

# THE REVIEW

Entered as Second-Class Matter

W. V. LANEY, Editor and Publisher.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 23 1907

## Camp Meeting Notes.

The first preaching service was held on Friday evening and was conducted by the Presiding Elder, Rev. M. C. Morlock. A good audience was present.

Four new tents have been added to the large number of permanent cottages.

Rev. F. Busse of Chicago addressed the audience on Saturday morning. Rev. Busse is one of the best known men of all those present and his words are always listened to with great interest.

The early prayer meetings have attended by a larger number than ever before.

On Monday the services increased in number. Rev. Haefele lectured in the morning. Rev. Brothers in the afternoon and Rev. F. W. Landwehr spoke in the evening.

The rain on Monday, while not agreeable did not in the least interfere with the interest of the services. All seemed rejoiced to have the dust laid and the excessive heat broken.

A sermon was preached on Saturday afternoon by the Rev. William Caton.

On Sunday forenoon a large audience was present and after a soul inspiring address by Rev. Morlock, holy communion was served and it was estimated that between 300 and 400 persons participated in the same.

Rev. Caton again preached one of his most eloquent sermons Sunday afternoon and held close attention.

On Sunday evening Rev. J. G. Eller of Chicago spoke. The Sunday evening young people's meeting, preceding the sermon, was conducted by Rev. R. F. Brothers of Hampshire, Illinois.

In the afternoon of Tuesday the Rev. A. Lutz of Petone, Illinois, gave a fine address.

There have been present to the time of writing the following clergymen, besides those mentioned: A. Strickland, G. Barth, J. G. Finkheimer and C. J. Frey. The attendance of people from Chicago, Ashton, Highland Park and other places has been large and the interest in the Barrington Campground is continually increasing. A permanent auditorium is becoming a pressing necessity and has been expressed that the ball will be rolling before this camp meeting closes.

Bishop R. Dubs of Philadelphia will address the people from Friday on several times each day. He will talk in English on Sunday.

On Saturday Rev. C. N. Dubs, the superintendent of our China mission, and for seven years a missionary to that country, will arrive and is expected to address the audience on Sunday afternoon.

## LAKE ZURICH

Miss Lena Lucie went to Deerfield Thursday.

Miss Ida Blasko of Chicago is visiting at L. Sep's.

Miss Emma Selp of Waukegan spent Sunday at home.

Miss Lydia Hokeneyer went to Gilmer Wednesday.

Geo. Prusina's brother of Iowa is visiting relatives here.

Frank Ellison of Sharon, Wisconsin is visiting his brother, J. Ellison.

Miss F. Doellittle of Waukegan is spending a week with her parents.

Rev. Stanger and wife of Barrington called on Rev. Heinrichs Wednesday.

The M. E. church Sunday School picnic at the Lake Shore Park Thursday.

Miss Lizzie Kuckback of Joliet, who has been visiting here for a week with relatives returned home Wednesday.

The harvest picnic given by William Bicknese proved to be a grand success. There were two hundred and twenty tickets sold both afternoon and evening.

William Bicknese will give a Grand Labor day picnic on Sunday, Sept. 1st. Music by Mount Prospect Band. Dancing afternoon and evening. All kinds of refreshments will be served on the grounds.

"Everybody Should Know," says C. G. Hays, a prominent business man of Bluff, Mo., that Bucklen's Arnica Salve is the quickest and safest healing salve ever applied to a sore, burn or wound, or to a case of piles. I've used it and know what I'm talking about." Guaranteed by the Barrington Pharmacy, 2c.

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## The Limit of Life.

The most eminent medical scientists are unanimous in the conclusion that the generally accepted limitation of human life is many years below the attainment possible with the advanced knowledge of which the race is now possessed. The critical period, that determines its duration seems to be between 50 and 60 the proper care of the body during this decade cannot be too strongly urged, carelessness then being fatal to longevity. Nature's best helper after 50 is Electric Bitters, the scientific tonic medicine that revitalizes every organ of the body. Guaranteed by the Barrington Pharmacy.

## To Young People.

Insist upon having a telephone in your home. Your parents may not realize its value. You do. Don't let them rest until they order. Your happiness is at stake. Install Five cents per day. Chicago Telephone Company.

# The Hidden Treasure.

By ROLLIN HUME.

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A BAR had formed off Warble's wharf, so that a whaler came where he would or anywhere near it. But this was not a matter of any special consequence, for more than thirty years had passed since a whaler and that wharf had had anything to do with each other.

It was a wharf in ruins, and almost totally dilapidated was the old house that stood on the end of it, with great doors that opened out over the water. But these doors were never opened, now, nor was the little sliding door that shut down fairly into the water and when it was raised opened a channel into which a boat could be floated. Both of these doors were fastened on the inside, and the door that opened on the wharf was fastened with a padlock as big as a small toilet and as rusty as it. It had been towed astern of the Harmony Home during a whole cruise. The Harmony Home had been shipped that used to disengage her cargo into the old house. She had been owned and sailed by Captain Tranquil Warble, and for a long while she and her commander had reputation of being the luckiest ship and the luckiest captain afloat.

Captain Warble was coining money, the Grayshanks people said—Grayshanks being the name of the little port and was getting richer and richer every year. Moreover, he was hoarding his money in coin.

"No banks for me," said Captain Warble, "but no real estate either. I had banks in 1847, an' whar was I after they all broke, I'd like t' know. An' I tried real estate in 1850, an' after that I found it from not clean off to California, whar my men could along an' proved a mortgage on it, an' whar was I then? No, no, hard dollars had about in a place that nobody but me knows about—their's my style."

This was all very well as long as good luck attended the Harmony Home's crossings, but when the news came down from the northern seas that the Harmony Home had been shipped in the ice and had gone to the bottom with every soul on board of her the captain's financial methods did not make quite so satisfactory a showing, for the captain's widow had not the least notion in the world where her fortune in hard dollars that now was hers was to be found. She looked in all the likely places for it and in all the unlikely places she could think of—and she thought of a good many—but not a trace of it did she find. At last, while she still was looking for the lost chest, then her daughter, Miss Ruth Warble, who was then a young girl and very energetic, though that seemed hard to believe now, began the



ALMOST CERTAIN HE COULD MAKE OUT A LITTLE REAS GANSON.

fortune as safely hidden as ever and herself as poor as anybody could be outside the town farm.

For Theodore Rodford—widely, and I am gained to add, somewhat unfavorably known as that Terry Rodford—the old oil home down on Warble's wharf had a wonderful attraction. He had peeped through the chinks in the boards time and again, and what he had seen inside had made him wildly eager to explore it thoroughly. He had a wonderful idea that there were old harpoons and piles of delectable ropes and big and little blocks and oars. He was almost certain that he could find out among the stacks under the stairway leading to the sail loft that was over the stowage a little brass cannon partly covered with a bit of old sail.

Thinking of that cannon and of what he could do with it if he only could get hold of it sometimes kept him awake all night. He even had tried on several occasions to make friends with Miss Ruth, to the end that he might gain permission to investigate this delectable place. Once, when he discovered the Barkum's pipes in Miss

Ruth's garden and drove them out before any great harm had been done, he almost had succeeded.

To be sure with the loss of her carter stuff would have been a very serious matter. She was truly grateful to Terry for saving it, and talking with her some words.

Being thus exceedingly well emboldened to ask her if she wouldn't some time or another let him take a look around in her of home, and Miss Ruth, still mollified by her gratitude, said almost kindly that maybe some time or other she would.

Nye's wharf down on the point was where the boys usually went in swimming. Warble's wharf was nearer, but because of the bar the swimming was not very good there, even at high water. But it happened one hot June day that Terry felt too hot to walk all the way down to the point, so he thought he would just step down to Warble's wharf and get cooled off a little.

Although it was low water and the bar was high, there was a good looking pool just in front of and shaded by the old oil house, and into this pool he settled down very comfortably. While he was sitting on the sandy bottom in this pleasant place, not only his head but his mind was very exciting and delightful discovery.

It was dead low tide, and the stone foundation wall of the oil house was here clear to the tops of the piles on which it rested. The sliding door was out of water entirely. To his joy Terry perceived that so large a part of one corner of this door had been knocked away, probably by a bang from the nose of some landly steered boat in long past time, that a tow twice as big as he was could wriggle through the hole.

He gave a look up and down the river, to see if anybody in a boat was in sight, and then, having assured himself that the coast was clear, he slipped out of the water and across the bit of bare sand and through the hole.

He found himself in something like a little open dock in the floor of the oil house, evidently a place where in former times a boat had been kept. Steps, black rotten with age, led to the level of the floor. Up these slippery steps Terry went gingerly. His first object of investigation was the shadowy place under the stairway. He found that he had been right. It was a cupboard, a little six pointers, and as a whole used to carry to fire signals with, and it was a regular little bureau.

He did not stop to examine the other interesting things which were scattered about him. With the thanks to his frequent peepings through the cracks, he already was tolerably familiar. The sail loft was an undiscovered country that he longed to explore, so up the stairway that led to it he went two steps at a time. The loft was far lighter than the room below, for the sunbeams came through the cracks in the walls. It was a great bare place, with some old sails piled up in one corner, some sail making gear still lying on a little bench and some chalk marks still on the floor that doubtless showed the exact extent of the Harmony Home's last bit of sail.

There was something a little awe-inspiring in finding all these things just as Captain Warble, years and years before, had left them, but unpleasant thoughts of this nature were driven quickly and completely out of Terry's head as he caught sight of a delightful fat little tub of a boat standing close to the side wall at the end of the hallway nearest to the water carefully checked up on blocks so that it stood on an even level. The oars and a little mast with the sail wrapped around it lay fore and aft on the thwart, and the rudder, all ready to be shipped, was lying in the stern sheets. Running tackle was rove in rings in the bow and stern, and to stowage books in the ridgepole of the roof. The ends of the lines were coiled away neatly over be-laying pins in two of the upright beams.

Terry perceived that a great trapdoor rigged with counterweight opened in the floor just over the little dock below. Obviously this was the identical boat for which the dock had been built. As he thought of what fun he could have in that boat, along with Noah Barkum and Lem Harbord and Paul Nye and perhaps Sam Wyburn, he forgot everything else in the world. He wanted to go right to work at swinging the boat up by the tackle and then lowering her through the trapdoor, but he found, to his surprise, by the time that the light was fading, that the sun must be nearly down. Accordingly he went downstairs again and found that the tide was half in and that the hole in the door was a foot under water.

There was a pin that held the door down, and when he had pulled this out he found that he could raise the door easily. For it also was hung with counterweights; so he got out without tilting and pulled the door down again. Even at high tide he saw that the water would not be much more than two feet deep. Now that the door was not fastened he would roll up his trousers and wade in whenever he chose.

It was just half tide the next morning when he was down to swing the boat up by the tackle, hauling alternately at the bow and stern and making each line fast to its belaying pin before he went at the other, until time was free of the cracks and high enough above the floor for the trapdoor to open, then, keeping a couple of turns of the ropes around the belaying pins so that the boat would not get away from him, to lower her first at the low and then at the stern until he had her safe in the dock below. This was a good plan, but it encountered serious difficulties in carrying it. The low came up all right, but for the life of him he could not budge the stern. This was discouraging, but Terry was a lad of expedients and had not lived half his life on the seashore without learning something about rigging. There were plenty of blocks and ropes lying around, and it did not take him long to rig a snatch block to the belt and at the end of the line he had been hauling

during a span of June apples and see what he was up to. Notwithstanding his excitement Terry went at his work very judiciously. His plan was to swing the boat up by the tackle, hauling alternately at the bow and stern and making each line fast to its belaying pin before he went at the other, until time was free of the cracks and high enough above the floor for the trapdoor to open, then, keeping a couple of turns of the ropes around the belaying pins so that the boat would not get away from him, to lower her first at the low and then at the stern until he had her safe in the dock below. This was a good plan, but it encountered serious difficulties in carrying it. The low came up all right, but for the life of him he could not budge the stern. This was discouraging, but Terry was a lad of expedients and had not lived half his life on the seashore without learning something about rigging. There were plenty of blocks and ropes lying around, and it did not take him long to rig a snatch block to the belt and at the end of the line he had been hauling

light. With a bang and a crash of splintering wood it struck a beam with such force that the old oil house wobbled and trembled and seeped in a fair way to fall to pieces there and then. With this banging and crashing was also a most curious jingling sound, and very astonishing was its cause. As the stern of the boat struck the beam, the stern sheets were broken all to pieces, and out of the stern locker poured a stream of gold and silver coins which jingled as they fell and which blazed and glittered as the sunbeams touched them while they went jingling every which way over the floor.

In the silence which followed this outbreak of noise Miss Ruth Warble and Terry Rodford just stood and stared at each other across more silver and gold and five dollar pieces and ten dollar pieces and even twenty dollar pieces than either of them ever had seen anywhere and certainly more than they ever were likely to see again loose on the floor of a sail loft.

And so the lost fortune that Captain Tranquil Warble had hidden in this queer place before he sailed away in the Harmony Home to his death in the northern seas was found at last.



MISS WARBLE AND TEDDY WOOD AND NEAR AT EACH OTHER.

ing on. With this double purchase, by putting out all his strength, he was able to raise the boat's stern. It was the queerest thing in the world he thought, that the stern of that boat should be so heavy. It seemed as though it were made of solid iron. At last he got the boat clear of the chocks and got the line made fast just in time to feel the jerk on it that came as the boat, now hanging free by the falls from the ridgepole of the roof, swung across the water and hit the water with such a lunge that the ridgepole bent and cracked and the whole framework of the old oil house swayed as though it were coming down.

Terry was glad to take a good rest at this stage of the proceedings, while the boat swung backward and forward like a great pendulum flashing through the rays of sunlight. By the time that the boat had stopped swinging and hung steadily by the falls just clear of the door he was pretty well rested and ready to go to work again. To open the trapdoor he must raise the boat about six feet. He went at the ropes with a will, hauling away easily at the bow fall and tugging at the stern fall with the double purchase with his might. At last the bow was high enough, and one more tussle with that dreadfully heavy stern would make everything clear for him to open the trapdoor and lower away. Terry strained away like a tick with all his strength, stopping to rest and to puff like a porpoise after each round, but gaining steadily. At last the boat swung level, a clear six feet above the floor, and victory was almost within his grasp.

It was just as he had reached this most triumphant point in his labors and had turned to make the rope fast to the belaying pin while he opened the trapdoor—at this critical moment Miss Ruth Warble's speculated face showed at the top of the stairs, and Miss Ruth Warble's sharp voice exclaimed: "Why, Teddy Rodford! Of all created things, what badness are you doing here!" Terry jumped as if he had been shot. The rope slipped from his hands and whizzed through the blocks and that tremendously heavy stern of the boat dashed downward through the gen-

light. With a bang and a crash of splintering wood it struck a beam with such force that the old oil house wobbled and trembled and seeped in a fair way to fall to pieces there and then. With this banging and crashing was also a most curious jingling sound, and very astonishing was its cause. As the stern of the boat struck the beam, the stern sheets were broken all to pieces, and out of the stern locker poured a stream of gold and silver coins which jingled as they fell and which blazed and glittered as the sunbeams touched them while they went jingling every which way over the floor.

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