

Brief Personal Items

ABOUT THE VISITOR AND VISITED

George Atkins has sold his Ford runabout to an Elgin party.

Mrs. Henry Brandt and son Robert called on friends at Cary Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Horn of Harvard visited with friends here Tuesday.

Mrs. Elizabeth Houghtaling of Cary visited with relatives here the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. August Haak spent Saturday and Sunday with friends at Rockford.

Mrs. Hannah Wiseman is visiting with her daughter Mrs. Albert Sobel in Chicago.

Martin and Mina Jacobson are now both employed at the C. & N. W. office in Chicago.

Mrs. Ed. Rieke is assisting at Hawley's store during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Hawley.

Miss Una Muldon of Chicago was a guest of Miss Margaret and Julia Lamey over Sunday.

Fred Kirscher and William Grace and party made an automobile trip to Lake Geneva today.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Solt of Williams-town, Michigan, have moved into the Lee Brown residence on Grove avenue.

Squire Marshall of Bridgman, Michigan, came here Tuesday for a brief visit. He is a guest at the McFarland house.

Mr. and Mrs. Ruff departed Tuesday for their home in Oklahoma after a week's visit with Mr. and Mrs. John Martin.

Miss Natalie Gillette's picture appeared in last Sunday's Tribune in a group of the wedding party of Chicago friends.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Wells and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cady, Jr., of Chicago will be guests at the Frank Cady, Sr. home tomorrow.

Ed. Smith, who is employed by the Ideal garage, cut his hand so badly yesterday that he will be unable to work for several days.

Miss Malinda Wiseman departed Tuesday for Randolph, Nebraska, where she will visit for a week with her sister Mrs. Fred Legeuchelle.

Helen the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Magree is spending this week at Biggsville with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. V. T. Stanley.

R. G. Munday is attending a 15-day gospel tent meeting at Weston, this state, which began yesterday. Mr. Munday will act as choir leader while there.

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preaching. Subject of sermon: "The Counsel of Obedience that One Should Do for the People and that the Whole Nation Forth Not."

This will be the last evening service until the camping at Deer Plains.

Epworth League devotional service will for the present begin at 7:00 p. m. instead of 6:30 p. m. Sunday evenings, lasting only 30 minutes. In view of this the study in the Christian religion will be omitted.

Prayer meeting service next Wednesday night as usual at 8:00 o'clock.

Camping opens July 9 and will continue over two Sundays. Every preparation has been made for a great meeting. Rev. Dr. Morrison of Kentucky will be present again. Rev. C. L. Goodell, D. D., of New York has been secured for the special evangelistic work.

ZELDORF-KUHLMANN
Miss Nellie Zeldorf, eldest daughter of Wm. Zeldorf, and Gottlieb Kuhlmann, of Barrington, were married at 8 o'clock p. m. Saturday afternoon, June 28, by Father Longman, of Barrington. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride's parents on the north side of Palatine. The bride wore a beautiful white charmesse and carried an arm bouquet of white roses. Miss Kathryn Lyons of Chicago acted as maid of honor and was dressed in white robe. Albert Hamlin of Lombard was best man. Miss Marie Zeldorf, sister of the bride acted as bridesmaid, she wore white mesalline and carried pink roses. Miss Jessie Will played the wedding march. The decorations were in pink and white. The guests numbered 65. Following the ceremony and congratulations, the wedding supper was served. Mr. and Mrs. Kuhlmann left Monday for their new home in Lake Forest.

The Makeup Faces.
"Did you ever help put a make-up on?" "No," said the wife always as smiling "never alone," "Fudge."

BRIDGED THE CHASM

By WILLIAM O. STEVENS.

"Tossin', we've been bridgin' the bloody chasm today," finished with the conviviality of the Blue and Gray fraternization, a stranger dropped thoughtfully into a chair at my table in the Monticello cafe.

"Stiggins' my name, I'm c'mander of Winslow post up state," he resumed, engagingly, "last time I was down here to Norfolk I helped in the bridgin' of the chasm on record, that's why I come all the way to this." My polite look of inquiry opened the flood gates wide, and the story flowed rapidly.

"Well, sir, I enlisted in November, '64, gets my bounty and calls myself Jones. Then right off the cap'n of our company was pickin' on me all the time. I stood it patien' till one day, while I was settin' under a tree on picket duty, he come by. Then I got up easy an' give him a socker on the jaw. He didn't wake up for two hours."

Mr. Stiggins paused to ring for another high ball. The place was deserted except for a lanky fellow in a broad felt hat whom I noticed bending over the hotel register an hour before, and who now seated himself at the adjoining table with his paper and cigar.

"Well, they jagged me for six months, and that prison was where we bridged the chasm, like I said. It was an old stone warehouse made over, an' 'chock full. The room I was in—'bout ten by twenty—held four an' a half an' six, with a guard at the door. 'Twasn't long before we got real friendly, an' right off we begun layin' plans for escape. We all wanted to get out, an' that was what Carrot called our plan of union. Carrot—'we called him that because he had fannel-shirt hair—was a real smart Johnny Reb from a South Carolina regiment sent up with the other prisoners from Roanoke. He was a spy and he was crazy to get out; nater talk looney 'bout his wife an' kids."

"I was in the scuffle of getting me in they'd left my jack knife, he almost whooped. I give it to him an' he took it off in a corner. Then, settin' my blade against his blade, he pounded with a loose brick till he'd saw-edged his. Next he saws on the iron bar in the window. It took four days to get through, an' while he sawed he had us all round him singin' to cover the squeakin' the Rebs whoopin' Bonnie Blue. 'Twas a 'our yellin' Red, White an' Blue. The day after we was a Dutchman, an' the noles give him such fits he kep' as far from the door as he dared. An' plugged his ears."

"Now, I was the strongest in the bunch by a whole lot, an' when Carrot gone clean through he says, 'Stiggins—'he foun' Jones wa'n't my real name—'Stiggins, we need your brains on this bar, an' only one man can get a hole to once. The next cloudy night, when the guard walks up the corridor, he beats her out, and as I'm the only death sentence here, I'll skip out first; then you pull it back so's you can hang a coat over it when he comes past again. Keep breathin' it till you let 'em all out! You see, he called I'd get out last."

"'Bout two o'clock I git up quiet an' takin' good hold, bent the bar an' braced it with my foot till I could jes' squeeze out algiewise. Then I drops onto the flat roof of the next buildin' an' makes tracks for Portersmouth. Next mornin' early I jump on the tail of a train carryin' furlough men, an' in four days I was in Pittsburgh callin' again an' gettin' another bounty."

"Carrot? Oh, early an' mornin' they foun' me gone an' the busted slat in the window; so they give Carrot time to write home an' shot him."

Up rose our neighbor, threw off his hat, and leaning his hands on our table, he looked Stiggins in the eye. I noted then that his hair was bristled. But Stiggins fell back with wild, bloodshot eyes. "Carrot," he whispered hoarsely.

"No, Carrot's not a stranger," turning to me, "for ten years I've attended reunions looking for this man, and I reckon I'll take no intermission. If you don't get right up, I'll do the trick right hyah." A steel barrel flashed from his pocket. "But I'd rather not mess up the floor if I can help it."

"For God's sake, man, I began again, but he swept me aside manacled. The door was unlocked, the prisoner and thrust him out into the midnight."

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Book Exhibition.
An international exhibition for the book industry and the graphic arts, including photography, is to be held at Leipzig, the book industry center of Germany, from May to October, 1914, in celebration of the 150th anniversary of the royal academy for graphic arts and the book industry in that city. The exhibition is to be organized upon an elaborate scale, including among various allied arts the manufacture of paper, the derivation of newspapers, and finally, a group devoted to measures for the protection of the rights of workers—Springfield Republicans.

Most Markets Will Close Early.
On and after Monday, July 7, the undersigned will close their meat markets every evening, except Saturdays, at 7:30 o'clock.

THE KING OF ALL LAXATIVES.
For constipation, headache, indigestion, and general uneasiness, use Dr. King's New Life-Pills. Paul Mathews, Buffalo, N. Y., says "they are the King of all laxatives. They are a blessing to all my family and I always keep a box at home." Get a box and you will. Price 25c. Recommended by Barrington Pharmacy.—Adv.

Much Money Falls Due Shortly.
Industrial and public service corporations will, it is said, be called on to meet \$100,000,000 in short term notes before 1914.

AT THE CHICAGO THEATRES

FINE ARTS.

A return to the whimsical type of comedy can be seen at the Fine Arts Theatre in "How Much Is A Million." The scene of "How Much Is A Million," which, as the title signifies, deals with the absorbing topic of the root of all evil, is laid in Washington square, and has to do particularly with an eccentric and impractical writer of fairy tales who is confronted with the cold realities of life.

For a number of years three chums have lived together in an old rambling apartment in Washington square. Escape the writer, they are hard-headed business men with an eye on the dollar, and as they have gotten along well in business, decide they will move to a smarter neighborhood, leaving behind the weaver of dreams.

Strangely enough, they have both fallen in love with a beautiful young millionaire named Georgina Knowles, who has refused them in turn. Their surprise may be imagined when Caleb Drunkwater, the writer, coolly informs them that he has become engaged to her himself.

After their marriage he insists that they maintain an economic independence and live "Dutch." None of his books has ever been published, and his wife gets one printed at her own expense in a distant city, and persuades him that he is getting an enormous royalty, which she gives to him through an agent. The amusing complications that follow his discovery of the deception, when he leaves home because he cannot share expenses equally, and subsequently makes a fortune by mistake, after she has lost hers, constitute the basis of the comedy.

Rid Worms Children of Worms.
You can change fretful, ill-tempered children into healthy, happy youngsters, by ridding them of worms. Tossing, rolling, grinding of teeth, crying out while at meals, and complaining with intense thirst, pains in the stomach and bowels, feverishness and bad breath, are the symptoms that indicate worms. Klekspoo Worm Killer, a pleasant candy lozenge, expels the worms, regulates the bowels, restores your children to health and happiness. Mrs. J. A. Brislin, of Elgin, Ill., says: "I have used Klekspoo Worm Killer for years, and entirely rid my children of worms. I would not be without it." Guaranteed. All drug stores, or by mail. Price 25c. Klekspoo Indian Medicine Co., Philadelphia and St. Louis.

No Substitutes.
"Scientific formulae will never take the place of holding hands in the moonlight as a mode of mating, and the superlative idiosyncrasy of lovers will be always blessed.—Doctor Crane."

For Cuts, Burns and Bruises.
In every house there should be a box of Bucklin's Arnica Salve, ready to apply in every case of burns, cuts, wounds or sores. J. H. Polman, Del Valle, Tex., R. No. 2, writes: "Bucklin's Arnica Salve saved my little girl's hot foot. No one believed it could be cured. The world's best salve. Only 25c. Recommended by Barrington Pharmacy.—Adv."

Two of a Kind.
Some people look almost as pleasant when they are going to the dentist as when they are going to the dentist's.

Cement Stave Silos

Manufactured and Erected by
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Barrington, Illinois

POULTRY WEIGHT

MAKE CAPONS

Finest raising on the market. A third more weight for the same amount of feed.

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All sizes and prices; also choice variety of decorative novelties. And we'd like to remind you—when you are tired and done up these hot days—to drop in where it's cool and pleasant and try some of the Hawthorne Farms pure ice cream—it's delicious.

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WHAT TO EAT

in the bakery line can be had here at any time. When company drops in unexpectedly, and there is nothing dainty in the house send to the

Barrington Bakery

for some of our delicious productions and then you will realize what a treat it is to eat good Bread, Cakes and Pies. Goods delivered promptly on receipt of order.

A Few Specialties This Week:

Strawberry Pie, made of fresh Berries.....15c
Angel Food Cake..... sizes, 10, 15 and 25c
Our Butter Rolls—None better, per dozen.....10c
Fresh Bread daily—5 large or 6 small loaves.....25c
Gold Coin Flour—50-lb. sack, \$1.35; 100-lb. sack.....\$2.65

THE FAMOUS Hawthorne Farms Pure Ice Cream

Made a hit right from the start.

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"61" FLOOR VARNISH

Gives a hard, shiny coating—elastic too

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