

# BARRINGTON NEWS.

VOL. 1. NO. 30.

BARRINGTON, COOK CO., ILL., SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1894.

\$1.50 A YEAR.

## Church Directory.

**ST. ANN'S CHURCH**—Catholic—Services every other Sunday at 9 a. m.—REV. FATHER J. F. CLANCEY, pastor.

**EVANGELISCHE ST. PAUL'S CHURCH**—Sunday School 9:30 a. m. Sunday morning service 10:30 o'clock.—REV. E. RAHN, pastor.

**FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH**—Services Sunday morning 10:30 a. m. Sabbath School 12 m. Evening service 7 p. m. Prayer meeting, Friday evening, 7:30 p. m.—REV. R. BAILEY, pastor.

**THE EVANGELISCHE CHURCH**—Sunday School 9:15 a. m. Sunday morning service 10:30 a. m. Sunday evening service 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 p. m.—REV. J. B. ELFRINK, pastor.

**EVANGELISCHE SALEM CHURCH**—Sunday School 9:15 a. m. Sunday morning service 10:30 a. m. Sunday evening service 7:30 p. m. Young Peoples' meeting, Tuesday, 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting, Wednesday evening, 7:30.—REV. THEODOR SUHR, pastor.

**METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH**—Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 11:45 a. m. Junior League 3 p. m. Epworth League 6:15 p. m. Bible Study Thursday evening at 7:30. Prayer meeting, Friday, 7:30 p. m.—E. W. WARD, Pastor.

W. H. Nelson, who is in the drug business at Kingville, Mo., has so much confidence in Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy that he warrants every bottle and offers to refund the money to any customer who is not satisfied after using it. Mr. Nelson takes no risk in doing this because the Remedy is a certain cure for the disease for which it is intended and he knows it. It is for sale by A. L. Waller, druggist.

## F. D. Hayes' CELEBRATED HAIR - TONIC

A restorative and dressing for the hair, being composed of purely vegetable ingredients; promotes the growth of the hair by supplying to the roots of the same the natural nourishment which it needs and by its steady use prevents and cures baldness; removes dandruff and diseases of the scalp. The Celebrated is not a hair dye, which is always injurious, but restores the natural color of the hair and imparts lustre and beauty. F. D. Hayes, sole manufacturer, 13 River Street, Egin. SOLD BY

## Wallace Wood.

Says M. W. Silby, Munice, Ill., "Last summer a coal miner came to my drug store one night half dead with cramps. There was no doctor to be had. He asked me if I had anything that would help him. I opened a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and gave him a large dose. In twenty minutes his pains was all gone. This man had been subject to cramps, but has not been troubled any since." Every family should keep this remedy at hand for use in such cases. It can always be depended upon. For sale by A. L. Waller druggist.

## CARY

—Mr. G. H. Comstock was a Nunda visitor Sunday.

—L. A. Mench was at Woodstock Monday on business.

—E. Finkle, of Wauconda, was on our streets Monday.

—Geo. Moran, of Nunda, called here Sunday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Mink visited friends at Ridgefield, Sunday.

—Mr and Mrs. M. B. Weaver Sundayed at Woodstock.

—The Cary paper plant was sold to Wisconsin parties.

—I. M. Mallroy, of Nunda was on our streets, Monday.

—E. Shimon, of Chicago, is visiting with his cousin Walter Shepard.

—Dan Warner moved to Dundee where he has work in a blacksmith shop.

—Quite a number of our citizens attended the horse race at Nunda, last week.

—Miss Mable Carr and Miss Becky Gilbert, of Chicago, were the guests of I. N. Powell's.

—The hired man of L. F. Thomas's is very ill, he is threatened with the typhoid fever.

—Rev. Aiken, wife and child, of Eyanston, were in our town Saturday and Sunday.

—W. McNett is erecting a large blacksmith shop to be used by T. Atherton.

—Many from here attended the Maccabee picnic at Lake Zurich, Saturday, and all report a good time.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. Howell and family, of Chicago, were the guests of Mrs. Howell's, recently.

—Miss Matie Nish and George Sprague, accompanied by Miss Alice Corlett, took a pleasure drive to Woodstock Sunday.

—Mr. and Mrs. D. Miller and family, and Mrs. W. Spratt and daughter, of Franklin Grove, were the guests of I. N. Powell's recently.

—Miss Jennie Boomer accompanied by her cousin Louise Merrill, of Janesville Wis., are visiting friends and relatives here.

—Miss Mable Osgood and Nellie Tomisky who have been visiting Harvard friends for sometime past, returned home Sunday.

—Miss Laura Richardson who has been visiting for several weeks with Miss Edna Burton, returned to her home in Chicago Sunday.

Mrs. Ellen Malson, wife of Elder Malson, pastor of the U. B. Church at Galton Ill., in speaking of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, says "I can cheerfully recommend it." Applied to a cut, bruise or burn, it produces a soothing, pleasant effect, relieving the pain almost instantly and healing the parts quickly and without leaving a scar. A flannel cloth dampened with this liniment and bound on over the affected part, will cure a pain in less time than any other treatment. Sold by A. L. Waller.

## K. O. T. M. PICNIC

Barrington, Palatine, Wauconda, and Cary Tents Unite. and Celebrate

### A GOOD AND PROSPEROUS ORDER

A Large Gathering Celebrate their First Union Picnic at Lake Zurich

Good Weather and Harmony Prevailed.

On Saturday Aug. 18, 1894, the Maccabee Tents of Barrington, Palatine, Wauconda and Cary joined to gather to celebrate their first Union Picnic at Lake Zurich, where hundreds of people from various points gathered to enjoy a days outing under the auspices of the Maccabee order, also to enjoy the sports and refreshments, which had been so carefully prepared by the committee, which was abundantly successful.

The day was fair and beautiful, and the bright sun shown down on the magnificent Lake and sent forth with all its power the brilliant rays of happiness which died away in the busy mass of pleasure seekers who made the day as pleasant as possible for one another.

At 10, a. m. the sports began which consisted of ball games, tug of war, bicycle race, foot race, three legged race, potato race and wheelbarrow race. The ball game deserves special mentioning, the game was between Algonquin and Wauconda for a purse of \$20 and a side purse. This awakened the sporting element of the gathering, and at three o'clock p. m. the game was called and the respective nines entered the diamond and commenced the battle, both sides ably supported by their friends, "accompanied by tin horns." ready to make plenty of noise whenever a good play was made. As the game went on the horn blowing, it was noticed, all came from one side, and the other with the greatest expectations were in the rear and their friends had no desire to remove their tin horns from under the buggy seats. This side was Algonquin, they had the game from the beginning, and the Wauconda boys began to kick and squirm and wanted to quit in the fifth inning but it was no go. the game was for blood and was played to a finish. The score was 32 to 16 in favor of Algonquin. As easy a won victory as was ever scored in the ball diamond. The prize for the tug of war was won by the Palatine team. We are unable to give the particulars of the remainder of the events, no one seems to know who got the prizes.

### A Shower of Wheat.

In the year 1696 or thereabouts it was a report in Bristol and thereabouts that it rained wheat about this Town and six or seven Miles round, and many believed it. One Mr. Cole being curious to find out the truth of the odd Phenomenon procured several Parcels of it, and upon diligent Examination of them with magnifying Glasses judged from the Taste, Figure, Size and Smell that they were seeds of Ivy berries, driven by a strong Wind from the Holes and Clinks of Houses, Churches and other Buildings, where Starling and other Birds had laid or dropped them, if so is strange that they should fall in so great quantities in so many places.—Cox's "Magna Britannia."

## WAUKEGAN.

—The cry is—Will it never rain!

—Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lohman and family, of Ashland, are visiting relatives in this city.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Blair, and Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Conner took a trip to the Lake one day last week.

—For some unknown reason the Excursion Boat did not come Tuesday.

—Mr. Eager, of this city, has gone to Vermont, Canada, on a weeks vacation.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Conner have started house-keeping at 30<sup>th</sup> Spring St.

—Mr. and Mrs. Walter Harrower took a trip to Chicago on the boat thursday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Ameling, of Woodville Ind., are stopping at 410 Broad Street.

### The Russian Thistle in Illinois.

In a letter published in the INTER OCEAN, Professor G. E. Morrow, of the Illinois University, calls attention to the fact that the Russian thistle, the worst of weed pests, has been found growing near St. Charles, in Kane County, Illinois. Other plants have been found growing near Polo, near the tracks of the Burlington and Northern Rail Road.

This Russian thistle has overrun the Dakotas, and the farmers there are asking for State and national aid in destroying the pest. Professor Morrow expresses the opinion that individual action can prevent the weed's spreading in this State. He urges farmers and others to look for it and destroy it wherever found. If pulled or cut now he believes there will be no further trouble, but if the seed are allowed to ripen great trouble and expense will be involved. A description of the thistle is given in Professor Morrow's letter.

### Lynch Law Outdone.

The South is waking up to the feeling which is abroad in the land against lynch law. Governor Carr, of North Carolina, took a heroic course to avoid such a disgrace in his State. A negro was under arrest, charged with an infamous crime, and the people were bound to lynch him without delay. In this emergency Governor Carr called a special term of court, and the accused was tried, convicted, sentenced, and hung within a few hours. That was preferable to lynching.

## WALLACE WOOD. TONSORIAL PARLORS.

Next door to Postoffice. I Guarantee Good First-class Work in Every Particular and Best Material. LADIES HAIR-DRESSING a specialty. Laundry Office in connection.

WHEN IN WANT OF A first-class livery team call on HANSEN & PETERS. First-class conveyances always on hand. Horses boarded by day or week. BARRINGTON, ILL.

C. B. OTIS. DENTAL PARLORS. First-class Work Guaranteed At Reasonable Rates. BARRINGTON, ILL.

## MILLINERY STORE

I have at all times a Fine Line of Millinery, Wedding and Mourning Goods. Also a Nice Assortment of Ribbons, Trimmings, Flowers, etc. HATS PRESSED, CLEANED AND DYED TO ORDER. My prices are as low as the lowest. Call and judge for yourself. Miss Dina Bauman, BARRINGTON, ILL.

## H. T. ABBOTT BARRINGTON, ILL. DEALER IN Drugs, Medicines,

CHEMICALS, FINE TOILET SOAPS, BRUSHES, COMBS, ETC. Perfumery and Fancy oiled articles in a great variety.

Cigars and Tobacco. PURE BRANDY, WINES and LIQUORS for Medicinal Purposes. Physicians' Prescriptions Accurately Compounded.

## For Fall Trade.

Advertise in the Barrington News

## W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SOLEAKING.

15. CORDOVAN, FRENCH ENAMELLED CALF. 14. FINE CALF & KIDNAH. 13. POLICE, 9 SOLES. 12. WORKMENS EXTRA FINE. 11. BOYS SCHOOL SHOES. LADIES. 10. BEST DUNGOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by purchasing W. L. Douglas shoes. Because we are the largest manufacturers of advertised shoes in the world, and guarantee the value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protects you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can. Sold by A. W. MEYER & CO.



THE OLD BARN.

You may talk about new-fangled picnics,  
In the woods and along by the sea,  
But the old-fashioned barn, with its doors  
Open wide,  
And the winds that go rollicking round it in-  
side,  
And the twitter of swallows far up in the  
caves,  
And the flutter of grasses, and rustle of leaves,  
Drifting in like a laugh from the spring-  
time,  
Is good enough plenty for me.

Take a soft April day with the clouds low and  
dun;  
First a splashing of rain, then a flashing of  
sun.  
The swish of the flail, or the fanning mill's  
roar,  
Or the horses a-thrashing out grain on the  
floor,  
The hens clucking round in the loft overhead,  
The lambskins that frolic about in the shed,  
The cattle all dripping and patient, that wait  
A-lowing and calling outside of the gate,  
Such a feeling of shelter and comfort comes  
then,  
My barn seems a palace, I king among men.

Take the hour of rest in a warm, sunny noon,  
And the scent of the hay that drifts in with  
the June,  
And the children at play, swinging up to the  
beams,  
Or diving in hay with their jubilant screams,  
And the song of the birds in the orchard hard  
by,  
Or the twilight perhaps of a day in July,  
When the wagons roll over the bridges once  
more,  
And tootle their bundles of gold on the floor,  
And a cool breeze springs up in the west's rosy  
glen,  
My rest in the barn is the sweetest to me.

Take a cool day in autumn, all golden and  
brown,  
The maples in crimson, the leaves falling  
down,  
The haze, a blue sieve through which powdered  
beams shake,  
The apples all ripe, and the cider to make,  
The earth from the cellar, like odor of sweets,  
On turnips and wurtzels, and carrots and  
beets;  
Such pumpkins and squashes and citrons you  
feel  
You taste the preserves and the rich candied  
peel,  
God's gifts in such plenty: the men tell a  
yarn,  
But I have my Thanksgiving out here in the  
barn.

Take a day about Christmas, with plenty of  
snow,  
Old Sorens whittling it nither and fro,  
The felle pendants a jewel, each one,  
The great beams all cracking with frost, like a  
gun,  
The sheep, and the horses, and cattle maybe,  
All bleating, and whinneying, calling to me,  
I toss down the fodder, in chores I delight,  
There's a Christmas tree up in my parlor to-  
night,  
But I think of the oxen in Bethlehem's stall,  
My Christmas is best in the barn after all,  
In summer or winter, whenever it may be,  
My old rambling barn is my palace to me.  
—Katherine E. Somers, in Chautauquan.

A SUMMER GIRL.

The Beginning and End of a Rec-  
tor's Aberration.

When I went up to the Catskills several summers ago it was with the full determination of asking Miss Wagner to be my wife. Age, temperament, everything, pointed to the suitability of such a marriage; and although I am not a conceited man I certainly did not see failure ahead. My position as rector of the leading church in East Lemon is certainly one calculated to impress a young woman, and from the amount of religious fervor exhibited by Miss Wagner during the past Lenten season I judged that it would not be disagreeable to her to be more permanently and more closely connected with the church.

Why I delayed asking her after my mind was made up I cannot say. The Wagners left East Lemon for the summer and I had not spoken. I missed Miss Wagner more than I could have supposed. She was a good, sensible girl, active in parish work, with a perfect genius for straightening kinks; all the different organizations which seemed to go so smoothly beneath her guidance and of which I was now the real, as well as nominal head, seemed suddenly to become tangled and torn with dissension. It opened my eyes still more plainly to Miss Wagner's perfect suitability for a clergyman's wife. Why had I not spoken before? I blamed myself severely. I was torn with conflicting emotions lest some one else more sensible than myself might have stepped in and secured her; her large fortune would render her more liable to ardent suitors than a girl more moderately circumstanced. I blamed myself for letting this treasure slip through my fingers when everything could have been so well settled months before, and I daily expected to be punished for my procrastination by hearing of Miss Wagner's engagement to some more hasty swain.

With this explanation, therefore, it is needless to say that when my vacation came around there was not the least doubt of the direction in which I pointed my steps—the retired and beautiful spot in the Catskills where the Wagners were summering; and I resolved that before twenty-four hours were past I would ask Miss Wagner to be my wife.

Nothing could be more romantic than the spot I had selected for my wooing. A rich New Yorker some years before had bought for a mere song one of the most beautiful hills in the Catskills, three or four miles from the railroad station, and as secluded as the most distant parts of Maine and

the Adirondacks. The handsome lodge gates at the foot of the mountain opened to let one into a little paradise. The houses tucked away like squirrels' nest among the forest trees were built of undressed logs, with much American spiciness and originality, and had little latticed windows, Dutch doors and many sylvan appointments. Inside one caught sight of exquisite interiors. In the center of the settlement was the clubhouse, where most of the members, eschewing household cares, took their meals, and where, if properly introduced, like myself, a few sojourners could be accommodated.

My first sight of Miss Wagner was in the dining-room, where I was welcomed heartily and a place made for me at her table. The dining-room had all the elegance of Delmonico's, with its little tables, handsome china and excellent service, in contrast to the huge stone chimney in the center of the room, the fireplace filled with logs and the rafters left designedly overhead. There was a certain stir and excitement this evening, my train having brought a plentiful supply of sons, brothers and sweethearts for the evening hop, as is usual in most places within a day's journey of New York.

After our separation Miss Wagner seemed more than ever just the wife for me; her strong, buxom figure and well-developed arms showed to advantage in the simple silk blouse which she, in common with almost every other young woman in the room, wore. Her kind, sensible face had gained a pretty brown color from mountain breezes; she certainly would make a perfect, happy, commonsensible clergyman's wife.

We were getting quite gay in talking over all that had happened in East Lemon since the Wagners' departure, when my attention was suddenly arrested by some late comers who were just entering. There were several in the party; an old lady, some young men, I suppose, for I saw them often enough together afterwards; but one figure stood out so indelibly that everyone else in the room suddenly became her background.

I am not good at describing a lady's dress or at personal description; but now, after this lapse of time, I can still shut my eyes and see Florence Atherton exactly as she looked that evening. She had on a blouse—so had every woman in the room, but not a mischievous thing like hers—with soft red frilling that fluttered as she moved. Over it was a delightfully chic little jacket, and her plain, tight-fitting serge skirt had a little stripe of red around the bottom that peeped out here and there. Her hair, which was curly and evidently not very long, was gathered loosely on top of her head, and the little curly ends strayed around in a way more fascinating than any bang.

The only thing I cannot describe is her face. I can only say that she was a brunette with dark, velvety eyes, and then I have left her personal charm quite unsaid.

Miss Wagner noticed my look of interest.

"Isn't she too lovely," she said, enthusiastically, and without a touch of jealousy. "She is a Miss Florence Atherton; everyone is crazy about her. She and her old aunt have one of the cottages; the white birch one—'Indian Pipe' they call it. We call her 'the summer girl,' not the horrid summer girl in the comic papers, but because she looks like a flower and is so breezy and summery. I never saw any one half so pretty, did you?"

Although I did not say so, I certainly never had. It struck me as showing a particularly large nature for Miss Wagner to admire the newcomer, when by contrast she looked positively wooden. I took pains, however, to devote myself unmistakably to her during dinner, and when we parted to meet later in the assembly-room of the club for the evening hop, I congratulated myself that I had well prepared the way for my declaration.

By one of the meteoric changes, that later I became used to in "Taoma" (the old Indian name by which the mountain settlement was called), two hours later, when I entered the assembly-room, all traces of flannels and blouses had disappeared, and, instead, a crowd of fashionably dressed men and women filled the room. Miss Wagner was dancing when I entered, so I waited beside the door for the waltz to cease before crossing the room to where her mother was seated. By such a slight action my fate was sealed. Miss Atherton came in a few seconds after me and stood beside me watching the dancers. She was dressed in some soft, white material that showed a baby-like neck and small, round, white arms. I never saw one look so young, so ingenuic. She began to talk to the man beside her; then my subjugation was complete. I lost my head; I forgot Miss Wagner; I got an introduction to her; I, who never danced, performed wildly with her a country dance which it was these city people's whim to alternate with the waltzes. An old fiddler who played for the country people about, and who had evidently great contempt for metropolitan terpsichorean powers, called off the figures. No one knew the dance very well, so my blunders passed unnoticed. East Lemon was not a narrow-minded place, and I had often stood up in a Virginia reel; yet I think my parish would have been a good deal surprised to see their pastor flying through the unknown figures of this romping dance.

That evening was the beginning. I called upon Miss Atherton next day, and the next; I rode with her, drove with her, and, most fascinating of all, walked with her through the green, leafy, mountain paths. I learned her artless, transparent soul like a book; she was a mere child, simple, easily pleased, most amiable. I regretted that I noticed a great laxity in her religious opinions, and, in fact, the most utter indifference to most of the vital questions of the day. I resolved to lead her mind gently to these serious things, and promised myself an easy convert in one so innocent and yielding. Somehow the conversation did not progress as rapidly as I expected; the days of my vacation were drawing to a close when I realized how little progress I had made. Miss Atherton was always polite when I mentioned serious subjects, but we always seemed to drift into talking of something else. Her rosebud mouth had a way of puckering itself up into a little round moue, and her dark eyes a way of looking down distractingly as she picked to pieces some fortunate flower or drew a blade of grass through her white teeth, that made it very hard for a man to keep his mind on any subject but the grace of her childlike movements; so I gave up her conversion for the present.

It was strange how for months I had delayed asking Miss Wagner, who was so evidently a suitable wife for me, and here was this little beauty, not a churchwoman, not half my age, fitted for anything rather than to be the head of the charities which are so ably administered in my parish, and yet I had to keep careful guard on my lips that, despite myself, I should not break out and ask her to marry me almost before we were acquainted. I was also in abject terror of what her answer might be. I could not flatter myself that she had showed me more favor than several of the other men—I even doubted my being as well received; so I went on from day to day, fluttering, fluttering. It suddenly came over me how little I really knew of Miss Atherton beyond her possession of a beautiful figure and a baby face—strange qualifications for a clergyman's wife. I suddenly awoke to the fact that I knew absolutely nothing about her. I had talked to her by the hour of my college days and my work, everything, in fact, and she had never seemed to evade returning confidences, and yet I knew absolutely nothing of her antecedents.

After much thought I found the solution to this in the fact that there was nothing to tell; she had probably spent her young life in some retired spot with the old aunt who was at present chaperoning her. These thoughts of her innocence and unprotectedness strengthened my resolve. The next day Miss Atherton and I took our favorite walk, up a winding road, then through a leafy path to the mountain top. At this sunset hour it was a most beautiful spot; all the panorama stretched out before us of sweeping valleys and mountain tops; the Kauterskill house looked like a Greek temple against the sky. I felt the enchantment of the place and hour; I found myself, before I was aware, telling Miss Atherton of my deep admiration. I was unprepared for her change of manner; she begged I would never repeat what I had said; she had never imagined for one instant anything of the kind. She was so completely upset that I saw it was no use speaking farther just then, and I hurried after her down the mountain, torn with distracting doubts. I went to my room, but could not rest nor sleep. I resolved to woo my little lady more gently on the morrow, and arranged scene after scene in my mind, all with a somewhat hazy *dénoûment*.

Florence was not at breakfast nor at luncheon. In the afternoon I called at her cottage; the Dutch door was half-open, as usual, and I reached my hand inside and sounded the knocker. This summons usually brought Florence tripping down the staircase, making a series of pretty pictures on the landings; but to-day the little Irish maid, looking somewhat disheveled, appeared.

"Sure, sir, they're gone—went on the morning train," she said, in answer to my inquiries.

Gone! I was aghast. I tried to look unconcerned as I asked when they would be back.

"They're not coming back, sir. I'm left to pack up the things; they've given up the cottage."

I was stunned, but I took a card and pencil from my pocket in a business-like way.

"I have some books belonging to your mistress which I would like to return."

"I was to give no one the address," snapped the girl, as though her patience was exhausted.

For a moment I regretted my cloth. Had I been as other men I would have put my hand in my pocket and a ten-dollar bill would have unsealed that woman's lips; but I could not so disgrace myself as a clergyman.

I left the cottage. No one seemed to know anything of Miss Atherton. She had come to "Taoma" invited by the rich man who owned the mountain. I went to him, and although he politely offered to return her the books, he seemed unwilling to give me any information. He was a hale, bluff, old gentleman, and as I am naturally reserved, I could scarcely take him into my confidence and tell him that my interest in Miss Atherton

was more than that of a mere acquaintance. I noticed, too, that his eyes twinkled with suppressed merriment in a way far from healing to my feelings, and I left "Taoma" at the end of my vacation, wounded, sore, and baffled.

I returned to my parish, and as time wore on and my parishioners returned from their summer homes I hoped that Florence's image would fade away. That, however, was not the case; her face haunted me, the remembrance of her companionship was always coming into my mind. I do not know what I should have done at this time without Miss Wagner. How she guessed my secret I cannot say; but although she never obtruded her sympathy, she seemed always full of interest and hope for me. She seemed to share my great enthusiasm for Florence, and to admire her in the frankest, friendliest way, without any jealousy, and I spent many hours talking to her of my lost darling. In fact, it was somewhat owing to her that I again saw Miss Atherton.

Miss Wagner, one December evening, had some cards to the Nineteenth Century club, in the city, and asked me to accompany herself and her father to hear the debate, which promised to be an interesting one. We could catch a late train out to East Lemon; and I was glad for any excuse that took me into a large, miscellaneous body of people, as the chances were that I should some time find Florence among them.

We were seated and I looked around as usual, disappointed, when Miss Wagner said: "Look!"

There, right in the seat in front of me, sat my missing lady-love. She was alone with a very handsome, correctly dressed man. I sat there transfixed. They seemed on excellent terms, and once I heard her whisper: "George, where is my fan?"

I do not know what the speaker said; I was deaf and dumb. As soon as the debate was finished, some friends rushed over to speak to Miss Atherton. I waited for an opportunity to introduce myself.

"Why, dear Mrs. Moulton!" I heard them say, "so glad to see you back! We've just bought your new book, but haven't had time to read it yet. Your husband has told us of your summer. What fun you must have had."

"Yes, I haven't had such a chance to study people since before I was married," Florence—Miss Atherton—Mrs. —. I don't know what to call her—replied, in her bell-like voice. "You see, when I go around with George and the babies, word always seems to precede me that I am the author of 'Argentine,' and everyone is so kind and flattering that I never have a chance to study anyone. I began to despair of ever doing so good again, so I just fled and left George to care for the babies. I had a splendid time! It's all in the book."

Miss Wagner and I looked at each other; we had heard every word. We left.

My wife is such a sensible woman, and so very handsome, too, in her matronly dignity, that I often wonder at that summer's aberration, and that I could have been so blind to her charms as well as merits. It is not the least of these that she always reads to me Mrs. Molton's new books, and that she has never once thrown at me the fact that I, a self-respecting clergyman, was once madly in love with a married woman. — Polly King, in Demorest's Monthly.

CLOSE TO NATURE.

Man Loves to Get Down and Nestle in the Bosom of Mother Earth.

There comes in the life of every man who cannot afford it a time of burning unrest when he is overpowered by an uncontrollable desire to live in the country. A railroad man who doesn't know for the life of him which end of the plow you hitch the horses to is always longing to go on a farm. A successful merchant who vaguely knows that you dig potatoes, although by that he rather understands that you mine them, as you do coal, hankers, after a certain time of life, for a cheap little place, not too far out of town, where he can sink an artesian milk well and raise his own bananas, of which he is very fond. And I once knew an able and eminent lecturer who had lectured on "The Pyramids, Their Cause and Effect," for twenty years, and who was far more afraid of a horse than a tramp is of work, and who thought that cows shed their horns every spring, from which sohere the brass bands renewed their supply of instruments.

Well, that man left the platform at last and invested the spoils of many successful lecture tours in a stock farm. We cannot help it; out of the dust we came; back to the soil we are drawn. We are children of the earth and we do love to creep back into the mother-arms and get our faces down close to the sweet old mother-heart, when the shadows begin to grow long, when the days of the second childhood come upon us and the time draws near when she will take us into her arms for the last time and hush us to sleep on her cool breast.—Robert J. Burdette, in Ladies' Home Journal.

—She—"I wish I had known you better before we were married. We haven't a single sentiment that we can agree upon." He—"Oh, yes, we have—that last sentiment of yours."—Demorest's Magazine.

IN THE ELECTRICAL WORLD.

Glass, copper, zinc, lead, platinum, carbon, plaster, petroleum, silk, cotton and paper are used in the manufacture of incandescent lamps.

In France the telephone is used on many railroad main lines. On a portion of the Vincennes railway a rather novel system is in vogue, by which at a given signal on the telegraph instrument, the operator connects the telegraph wires with a telephone for verbal communication.—Electrical Review.

—Paul Jablochoff, the inventor of the "electric candle," who died recently in Saratoff, Russia, was director-general of the Moscow-Koursk telegraph lines when he first took an interest in electric lighting, and the nihilist propaganda of 1872, when the railroad tracks the czar traveled over were lighted as a measure of safety, gave him his first experience in practical work in that line. M. Jablochoff made a number of important inventions besides the candle.

—It is stated that Prof. Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution has perfected an instrument called a bolometer, in which a current of electricity is passed through a very fine wire. The resistance of the wire and consequently the strength of the current passing through it varies with the temperature, and by noting changes of current variations of temperature of the wire amounting to .00001 degrees Centigrade (.00000047 F.) are detected. With this instrument, some hitherto unknown facts regarding the spectroscopic have been discovered.

—Platinum has hitherto been considered an absolute necessity in the fabrication of incandescent electric lamps, for the leading-in wires must pass through the substance of the glass, and any metal that expands faster or slower than the glass would crack it or admit air. Platinum expands nearly at the same rate as glass, hence its use for this purpose. Now, however, a lamp is being made in Boston, using iron wires. Before these are sealed into the glass, a film of silver is deposited on the glass, which, it is claimed, makes a tight joint between it and the iron.

—That electricity exerts a powerful influence on vegetation can not be doubted. The extension of telegraph lines and the building of railroads through comparatively sterile sections has, uniformly, a tendency to foster the growth of vegetation. It has been suggested that the only practical means of reclaiming the great Desert of Sahara is to form a network of wires over large areas for this purpose. This could be done cheaply, as no poles would be required—simply by laying the bare wires over the dry sand and supplying them constantly with a current from suitable stations.

—The struggle for supremacy between gas and electric light has been a determined one. Electric light has made wonderful progress in point of cheapness, since 1877, but the gas men are also advancing. Formerly gas was made wholly from coal. Later on coal and petroleum combined (known as water gas) came to the front and reduced the cost materially, and now another big step has been taken—the production of gas wholly from petroleum. A plant of that description for making both fuel and illuminating gas, is building at Haverstraw, N. Y. Gas at fifty cents a thousand is bound to come.

THE SMALL BOY AT PLAY.

A New Trick That Kept the Recording Angel Pretty Busy.

The other Sunday night when an uptown avenue was crowded with young ladies and their escorts, the peculiar actions of two youngsters attracted the attention of a passer-by, who stopped to see what they were up to. He noticed that one of the young imps would stand near the curbstone, while the other would follow some young man who had his best girl on his arm.

When the pair had separated about twenty feet, the young man would suddenly spring into the air with a yell of pain, clapping his hand to his side, while the young one would walk on ahead of him with the innocence of a cherub.

It was not, however, until the gentleman had bribed one of the conspirators with a quarter that he learned the secret. The boys had a string of knotted elastic about two feet long, ending in a heavy bunch. This one held while the other followed the victim. At the proper distance a signal was given, and the knot brought up against the thin fabric of a pair of summer trousers, with a sting that elucidated remarks which must have kept the recording angel in tears all the evening.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

A Palpable Hit.

Mrs. Fawls—Does your husband still drink as much as ever?  
Mrs. Troop—Oh, no, indeed.  
"I'm so glad! How long has he been doing better?"  
"Ever since he had a quarrel with your husband, and they ceased to associate."—N. Y. Press.

A Domestic Discussion.

Wife—William, I do think our boys are the worst I ever saw. I'm sure they don't get it from me.  
Husband (snappishly)—Well, they don't get it from me.  
Wife (reflectively)—No, William, you seem to have all yours yet.—Detroit Free Press.

# THE BARRINGTON NEWS

By THE NEWS PUBLISHING CO.

J. B. COYKENDALL, Editor.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year.....\$1 50  
Months..... 75  
Three Months..... 50

Advertising Rates made known upon application.

Entered at the Postoffice at Barrington, Ill., as second-class mail matter.

SATURDAY, AUGUST, 25.

The total value of the products of agriculture, manufactures, and mining reported by the census of 1890 amounts to \$12,419,775,349.

It is claimed that the first Japanese armed ship of modern design was an American vessel and her first Admiral an American officer.

Sixty per cent of the Hungarians, more than half the Italians, and 35 per cent of the Austrians and Bohemians who came to the United States between 1880 and 1890 returned to their native soil.

Some "400 errors in the tariff bill" have been discovered. No wonder. It was made in the dark, and exclusively by Democrats. Most of the errors are in punctuation and spelling.

A New Yorker who has just returned from Europe says: "when you go outside of New York you are just camping out." It shows how a fellow can get used to even Tammany.

A large number of colored people in Mississippi have sent two representatives to Africa to view the country. In case the conditions are favorable they propose to leave en masses for the dark continent.

The state with the great railroad mileage is Illinois—10,428 miles. Next comes Pennsylvania, with 9,435; Texas, with 9,184; Kansas, with 8,931; Ohio, with 8,558; Iowa, with 8,513; and New York with 8,110.

One of the cuckoos says: "President Cleveland deserves a good long rest after his tireless service." But what about the suffering millions? Have they not earned a long rest? They certainly never suffered more from the evil effects of tinkering statesmen than in this year of 1894.

"The deed is done and the dog dead," says Colone Wattersoll. "What about the future of the party?" Why not bury it head down? It has certainly done mischief enough to be, like Satan of old, "chained for a thousand years."

The most enterprising and influential cuckoo organs have shouted themselves hoarse with "The sugar trust must go." And it has gone—to the front. Haymeyer Democrats are not afraid of the popgun men.

The Haymeyer sugar trust in the Senate turned in a "three-four alarm," and the house tumbled over itself to man and work the Senate's engine. Having put out the fire they tried to start it again in four different places, and are mad because it won't burn.

Debs has not offered to pay any part of the millions of damage he caused in Chicago, and coolly pockets his salary and gives not even a dollar to his poor, starving dupes that he said were prepared to hold out "until they won—whether it was months or years."

## The Present Session of Congress.

The present session of Congress, now virtually at an end, really began Aug. 7, 1893. There was no break of any consequence between the extra session of that day and the regular session which began some four months later. This is the longest session ever held, with two exceptions. For just about a year, not counting the holiday recess, the members were in harness. The labors were arduous, provided only there was no shirking. So far as we are aware, the entire Illinois delegation was in this respect faithful.

Death took three Senators during the session and eight members of the House. The Senators were: Messrs Colquitt, of Georgia; Vance, of North Carolina; and Stockbridge, of Michigan. The members of the House in this necrological list were: Messrs Mutchler, Lilly and O'Neill, of Pennsylvania; Enoch and Houk, of Ohio; Brattan, of Maryland; Chipman, of Michigan, and Lisle, of Kentucky. The resignations were two in the Senate, Walthall, of Mississippi, on account of his health, and White, of Louisiana, to go on the Supreme bench. Three members of the house resigned to become United States Senators. Lodge, of Massachusetts; Mitchell, of Wisconsin, and Blanchard, of Louisiana. O'Ferrall, of Virginia, resigned to become Governor, as Oates, of Alabama has, or soon will, Breckinridge, of Arkansas, resigned to accept the mission of Russia, and Compton, of Maryland, to become a Naval officer at the port of Baltimore. Mr. Caldwell, of Cincinnati, resigned to become mayor of that city, and Messrs Fellows and Fitch, of New York, to take fat offices in that city. One Congressman, Brawley, of South Carolina, to accept the United States Judgeship. None of these changes by death or resignation made any perceptible difference with either branch of Congress.

The repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman act took nearly three months. The bill was introduced Aug. 11, and passed both houses as finally amended Nov. 1. The promise made at the time to provide some substitute measure was not kept, nor was any serious attempt made to keep it. The Democratic party stand before the country as responsible for the shutting down of the silver mines in the far West. The Republicans had adopted two different methods for utilizing the output for money—first, the Allison-Bland bill of 1878, and second, the Sherman act of 1890. The Democrats could destroy but could not build up. During all those Republican years of silver and gold was also abundant, and there was no danger whatever of its going to a premium. The country enjoyed genuine bi-metalism, which seems to be impossible under Democracy.

The Wilson tariff bill was reported to the House Dec. 19. It took eight months to complete that legislation. During all this time the business of the country was in suspense, and it is yet, for the bill may yet fail to become a law. That is only a remote contingency, it is true, but it may be another week before the fate of the measure is decided. It is reasonable however, to make it the base of calculation in business matters, but not of an actual expenditure.

One State has been added to the galaxy of the Union, or will be when the act goes into effect, July 4, 1895. That new State is Utah. The New Mexico and Arizona bills got through the House, but stuck in the Senate. Utah will be the forty-fifth State in the Union. The repeal of the national election law was to be expected, quite as a matter of course. It was the one measure on which the Democracy was absolutely harmonious.

At the meeting of the Barrington Fire Department, July 13, 1894 F. H. Frye was appointed general overseer to keep apparatus ready for use etc.

The following divisions were appointed to act in case of fire. Fire Marshal; J. C. Plagge.

Hose Cart.  
P. H. Miller, E. M. Blocks, F. J. Meier and H. A. Harnden.

Engine.  
A. Schauble, John Brimkampf, F. Johnholtz, Wm. Meier, Ed Peters and E. Naehher.

Nozzel; Karl Naehher.  
Ladders.  
G. H. Landwer, C. P. Hawley and F. H. Frye.

Axes; Frank Plagge.  
Pails; B. H. Sodt.  
Chemical Engine's.

T. H. Creet, Wm. Howrath, A. W. Meyer, C. C. Henning, M. C. McIntosh and Phil Hawley.

Lanterns,  
Wm. Grunau, Hawley, W. T. Stott, Ed Hockmeister, M. B. McIntosh and J. E. Heise.

The first person in each division is the head of that division.

Moved seconded and carried that in case of fire the Fire Marshal have sole command, and the heads of the various divisions look to him for orders, and if the Fire Marshal be absent the head of the Hose Cart division act as marshal, and if he be absent the head of the Nozzel division act as Marshal.

D. H. Richardson Sec.

## ADVERTISED LETTERS.

The following is a list of the letters remaining in the post office at Barrington, Ill., August 1, 1894, as unclaimed.

- August Beckman.
- Robert Burke.
- Maurice Bransfield.
- Mrs. Laura Bonnette.
- Mrs. Page Beckley.
- Frank L. Carr.
- Randolph Carsnic.
- Mr. and Mrs. DeMawriac.
- W. Dreyer.
- Anna Dormatt.
- Mrs. David Kans.
- Jachin Hertz.
- S. M. Sling.
- Miss Edith Slinder.
- Miss A Long,
- August Laube.
- Wm. Lander.
- August Mavis.
- Martin Miller.
- F. Worthof.
- Mrs. Judette E. Olds
- Wm Schuster.
- L. C. Spaulding 2.
- Lou Sotorhan 3.
- N. Teller.
- Godtry Maltz.
- M. B. McINTOSH,
- P. M.

BARRINGTON POST No. 275, G. A. R., Department of Ill.—Meet every second Friday in the month at Abbott's Hall. L. E. Runyan, Com.; G. W. Johnson, S. V. C.; Wm. Humphery, J. V. C.; A. Gleason Q. M.; A. S. Henderson, O. D.; L. H. Bute O. G.; Henry Reuter, Sergt.; Chas Senn Chap.

N. W. A. CAMP 809.—Meets first and third Tuesdays in each month at A. Meyers' Hall. F. F. Hawley, V. C. P. A. Hawley, W. A.; John Robertson, B.; M. T. Lamey Clerk; Wm. Aatholts, W.; J. M. Thrasher, E.; H. P. Askew, S.

W. R. C. No. 85.—Meets the second and fourth Wednesdays in each month Mrs. Lucy Townsend, Pres.; Miss Allie Meyer, Sec.

LAUNSBURY LODGE No. 751.—Meets at their hall the second and fourth Saturdays of each month. L. A. Powers, W. M.; H. A. Sandiman, S. W.; C. H. Kendall, J. W.; C. B. Otis, Treas.; A. T. Ulitsch, Sec.; F. B. Bennett, S. D.; J. P. Brown, J. D.; A Gleason, Tyler.

## JUST OPENED!

# The Washington House,

HENRY DIEKMANN, PROPRIETOR.

DEALER IN

## Fine Wines, Liquors, Etc.

A Choice Lot of First-class Bottle Goods

Always on Hand.

THE BEST LINE OF CIGARS AND

TOBACCO IN THE MARKET.

POOL ROOM IN CONNECTION.

BARRINGTON,

-o-

ILLINOIS.

## LANDWER & HOBEIN,

—DEALER IN—

# Clothing, Dry Goods, Shoes,

## And General Merchandise

IF PROMPT AND COURTEOUS

TREATMENT AND LOW PRICES

WILL PLEASE YOU, GIVE US

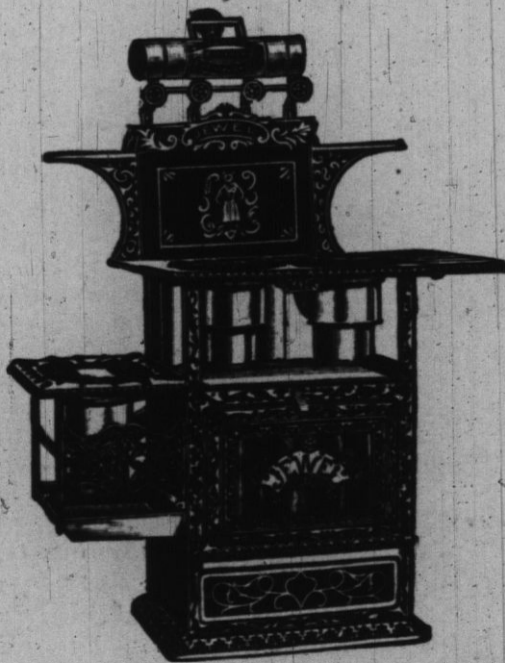
A CALL.

## Fresh Bakery Goods, Choice Groceries

Barrington, Illinois.

Watch this space next week for something interesting.

In asking you to purchase a "Jewel Stove" we offer the following pertinent returns for your money:



A Stove that has a horizontal tank with a separate flow into each valve and the most necessary improvement in connection with a Process Stove—a tank valve that is easily and quickly removed for cleaning.

The needles are made of German silver; a sight feed, so that the gasoline may be seen as it drips. Furthermore, it is the handsomest and most perfect stove made. Call and examine at

H. D. A. GREBE, Barrington, Ill.

HARDWARE.

# Have Your Photos

Taken At

## Al's Studio

Lake Zurich,

Ill.

## Facts Worth

### Remembering i

That for its ability to cover the Local News thoroughly & cleverly, all the news of the week and present the same to the public in the most entertaining manner.

## The Barrington News

Is easily the best all around home paper you have. This is not buncombe. Watch its columns closely and when you have any items of news send them in

## Our Claim Is Well Founded

And that we have simply stated the fact. We get our greatest circulation among the thinking classes—those who, having tried all papers, take the best—which is THE BARRINGTON NEWS.

## Are You Reading It Regularly?

Try it for a while, and if you read our advertisements carefully you can find where you can buy the best goods at the lowest prices. The man who is a liberal advertiser is sure to be a liberal business man.

## Have Your Job Work Done At Home.

Dont send it away when you can get the same work done at home at a much less price. We are doing job work for all our leading men who have had their work done in the city until we came, and they are more than satisfied with our work. Give us a trial and be convinced that we do the best work, and of all kinds.

Send in your orders and receive a prompt and neat job at a low rate. Advertising rates reasonable, Subscription \$1,50 Per year.

### SMILES.

Teacher—Jonnie, didn't I hear you talking awhile ago with some other boys about Gee Wash?

Johnnie—Yes'm.

Teacher—Well, I wish you would tell me who Gee Wash is.

Johnny (suprised)—Don't you know who he is?

Teacher—I think I never heard of him before.

Johnnie—Gosh! W'h G. Wash is George Washington, the papa of his country, first in—

Teacher—Oh—ah—yes, but I thought at first it was a Chinese laundryman.—

Detroit Free Press.

“I hear that Muchmum is your rival for the heart of Miss Sommermayd. Is he?”

“Oh, no. Merely a rival for her hand.”—Cincinnati Tribune.

Dinkle—Strange you should be overcome by the heat.

Dankle—Great Scott, man! I lost \$10 on it.—Buffalo Courier.

Sing a song of sixpence,

Girls with appetite—

Gathered down at uncles farm,

The good old man to delight.

When a mounth was over,

Back to town they went.—

Mortgage man puts up a sign:

“This farm for sale or rent.”

Pipkin—I don,t see how Brace manages to dress so well as he dues.

Potts—Nothing could be simpler; he pawns his old suit for money enough to make a deposit on a new one.—Truth.

“Oh, Mr Longhead, I just saw Charley Green eloping with your wife!”

Good! Now I,m even with him. He sold me a horse last week.—Life.

People think it is tough when they have to pay 35 and 40 cents a pound for steak, but it is a great deal tougher when you only pay 15.—Boston Currier.

Clerk—I would like to have my salary raised. Boggs gets \$6 more than me, and doesn't do any more work. It's unjust.

Employer—Yes; it is unjust. I'll reduce Boggs' salary \$6.—Philadelphia Record.

Travelingman—The Wauconda ball nine should play foot ball!

Merchant—Why so?

Travelingman—They are the best set of kickers I've seen on my route.

He—I had a queer dream about you last night Miss Louisa. I was about to give you a kiss when suddenly we were separated by a river that gradually grew as big as the Rhine.

She—And was there no bridge or no boat?—Fliegende Blaetter.

Olliver, Ill., July 10, 1894.—Messers Forsythe & Forsythe, prominent merchants of this place say they have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoe Remedy in their families, in the most severe cases of bloody flux, with perfect satisfaction, and take pleasure in recommending it to the public. This is the most successful medecine in the market for colic, colrea morbus, dysentery, diarrhoea and summer complaint. There is nothing equal to it for summer complaint incident to children. For sale by A. L. Waller druggist.

Wm. SPRIGGS.

DEALER IN

## Fresh and Salt Meats.

Hams, Bacon, Dried Beef, Bologna, Lard and all kinds of Vegetables in Season.

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY DELIVERED.

I Will Also Buy

All Kinds Of Poultry, Calves, Hogs, Sheep and Cattle

CALL AND SEE ME.

Wm. SPRIGGS, BARRINGTON, ILL.

## JUST OPENED

### A TAILOR SHOP

Next Door to Columbian Hotel.

Where We Will Put Up New Suits of the Latest Style. Good Fit and Good Work. All Work Guaranteed.

Cleaning, Dyeing and Repairing Promptly and Neatly Executed.

Your Patronage Earnestly Solicited. Respectfully Yours.

## MESSING & WALTER.

### ELKHART CARRIAGE and HARNESS MFG. CO.

Have sold to consumers for 21 years, saving them the dealer's profit. We are the Oldest and Largest manufacturers in America selling Vehicles and Harness this way—ship with privilege to examine before any money is paid. We pay freight both ways if not satisfactory. Warrant for 2 years. Why pay an agent \$10 to \$20 to order for you? Write your own order. Box free. We take all risk of damage in shipping.

**WHOLESALE PRICES.**  
Spring Wagons, \$31 to \$50. Guaranteed same as sell for \$60 to \$85. Surreys, \$65 to \$100 same as sell for \$100 to \$125. Top Buggies, \$37.50, as fine as sold for \$65. Phaetons, \$66 to \$100. Farm Wagons, Wagonettes, Milk Wagons, Delivery Wagons and Road Carts. BICYCLES FOR MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN.

Our Harness are sold at Manufacturer's Prices.

**RIDING SADDLES and FLY NETS.**  
5 per cent. off for cash with order. Send for its pneumatic tires, welded steel tubing, drop forgings.

Address W. B. PRATT, Sec'y, ELKHART, ILL.



No. 27. Surrey Harness. \$11.00	No. 781. Surrey. \$75
No. 1. Farm Harness. \$23.50	No. 72. Road Wagon. \$26
No. 12 1/2. Top Buggy. \$37.50	Double Buggy. \$15-\$25
No. 3. Farm Wagon. \$43.00	Farm. \$15 to \$22.50
	Elkhart Bicycle. 24 in. wheels

## JUST OPENED!

A FIRST CLASS

### Bakery and Lunch Room, IN THE LAGESCHULTE BLOCK.

Where I will have at all times on hand a Fresh Line of Bread, Pies, Cakes, Buns and everything in the Bakery Line.

Ice Cream & Oysters In Season.

FIRST CLASS LUNCH AT ALL HOURS.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

H. Butzow, - - Barrington, Ill.





**THE BARRINGTON NEWS.**  
J. B. COYKENDALL, EDITOR.

**LOCAL NEWS.**

—Mrs Hennings is quite sick at present.

—M. B. McIntosh visited the city Tuesday.

—H. T. Pixley visited at Elgin Sunday.

—Mr. Persell, of Chicago, spent Sunday with his parents.

—John Dockery visited Chicago Wednesday and Thursday.

—Iron oar has been found in the new well of C. B. Otis.

—M. C. McIntosh made Chicago a business call Wednesday.

—A crowd of Elgin wheelmen were on our streets Sunday.

—Barrington supports a poet, and "didn't know it."

—Mr. and Mrs Comstock visited Chicago Thursday.

—The Evangelical Salem Society will picnic one day next week.

—The carpenters are busy remodeling Mr. Howarth's house.

—Russel Hendrickson returned to his home in Elgin, Monday.

—Mr. D. R. Holmes, of Elgin, visited Barrington friends Tuesday.

—Peters & Collens shipped two car load of stock to the city Tuesday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox, of Elgin, were Sunday callers to our village.

—W. G. Sharman has been in the city this week towning up his residence there.

—Mrs. Henry Diekmann and children visited Palatine friends Wednesday.

—Mr. Chapman, of Chicago, lectured at the Baptist Church, Sunday eve.

—Mr. C. B. Otis is having a new well dug. Searls & Donlea have the contract.

—Elder John Bower, of Mecosta Mich., was the guest of Rev. R. Bailey's Sunday.

—The new Parsonage of the St. Paul's Church is being painted and will soon be completed.

—Plagge & Co. have put a 2½ horse power Vapor and Gas engine in their Elevator.

—Go to J. C. Dobler's and get one of those Bloomin Fine cigars. "Dont you know."

—Mr. M. R. Miller and wife, of Rockford Ill., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Comstock.

—Subscribe for the News. Now is the time, and by so-doing you will reap the benefit of our Fall advertising.

—Mr. and Mrs. Blake moved to Englewood, Wednesday where he will attend school for another year.

—H. Duesung and family, of Palatine, were the guests of H. Diekmann and family Monday.

—Mr. G. Frye is having a new well dug. The dry weather is giving the well diggers plenty of work.

—Who says our night watch is not up to all the latest gags. He got onto a new one at the circus Tuesday eve.

**EXECUTORS SALE.**

We the Executors of the estate of G. A. APPLEBEE having had the property of said estate, lying in the Village of Barrington, Surveyed and laid off into Lots and caused the same to be Platted and Recorded under the title of APPLEBEES SUBDIVISION In the Village of Barrington, Lake Co., Ill. We most respectfully announce and offer for sale any and all of said lots including the one where Mr. Townsend now lives, also 76 acres of timber land. And will with pleasure show, any and all parties who may call on either of us, the premises for sale.

J. W. KINGSLEY and A. K. TOWNSEND, Executors.  
Barrington, Ill., August 1st. 1894.

—Echoes from the Toronto Convention: A grand rally, of all interested in the Young People's work, will be held in the Baptist Church, Barrington, Ill., Sunday Aug. 26, at 6:45 p. m. Mr. Walter E. Gillespie, Miss Margaret Koch, and other able speakers will address the meeting. All are cordially invited to come and enjoy a feast of good things. Let the children come and hear Miss Koch who will speak in behalf of the Junior work.

—One of Barrington's duded young men took on enough bug juice Tuesday to make him feel like he was the best man in town, so he went out looking for trouble, he found it, "with no discount," but interest to date. He ran against a show man and was roughly handled.

—A pound social, given under the auspices of the Union Workers, will be held in the basement of the Baptist Church, Tuesday evening, Aug. 28, for the benefit of Rev. R. Bailey. A short programme will be rendered. All are cordially invited to attend.

—Block eight has the gasoline engine up and in running order. It is of a one horse denomination and runs on 12 cents worth of oil a day, is a very neat constructed machine. Pipes have been laid to the houses in the block and the new works will be put into service at once.

—Mrs. D. C. Chappelle Gordon closed her writing class here Monday evening, with a remarkable success. Mrs. Gordon had a very large class in our little village, and the Judgss on improvement report it good.

—Found:— on the sidewalk near Roger's, a small craz-patch quilt bearing initials, owner may secure same by calling at the News Office and describing and paying for advertisement.

—The best flour in town is Washburn & Crosby's Gold Medal flour, one trial will convince you that it is the best. Sold by Plagge & Co.

—It is being rumored about town that there is going to be a wedding among the band boys. We wonder which one it will be.

—For Sale: Cheap for cash, a first class cook stove, in good order good baker and heater. For particulars inquire at News office.

—Two of the circus riders, and the ring master quit the Wood Bros., show here and left it in a sore state of affairs for something to show.

—Mr. Will Hager, while drilling a well at Retmeier's, drilled through wood 183 feet in the ground.

**WE ARE ALL GOING TO**



**JOHN C. DOBLER'S**  
For First Class Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

**C. & N. W. R. R.**  
BARRINGTON STATION.

**North Bound Trains.**

Barrington Acc. ar. 8:20 a.m., Sunday Ex.  
Minnesota Pa. " 9:13 a.m., "  
Menowinee Pa. " 10:30 a.m., Daily.  
Barrington Acc. ar. 12:10 p.m., Sun'y Ex.  
" " 8 p.m., Sunday only.  
Woodstock " " 5:02 p.m., Sunday Ex.  
" " " 6:12 p.m., " only  
Watertown Pa. 6:12 p.m., " Ex.  
Barrington Acc. ar. 7:25 p.m., " Ex.  
" " " 7:55 p.m., Daily.  
Dakota Pa 8 K p.m., Sunday Ex.  
Barrington Acc. ar. 12:50 a.m. Daily.

**South Bound Trains.**

Barrington Acc. Lv's 6:10 a.m., Sun'y Ex.  
" " 6:45 a.m., " "  
" " 7 K a.m., " "  
Dakota " 6:55 a.m., " only  
Woodstock Acc. " 7:56 a.m., Daily.  
Barrington Acc. Lv's 9 M. Sunday Ex.  
Watertown " 10:08 a.m., "  
Barrington Acc. " 12:25 p.m., Daily.  
Menowinee " 3:08 p.m., Sun'y Ex.  
Barrington Acc. " 4:25 p.m., " only  
Dakota " " 5:02 p.m., Daily.  
St Paul " 8:30 p.m., Sun'y only  
Barrington Lv's 8:35 p.m. Sun'y only.  
L. A. POWERS, Agent.

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—Tuesday afternoon our second nine played their third game with Algonquin's at Algonquin, and were beaten, the score 14 to 17.

—The Wood Bro's.. Show given here Tuesday was as good as was represented and was well attended by our citizens.

—Go to John C. Doblere and get one of those Coxiey, "The English Dude" cigars.

Olliver, Ill., July 10, 1894.— Messers Forsythe & Forsythe, prominent merchants of this place say they have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoe Remedy in their families, in the most severe cases of bloody flux, with perfect satisfaction, and take pleasure in recommending it to the public. This is the most successful medicine in the market for colic, colera morbus, dysentery, diarrhoea and summer complaint. There is nothing equal to it for summer complaint incident to children. For sale by A. L. Waller druggist.



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MISSES and  
CHILDREN'S  
SHOES.

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celebrated household SEWING MACHINES. E. M. BLOCK,