

THE HEART OF NIGHT WIND

A STORY OF THE GREAT NORTH WEST

By VINGIE E. ROE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WATERS

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CHAPTER XXXI.

The Red Death.

So they were left, those two—the East and the West—alone upon the mighty pyre of the jumbled peaks. Only the forbidding spire of the Hog Back, running like a great white blade high, marked the red outcrop clinging to its base, carried a pall of smoke of the coming death. Sheer and high, that the spindly blade should make it first.

Now she turned back to the two men she loved—the Preacher silent under the sheltering eaves, with his Bible and his flute. Sandy prone upon the earth, his face to the last despair. She passed him and went before the man, her face to the last despair. The old look of emotion, she bared the white face and gazed long upon it. The call of blood had overuled her to this man, mysteriously, though both were ignorant of the vital truth between them, the Preacher because of the friend he had been to Sandy since the trials of that fatal day. Sandy, because Katarime, wife before the generation, had seen how blind these to its own, even at its cost. He had loved her mother and had tried to make her. Indians, though she was white, a waif of the old frontier, and she had seen her break her heart, and die.

Therefore, after silent hours by the Great Waters, he had accepted the mandate of Destiny and had taken the tabe of the Broken Star and given her to the only white woman he would trust, Miss Daly, who took her with four others. Sandy said he would not tell her where they were. Sandy looked for the first and last time, exclusively upon her bosom. Presently she leaned over and kissed him softly, reproached the forms and rose.

Beside Sandy she stopped, stood a moment, gazing around at the pine bales that seemed like fearful ghosts in the smoke. She said, "I'll bring him, tucking her feet with the spindly motion of the blanket-wrapped burials her skirt, so deeply had she absorbed the ways of the dusky people whom she loved.

She did not speak. When at last the man, his face drawn out of its sombromes, raised his eyes to her, she was the last seen as the bales before the fire. She looked at her, raising himself on his knee, looked long while Knowledge was born in him.

So this was the West, the world he had once thought so unbearable, this was the wild, the untainted, the crude—like the first creation who served him without desiring. Sandy had brought her with a kiss, just as he had, nothing, who stayed by him to die because she loved him! Why, still he lived in him despite that silent declaration that she was his promised wife! And yonder went his world, his culture, his polished East, riding down the trail to safety, her love forgotten in the face of danger. Yonder went what he had thought the best blood of the land!

Nay, he had been wrong. It was here beside him, his feet trodden under it in meekness, the savagery hidden in its dim black eyes! The last barrier went down! In Walter Sandy, the last, last, still unproduced brood with a snap. He rolled his eyes and caught her raised skirt.

"Little Sletz!" he said, quickly, "Oh, Little Sletz! What am I that you should have done, this thing?" She looked down at him and the rare smile curled up the corners of the lips above the eyes.

"You are an angel," she said softly, "the love of the world!" You are the light on the way, Sandy, the mist in the valley, the sun in the feet of God! Only I have seen my footprint thereon."

A tender wistfulness rang in her voice. She fell silent, after her fashion, with great emotion, after her. Sandy's eyes were like the blinding tears. His chin was pressed with the mighty emotion, his eyes swelled his heart to bursting and his clasped and blanched hands clasp, trembling, to Sletz' skirt.

"See, Rte! I come at last to your 'God above the earth.' Take my hand, but we may go together and pray."

But the girl raised a calm, face to the unspeakable heavens—a face in which all struggle had been stilled, where there was neither hope nor fear, only great content.

"No," she said, "I cannot pray for I have no soul. I have lost it at the price of love."

The mind could not speak, and she answered the look in his face. "We will go together! You have had no God. I have forsaken mine! We will go together—it is the right way—the sure and just wage of life! If she was failing into the stately Biblical language, taking on the simple dignity of the Preacher's way and manner, but we will go together. I have my soul to you."

Biting his ashen lips Sandy rose on his knee, and gathered her into his arms. He held her to him with all the yearning of his breaking heart and buried his face in her throat.

The full rumbling again broke through the howling of the storm, the first that was fast surging its way to the capacious mouth of the peaks.

Behold the Hog Back running out from the jumbled peaks, a pale baffle between the surges far below. Behold a great black horse, carrying a double burden, staggering blindly.

"The first!" he said, "the first, at the rain tied to his collar and strays to follow the dim trail which calls only to the heavy muzzle lugging the earth!

And Sletz! A woman's golden voice, shrill with exquisite agony.

"Help! Help! My God! Oh, My God! The choking! I can't breathe! My God! Help! Help! Help! What great trouble can't you do something?"

In her wildness she turned and struck the man behind her and she never knew that her beautiful hand was red with the blood of his wound.

As Hampden looked into her face, dimly, through the smoke, he saw her hand, black and hard, eyes sodden.

He knew all the odds that they would beat the trail, until he knew it in that moment that they would make it.

"Yes," he said, swiftly, "there is something we can do." He said off to the side. "With your hands, release the skirt of the woman's gown and rippled it from her, tearing it into strips which he would bind about her and fastened securely to the saddle horn.

"Help! Help! My God! How can I help you? You come to the Hog Back shut yet eyes an' don't look down. Help! Take you all right. Now—Good-bye!"

He stepped back, then caught her arm for one fleeting second.

"Poppy girl," he said hoarsely, "kiss me—just once. I'm done for, but I love you, My God! How I love you!"

Poppy Ordway shook his hand loose and shrieked to the horse, which started forward, the renewed heart beat.

Out upon the two-foot blade of the Hog Back crept, noiseless, his long body flattened to the rock, his pale eyes contracted to pin-points.

Hick Bolt stopped at the awful point where the spine left the mountain, trembling in every limb, and snorted with fear. Far below in the

darkness lay the Hounds, the black dogs, waiting, shying body of a giant dog, still tugging at the reins tied to his collar, a drooping black horse, tired to the point of falling, and a woman who sat fastened to the canter with strips of broadcloth, and whose face was not good to look upon.

They stood upon the two-foot blade of the Hog Back, crooked, his long body flattened to the rock, his pale eyes contracted to pin-points.

They stood around her with cheers and eager hands, and questions that tumbled over each other. But John Hampden thrust them all aside to seize her wrist and demand word of Sandy and Sletz.

"They're—up—behind—the Hog Back," she stammered, as she spoke that name. "We found Hampden—sitting there—with candle."

There were now mutterings. "He's shot the—Preacher. He said the East had—was—right—but that he owned—the recorder."

She turned, dully beat on straightened out some twigs. "Sandy—Sandy—despite all, did Hampden—if he's alive. No, I don't mean that. He sent me down. The horse was near done." As she slid down into Hampden's arms she said with her last ounce of strength but with such commanding spirit that he knew she was in dead earnest. "Get me—a conveyance at once! I want to be in Toledo for—the night train—out!"

Thus it came, that, as night closed down, blue with rain over the tortured country, two things of import to the fortunes of the Dillingworths and its owner were taken place. Poppy Ordway was taken to the station of the divisional station, the last foothold town on the backwater, bound for the outside world and the far cities.

At the same moment yet one more procession was coming slowly down from among the peaks, a line of men—dozens had followed the foreman who was his master, to the west ridge, hidden in the dim distance, where her sanctuary in that she might serve this man.

There was a wistful path in her calm acceptance of the mighty price which had been asked of her, and yet she was content. She had offered both her soul and body, exalted, exalted, in that she might serve this man.

When her soul had given itself, there was a faint, pale glow in her eyes, which tightened her clasps on Sandy's hand. Neither she nor the young owner realized that they had exchanged places on the path of life.

The procession, headed by John Hampden, was a waverin run among the men, calling for volunteers,

shouting hoarsely that two women were lost up there and that he was going after them. As he ran, looking up, something fell from its height in the heavens and splashed upon his face. It stopped him in his tracks. Then another fell and another, big, plashing drops that struck him like stones in their portent. They thickened swiftly, beating up the light ashed in his puffs, and from the gathered men, but the rain was falling in sheets, there came first astounded exclamations and then, as the drops gathered headway, a mighty cheer that rent the covered sides, even as a heavy clap of thunder shook the hills.

"The rains!" they cried, "the rains! The first rains!"

The bull rumbling again broke through the howling of the storm, the first that was fast surging its way to the capacious mouth of the peaks.

The first rain! Sandy took a hand, and said. Denton, shuddering from the have of her earnest. The plashings turned to a downpour.

(Among the mountains the effect was indescribable. The thing that took place was too big for man to grasp. It was greater than the fire had been.

Long sheets of water fell after the first, still louder, louder, louder, still louder, in among the canyons, played along the ridges, lashed slope and ledge and valley. The smoke was beaten to the earth in a blanket that spread over a hundred miles and more. It writhed and twisted and was lost in the clouds of steam that fled, hissing, high above the mountains, to the coast of the Coast country. Daily turned his back away from any man and the general went to the little south room in the cook-shack for unaccustomed prayer.

The world turned blue with rain as it had been white with smoke.

And other pygmies, men, who had found shelter in the hollows, had tossed their blackened hands in tremors, shouting with the last of their voices.

For an hour, two, it rained, until the black spikes on the devastated slopes were blotted out.

"It's mighty unusual, a rain's hard—especially the first rains," said a man, who had been a peddler.

"Sandy," whispered Sletz, as the procession would wade up the slope to the cook-shack. Tittering, troubled, adoring dark eyes to his, "will it make any difference to you that I have no soul? Will my heart?"

And Sandy could only hold more tightly the two small brown hands.

THE END.

ring and was filled with a generous joy in that he had found these two, round, stolidly down from the mouth of the Hog Back, penetrating that fringe of the sky, its upper edge had formed the trap. They were now but hideous blackened shapes, monsters that towered frightenedly into the rain, their bases smacking here and there where a boulder shielded stubborn fires.

Closely along the face of the giant cliff they pressed, taking the shortest way.

Suddenly, without warning, they came up upon a bouldered heap that lay at its base. It was fitfully flat and broken, as if it had fallen from

the heavy face of the Yellow Pine's owner.

Hampden, with the aid of the towering spire and the sheer depths, had made good his escape. Sandy would never find him in the chair.

And with the passing of the wondrous face under the disheveled hair had gone his last desire.

They hastily constructed another, slogging and added one more burden to the procession.

So at last came forever Walter Sletz to his own. There was yet timber in the Coast country. The East Belt was all but free, of the shadow. These old hidden records should be unearthed through Hampden's boat, or he would file on it legitimately himself, for that confederate of French a record debt would invalidate the O'Connell file.

His enemy was gone—in shame and wrath and disgrace. He had won his fight.

That old crime, done in poetic justice under the Right Law of primal man, troubled him not at all, for he had won his fight, or rather, of his master's, of French's record debt.

Beside him walked that love of

which he had dreamed, the pearl of

price which he had so near, less in his blindness. Before him went his tried friend, big John Daly, whose heart had shut out its own pain and opened to him the more.

At that moment the white-haired general who was a mother to him.

Here was his life from this time forth, amid the stark forces of a wild country. The elites were far, way, remote.

He had heard the Winds of God upon the mountain, the sound of the hills and they had shown him Denton. He was no longer a questioner, an agnostic. He had come too close to the bare heavens.

Thus he was born down the drifting valley, filled with a vast peace, content—Western at last.

"Sandy," whispered Sletz, as the procession would wade up the slope to the cook-shack. Tittering, troubled, adoring dark eyes to his, "will it make any difference to you that I have no soul? Will my heart?"

And Sandy could only hold more tightly the two small brown hands.

THE END.

A Huddled Heap Lay at Its Base.

Presently a great height, and it arose upon a shoulder a dreary crimson stain, washed and whitened by the rain.

Dally halted, and sent a cry along the line.

They touched the thing with awed amaze, turning up in the blue dusk

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TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS, BARRINGTON, ILL.

THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1916

SCHOOL NOTES

Report cards were issued yesterday.

Elizabeth Van Hagen turned in the
third card this week after an absence
of two months.

Attendance has been very good this
week on account of many being ill
because of the stormy weather.

Grant Astrand of A class, 11th year,
had an average of 99 in arithmetic this
week. While Else Webster of the B
class in the same room had an average
of 95.5. The same study.

Attendance was high this week in the
spelling in the A class room
where: Esther Berlin, Helen Abbott,
George Cameron, Raymond Glester,
Dorothy Kirmse, Ruth Schwenkin and
Norman Brandt.

The school is preparing to make the
year's spring exhibit the best one yet
in the history of the school. So do
not forget to come on Friday April 1.
There will be something to suit every
one's fancy.

Bad Cough? Feverish?
Grippy?

These Ailments Weaken Your
System. Your Body Then
Needs the Help of
Dr. King's New Discovery.

Colds are annoying. They interfere with our duties. In our weak
end condition they may end in a
spell of sickness or even more serious
ailments. Fear, however, should be
overcome, for in Dr. King's New
Discovery you have an effective rem-

The pupils of the second room have
been painting desks this week and that
they have done their work so well that
the teacher has used them for a black
board border.

The following letter, dated at Ameri
can Play ground Device company, has
been received by Superintendent
Ernest S. Smith, which fully explains
itself.

"Your favor of recent date re
ceived. Your letter is a strange
one to us and to be frank with you,
the second one of its kind to be re
ceived by this company. We have
had many letters from parents, and
very few accidents and regret very
much that you have had two of
these, but do you think that your
school building, if some boy fell
down the steps and broke his arm
or leg, or do you think that your
child would fall down stairs and
injure himself. We do not believe
there is danger of these accidents
happening to you for an
injury that might take place in
using the playground equipment.

"The equipment is just as much
a part of the playground as the school
is the school book, as it is just
as important to train the body of
the child as it is the mind. We
have a playground in our school
in the city of Chicago, and
about the same number in Cincinnati
last year, also Milwaukee, and
many other large schools have a
large area.

David Potter has moved from Palis
tine to this village, occupying Sarah
Geary's cottage.

Mrs. George Blackburn entertained
her friend, Mrs. Baynes of Chicago,
Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Goldring visited
their son and his family in Chicago
the last of the week past.

Mrs. Neimayer and Mrs. Humphrey
are under treatment in city hospitals
which friends hope may be productive
of good results.

John Gale is said to be about ready
to return from the West Side hospital
Chicago, where he has had a hard pull
for recovery, but is convalescing nicely
at present.

Mrs. Ethel Slavin is reported as gain
ing strength, being able to sit up for a
short time each day, and friends are
pleased with the gain she is making
toward her former good health.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Burton arrived
home Friday from a winter's stay in
Florida and their little daughter
Frances, is feeling the effect of climatic
conditions in the north, being under
the doctor's care.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pierson arrived
home Wednesday after a winter in the
land of flowers. They report a very
pleasant stay in Florida and have in
vested in a winter resort property
there, we are told.

Mrs. Harry Nock and children
of Green Bay, Wisconsin, came last
Friday and visited until Wednesday
with her mother, Mrs. Neimayer and
sister, Mrs. John McGowan.

All druggists.

Because a number of complaints
have come to the Board of Education
concerning the play ground apparatus,
installed west of the building, blanks
have been sent to parents reading like
the notice published elsewhere in this
paper. The purpose in doing this is to
enable the board to know more fully
the wishes of the parents. It is
hoped that parents will take
this opportunity to express themselves
on a question of interest to everyone.

WACCONDA.

Harry Basye was a city visitor on
Thursday.

Mrs. Lilah Arps is visiting at R.
Moffat's this week.

Blackburn & Broughton received a
car load of Ford automobiles last week.

Phine, Houghton and Mortimer
Basye who have been on the sick list
are better now.

Ben Carpenter is here attending to
the marketing of the balance of his
alfalfa crop.

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Business Notices

Advertisements in this column cost 25 cents
per line, and a minimum charge of 25 cents is
made for each insertion. The minimum charge
is waived for the first five
insertions. Insertions
of five cents each.

Additional lines, except first insertion, are
charged at five cents each.

FOR SALE—Fresh milk cows, Shorthorn, Holstein, Berkshire pigs all
ages, work and blood mares, team of
unbroken black team roadsters. Apply
FRANCIS GARDNER, William Grace Farm.

FOR SALE—Letter or bill files at the
Review office, 35 cents each.

FOR SALE—First passenger E. M. F.
car, 1914 model, for some one.
F. J. HAWLEY, Barrington.

FOR SALE—Body for Ford touring
car, cheap. ROBERT FRICK, tele
phone Barrington 414-M.

FOR SALE—White Wyanet baby
chairs, 10 cents each. DELIVERED. MRS.
A. HALL, telephone 239 R-2, Area,
Illinois.

FOR SALE—Everbearing strawberry
plants—\$2.00 per 100. P. C. CANNON,
gardener, Hartwood Farms, Barrington,
Ill.

FOR SALE—House on northwest cor
ner of 11th and Main Streets, Barrington,
now occupied by A. T. Ulrich. In
quiry of Fred Lines.

FOR SALE—10 hours and one rooster,
pure bred silver campion; to first buyer
for \$10.00. S. Ziegler, Barrington.
132-p.

FOR SALE—Family horse in the condition
of W. L. MARTIN, Barrington.
131-p.

FOR SALE—Monarch cream separator
in first class condition at a bargain.
H. H. COOPER FARMS, telephone Barrington
31-W.

FOR SALE—House and lot on Lake
street, Cullen property. Also dresser,
commode and bookcase. Inquire of H.
K. BROOKWAY.

13-ft

WANTED.

WANTED—Girl (who will go home
nights) to help with general house
work. MRS. NELLIE ROBERTSON,
telephone 32-R.

WANTED—Men who desire to earn
over \$125.00 per month write to to
day for position as salesman, every
opportunity for advancement. H. C. FRICK
MANUFACTURING CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—Five room furnished flat,
modern conveniences. MRS. ZOA
MOONHOUSE.

FOR RENT—House on Grove avenue,
JAMES SNETSINGER, Lake Zurich, Ill.

An Ideal Spring Laxative.

A gentle and tried laxative is Dr.
King's New Lite Pill. The first dose
will move the sluggish bowels, stimulate
the liver and clear the system of
waste and blood impurities. You owe
it to yourself to rid your system of
body poisons accumulated during
the winter. Dr. King's New Lite Pill will
do it. See at your druggist.

For Village Trustee

I wish to announce that I am a can
didate for village trustee. The sup
port of the voters at the primary, Sat
urday, April 1, will be appreciated.
H. C. FRICK

RANK OF THE GRADES

The rank of the grades in attendance
is as follows:

Rank	Room	Per Cent.
1.	2.	93.65
2.	6.	92.89
3.	3.	90.00
4.	7.	90.37
5.	4.	88.82
6.	5.	88.33
7.	High School.	88.25
8.	1.	81.05

7 a.m. to 5 o'clock p.m.

Polling Places:

Precinct No. 1, Village Hall, Barrington.

Precinct No. 2, South Barrington Church, Barrington Center.

SPECIMEN BALLOT

Town of Cuba, Annual Election,

Tuesday, April 4, 1916,

from 7 a.m. to 5 o'clock p.m., in the Schaefer Building.

Emil F. Schaefer
Town Clerk.

REGULAR
NOMINATION

FOR SUPERVISOR

FRED KIRSCHNER

FOR TOWN CLERK

EMIL F. SCHAEFER

FOR ASSESSOR

E. W. RILEY

FOR COLLECTOR

MILES T. LAMEY

FOR HIGHWAY COMMISSIONER

WILL HOBRIEN

FOR THISTLE COMMISSIONER

CHARLES GROM

PETITION
TICKET

FOR COLLECTOR

HENRY RIEKE

SPECIMEN BALLOT

Village of Barrington, April 1, 1916, at Village Hall,
Barrington, from 2 to 8 o'clock p.m.

Lewis H. Bennett

Village Clerk

FOR VILLAGE CLERK
(Vote For One)

L. H. BENNETT

FOR VILLAGE TRUSTEES
(Vote For Three)

J. C. PLAGGE

WILL RIEKE

HERMAN SCHWEMM

H. C. FRICK

SPECIMEN BALLOT

Town of Barrington, Annual Election, April 4, 1916,

7 a.m. to 5 o'clock p.m.

Polling Places:

Precinct No. 1, Village Hall, Barrington.

Precinct No. 2, South Barrington Church, Barrington Center.

J. F. GIESKE, Town Clerk

For the Proposition of Abolishing Poll Tax

Against the Proposition of Abolishing Poll Tax

SPECIMEN BALLOT

Town of Barrington, Annual Election, Tuesday, April 4, 1916,

7 a.m. to 5 o'clock p.m.

Polling Places:

Precinct No. 1, Village Hall, Barrington.

Precinct No. 2, South Barrington Church, Barrington Center.

J. F. GIESKE, Town Clerk

REGULAR
NOMINATION

FOR SUPERVISOR

C. P. HAWLEY

FOR TOWN CLERK

J. F. GIESKE

FOR ASSESSOR

JOHN C. PLAGGE

FOR COLLECTOR

W. C. MEYER

FOR HIGHWAY COMMISSIONER

DANIEL C. GILLY

FOR SCHOOL TRUSTEE

HENRY A. SCHAEFER

PETITION
TICKET

FOR HIGHWAY COMMISSIONER

GEORGE W. HUMPHREY

C. F. HALL COMPANY Cash Department Store

C. F. HALL CO.,
DUNDEE AND ELGINDUNDEE STORE
MILLINERY, OPENING

Thursday, Friday and Saturday, March 30, to June 1, Dundee Store's Millinery opening. Also coats, waists and all spring items in ladies' apparel. Many new department will be especially attractive to ladies desiring to see what is to be worn this season. Autograph prices this week. Special showing of infant hats for confirmation wear. Visit the Dundee Store Thursday, Friday, Saturday.

YOUNG MEN'S SPRING
SUITS

We can convince you that well made, up-to-date styles in young men's suits can be sold at very moderate prices. Careful examination will show materials to be good. Special worsteds, garments well tailored, lined and finished colors, the leading

shades in dark worsteds, ... 35c are noteworthy. also best of blue, serges 30 in. fancy draperies, 50c Fancy check, \$1.10, \$2.29
Prices, ... 25c
\$0.75 \$1.50 \$10.00 \$10.00 30 in. best 25c art demins.

MEN'S VALUES
Slip-on feathers, light rain coats, full lined stitched and cemented seams, ... 34c to \$7.29

Men's silk socks, lot of 25c mill seconds, ... 10c, 15c Rockford made \$1.00 negle-

ged Shirts of Solsette, In-

tance, grey and panama shades, 5 pieces, ... 50c

H. & F. Smart \$5.00 shoes. These are in kid and dull leathers, lace and button styles, made by

H. & F. Co., of Brook-ton, Mass., for retail dealers in the south, who

were obliged to cancel their order, this enabling us to buy at a low price. Our price, \$4 and \$4.50

Good calf lace and button shoes, \$3.00 and \$2.50 Men's Raglan and Balmaca-can all wool. Sizing, top coats in light colors, ...

DRY GOODS SAVINGS
Black stockings, feet, pair

CHILDREN'S CLOAKS
\$1.00 \$1.19 \$1.50
\$1.19 \$2.29 \$4.45

New Spring cloaks are ready. Most attractive are the little folks cloaks with dally white

collar and cuffs, lace and silk collar styles, prices

LADIES' CLOAKS

Larger showing than before at this season. Misses and ladies' cloaks, ... 25c
\$5.95, ... \$7.05,

\$10.45, ... \$11.95

Many styles including fancy wool cloaks and mixtures, a variety of styles in wool serges and poplins in the leading colors for this spring wear. All indications point to blues a black

as the leaders, with light colors for sport coats.

CHILDREN'S SHOES

Service shoes, qualities

which will wear and give service, where service is needed. Special lot of

misses' kid lace shoes

with dally white

collar and cuffs, sizes

13 to 2, Ferris brand shoes, only \$1.00

Special baby values—

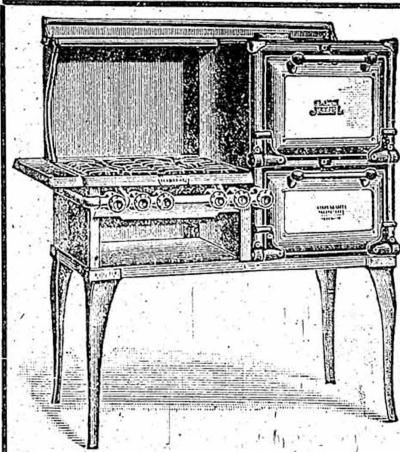
ladies' and children's—

the week.

ROSE BURNET

Notice the Convenient height, the arrangement and size of the ovens, the liberal allotment of burners, the small space occupied.

At our Display Rooms, we show this example of



Notice the Convenient height, the arrangement and size of the ovens, the liberal allotment of burners, the small space occupied.

At our Display Rooms, we show this example of

A Strictly Up-to-date Composite Gas Range

Our salesmen will be glad to point out the many little details that, combined, create the modern gas range, an appliance which greatly simplifies the art of cooking and lessens its cost.

You Pay for this stove a little down and a little each month

Delivered and Connected Free

Public Service Company OF NORTHERN ILLINOIS

CALL BARRINGTON 129 J-1

ABOUT THAT

Plumbing, Hot Air
or Hot Water Job

E. P. TOPLIFF



PRICE and QUALITY

When you part with the amount of cash necessary to buy a manure spreader, you have a right to expect a good deal. When you invest your money in a Litchfield Spreader, you get a good deal. We guarantee value received for every dollar you pay. It is impossible to put the best of everything into anything and sell it at a low price for quality and price go hand in hand. The Litchfield Spreader is constructed from the standpoint of value. A low price means cheap construction and cheap construction means repair bills.

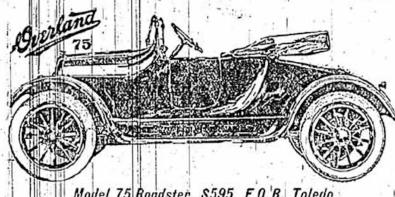
The first cost is not the test of cheapness. In buying a manure spreader you must not forget to take into consideration the cost of repairs and the length of time it will last. Do not allow the penny near your eye to hide the dollar in the distance. Remember that the best is always the cheapest in buying a manure spreader or anything else.

The secret of success in the Litchfield Spreader which was especially designed for us by The Litchfield Mfg. Company, lies in the patented points which no one else can use. Come in and examine the Self-Cleaning Apron, No-Choke Box and Bull Dog Cylinder. We want you to investigate these points which are really the only new principles in spreader building in the last twenty years.

The written contract which every purchaser of a Litchfield Spreader can get guaranteeing his machine for five years is substantial evidence of the strength, durability and value of this machine. Other spreaders are guaranteed for one year. If the Litchfield Spreader wasn't better, the manufacturers couldn't guarantee it for five times as long.

Barrington Mercantile Co.

ON DISPLAY AT OUR NEW SHOW ROOMS



Model 75 Roadster \$595. F.O.B. Toledo

The Model 75 Roadster is of excellent proportions, and pleasing both in lines and finish. Few high priced cars are so satisfying in appearance.

It is powerful, quick, light, economical—and above all, thoroughly dependable. You will be very much surprised at the roominess of this roadster when you come to examine it and sit back in the wide, deep seat. And your equipment is complete—Electric Starter, Lights and Horn, Magnetic Speedometer—eject to license brackets.

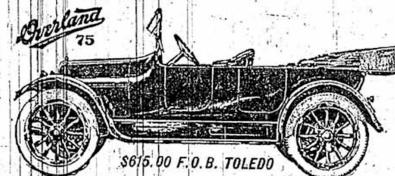
It is not a small car. The wheelbase is 104 inches. The tires are 4 inches, rims demountable. Silk mohair top with curtains fastening from the inside.

Get your orders in early as there is going to be a shortage of roadsters.

We have just received two more cars—leads of large cars and can take orders for two more 6 cylinder touring cars.

We now have all four models on the floor, and a bigger stock of new cars than has ever been shown here.

Below is a cut of the Model 75 Touring Car



Telephone for demonstration or information on any model

Office 68-1 P.C. Leonard Residence 201-R

**CASTLE, WIL LIAMS
LONG & CASTLE, Attorneys at Law, 805-817 National Life Building, 29 South La Salle street, Chicago.**

HOWARD P. CASTLE, Evening Office at residence, Barrington; Telephone number 212-M.

R. L. PECK, Lawyer, Residence, Palatine, Illinois. Office: 1414 American Trust Building, Chicago. Telephone Central 595.

J. HOWARD FURBY, Dentist. Office hours: 8 to 12 a.m. 1 to 5 p.m. Phone 57-1. Office in Peters' building, Main street.

LAKE ZURICH. The school children are enjoying a vacation.

William Hartman was a Chicago caller, Monday.

John D. Fink spent Tuesday afternoon at Palatine.

Miss Rose Prehm visited friends in Chicago this week.

Mrs. Frances Freeland moved to Chicago this week.

Mrs. William Eleman was a Palatine caller, Tuesday.

Roland Baetjer is in Winona on jury duty this week.

The Sunday school teachers are planning for an Easter program.

Daniel McTaggart, school teacher, spent his spring vacation in Chicago this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Duncan spent Saturday and Sunday at their summer home here.

Mrs. Ada Johnshot returned to Chicago Monday after spending a week here visiting relatives.

Mrs. Freda Souch returned home Tuesday after spending several days visiting friends in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. James Dymond, who spent the winter in Chicago, returned to their home here last Saturday.

The Misses Lida and Edith Dymond of Chicago have returned here and opened their home for the summer.

Two young gentlemen friends from out of town visited Sunday afternoon at the home of Miss Bessie McCarthy.

Charles and Ernest Goodlack and Victor Wiesenbergs went to Arlington Heights Tuesday to work for the telephone company.

On account of the severe sleet and rain storm, the telephone company has been kept very busy in this community putting up new poles and wires.

A meeting of the bank promoters was held Saturday afternoon at three o'clock at the village hall for the purpose of organizing. The names of the directors are as follows: Ejil Frank, J. D. Fink, Carl Ernst, Victor Sauer, H. A. Schwermer, Harry Stell, Walter Plagge. F. P. Hoef was elected president.

Annual Town Meeting and Election

Notice is hereby given to the legal voters, residents of the township of Barrington, that the annual town meeting and election of the officers will take place Tuesday, the fourth day of April, 1912, commencing the first Tuesday of said month.

The election will begin at the hour of 7 a.m. and close at 5 p.m. in the place designated as follows:

Village Hall in the village of Barrington.

South Barrington Church, Barrington Center.

The officers to be elected are:

One Supervisor.

One Town Clerk.

One Assessor.

One Highway Commissioner.

And the electors will also vote to decide the question of a new school.

Proposed to raise a special general tax of 20 cents on each \$100 assessed value on all property for constructing and maintaining gravel roads, sidewalks or other public roads.

Also on the proposition of abolishing the toll tax.

The meeting will open at the usual hour in Barrington at 2 o'clock p.m. and after choosing a moderator will proceed to hear and consider reports of officers, to appropriate money for the use of the town, to elect officers, and to deliberate and decide on such measures as may, in pursuance of law, come before the meeting.

Given under my hand this 23rd day of March, A. D. 1912.

Given under my hand this 23rd day of March, A. D. 1912.

For Your Child's Cough.

If your child has a cold, nose runs or coughs much get a small bottle of Dr. Bell's Pine Tar-Honey. It's a pleasant medicine and children like it. Just the medicine to soothe the cough and check the cold. After taking, children stop fretting, sleep well and eat well. It can be taken entirely on the strength of Dr. Bell's Pine Tar-Honey. 25c at your druggist.

Notice.

After April 1, our blacksmiths' shops will be open from 6:30 a.m. to 6:30 p.m., except Saturday, when we will close at 5 p.m. We respectfully ask our patrons to please note the notice of this change in our working hours.

E. F. WICHMAN,

J. H. HATZIE & SON,

G. F. STEPHENSON,

Subscribers for the Review.