

THE REVIEW

Entered as second-class matter

G. F. LAMEY, Editor and Publisher

FRIDAY, JUNE 21, 1907.

CUBA TOWNSHIP

There was a neighborhood party at Charles Gruber's last Friday night.

Miss Etta Jacobson is spending a week at home before going to Pistakee Bay for the summer.

Mrs. Fred Klein has been in Jefferson Park this week caring for her parents who are quite feeble.

Miss Lillian Harnden went to Algonquin Thursday evening to attend the commencement exercises.

Several from near Honey Lake went to the Wauconda commencement exercises to see John Meyer graduated.

Miss Mae Dally has returned from North Chicago for the summer. She will return there to teach next September.

Mr. and Mrs. Abraham and daughter, Marguerite of Chicago, spent several days lately at the home of Mrs. Abraham's sisters, Mrs. Michael Hayes.

Miss Edith Leach, of Nunda, will give a recital for her Flint Creek music pupils and invited friends Friday evening, June 28th, at August W. Meyer's home southeast of Langenheim.

Mrs. Edison Harnden went to her mother's, Mrs. L. Wagner at Glen Ellyn, Illinois, last week Thursday and returned Monday. She met her sister there also, Mrs. M. Hubley, of Marinette, Wisconsin.

Mrs. Andrew Grom and three children of Sandwich, Illinois, are visiting her brother, Chas. Grom, for several weeks. A party was given in her home Wednesday evening and neighbors and friends attended.

The Kelsey school closed Wednesday with a picnic at Schumacher's woods near Langenheim which about fifty children attended. After field-day contests and games, a basket dinner of many good things was served. Carl Littlejohn, the teacher, will return next year to take charge of the school.

A convention of churches held in the county the past week is reported to have mourned over the fact that Cuba township has no "English-speaking" church. First, he felt that Cuba people are all church going and working people who reach churches easily, quickly and frequently at Barrington, Wauconda, Lake Zurich and Cary, and no one's religious educational labors better ways of being improved than in Cuba. Besides, a flourishing church of English talking people does exist in Cuba, namely, St. Ann's Catholic church, in the village limits of Barrington, where latin is repeated at the altar but all prayer books printed in English, where preaching and singing are in English. Further, there is an excellent Sunday School of towards a hundred members meeting in the Flint Creek School every week. Don't worry about Cuba.

The social at the Bennett school, held June 8th, was enjoyed greatly by the whole neighborhood and many others. It was said by several visiting teachers to have been the best school entertainment they had ever heard. Raymond Kimberly acted as auctioneer and succeeded in disposing the baskets for \$40.35, which considering the muddy roads and cloudy night, was very good. After the program given by the pupils, Andrew Hayes, one of the oldest boys, stepped to the front of the stage and called for an address by William Blue. He responded with a short address and an original poem. The congregation showed their appreciation as he left the stage by loud applause. Last week the school closed with a picnic which was attended by nearly all the lady patrons of the school; a fine dinner was served to all, after which there was a short program of speaking and singing. This ended the successful year taught by Miss Daisy Governor at the Bennett School.

The Magic No. 3.

Number three is a wonderful mascot for Geo. H. Harris, of Cedar Grove, Me., according to a letter which reads "After suffering much with liver and kidney trouble, and becoming greatly discouraged by the failure to find relief, I tried Electric Bitters, and as a result I am a well man today. The first bottle relieved and three bottles completed the cure. I would like to be of order earth, stomach, liver and kidney troubles, by Barrington Pharmacy, 50c.

The Battle of Arbelia.

Arbelia, which ever its name to the third great battle between Alexander and Darius, is a town in the Turkish vlyayet of Kurdistan, on the caravan route between Bagdad and Yeddah about forty miles southeast of the latter city. The battle, however, was not really fought at Arbelia, but at a place about thirty miles distant, which was then called Gaugamela, but now known as Kermand.

In Search of Simplicity.

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

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It was a clear October day. Fifth avenue was radiant with sunshine. Mrs. St. Aubyn, standing at the French window of her pretty little breakfast room, noted the blueness of the sky and the bright color of some autumn leaves that drifted by on a puff of wind.

Below in the street a girl walked briskly, her cheeks glowing from the keen touch of the air. A newswoman whistled blithely as he loitered on the corner. An old woman passed, a basket bristling with apples, pears, and fresh looking as if they had just been shaken from the trees or gathered from the frost starred grass of an orchard. An orchard! Mrs. St. Aubyn smiled. How long was it since she had roamed in one? Twenty years at least, for Mrs. St. Aubyn was thirty-seven.

Twenty years of dinners and teas and dances, of summers passed at Newport and winters spent in idle stiltings from Paris to London and from London home again! Luxury had smothered Mrs. St. Aubyn, but time had touched her lightly. Her figure was as slender and supple as a girl's, and there were those of her acquaintance caustic enough to say that May's hair of her mourning she had prolonged the wearing of widow's weeds because black set off her amber colored hair and dazzling complexion—a clever nose and white that still defied the age of cosmetics.

"An orchard!" repeated Mrs. St. Aubyn, looking after the old apple woman who had bobbed to the crossing. "I was my half-brother's friend, I remember, and a big filled empannet. How fresh and wonderful the world seemed in those days! It's so long ago that I've almost forgotten what rusticity is like. And yet—"

She paused. A sudden longing for the country took possession of her—for the real country, where no smart, high and trim and the morning train, where roads wound between fields, not lawn, and where the air was full of autumn scents and sounds, the smell of earth and withered grass, the rustle of dry leaves underfoot. She turned abruptly from the window and with a swiftness that denoted decision crossed the room and rang the bell.

"Prompt as a tripod fairy Antoinette appeared. "I am not going shopping after all," said Mrs. St. Aubyn. "And you may telephone to the dressmaker that I can't keep my appointment for this afternoon." "What?" "I'm sorry," Antoinette opened her brown eyes wide in astonishment. She would have opened them still wider an hour later had she seen Mrs. St. Aubyn seated in her chair, her feet tucked up, her hands clasped in her lap, and her eyes fixed on the general life of travel. Instead of well groomed countenances and their wives there were faces whose clothes were a little shabby and whose bulky satchels and bags bore witness that they had been to spend a week with daughter in the city. Wide eyed children clung tearfully to dolls and books, and the ladies were reluctantly urged to "look out the window at grandpa," and when the train began to move gasps were said with an air of half amused, half surprised interest. In her own repression was the law of life. It was long since she had been in touch with the simple, homely things of existence.

"To think that I've actually secured in New York!" she murmured to herself and then laughed a little gaily, for under her monogrammed nosegay bag there reposed a neat brown paper parcel containing the baskets of food, a bottle of olives that she had paused to buy at the station in the breathlessness of her flight. Bought at the station! With what horrified shudderings would Antoinette have protested had she known, and with what ejaculations would she have complained against the crowded stuffiness of the train!

"Fairies!" called the conductor. Mrs. St. Aubyn looked at her timetable. Four stations more! It was noon when she stepped out at Meadowbank. The narrow platform was deserted save for a young telegraph operator, who looked appreciatively at Mrs. St. Aubyn's tailor made costume of gray and violet and inquired if she would like a lemon. She shook her head and rather wistfully asked how little it had changed! She followed it by a cluster of trim fenced houses, past the general store and on to where the ducks waddled and stretched away to hills whose summits were a misty blue. "Blackberry vines, rusty with fall, tangled at the roadside, and here and there the aster glows like a purple flame. At the far edge of the village outskirts she came to a rambling white house. Grass grew knee deep in its yard. Its windows were shuttered, the door bore a placard, "For Sale." Over its porch the tangle of a honeysuckle vine stirred with every passing wind. By a path still faintly visible through a network of weeds Mrs. St. Aubyn took her way to the orchard. There she came upon a sight which held her stock still with amazement.

"What in the world are you doing here?" "I'm glad to see you, Mrs. St. Aubyn. What in the world are you doing here?" "I'm glad to see you, Mrs. St. Aubyn. What in the world are you doing here?" "I'm glad to see you, Mrs. St. Aubyn. What in the world are you doing here?"

Jimmy Vanringcroft feroiced the iron for which he had been picking holes, and colored to the roots of his hair. Then he came forward. "My dear Helene!" he exclaimed

"Who ever would have thought of seeing you?" "I came by the noon train," said Mrs. St. Aubyn. "And I by the one before it. Haven't changed much, has it? He continued, nodding toward the old house. "Except that the grass is ragged. It looks just the same as that summer you spent here with your aunt. Have you ever been back here since?" "Never," said Mrs. St. Aubyn, blushing.

"Not I, strange, isn't it, that we should meet? What prompted you to come today?" "Oh, I don't know. I think the social merry-go-round has begun to pull, and so tired of people and things, and I wanted to get away from them." "There was a moment's silence. The wind stirred the fallen leaves with a soft rustle, and a bit of thistledown floated lazily by.

"I thought," said Mrs. St. Aubyn presently, "that you were in Europe." "So I have been for the last six months. I got back yesterday. And this morning I had the strangest long lag to see this old place, and so I came."

"The woodlarks in Ardeny," laughed Mrs. St. Aubyn, "and hunger reminds me that I have brought a lunch." "Good!" He spread his coat out on the grass. "Will you sit here? And if you don't mind waiting a bit I'll go to the village and skimb for a kettle and some tea."

"And two tescups would be an adjunct also." "That's right," said Vanringcroft. They lunched in cozy fashion, the kettle singing over a fire of twigs, while the glow of midday softened into the long light of afternoon.

"A new light to see visions by," observed Vanringcroft. "Visions?" "All day I've been longing for a glimpse of a girl that I used to know. She used to pick blue cornflowers and her hair in a braid and carry a frilled sunbonnet on her arm. The last time I saw her this orchard was all in bloom, and she remained to love me for ever and ever, and in token of that we exchanged rings made of grass."

"My dear Jimmy," protested Mrs. St. Aubyn. Vanringcroft fumbled in his pocket. "There it is," he said, smiling whimsically. "How absurd," said Mrs. St. Aubyn, but her voice trembled. "Yes, isn't it? To cherish that little bit of dried grass as if I cherished nothing else on earth, although the girl that gave it to me decided six months later that love in a cottage was only another name for folly and that money and position were what counted most! For, you see, in the meantime, like the fairy godmother in the nursery tale, a rich relative had come and whirled her away to town, and when next I saw her the wild rose had become an American Beauty, the greatest success of a brilliant social season. Voila tout!"

"But you?" "Oh, Mrs. I know. I've had success too. I've achieved it. I've counted for much in the row of men so, yet the thing I've wanted most I've never had. Nothing else ever really mattered except the girl I knew in this orchard. All my life and all my heart have been empty because of her."

"It was spring then, and it is autumn now." "The glory of the year," said Vanringcroft. "But in these last few months you've never even written to me, you've never said you remembered or—"

"I waited till the moment came when you found things empty, as you have found them today. Did you know that your golden apples were only dead wood? You refused the boy's love that was offered you in the orchard. All you see is the man's love that I offer you now, Helene?"

"Oh, Jimmy," she began, and then her eyes brimmed and speech failed her. She looked out over her husband to him with an adorable gesture, and as he kissed her a late bird joining on a bough above their heads burst suddenly into song.

Over \$200 Raised. The residence of Rev. Father E. J. Fox was filled with parishioners of St. Ann's Catholic church last Friday evening when an "Experience social" was held, and like all similar affairs it was very amusing to those attending, on account of the various ways in which the church members had earned "a dollar or more." The total amount raised was \$200.00 which is a large sum considering the few people working. Every dollar was earned by real work, and a reward was given to the one who raised the largest sum, in the shape of an embossed metal book-rack. Mrs. D. F. Lamey being the recipient, as her contribution was \$20.00.

He Fired The Stick. "I have fired the walking-stick I've carried over 40 years on account of a sore that resisted every kind of treatment, until I tried Bucklin's Arnica Salve that has healed the sore and made me a happy man," writes John Gault, of St. Louis, Mo. Guaranteed for piles, burns, etc., by Barrington Pharmacy, 50c.

When New York Was New Orange. Manhattan Island was once named New Orange for fifteen months. When the English took it from the Dutch the name New Amsterdam was changed to New York, and then when the Dutch recaptured it in July, 1673, they called it New Orange. It held that name until the English recaptured it in November, 1674, when the name New York was restored and has been retained ever since.

A Fortunate Texan. Mr. E. W. Goslin, of 107 St. Louis St., Dallas, Texas, says: "In the year I have become acquainted with Dr. King's New Life Pills, and my favorite I ever before tried so effectively. I was cured of malaria and biliousness."

PALATINE LOCAL NEWS

What the People are Doing in Palatine and the Vicinity.

Miss Emily Snider left Sunday for her home in Canada. Fred Schrage and family called on John Heide, Sunday. Mrs. Cooper, of Lake Forest, spent last week with friends.

A little girl arrived at the home of Christ Blohm, Monday. Malt Marrows defeated Palatine, 4 to 3, Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Johnson and Fern, of Evanston, visited at C. D. Taylor's last week. P. H. Mattiel and family left for Winona, Minnesota, for a two weeks visit.

Mrs. Otto Olson and sister, of Evanston, visited at J. H. Schrijver's recently. Miss Martha Goerner and Sophie Pohlman visited Henry Heide over Sunday. Miss Minnie Hank, of Toledo, Iowa, visited recently with Miss Amanda Harmering.

Mrs. Plien Arps and baby, of Wauconda spent the week with G. H. Arps and family. John Hirn gives the last cattle sale, until September, next Monday, at his home at Staples corner.

Miss Bertha Thies entertained Miss Gunther, a nurse of the German American hospital, over Sunday. Little Jeanette Jacoby, of Edison Park, is visited at the home of her grandparents, L. M. Kuebler.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Chantrell and daughter Stella, of Chicago, spent Sunday with M. R. Reynolds and wife. E. O. Starke, superintendent of Lyon & Healy's harp department, and wife, visited at H. J. Harz, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Foehling and son and Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Ernst, of Chicago, spent Sunday at the home of C. Wiencke and family. Mr. E. F. Baker is visiting her son, James, who recently returned to Chicago from New Orleans. Miss Elsie spent Sunday with them.

Rev. J. Hofmeister left Wednesday to attend the Northern Ill. District Conference of the German Evangelical Synod at Lincoln, Ill. No services at St. Paul's church, Sunday. A grand dance will be given at Fred Haenke's, Highland Grove, Sunday night, June 23rd, 1907. Floor manager, Herman Haenke. Good music, Tickets 50c. Supper extra.

Misses Hurst and Sawyer left Saturday night for Jamestown Exposition via Niagara Falls, Toronto, New York and Washington returning by southern route. Miss Hurst sent each of her pupils a card for the Falls, Monday. A large picnic Sunday was attended by the band club. The boys were royal entertainers and conducted an orderly picnic at which every one had a good time. The ladies more than did their share at the booths and supper room. The boys tended a nice amount that will be used towards defraying their expense for books and instruction the next year.

The Board of Education, Principal Sawyer and assistant Miss Mason had good reason to feel proud of the commencement exercises last Friday evening. The class did exceptionally well. Their orations were interesting and well delivered. The decorations of the hall were very pretty and several bouquets of Liberty roses were on the platform. The class occupied the platform all alone. President Peck delivered the first address he has ever favored Palatine with.

Those who will appear on the programs given by the Sears School of Music and Department of Oratory, of Barrington, Saturday, June 22nd, at 8:30 and 9:30 o'clock will be: Beulah Oris, Violet Ullrich, J. L. Sears, Fred Thies, Emma Huester, N. C. Sears, Jessie Nason, Adelle Filbert, George Amierman, Maybelle Massoney, Willie Boegelmohr, Hazel Dean, Earl Nelp, Herman Bloekens, Laura Vohs, Lois Baker, Wanda Kolzig, Cosmo Paresi, Donald Perry, Francis Dolan, Fred Baker, E. L. Wilmer, the Beethoven Trio and the Palatine Military Band. There will be no substitution charged.

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