashioned jar on the dining room table, smiled at the old negro comradely.

"We don't find it quite as roomy as the old place in Virginia, do we, Aunt Debbie?"

After the mortgage was foreclosed, Lesley's civil service appointment was secured. I don't know how the child ever got the idea of standing a civil service examination. She always was a queer child, though," Mrs. Blair sighed as if the



DR. FENTON NOTED HIS PATIENT'S PLEASANT manner was beyond her comprehension and followed her characteristic tendency to avoid troublesome thought.

Aunt Debbie told the latter for her

take energetic.

"Miss Lesley—she's every bit (dull)—every bit a saint angel," she said, bristling at any idea disparaging to her nursing. "They've never been a purtier child nor young lady, neither than little Miss Lesley. En de day of an child worth' for her head! I just can't seem to stomach it!" She beat the substance in the yellow bowl viciously.

"Tain't lack her an and her grandmaw, dese I-tell her. dey had close and parthos and married do best catches in de country. What chancst has little missie to make a marriage. I wantur know? Goss to work, even inavin' at 9. De Lawd knows, I weter jes' be carryin' her ma's and her grandmaw's coffee to they beds at 9. En how's she agoin' to make an acuator and previders and things to get a chummy to marry?"

The old nanny told away as if she had fate in the yellow bowl and intended to render it harmless.

"It worries me dreadfully, Aunt Deb," Mrs. Blair finished the dahlia and stood off to admire them. "It seems preposterous to think that a daughter of mine should ever be an old maid. We've been here a year, though, and Lesley hasn't become acquainted with a single man of desirable calling acquaintance. It would have been so different if her poor father had lived."

"Or if he hadn't gambled away and drunk up all his money fash he died," muttered the old woman under her breath.

Mrs. Blair sat down in the easy chair and took her embroidery from the ancient mahogany sewing table.

"Well, I'm doing all I can. I insisted on renting this flat in a fashionable neighborhood, but the house is filled with young married couples that I've never met. I don't believe there's more than one eligible man in the building, and we've never met him."

"Huh! Who's he?" demanded Aunt Debbie, securing a prospect for matchmaking with as much eagerness as if she had been of French instead of African ancestry.

"It's that young doctor in the first floor front. He seems to have all the swell automobiles and carriages in town stop at his door. But, no matter how desirable an acquaintance he might be, we don't know any one to make the necessary introduction and we are never sick." The mistress laughed at the old woman's falling expression.

"I seen him look at Miss Lesley any how when we pass him in the hall. Huh! It's enough to make any one sick to live in a ole landlord's flat," said Aunt Deb dolefully.

Dr. Fenton came in very late that night and was smoking a final cigar when his telephone rang.

"Please come up to apartment No. 34—quick! It's a fainting fit—or something dreadful!" said a girl's excited voice.

When he reached the door of the apartment the girl with red blood hair—the same girl he had often noticed in the hall—met him at the door. Her face was still flushed with sleep, but her eyes were dilated with anxiety as she wrapped the folds of her blue kimono around her slender figure and led the way toward the little black bedroom.

"It's my old colored mammy," she said breathlessly. "I never knew her to be sick before, and I'm afraid it's goplexy or heart trouble or some

thing. If mammy were to die we would be absolutely helpless."

Dr. Fenton noted his patient's pale and listened to her heart, then looked at Mrs. Blair in a puzzled manner.

"Her heart's all right—rather unusually strong. Has she been eating anything that might give her acute indigestion?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Mrs. Blair helplessly. "I was asleep when she called me, and she groaned several times, then became absolutely unconscious."

"This she been drinking?" The doctor sniffed the atmosphere suspiciously.

"No, indeed," said the girl indignantly. "Mammy never was intoxicated in her life. I spilled that on her trying to force some down her throat."

The doctor, after several minutes' pause, finally held some strong ammonia to the patient's nostrils, and she opened her eyes.

"Take that day stuff away," she said indignantly. "Do you want to kill me? 'Cause I'm a worthless old nig-ger?"

Dr. Fenton patted her shoulder indulgently.

"There—there—I guess you are not dead yet. It's a sign of a good constitution when you recover, and begin fussing and fussing. Shows they have got enough to pull through all right. Where do you feel best, auntie?"

"In my head and back, and my legs, and an awful misery in my stomach. I reckon I'm now done for," and she groaned in self pity.

"I'm going to give you a powder that will stop all the misery, auntie. You must stay in bed tomorrow, and I'll come in and see how things are going with you. I expect you have taken cold and have indigestion and cramp. You'll be better after about as lively as anybody in a few days."

"Be sure to come tomorrow, doctah. I'm senier pain to death," the old negro admonished.

One night long after Aunt Deb's recovery Dr. Fenton sat in the tiny parlor of Mrs. Blair's apartment, and a casual observer might have thought he was noting Lesley's pulse.

"And to think I saw you going in and coming out of this building for a whole year before I had an opportunity of meeting you. I tried my best to find a natural acquaintance, but couldn't. If that blessed old mammy hadn't caught cold I might never have known you. Do you like the way that diamond is set, doctah?" he asked.

"I like it, doctah. I don't like it at arm's length to admire the very new and glittering ring."

"It's just lovely," she said. "Everything is lovely. I don't believe there's a single disagreeable thing in the world. Let's call Miss Debbie—I haven't told her yet."

When Aunt Debbie came to the door and heard their news she laughed in derision to look too large for the small apartment.

"You think you are surpris' your old mammy, do you, little missie? Lawd, chile, I seen it comin' long befo' you children was eight of 'em."

When she reached the section of the kitchen she sat down and rocked to and fro in silent merriment, her cheeks again laid over her face.

"Thank de Lawd, little missie won't be no old maid," she chuckled, "but dey certainly is one called pussion dirt would ha' made a fine actress. An' hasn't it come a tickle a time when de nussy would put on dat blue duffr, Aunt Deb? I knowed she looked like one of de Lawd's angels in it. I didn't have no misery—I didn't have no nothings—but my powder she'd make me sleep."

American Names.

If we have some growing sense of a debt to touch with poetry the terminology of our American towns, we have succeeded so far only in securing a slightly plebeian gloss atmosphere such as is given off by Lakewood or Riverside. The rich sentimentality of the real estate dealer has done what it could, considering the hurry he is in. If we have a new manufacturing suburb, the chances are we shall be too lately and daffily petrifical, call it Lakewood and do with it, or too crudely romantic, in which case the secretary of the company will report to the directors that he has had the place incorporated as Iveshoe. With the slightest dash of poetry in his soul he might keep true to the strenuous character of the place, with all its prospects for labor agitation, and at the same time give a touch of beauty to the situation forever by calling it Fretley, or if it is a place where hammers are to ring from morning to night why not call it Singsong and making it Singsongville after the present chief stockholder in the concern—Atlantic.

The Poor Service.

Mrs. Ray Shivers had just returned from a visit to the foreign cruiser that lay at anchor in the harbor of the great American city.

"We had a fine time," she said. "They showed us all over the ship and paid us every attention. We didn't know they had arranged an elegant luncheon for us, and we were agreeably surprised, of course, when the captain invited us into the dining saloon and seated us at a long table spread with everything that could tempt the appetite. I tell you, Mrs. Upson, we enjoyed that luncheon. We didn't have to hurry through it either, and we were waited on with the utmost politeness and cordiality."

"The service was first class, was it?" interrupted Mrs. Upson.

"The service," said Mrs. Ray Shivers, lowering her voice. "No; that was nearly all limitation. I give you my word the way was truly a thing worth carrying away as a souvenir. All I grabbed was this little pickle fork, and I do believe it's nothing but plated ware!"—Chicago Tribune.

The Time to Buy Now

Cold weather is coming. Do your buying while roads and weather both are good. All winter goods are now on sale and you can have first choice. Buy where your money goes the farthest.

Values for the Home

Large size, White Enamel Lined Dish Pans.....40c
Extra size Tea Kettle, blue enamel ware.....50c
Children's Beeced Shirts, Drawers, Petticoats, Knit Waists and White Aprons, choice.....10c
Men's genuine, all wool, fine Dress Shirts.....\$2.10
Ladies' knee length, heavy knit, dark brown Petticoats.....50c
Men's best quality, heavy 50 and 55 Canvas Leggings.....25c
Ladies' and Children's double knit Black Wool Mittens.....10c
Men's and Boy's Sweater Neckties, 50 grade, all colors.....35c
50 inch Furs, dark brown, white and trimmed with 6 bushy Tails, \$4.19
72 inch Black Electric Seal Suits, with 6 tails.....\$1.75
Best quality heavy Male Skin Husking Cloves.....25c
Good sized House Blankets \$1.25 value now.....75c
Boys' and Girls' Black Wool Hose, Men's fine Wool Hose, Ladies' Black Wool Hose—Sale of 3 very special bargains at.....10c
Girls' Corsets, no heavy steels, except in front, all sizes.....10c
Boys' School Caps, and Girls' Tam-o-Shanter Caps, specialties.....10c
To its 500000 Horse Blankets, great values, at.....\$2.25
Used Lath at 1 price. A quantity left on our hands as a result of remodeling our store.

Girls' Dresses.

Complete assortment of Girls' Ready to wear Dresses, well made, neat and stylish, in Flannelette, Cashmeres, Cottonades, fancy Plaids, and mixed Satins, sizes 7 to 14 years. Why isn't it as sensible to buy ready made Dresses for a girl, as to buy ready made Suits for a boy? 30c, 50c, \$1.19, \$1.49 and \$2.00.

Little Fellows' Overcoats

Nobly styles, and great values, in plain and fancy mixtures; Overcoats, plain or trimmed, for boys 4 to 8 years old. Finest grades at low prices \$1.25, \$1.69, \$1.95, \$2.25, \$2.95.

Ladies' Department Values

Every variety of ready-to-wear goods for Ladies', Misses' and Children. Largest and most complete department in this section.

Ladies' Cloaks

We received this week our second shipment. Since the coming of our first, all these goods have advanced but we shall continue the same low prices, as at the beginning of the season. Our records show sales of 15 to 50 Cloaks per day even thus early.

Misses' Cloaks, 50-52 inch lengths, all styles, of fancy mixtures.....\$1.95
Ladies' Heavy Black or Mixed Kersey Cloaks, 52 inch lengths.....\$5.10
Full satin lined Black Broadcloth Coats, plain or trimmed, 52 inch lengths, \$6.50, \$6.87 and.....\$11.00
Elegant Plush lined Broadcloth Coats, with fur collars, only.....\$14.95
Ladies' 52 inch Crushed Plush Coats.....\$11.95
Ladies' fine quality Melton Cloth Coats, special.....\$6.57
Little Folks' stylish cut Coats, sizes 3 to 6 years, in Cloth, Plush or Bearskin \$1.19, \$1.75, \$2.25 and.....\$2.95

Fur Values

Largest assortment of Furs we have ever shown. Special Muff values this week in the broad flat styles.

Fine Coats 4 tails and 4 heads \$3.57
Electric Seal Coats.....\$5.10
Fancy Lamb or Fox Muffs \$3.69, \$7.95 and.....\$8.87
45 inch Fur Scarfs, large size tails, 60c to 100c.....\$1.09
72 inch Brown Cooney Fur, with 6 tails and 2 heads.....\$2.25

72 inch fine quality Marten Furs \$7.95

91 inch Brown Marten, with 5 tails, wide style.....\$5.87
NOTE:—We believe this to be the best as well as the largest assortment of Furs that we have ever shown. There is always a difference however, even in Furs priced exactly alike, and the advantage is with the customer who makes the first selection.

Millinery Department

Increased floor space enables us to carry more hats and in a larger variety of styles than ever before. We can save you money and that with no sacrifice of style. Special attention given to Children's and Misses' Hats.

We sell Girls' and Misses' solid leather Kid Shoes, sizes up to 2, at.....95c
Girls' Best quality Kid and Cat School Shoes, \$1.19, \$1.29 and.....\$1.35
Ladies' fine Kid, Rochester made Shoes, lace or button, low or high heels.....\$1.95
Ladies' and Misses' Kid and Cat every day shoes, solid yet stylish, made for wear \$1.49 and.....\$1.75

TRADE 510 AND SHOW-ROUND TRIP TICKET AND WE REFUND YOUR CAR FARE. Dinner Tickets or Horse Tickets if you drive.

WAUCONDA.

J. E. Tomlisky of Cary was a Sunday visitor.

Miss Nina Pratt is spending the week with her sister, Miss Winnie Pratt.

Mrs. James Murray attended the wedding of Dr. Howard O'Neill in Chicago last week.

C. H. Morey of the J. B. Watkins' Medicine Company is spending a few days in this vicinity.

Carl North who is in the employ of Sears Roebuck & Company of Chicago was a recent visitor here.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Ols of South Haven Michigan, are visiting relatives and friends here this week.

Mrs. W. W. Birkett who has been caring for Mrs. Wm. Brooks returned to her home in Belvidere, Thursday.

Misses, Henry Maiman, D. H. Murphy and James Murray started today for a week's trip to the Pomfret district of Texas.

Mrs. C. A. Golding is packing household goods preparatory to moving to Syracuse, New York, where her husband has secured employment.

Emmett Geary accompanied by J. Knox and Miss Katie Knox of McHenry visited with Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Zimmerman at Long Grove Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dolmer and two daughters of Bertrand, Nebraska are spending the week at A. E. Kirwan's. They were former residents here.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cook of Geneva welcomed a baby girl to their home Saturday, October 26th. Mrs. Cook was formerly Mrs. Bertha Brand of this place.

John Green has rented his farm to Edgar J. Meyers of Volo and with his wife and daughter will move into town in the spring having purchased the M. J. Hill residence on West street.

The money market does not seem to bother our residents as much as the loss of a meat market at the present time. With the closing of Harrison Brothers store our only meat market has been closed and our residents find it rather inconvenient getting meat.

Mrs. J. Mullen who has been slowly recovering from a paralytic stroke received early in the summer went to the city Tuesday in Mr. Seger's auto accompanied by her daughter, Miss Grace, and Nurse Miss Emma VanNatta. She will make her home in the city for the winter with her sister, Mrs. McGurran and take osteopathic treatment.

Railroad is again the topic of our residents. Mr. Hall, the promoter of Chicago, was on our streets the first of the week and have been going over the proposed route of the Bryson company which promised us a road two years ago. Mr. Hall is very outspoken and says the road will be built this next summer. His is a regular organized company having been licensed at Springfield about two weeks ago and are ready for business as soon as right of way and franchises through the towns along the route are obtained. They ask nobody to donate right of way but will expect the farmers to sell at a reasonable figure. The surveyors are expected out in about two weeks.

"Some so called statesmen" observed the philosophical landlord, "are merely political seismographs. They are always in a state of agitation over some upheaval that is threatening to destroy the foundations of civilization. They can't tell exactly what it is or where it is."—Chicago Tribune.

D. F. LAMEY

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

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

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