

THE REVIEW

Entered as Second-Class Matter

M. F. LAMEY, Editor and Publisher.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1907.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

METHODIST CHURCH

First Tuesday evening of each month—meeting Women's Foreign Missionary society. Last Tuesday evening of each month—Epworth League business, literary and social meeting.

Sunday morning, 9:30 a. m.
 Sunday school, 11 a. m.
 Junior League, 2 p. m.
 Epworth League, 6:45
 Sunday evening, 7:30
 Wednesday Mid-week Prayer Meeting, 8:30
 Corner Oak and South Hawley streets.
 Telephone 21. Everybody is welcome.

SALEM UNITED EVANGELICAL CHURCH

Sunday services:
 Sunday school, 9:15 a. m.
 Preaching services (German) 10:30
 Keynote League, 6:30 p. m.
 Preaching service, 7:30

Week Night Services:
 Monday—Junior League, 7:15
 Tuesday—English Prayer-meeting, 7:30
 Wednesday—German 7:30
 Friday—Teachers meeting 7:30
 Choir meeting 8:15

Monthly meetings:
 Mission Band—1st Sunday, 1:30 p. m.
 Y. P. M. S.—1st Tuesday, 7:30 p. m.
 Church Missionary Meeting—1st Wednesday, 1:30 p. m.
 W. M. S.—1st Thursday, 1:30 p. m.

Strangers are cordially welcomed at all the services of the church.

Phone No. 20. A. HARBAL, Pastor.

EVANGELICAL ST. PAUL'S CHURCH

Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.
 Sunday morning service, 10:30
 Evening service will begin at 7:30 p. m.
 Phone 81. H. H. LANGRISH, Pastor.

ST. ANN'S CATHOLIC CHURCH
 Sunday, Mass, 8 a. m.
 Vespers and Benediction, 7:30 p. m.
 Observation of Holy Days and Morning Mass, hour subject to change.
 St. Ann's Sewing Circle, Tuesday, 7:30 p. m.
 Phone 81. Rev. PATRICK J. FOX

BAPTIST CHURCH

Saturday evening, prayer and praise service, 7:30 p. m.
 Sunday, 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m.
 Sunday school, 10:15 a. m., 11:45 a. m.
 Young People's Meeting at 6:45 p. m.
 Dorcas society, Tuesday, 2 p. m.
 You are all cordially invited to worship with us.

Phone 81. JAMES H. GARDNER

ZION CHURCH

Sunday school 9:30 a. m.
 Morning service, 10:30
 Evening service, 7:30 p. m.
 Prayer meeting, Wednesday 7:30 p. m.
 Y. P. A. business meeting first Tuesday of each month, 7:30 p. m.
 A cordial welcome for all.

J. WIDDER, Pastor.

Jasper Price's Corner Lot

By FRANK H. SWEET.

Copyright, 1907, by Frank H. Sweet.

"I done wid you, Jasper Price? Yes, sah, 'I done wid you for good an' all!"

A woman's voice rose, loud and shrill, from a little tumbledown cabin by a Georgia roadside. Evidently the person addressed had no response to make, for after a little silence the woman's voice rose again.

"I jes' wants you to pack your traps an' c'lar out, Jasper Price! An' don't you nebber show your face here no mo' long ez you lib an' breathe! I wants jes' zackly what I sez, an' I don't want to see you heah 'g'n I comes back from de spring!"

A moment later a short, solidly built elderly black woman came from the cabin, holding a tin pail in each hand, and hurried away toward a little spring in a ravine some distance from the house.

Her face was both wrathful and tearful, and she had a worn, tired look. A flapping old calico bonnet, drooping about her face, added to her dejected appearance.

A few minutes after she had left the house a black man not much taller than the woman, but stouter and slightly gray, came out of the cabin and walked slowly and with an evident attempt at dignity down the dusty road.

In one hand he carried a small bundle tied up in a faded red cotton handkerchief and in the other a cane, curiously carved, of a piece of gnarled wood. A green cotton bag was on his back, and within it could be seen the outline of a violin.

It was Jasper Price who had at last been stung to take this well deserved rebuke from his wife in earnest.

Jasper had been born with a constitutional tendency toward slothfulness, which his will power was quite too weak to overcome.

His wife, on the other hand, was a very industrious and energetic woman. She worked early and late, providing by far the greater part of the support for the large family of children, and had provided for her husband's wants as well until her patience had been quite exhausted by several weeks of needless idleness on Jasper's part.

There had been a most vigorous outpouring of wrath, ending with this command to "c'lar out for good an' all!"



"I JES' WANTS YOU TO PACK YOUR TRAPS AN' CLAR OUT!"

But she did not suppose he would take her at her word and go.

"Dar ain't no sich good luck for me as dat," she said when she returned to the cabin and found that Jasper was not there. "He'll be back 'bout supper time. Maybe he'll lay out on'til he gets accustom'ed to de new place, but he'll come back home den, sho' nough. I c'lar I ain't a nigger nudder to give him no s'nder bit to eat!"

She had no opportunity to refuse him food. He did not come back at all. Days, weeks and months passed without a word of tidings of Jasper from any quarter.

His wife, kindly at heart, though overworked and worried, began to reproach herself. She discovered in her memory traits of excellence in her husband's character for which she had never before given him credit.

"I reckon I was too 'ard wid him," she said. "He comes 'm a lazy family. His daddy befo' him was too lazy for to draw his bre'f, an' some 'tink he died on dat 'count. I reckon Jasper's no 'boutness was be'ween 'n 'em, an' I done druv 'im 'way for what he couldn't be'p!"

She found excuses to talk about him.

"He was mighty willin' an' 'dign' 'bout some 't'ings," she told a neighbor. "He'd tend to de baby by de hour. He'd allers carry home de washin' I done fo' de ladies in de town, an' my c'kid, 'n play de fiddle beautif' full! Dar ain' no'but 'roun' hear dat could bring out 'Money-musk' an' 'De Swanee Ribber' an' git 'em de way 'Ole Dan Tucker' like Jasper could. I done miss his fiddle 'a-jiggit' away out on de me'ob' ez a summer ez de 'nother."

Four months after Jasper's departure from home a stout, travel-stained black man, slightly gray, walked slowly and wearily up the trail leading to a new and promising Rocky mountain mining camp.

He carried a little bundle up in a red cotton handkerchief. The outlines of a violin could be traced within a green cotton bag on his back, and he gave his name, at the mouth of a shaft where he stopped to get a drink of water, as Jasper Price.

"Wah, wah," said the man who gave him the drink of water, "you look as if you had walked all the way from Georgia."

"You done struck pretty close to de tref, sah," said Jasper cheerfully. "I walked many weary miles ob' de way, an' I'd 'n' done walked de hull of it if it hadn't 'a' been for dis yer fiddle."

He had been on the edge of the case and quickness with which fortunes were made in this mining camp, and in his simplicity he almost expected to find nuggets of gold and silver unrequited on the mountain side.

He found quite a different state of things. People here had to work hard for their living, as elsewhere, only the reward of energy and industry was perhaps larger and more prompt than in the older parts of the country.

Jasper could get no farther, and presently he found himself possessed of some share of the restless energy of the people around him. His dormant powers seemed to be aroused by the spirit of activity that was in the crisp and exhilarating mountain air.

No one could be supposed idle long in such a place as this great mining camp. Jasper was soon busy with ax and saw and hammer, putting up a little cabin for himself on a corner lot he had staked out as his own.

When the cabin was done Jasper nailed a pine board over the door on which was the one word "LAW'DRY."

It could not read or write, but he had indicated an acquaintance among the miners to paint his sign for him.

In his spasmodic hours of industry when at home Jasper used to help his wife with her washing and ironing and had in this way acquired something of the wonderful skill that had given her the reputation of being the finest laundress in all the country round about her.

Since Jasper did not know how to do anything else, and as there was a great demand for the one industry in which he had some skill, he had resolved to open a laundry.

His success was great and immediate. There were as yet in the camp very few women, and the prejudice against mining was so great that it was not safe for one of that race to come into camp.

Before the end of the first week Jasper was so overwhelmed with work that he hired a poor boy who had strayed into the camp as an assistant. Another helper was needed early in the second week and still a third be-

fore the month was done.

Jasper had a flourishing business and found it necessary to enlarge his shanty. He developed a capacity for business that he himself had never suspected.

His industry increased with his success. There was plenty of money in the camp, and it was not long before Jasper was possessed of ten times as much money as he had ever seen before. Moreover, his head was not turned by his success. He still to be pious.

He had a queer habit of going about chuckling to himself and saying: "I jus' write a lettah one of dese days—for a fac, I mus'. He'll bet he'll be a mighty wesome lile! He to be pious."



HE STOPPED TO GET A DRINK OF WATER.

He gave his name of what'll go along wid him. Oh, I've g'ine write a lettah by'n by, 'deed I list!"

Even tempted as he had been in the midst of steadily increasing prosperity, Jasper almost lost his head when he was one day offered \$5,000 for his corner lot. It was needed for a business block.

So fast had the town grown and so speedy and great had been the rise in real estate that Jasper's lot had become so valuable as this in less than three months. Fearing a possible decline in values, Jasper prudently sold his lot and removed his laundry.

It was then that he wrote his letter, or, rather, had it written for him. Among his patrons was a young lawyer who had befriended Jasper upon his first arrival in the camp and who had taken an interest in him afterward. It was this friend to whom Jasper applied when he was ready to have the letter written, and the lawyer kept his secret.

It was a month after the letter had been sent that the crowd which always assembled to await the arrival of the stagecoaches which came together from the slowly approaching line of railroads in the valleys below noted the restlessness and peculiar actions of Mr. Jasper Price, who was by far the most prominent figure in the throng.

Newly shaven and spotlessly clean, he was arrayed in a shining suit of black and wore a glossy high silk hat. He had given a bootblack 25 cents for an extra shine on his large shoes. His wide expanse of white shirt front shone in the sunshine, and upon it



"JESUS, HEAR I IS!"

were a huge breastpin of red and green glass and a gorgeous necktie of blue and yellow.

On his hands were his gloves of a saffron hue, while a watch chain of mighty and shining links was stretched across his waistcoat front.

His black face was beaming with kindly smiles, and he frequently chuckled softly to himself as he moved around restlessly in the crowd.

His excitement grew intense when some one called out, "There they come!" and a great cloud of dust rose at one end of the long, stony street.

The second of the two coaches bore such a load as it had never before carried. The driver, with his hand at the side of his mouth, had his "hooray" as he came up that all Africa had "broke loose."

At the side of the driver sat a short, well built, dark-skinned negro woman with a black and happy baby in her lap. Her face was wreathed in smiles as she looked down on the crowd, and a great responsive shout came from

her lips when Uncle Jasper called out: "Jes'us, heah I is! Deah you see me, Jany?"

From every window and door of the coach gazing black heads of all sizes and ages and in all sorts of caps and hats and bonnets were now thrust with cries of "Daddy! Daddy! We's come, daddy! Heah we's daddy!"

"Hil's my family!" cried Jasper as he pushed his way through the crowd, "Deah my folks in dat stage. Halls-keeper?"

Down and out they came into his outstretched arms.

"Glory!" he cried. "You's all heah! Heah's Jany an' Loty an' Libberty Ann an' Ah'aham! Lawd, how dey has all growed! An' de baby! Bless my soul, I'd nebber knowed dat chile in all dis world—he's growed so! An' dis ain't Washin'ton!" How he am changed too! An' heah's Matilda an' Minty Jane! Yo' ain't feard of yee daddy cause he's dressed up so fine! 's yee daddy, all de same! William Henry ain't feard, is yo' boy? Is yee all out? No, dar's Little Moses—I hardy knowed de chile—he's got so big! Well, well, if dis ain't de happiest day I eber see!"

They made a queer procession as they walked away from the smiling crowd. Jasper led the way with the huge baby on his shoulder. His right hand held a bundle, and his left side loaded with baskets and bundles, while the nine older children followed, each carrying a pot or a pan or a teakettle which their mother had foolishly seen fit to bring all the way from Georgia.

Fortunate days had dawned for the reunited family. Jasper's industry did not flag, and he and his thrifty wife showed great good sense in the use of the little fortune that had come to them.

When the decline of the camp's prosperity came and the laundry business was no longer profitable they went to fertile valleys below and bought a ranch, that their numerous boys and girls might be trained to habits of industry.

Vanity, Saith the Preacher.

During the French revolution a priest rode in a huncher to the guillotine with two persons—one a marquis, the other a common thief.

As the car jolted through the crowded streets the citizens shouted maledictions on its occupants.

"Down with the beasts of the aristocracy!" they cried.

The marquis smiled proudly, but the criminal was vexed.

"My good friends," he cried, "I am no aristocrat. I am a thief!"

Then the priest touched his arm gently, murmuring:

"Ah, my son, this is no time for vanity."—Woman's Home Companion.

Fohn Winds.

The Journal of the Meteorological society of Japan contains an account by Dr. Oko of the occurrence in Korea of those remarkable winds which have been called fohn winds. The winds to which this name was originally given are warm winds blowing down from the snow-capped mountains of Switzerland and producing extensive meetings of the snow. They have been called "snow eaters." The winds are generally a phenomenon of mountainous regions, as Wonsan, in Korea, where they have been observed, is surrounded except on the east by high mountains. In this region they are always easterly and cause abnormally high temperatures and dryness of the air. A similar wind in North America blowing down from the Rocky mountains has been called the chinook. Fohn winds occur also in the arctic regions. Blowing sometimes in midwinter they produce a remarkable climatic paradox. As a result of the elevation of temperature caused by them it may happen that northern Greenland, though in winter darkness, is warmer than southern France.

Men Who Help Thieves.

The "christmas" is the professional name of the man who alters the names and numbers on stolen watches. The "christmas" is usually a clever engraver who through drink or other vice has lost the chance of obtaining honest employment and aids the receiver of stolen property. When a watch has been stolen the number or name of other indications of make or ownership may be forwarded to the police and by them communicated to pawnbrokers. There is consequently an element of risk in attempting to dispose of it. There are various ways of getting over the difficulty, and rechristening is one that is frequently resorted to. The engraver adds or prefers another figure to the number or he turns the name "J. Robins" into "T. J. Robinson," the extra initial serving to make the name look level and as usual on the watch case. This is done very cleverly, and the rest of the letters or figures are touched up to make all appear to have been cut at the same time.—London Standard.

Why 'It's the Ocean Salt!

The Creator made the ocean salt to save the land from putrefaction. The winds blow everything offensive and pestilential as far as we can get them to do the work of boards of health out to sea, where all humors are absorbed by the hungry waters. Salt is a purifying agent. The ocean is a great manufactory. It converts everything foul into health making ozone and hands it back to us without charge. No government label is necessary. Bismarck was a salt water man for three hours a day, deep breathing like an athlete, and your lungs will be cleaned of everything poisonous. Your blood will keep through veins and arteries. The year he'll be obliged to thump with renewed force. The tide is the ocean's tongue. It comes in twice a day to lick up the foul things of the world. The very sea is the ocean's stomach, where they are dissolved, salted down, cured and rendered pure again.—Marine Journal.

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Foolish Question.
 "Hello!" cried the neighbor. "What are you building a new chicken house for?"
 "Why," replied Nettie, "for a flock of pink elephants, of course. You didn't suppose I'd put chickens in it, did you?"

Applaud.
 A friend having declared in Mrs. Siddons' hearing that applause was necessary to actors, that it gave them confidence, "More," interposed she; "it gives us breath."

Sneaked.
 "What side do you generally take when your wife gets in an argument with somebody else?"
 "Outside. It's safer."—Milwaukee Sentinel.