

## GAVE THEM GOOD ADVICE

**Y. M. C. A. Annual Fleeting Was a Grand Success Financially and Otherwise**

Evangelist Haudenschield's discourse on the power of prayer at the meeting in the Y. M. C. A. rooms Dec. 22nd was ample evidence of the power of the man who delivered it. Rev. Haudenschield's intimate knowledge of the scripture and his apt quotations carries conviction with every sentence he utters. These meetings are open to every one, 2:30 Sunday afternoon, at Y. M. C. A.

The Bible study class that meets on Thursday evenings was taught by Rev. Haelele. As no course has yet been regularly adopted the First chapter of the gospel of John was chosen for study. Mr. Haelele put the class to work in a most helpful and agreeable manner. The song service was inspiring. This class is open to any who desire to become better acquainted with the meaning of the Bible. Rev. Haelele was unanimously chosen to instruct the class the first Thursday evening in the new year at the Y. M. C. A. rooms.

Wm. Smith is the happy possessor of a fine new Bible, received from his mother as a Christmas gift.

The annual meeting of the Y. M. C. A. was held in the Zion church on the afternoon and evening of Dec. 30. The afternoon meeting was addressed by W. J. Miller of Chicago, who is attorney for the Sunday Closing League. He talked about the rights of the liquor dealer under licenses held by him under State and Federal government. He also made clear the responsibilities of the bartender's license and cited cases passed upon by the supreme court confirming judgments obtained against dealers who had sold to habitual drunkards and other cases where accident had occurred because of drunkenness. In most cases the bondsman must satisfy the judgment. Mr. Miller's address was decidedly instructive and fair to all.

An interesting feature of Mr. Miller's discourse was the reading of a report made by Theodore Roosevelt when he was chairman of the Board of Police Commissioners of New York City said: "The report shows how that Board successfully enforced the Sunday Closing laws that many New Yorkers had never believed were intended for use. It was just this faithfulness to official duty that has made Theodore Roosevelt's name the synonym for 'Square deal' in the minds of his countrymen."

It is indeed strange that more aspiring politicians and public officials can not see that faithful service coupled with brains will do for any man just what it has done for Roosevelt—make him invincible, and it is equally strange how slow the people are to observe that men lacking in one or both of these qualities are not only an utter failure in office but a reproach to the intelligence and citizenship of the community.

The evening meeting was addressed by A. E. Halsey, ex-city Comptroller of Chicago, and a member of the State executive committee of Y. M. C. A. He spoke with force and clearness on the work of the Young Men's Christian Association. The effect of Mr. Halsey's talk can best be judged by the liberal donations made for the support of the Barrington Y. M. C. A. through another year. At the close of Mr. Halsey's address a report of the work of the local association for the year 1906 was read by Prof. Fulton. The report was written by Dr. Lytle, now of Buffalo, N. Y., who is the local secretary. When the report had been read contributions for the further support of the Barrington Y. M. C. A. were called for by Mr. Fulton. A building lot was first asked for and was later promised under conditions. Fifty dollar pledges were then solicited but the lateness of the hour prevented the solicitor from waiting long that the solicitor receive any pledges for that amount. No twenty-five dollar pledges were received, but when the tens, fives, threes and ones were called for, enough was subscribed to net about \$170, which, considering the fact that many of the weather and the fact that every generous man's financial strength is greatly reduced by the holiday season, was a fine expression of the favor with which the Y. M. C. A. is regarded in Barrington. It must be said that the efficiency of both the afternoon and evening meetings was greatly increased by the orchestra, Y. M. C. A. quartette and by the sweet singing of Mrs. U. J. Miller of Chicago,

all of whom are sincerely thanked by the Y. M. C. A.

Have you had a kindness shown—  
Pass it on.  
'Twas not given for you alone—  
Pass it on.  
Let it travel down the years—  
Let it wipe another's tears  
'Till in heaven the deed appears.  
Pass it on.

## PALATINE LOCAL NEWS

Mr. Nell and Miss Switzer of Chicago were guests of Miss Alma Bicknase Sunday.

Mrs. Horschberger and daughter of Chicago visited at H. Knigge's Sunday.

Mrs. H. Harz entertained her sisters over the holidays.

Master Kenneth Smith was the guest at the Julian home during holidays.

Miss Millie Ahlgrim of Lake Zurich is visiting her sister Mrs. C. H. Seip.

W. C. Williams and wife, W. C. Ost and wife and H. L. Smith and wife spent Christmas with G. Stroker and family at Wauconda.

G. H. Arps and family spent Christmas at Cary.

Miss Emily Snyder of Oak Park spent the holidays with Miss Dollie Wilson.

H. S. Heise and family, Sim Snyder and sister spent Christmas at Barrington.

Mr. and Mrs. Bachus and Miss Florence of Lockport visited at C. D. Taylor's recently.

The young people have been enjoying skating during the holidays.

Mrs. Henry Meyer of Irving Park visited friends here recently.

Miss Jennie Lambert of Genoa, Ill., visited her grandmother last week.

C. H. Seip, G. Kuebler and F. Wilson were in a bowling contest in Chicago this week.

Miss Addie Filbert is on the sick list.

The L. Y. C. gave an informal dance Saturday night Dec. 29th. It was a grand success and a large crowd attended. The hall was decorated in the holiday green and red. A Christmas tree was placed on the platform which added a great deal to the party. The music was good and the girls are urged to give many more such parties. Many from out of town attended the party.

A. H. Arps, J. H. Arps wife and son and A. O. Hack and wife of Cary took dinner with G. H. Arps and family Sunday.

Miss Alta Bennett spent last week with Chicago friends.

Miss Hazel Dean visited Miss Beatrice Bennett at Barrington this week.

Chas. Julian, jr. and cousin of Indianapolis spent the holidays at the home of C. E. Julian.

Miss Mabel Downing a former resident of here died in her new home in Iowa last week and was buried out there.

School opened Wednesday after the holiday vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Reynolds entertained friends over New Years.

Mrs. R. L. Peck entertained her sister and husband from Oak Park over New Years.

The Palatine Athletic club entertained lady friends Monday evening at a watch party. The evening was spent in cards, then dancing was enjoyed by all, after which a light lunch was served.

Misses Selma Torgler, Jessie Nason, Hazel Dean, Lois Baker and Elvora Arps and Mr. Lea went to Barrington last Thursday and assisted on the program for the Thursday club.

Chas. Behrens living south of town was badly injured when his team ran away last Saturday. His many friends beg his speedy recovery.

Floyd Gibbs and wife of Butte, Mont. are spending a month with their parents.

Peter Knowe and family are visiting in the East.

B. L. Smith returned to Des Moines, Iowa Tuesday night.

The home was very prettily decorated in the holiday red and green. A pretty tree aglow with colored candles held the ribbons to which place cards were attached. Many other guests were invited in the evening which was enjoyed by all in games.

Miss Selma Torgler entertained a large dinner party Christmas night.

Miss Hattie Bennack of Palatine was married to James Lee of Elgin Christmas Day at the home of her sister-in-law at Elgin.

Ira W. Frye was born in Bombay, N. Y. Feb. 18, 1839, and died at Palatine Dec. 21st 1906, aged 67 years, 10 months and 3 days. Mr. Frye came west in 1863 and settled at Chicago, residing there until 1878 when he moved to Palatine. In 1866 he was united in marriage to Mary O. Lewis. Mr. Frye was well liked and the people showed their friendship towards him by electing him township clerk eight times, and twice as collector. He was a member of the Independent Order of Mutual Aid and acted as their treasurer for 12 years, he was also a member of the Maccabees. He leaves to mourn his loss, his wife, two sons Fred H. of St. Paul and Charles L. Grand Rapids, N. D. and one daughter, Mrs. Alma Miller of Park Ridge with a host of friends for miles around in this vicinity. He has had a livery for the past twenty years so he was well known. The funeral was held from the M. E. church Monday, Dec. 24th. Rev. Young officiating. Miss Elvora Arps sang "Oh Paradise," "One Sweetly Solemn Thought" and "Lead Kibbly Light."

## School Notes

The pupils are rejoicing over the long vacation they are to have. From Dec. 21, 1906 to Jan. 7, 1907, and at a time when skating is good and everyone is under the cheery spell of the Christmas season.

All the teachers except Miss Hawley and Mr. Fulton are out of town. It is quite certain they will all return to their work with that intermission.

Verne Hawley says he will make another attempt to finish his course. It is the earnest desire of his teachers and school mates that his health will permit him to do so.

The proceeds of the German Entertainment was \$23.95. Expense, printing \$3.50, books \$1.00. On hand \$19.45. This will be expended for books, pictures or statuary appropriate to the German department of the school.

Christmas programs were held in the grades but no Christmas trees were used, as it was considered unwise for the school to precede the home or the church in this part of the Christmas festivities. And then too, the pupils adopted a plan whereby they hope to make happy other children less fortunate than themselves. The pupils of each room brought to school, dolls, skates, toys, sees, caps, coats, games, books and many other articles that had given them a season of joy and comfort, and packed them in two large boxes, weighing when filled 215 pounds, which were sent to one of the distributing stations of the Salvation Army, Chicago, to be given out to the very poor children that organization watches over. Besides the articles mentioned, pennies, nickels and dimes were contributed to the amount of \$5.18, of which \$4.00 were invested in mits, stockings and caps and 11c put into the book fund.

Accept our thanks on behalf of the possessors. Your gifts were a cheer to many little darlings.

C. N. Stillwell, Slum Secty., Salvation Army

A good resolution for the whole year is "Never be tardy."

Report cards will be sent home in a few days, parents are requested to examine them and if they are not satisfactory follow the matter up.

Let the teacher be a man or woman in the best sense of the term—frank, honest, just, discreet, with convictions and with common sense enough to see what can be done and what cannot, and tact enough to lead without seeming to do so.—Thos. E. Sanders.

In teaching as in other things, look up and the stars guide you; look down and the gutter beckons.—Thomas E. Sanders.

**Annual Election Y. M. C. A. Monday Afternoon.**

The annual election of Y. M. C. A. will take place Monday evening at 8:00 o'clock. The annual reports will be received and everybody is cordially invited to be present.

A bargain can be had in pianos by inquiring at Review office.

Miss Selma Torgler of Palatine visited friends here Thursday.

## HAD SPLENDID EXERCISES

School District No. 10 Had a Visit from Santa Claus and a Fine Program

When the Christmas party was given at school house of District number ten, the weather was in harmony with the Christmas tide. That is probably why the school seemed smaller than usual. Some people thought it was too small for the pupils to have space in the drill to "Stand on your head." That is a mystery which was not solved as easily as the "Smith Mystery." This farce was given by the Misses Baumgarten. "The Irish servant, Brinny," produced as much mirth as the little ones who stood on their heads. What was hailed with delight by the children was when Santa Claus came in through the chimney in the "Night before Christmas," which was dramatized by the pupils. Then "Shine Out O Blessed Star," was sung by Martha Mandbenke and Katie Koch. The reality of "The Night after Christmas" will not be doubted by the mothers. Probably the nine candy and cake-eating children served as a warning for the boys and girls. Let us hope that it did.

The "Fireside," given by the Misses Lily Berlin, Amanda Bruns, Jessie Mangel, Luza Baumgarten, and William Thurn, painted a true and happy Christmas. The fireside and dimly lighted room made the scene so picturesque.

This comedy was ended by singing that old but beautiful hymn, "Holy Night." Between the comedies and readings, the graphophones played which added spirit as well as music to program. All pupils of the school joined unanimously in the "Thank You," piece given by Lydie Bruns. From some of the money found in little sacks a school library will be started.

## Were Royally Entertained

The Woman's Club gave a Christmas party Thursday afternoon, Dec. 27th at the home of Mrs. John Collins on Lake St. which forty-two ladies attended.

A musical program was presented by the Misses Nason, Arps and Porgler of Palatine, and two young people gave readings. A contest game and card readings were offered for enjoyment.

The club met this week with Mrs. Robert Purcell. Several ladies took part in the program on various subjects and the Misses S. Blocks and A. Plagge gave musical numbers.

The meeting will be Jan. 17, at Mrs. Bennett's on Howard street where a committee of two ladies will serve to the club an "Economic Luncheon." This feature has been tried in other clubs, and the idea is to see how appetizing a luncheon can be provided with the small sum allowed by the club. Papers will also be read on Domestic Science lines including a paper on "Spices" by Mrs. M. C. McIntosh of Chicago.

## Mother of Geo. W. Foreman Dead

Eliza Pederson, 407 Alma street, a resident of Austin 23 years, mother of S. M. Edward F. and Cora Pederson, died Dec. 29th, at 8:12 a. m. She was born in West Riden, England, Dec. 15, 1839. Came to this country when 6 years old and settled at Barrington, Cook County, Illinois. She was mother of eight children, five boys and three girls. Four boys and one girl and husband survive her. She never took any interest in social affairs, her only employment being her home and her children.

One of her wishes through life was to have one of her daughters with her as long as she lived, which was gratified. She was sick from about the 1st of October and had a stroke of paralysis about Dec. 10th, from which she was a great sufferer.

She was conscious until about five o'clock Christmas day and from then gradually passed away.

Interment at Forest Home.

Lonsbury Chapter No. 494, order of Eastern Star held their annual election of officers at their regular Friday night meeting in the Masonic hall. The election resulted as follows: Worthy Matron, Sister Mae Spinner. Worthy Patron, Brother Geo. W. Spinner.

Associate Matron, Sister Anna Ullich. Secretary, Sister Ruby Brockway. Treasurer, Sister Julia Robertson. Conductress, Sister Anna Grunau. Associate Conductress, Sister Maude Robertson.

Charlain, Sister Sodi. Marshal, Sister Ethel Bennett. Organist, Sister Carrie Kendall. Warden, Brother John Robertson. Sentinel, Sister Froelich.

## Cantata

"The Wreck of the Hesperus" and part song concert by

BY  
**The Barrington Choral Society**

In the Baptist Church Monday Evening  
January 28th, 1907, at 8 o'clock.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS

**SOLOISTS**  
P. A. Grosser, Chicago  
Saddle Blocks  
Clara Rundberg Wood, Chicago  
Milton R. Harris, Chicago

Baritone  
Soprano  
Pianist  
Tenor and Director

(Chorus)  
It was the schooner Hesperus,  
That sailed the wintry sea,  
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,  
To bear him company  
Blue were her eyes as the fairy-fax,  
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,  
And her tresses white as the hawthorne buds,  
That open in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,  
His pipe was in his mouth,  
And he watched low the veering staff did blow,  
The smoke now West, now South.

(Solo Tenor)  
Then up and spake an old sailor,  
Had sailed the Spanish main,  
'I pray thee, put into yonder port,  
For I fear a hurricane.'

Last night the moon had a golden ring,  
And to-night no moon we see:  
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,  
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

(Chorus)  
Colder and colder blew the wind,  
A gale from the northeast;  
The snow fell hissing in the brine,  
And the billows frothed like yeast

Down came the storm, and smote amain,  
The vessel in its strength;  
She shuddered and passed like a frightened steed,  
Then leaped her cable's length.

Baritone (Solo)  
'Come hither, come hither,' my little daughter,  
And do not tremble so:  
For I can weather the roughest gale  
That ever wind did blow.'

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat  
Against the stinging blast,  
He cut a rope from a broken spar,  
And bound her to the mast.

(Soprano Solo)  
O father! I hear the church-bells ring,  
O say, what may it be?  
'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!  
And he steered for the open sea.

'Oh father! I hear the sound of guns,  
O say, what may it be?'  
'Some ship in distress, that cannot live  
In such an angry sea.'

'Oh father! I see a gleaming light,  
O say, what may it be?'  
But the father answered never a word,  
A frozen corpse was he.

(Chorus)  
Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,  
With his face turned to the skies,  
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow  
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed  
That saved she might be:  
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,  
On the Lake of Galilee.

(Chorus)  
At daybreak on the bleak sea-beach,  
A fisherman stood aghast,  
To see the form of a maiden fair,  
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,  
The salt tears in her eyes;  
And he saw her hair, like a brown sea-weed,  
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,  
In the midnight and the snow!  
Christ, save us all from a death like this,  
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

Ada, Sister Ethel Austin.  
Ruth, Sister Saddle Blocks.  
Eather, Sister Clara Alverson.  
Martha, Sister Alta Powers.  
Electa, Sister Anna Oris.  
Installation will be held January 4th.

**He Rose Some**  
P. J. McManns, formerly connected with the E. J. & E. railway, has just been appointed as assistant general manager of the Southern railway. He was the recipient of the following telegram from his former associates: "Keep a going."

Mr. McManns has worked himself up from messenger boy, step by step, to his present high position.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Schulz visited a few days with relatives at Dundee.

## Advertised Letters.

The following letters remain un-called for at the Barrington post-office January 5, 1907.  
Family Bersch  
Mr. James Davely  
Grafel Lambert  
Mrs. E. Resack  
Mr. Tiler Spaly  
Mr. M. Westock

H. K. BROCKWAY, P. M.

## Notice.

Barrington Camp No. 800, Modern Woodmen of America, and Royal Neighbors will hold a joint installation Tuesday night, Jan. 8th, at Woodmen Hall. Royal Neighbors and husbands, and Woodmen and their wives are invited to attend. WM. GRUNAU, Clerk.

The national debt is \$25,159,250, so this is not a billion-dollar country in one important respect.

Commercial travelers' licenses in the British South Africa colonies and protectorates amount to \$600 a year.

If Dr. Oster will head off the winter weather recollections of the oldest inhabitant which are about due, we will forgive him.

Even nature seems in league with Croesus. Klondike's increased output adds its golden stream to the tide of prosperity.

Says Count Boni, "It is immaterial to me what the American press say about me." The proud indifference of a superior soul, doubtless.

An Alton woman who asserts she was married while stupefied by poisoned confectious now realizes that she made a mistake in her "candy man."

With seats on the New York Stock exchange selling at \$12,000, brokers remark the 1907 market would now execute their orders standing.

Cambridge, Mass., provides for privilege of study and work on a year in seven for the public school teachers. A teacher draws a part salary and has regular position on return.

The question of how long it will take to exhaust the coal deposits in the earth is not of as much importance as that more intimate problem, how long the deposit in the cellar will last.

On hearing from Professor Lowell that the people of Mars are suffering from thirst, the Kentucky colonels request him to extend to them the assurance of their most distinguished commiseration.

Diamonds are reported to be going down in price. This is probably due to the fact that general prosperity has made it possible for so many people to have diamonds that they have become common.

A woman who is going to Java in quest of the missing link probably will not find it, but, says the Philadelphia Ledger, she may learn how the consumption of Java coffee manages to exceed the product.

The New York authorities are carrying out a scheme for giving each class of animals a scenic background reminiscent of its native habitat. So, by and by, the zoo will be not only a menagerie but an art gallery.

John Holland, submarine torpedo boat inventor, reports that he is now at work on a submarine monster that will attack those who attack them without defense, and which will put all war ships out of business. He ought to be made an honorary member of the universal peace society, remarks the Boston Herald.

Speaking at Carlisle, the bishop of that city said he was against abbreviations on principle. "At Birmingham recently there was a considerable proportion of the people so busy that they could not spare the time when speaking about the year to say 1891, but articulated abbreviations one. I am persuaded abridgment has an unwholesome effect on men's minds."

Eight years ago an Italian was condemned to ten years' imprisonment for manslaughter. He escaped, and was not heard of until recently, when it was found that he had built a cell in his own house, had constituted a servant his jailer, and had faithfully executed sentence upon himself. The trouble is that the government will not count his years as a self-imposed prisoner. He will have to begin now to serve his term in official incarceration.

Borings 1,000 feet deep in New Orleans have encountered nothing more solid than mud, sand and a little thin clay; hence the problem of making safe foundations for the piers of a giant railroad bridge which is soon to be built across the Mississippi near the city is a hard one for engineering science. The piers will rest on timber caissons, each measuring over 100 feet by 126 and 140 feet high. The bottoms of these caissons will be 170 feet below the surface of the river.

Franz Rakoczy, who led an insurrection in Hungary from 1703 to 1711, died an exile in Turkey. He was declared a traitor by a law passed in 1715. The act was repeated by the Hungarian parliament a month, and the remains of the great leader were taken from Constantinople and reburied with great honors in Budapest. The ceremony lasted four days. Rakoczy had to wait a long time for official recognition of his patriotism, but it has come at last.

Governors of New Hampshire are elected by a majority vote; that is, the successful candidate must have more votes than are given to all his opponents combined. If he lack one of a majority the legislature has to choose the governor. The other states a plurality elects, and it sometimes happens that the successful candidate receives only a few hundred more than one-third of the total vote cast. This year the New Hampshire legislature will have to elect the governor, as no candidate received a majority.

CAR FAMINE CAUSES

LANE LAYS IT TO ABUNDANT WEST BOUND TRAFFIC.

NO CARS TO CARRY COAL

Commerce Commission Says Combine of Coal Dealers 'Wasn't to Blame—No Remedy is Determined Upon.

Washington, D. C.—The causes, but not the cure, for the car shortage in the northwest and consequent coal famine in North Dakota have been determined by the members of the interstate commerce commission participating in the recent hearings at Chicago and Minneapolis. Franklin K. Lane, who served as chairman of the investigating commission, Wednesday filed his report with the full commission and sent it to President Roosevelt, who ordered the inquiry.

Mr. Lane finds: "It is a fair inference from all the testimony that the real cause of the coal scarcity in North Dakota was such an abundance of west-bound traffic at the head of the lakes that cars were not available in the congested state of that terminal, for the carrying of coal to North Dakota—a comparatively short haul for a low class commodity."

In his letter of transmission to the president, Mr. Lane says that the report will be followed in due course by the specially recommended action of the commission as a whole as to whatever legislation, if any, may be deemed advisable.

Referring to the report that the coal shortage was due to the presence of a trust or combination between dealers in coal who fixed prices in the northwest, and refused to sell to "outsiders" and "irregulars," the report says: "The commission has gained indisputable proof of an agreement between coal dealers to maintain prices and to boycott all who do not agree, but the specially recommended action of the commission as a whole as to whatever legislation, if any, may be deemed advisable."

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BURNED TO DEATH IN WRECK.

Thirty-five Men, Mostly Mexicans, Perish in Railway Collision.

Topeka, Kan.—Two white Americans, a negro train porter and about 32 Mexicans, lost their lives and 55 persons were injured when two passenger trains on the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railroad collided head on four miles west of Voland, Kan., 5:10 o'clock Wednesday morning.

The trains were No. 29 and 39, running between Chicago and El Paso. They met on a sharp curve with fearful impact. Adding to the horror of the collision, a fire broke out in the cars and from the locomotive was communicated to the splintered wreckage and spread rapidly, consuming five of the forward cars of train No. 29, which was bound, and burning a number of the passengers. All but three of those who perished are thought to have been Mexican laborers, who were on their way from Columbus Junction, O., to Mexico.

The officials of the company place the blame on John Lynes, the 19-year-old telegraph operator at Voland, who failed to stop train No. 29 at his station, after receiving orders.

COTTON EXCHANGE ATTACKED.

Georgians Ask Fraud Order Against New York Institution.

Washington.—Charges of fraud were filed late Wednesday afternoon with Postmaster General Cortelyou and a number of members of the New York Cotton Exchange by Representative Livingston of Georgia and Harvie Jordan, president of the Southern Cotton association of Atlanta.

On the charges, Jordan made a request that the post office department issue a fraud order against the officials and members of the New York Cotton Exchange in order to bar them from the use of the United States mails in conducting what the charges term fraudulent practices.

Husband Shoots Physician.

Carthage, Mo.—Dr. J. W. Meredith was shot and probably fatally wounded by Arthur Sanderson at the latter's home here Wednesday. Sanderson had called the physician in to attend his wife and then met him at the door and fired on him. Sanderson, who was arrested, asserted that Dr. Meredith had broken up his home.

Terrorists Kill Gendarmes.

Warsaw, Russian Poland.—Two terrorists shot and killed two gendarmes on Granitzka street Wednesday, and fled. Soldiers opened fire on them and wounded four pedestrians.

Woman Shoots at St. Louis Judge.

St. Louis.—Miss Rosa Well, a disappointed litigant in an inheritance case, shot at Judge McDonald of the circuit court as he went to the bench, but missed him. She had planned to kill the judge and commit suicide.

Cassatt Estate to Family.

Philadelphia.—Counsel for the estate of the late A. J. Cassatt issued a statement Wednesday to the effect that Mr. Cassatt by will left his entire estate to Mrs. Cassatt and, in equal shares, to his children.

IT IS BAD TO PART FROM THOSE WE LOVE.



DISASTROUS WRECK NEAR WASHINGTON

FIFTY-THREE PERSONS MEET DEATH WHEN TRAINS ARE TELESCOPED AT TERRA COTTA STATION.

Washington.—The list of dead as the result of the appalling wreck at Terra Cotta, on the Baltimore & Ohio railway Sunday night, has reached 53. Forty-five of the number have been identified. Inquiry at the various hospitals of the city, where the injured have been taken, showed a number of persons whose condition was regarded as hopeless. The injured number over 50, nearly, if not quite all of whom, will recover.

Collied at Station. The wreck was caused by an engine drawing eight empty cars running into local No. 66, known as the Freedom.

More than 200 persons crowded the wrecked train. The crash, owing to the fog, came without a second's warning. The train had a number of coaches were torn to fragments in an instant. The horror of the fire, however, was not added. Most of those killed met death instantly, and when the help arrived they found bodies scattered along both sides of the track for 150 yards, lying just where they had been thrown when the engine tore the cars and.

The absence of fire rendered it possible to save many of the injured who were pinned beneath portions of the wreck. The cries and groans of the injured were heartrending. The thick white coils of the fog closed around the horror and mercifully hid for a while the extent of the disaster.

Strange Feature of Crash. A strange feature of the wreck is the fact that neither the engine, the tender, nor any of the empty coaches of the colliding trains left the track. Despite the havoc which it wrought, the engine and tender had a running 60 miles an hour, was only slightly injured, and neither the engineer nor the fireman sustained any injury.

Both remained in their cab and were rescued under arrest by the police released the scene.

Scores Visit Morgue. Scores of persons visited the morgue Monday to assist in the identification. The total number of bodies carried into the morgue was 52.

Washington.—The interstate commerce commission Tuesday reached an agreement to investigate the block signal systems on both the Southern and the Baltimore & Ohio railways, in view of the recent disastrous collisions and derailments on those roads attended by serious loss of life.

The first hearing, which will be public, will be held in this city Friday, January 11.

The commission will make its investigation under a resolution of congress approved June 30, 1906, empowering the interstate commerce commission to report the use and necessity of block signal systems and appliances for automatic control of railroad trains in the United States.

Coroner Nevitt began an inquest at 11:30 Monday. After the jurymen were selected and the list of witnesses secured the inquest was adjourned until Wednesday. The coroner says it may last several days.

Woman Shot Dead in Her Bed. Police, Ill.—Mrs. Henry Anderson, wife of a prominent retired farmer of Cambridge, Ill., was shot dead in her bed early Sunday morning by an unidentified person. A negro is being held as the murderer.

Postal Salaries Too Small. Washington.—First Assistant Postmaster General Hitchcock says many employees of the postal department receive every month because the salaries are too small and he urges congress to raise their pay.

TABLE DELICACIES

SOME OLD AND NEW RECIPES WORTH TRYING.

Restorative Jelly Very Valuable in the Sick Room—Lemon Cream Mold—A Fine Dessert Dish—Filling for Tarts.

Lemon Sauce for Baked Meats.—Put in double boiler two cups of sweet cream with ten white pepper-corns, a blade of mace and a small sprig of parsley. Add also the yellow rind of a lemon cut thin. Bring to a boil, then strain, thicken with flour and butter, rubbed together, cook three minutes, add the juice of a lemon and serve.

Restorative Jelly.—Soak one package of gelatin in a cup of cold water for half an hour. Add two scant cups of boiling water, one tumbler of port wine, a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar, the juice of a large lemon or two small ones, three or four whole cloves, and a small stick of cinnamon. Let all these stand for half an hour, then strain and set away to harden. This jelly is convenient for use in the sick room. Part of it may be colored a delicate pink with a small square of each color brought to the patient now and then.

Lemon Cream.—Into a cup and a half of boiling water stir two round tablespoonfuls of cornstarch wet with a third of a cupful of cold water; add the juice of a large lemon, the beaten yolks of three eggs, and one cup of sugar. Cook five minutes, then add the whites of three eggs, and serve cold with a spoonful of whipped cream on the top of each glass.

Lemon Cream Mold.—Combine half a package of gelatin in a little water as possible; add the juice of four lemons, a cupful and a half of sugar, and a pinch of soda. Strain this and add to it a generous pint of cream, whipped, pour into a mold and place it on ice or in a deep pan of snow. It will not need to be packed in ice and salt. Turn over and serve with angel food or a good sponge cake.

Lemon Filling for Tarts.—Place an ounce and a half of butter where it will soften but not melt; add one egg, and a little sugar, and beat the eggs, the grated rind of half a lemon and the juice of a whole one. Stir over boiling water till thick and smooth.

Lemon Puff Dessert.—When eggs are plentiful try this novel dessert: Beat six eggs, the whites and yolks separately. To the beaten yolks add three tablespoonfuls of pastry flour, a little salt, and two or three spoonfuls of lemon juice. Beat this with a spoon, then fold in the stiffly beaten whites of eggs and pour as one into a buttered baking dish placed in a pan of hot water. Bake slowly till risen and slightly brown. Turn out on a hot dish and grate loaf sugar over it.

Cream Puffs With Sauce. Put four level tablespoonfuls of butter with one-half cup of boiling water on the range and heat to the boiling point, then turn into a half cup of flour all at once and beat well. When the dough will cleave from the side of the dish take from the fire and add the beaten yolks of four eggs and the white of one. Beat long and hard, then drop in small spoonfuls on a sheet or pan. Bake 20 minutes or more, according to the size of the puffs. Cool and split the cakes; fill with a cream made from one-half cup of sugar and three level tablespoonfuls of cornstarch added to two cups of scalded milk, and cook five minutes. Add the beaten yolks of five eggs, and when the mixture is cooked through take from the fire, cool, and add a teaspoon of vanilla to flavor. For a chocolate filling melt a square of chocolate in two tablespoonfuls of milk, one-quarter cup of sugar, and half a teaspoon of butter. Pour a little on each puff.

Mushroom Toast. Cut the stems closely from a quart or more of fresh mushrooms, peel them and remove the ribs. Dissolve two or three ounces of butter in a porcelain lined saucepan and put in the mushrooms, stew over them a quarter of teaspoonful of browned mace mixed with a little expense and let them stew over a gentle fire for about 15 minutes.

Strir or toss frequently while cooking; then add a dessertspoonful of sifted flour, shaking the pan until it browns slightly.

Quintessence of Mushroom. This is made by sprinkling a little salt over fresh mushrooms, which stand for three hours, then mash them.

The next day strain off the liquor; put in a stewpan and boil until reduced to one-half.

This will not keep long, but can be made during the season. Mushrooms can be obtained throughout the season by pressing them very soon before they are used and sprinkling it thickly with seeds.

Caring for the Nails. Don't cut the cuticle or any part of the flesh around the nails. Don't polish the nails too highly; they should have a natural gloss. Don't cut the nails in points, but carefully arch.

The Scrubbing Brush. Do not lay the scrubbing brush with the bristles upward. The water is allowed to leak into the wooden part and the bristles very soon become loose. Always vary it with the bristles down.

JOLIET TO BE LAKE HARBOR

Leads All Illinois Cities in High Wages—Workmen Wanted—An Invitation to Everybody.

The city of Joliet is sending broad cast an invitation to people who want employment or who wish to make a change in their fortunes. There is room in Joliet for thousands more. It is a very prosperous and growing city, now over 50,000 population. It has more than 100 important industries and hundreds of smaller ones. The year 1907 will see a tremendous demand for labor of all kinds. An unprecedented year in building is certain. The railroad will spend \$3,000,000 on track elevation; new power development will cost \$2,000,000 and a third great enterprise will spend \$2,000,000 more. The industries of Joliet are generally enlarging their works and require more men continually. At least 2,000 hands can find immediate employment.

Wages in Joliet that is in any other city of Illinois, as shown by the government census, yet the cost of living is no more than elsewhere. Supplies may be bought direct from farmers and the great markets of Chicago are only 40 miles away. Thirty passenger trains run each way daily between the two cities and an electric line gives a half-hourly service.

Eighteen thousand people are regular wage earners in Joliet industries and no one is idle who desires employment. Machinists and molders are especially wanted. Handy men who can learn to run machines are in steady demand. Women find employment in factories and shops where the work is suited to their sex.

By reason of the two-and-a-half mile extension of the Chicago Drainage and Ship Canal to Joliet the largest vessels of the great lakes will discharge their cargoes at Joliet wharves in the latter city and there will be added 30,000 horse-power, and forcing cheap power for present and future industries. These advantages will add immeasurably to the already wide prestige of Joliet as a great industrial center. This canal will also become a part of the Government Ship Canal to the Mississippi.

Joliet affords every advantage that cities much larger can offer. The free public library cost \$250,000. The school system is the best in the high school is well known to be without exception the very finest in the United States. Nothing is so important to a workman as the opportunity to better his children. There are numerous special schools, plenty of churches, public parks, handsome streets and all the opportunities for a life of wholesome enjoyment.

The city is free from labor troubles. Rents are from \$3 a month up; there is no better place for earning and saving than Joliet. Write to the Citizens Alliance, Joliet, for further information.

Monarchs as Linguists. Monarchs must know more than one language. King Edward, who traveled so much, speaks French better than some Frenchmen, and also German. The czar of Russia speaks French as well as his native tongue and knows the numerous dialects.

Emperor William of Germany speaks French as well as his native tongue. The king of Portugal speaks French, English, German and Spanish. The king of Italy is a master of French and German and has spent several years in the various Italian dialects.

Peru Claims Kuruki. Gen. Kuruki, the famous Japanese soldier, has been universally described as of Polish, Russian and German extraction. Another interesting chapter has been added to his genealogical history by an official publication in the Official Gazette of Lima, Peru, which makes the claim, and submits a plausible statement of facts to prove it, that Kuruki's father was a Peruvian patriot whose name was Transito Charroqui. It is also declared that the general's father was a descendant of the Inca, who themselves are believed to be descendants of an Asiatic race, so Kuruki is an aviator and has come into his own in the land of his fathers.

POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD. Guarantees On Their Products.

We warrant and guarantee that all packages of Postum Cereal, Grape-Nuts and Eljah's Manna heretofore sold by any jobber or retailer, comply with the provisions of the National Pure Food Law. All Postum cereals, Grape-Nuts and Eljah's Manna are guaranteed to be standard and unadulterated within the meaning of said Act of Congress approved June 30, 1906, and entitled, "An act for preventing the manufacture, sale or transportation of adulterated or misbranded or poisonous or deleterious foods, drugs, medicines, liquors, and for regulating traffic there-in for other purposes."

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd. C. W. Post, Chairman, Battle Creek, Mich. Dec. 12, 1906.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of December, 1906. BENJAMIN F. REED, Notary Public.

My commission expires July 1, 1907. Our goods are pure, they are always pure and unadulterated. We have always since the beginning of our business, printed a truthful statement on the packages of the ingredients contained therein and we stand back of every package.



# THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COAST" and "THE BURNING OF THE BURNING"

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"We'll fix it up later, Blacklock," said he. "All right," said I. And from that minute I was almost silent. It was something in her tone and manner that silenced me. I suddenly realized that I wasn't making good, but my impression as I had been dattering myself.

When a man has money and is willing to spend it he can readily fool himself into imagining he gets on grandly with women. But I had better grounds than that for thinking myself not unattractive to them, as a rule. Women had liked me when I had nothing; women had liked me when they didn't know who I was. I felt that this woman did not like me. And yet, by the way she looked at me in spite of her efforts not to do so, I could tell that I had some sort of unusual interest for her. Why didn't she like me? She made me feel the reason. I didn't belong to her world. My ways and my looks offended her. She disliked me a good deal; she feared me a little. She would have felt safer if she had been gratifying her curiosity, gazing in at me through the bars of a cage.

Sam—without hesitation, as I recalled afterward—left me with her, when I sent him to bring her brought me up to the second, the habit of dismissing the disagreeable, I soon put her out of my mind. But she took with her my joy in the taste of things. I couldn't get back my former keen satisfaction in all I had done and was doing. The luxury, the tangible evidences of my achievement, no longer gave me pleasure; they seemed to add to my irritation.

I worked myself up, or rather, down, to such a mood that when my office boy told me Mr. Langdon would like me to come to his office as soon as it was convenient, I snapped out: "The hell he does. Tell Mr. Langdon I'll be glad to see him whenever he calls." That was stupidity, a premature assertion of my right to be treated as an equal. I had always gone to Mr. Langdon and to suggestion of the rulers of finance, whenever I had got a summons. For, while I was rich and powerful, I held both wealth and power in my hands on sufferance; I knew that, so long as I had no absolute control of any great department of industry, these rulers could destroy me should they decide that they needed my holdings or were not satisfied with my use of my power. I was surprised when Langdon appeared in my office a few minutes later.

He was a tallish, slim man, carefully dressed, with a bored, weary look and a slow, bored way of talking. I had always said that if I had not been myself I should have wished to be Langdon. His expression, as he came into my office, was one of cynical amusement, as if he were saying to himself: "Our friend Blacklock has caught the swollen head at last. Not a word of suggestion of his ill-humor, of resentment at my impertinence—for, in the circumstances, I had been guilty of an impertinence. Just languid, amused patience with the frailty of a friend." "I see," said he, "that you have got Textile up to 82."

He was the head of the Textile trust, which had been built by his brother-in-law and had fallen to him in the confusion following his brother-in-law's death. As he was just then needing some money for his share in the National Coal, he had directed me to push Textile up toward par and unload him of two or three hundred thousand shares—ie, of course, to repurchase the shares after he had taken profit and Textile had dropped back to its normal 50. "I'll have it up to 82 by the middle of next month," said I. "And there I think we'd better stop." "Stop at about 75," said he. "That will give me all I find I'll need for this Coal business. I don't want to be bothered with hunting up an investment."

I shook my head. "I must put it up to within a point or two of par," I declared. In my public letter I've been saying it would go above 82, and I am so derisive my public."

"Why not?" I asked. "Oh—I don't know. You see—the fact is—well, they're a lot of old fogies up there. You don't want to bother with that push, Matt. Take my advice. Do business with them, but avoid them socially." "I want to go in there," I insisted. "I have my own reasons. You put me up."

"I tell you, it'd be no use," he replied, in a tone that implied he wished to hear no more of the matter. "You put me up," I replied. "And if you do your best, I'll get in all right. I've got lots of friends there. And you've got three relatives in the committee on membership." At this he gave me a queer, sharp glance—a little frown in it. I laughed. "You see, I've been looking into it, Sam. I never take a jump till I've measured it."

"You'd better wait a few years, until—" he began, then stopped and turned red. "Until what?" said I. "I want you to speak frankly." "Well, you've got a lot of enemies—a lot of fellows who've lost money in deals you've engineered. And they'd say all sorts of things." "I'll take care of that," said I, quite easy in mind. "Mowbray Langdon's president, isn't he? Well, he's my closest friend." I spoke quite honestly. It shows how simple-minded I was in certain ways that I had never once noted the important circumstance that this "closest friend" had never invited me to his house, or anywhere where I'd meet his up-town associates at introducing distance.

Sam looked surprised. "Oh, in that case," he said, "I'll see what can be done." But his tone was not quite cordial enough to satisfy me. To stimulate him and to give him an earnest of what I intended to do for him, when our little social deal had been put through, I showed him how he could win \$10,000 in the next three days. "And you needn't bother about putting up margins," said I, as I often had before. "I'll take care of that." He stammered a refusal and went out; but he came back within an hour, and, in a strained sort of way, accepted my tip and offer.

"That's sensible," said I. "When

# Illinois State News

Recent Happenings of Interest in the Various Cities and Towns.

## CHARGES MADE ARE SERIOUS.

**Buckeye Powder Company of Peoria Accuses the Duponts.**  
Peoria.—Charging that officials of the Dupont Powder company have offered to the German government the secret of the manufacture of the powder and dynamite used on American boats and by the United States Army, President Robert S. Waddell, of the Buckeye Powder company, of this city, mailed a lengthy communication to the German government last week. The matter is expected to come up before congress at this session. Through the exposures of alleged exorbitant prices charged by the Duponts last year, Mr. Waddell, congress took up the matter and appropriated \$200,000 for an experiment station for the manufacture of powder.

**Locks UP FLAMING CHILD.**  
Baby Brother Put Burning Infant Into Closet and It Dies.  
Kewanee.—While the three small children of Albert Soderlund were playing with matches in an upstairs room of the family residence here the clothing of the 17-month-old boy caught fire. His brother, six years old, tried to open the flames, dragged the child into a closet and shut the door. The mother, having smelled the smoke downstairs, investigated and found the child surrounded by flames when she opened the door. She was frightfully burned in getting the child out of the closet, but her act was too late, as he died soon after.

**NEW LIVE STOCK MARK.**  
Business at Chicago Yards in Year Greatest in History.

Chicago.—Figures on the business transacted at the Union stock yards in 1906 show the valuation of all live stock handled to be the largest on record. Receipts for the year were slightly over 16,000,000 head, valued at \$242,000,000, an increase of \$40,000,000 over the valuation of the year. General prices during the year fluctuated within a narrower range than in previous years. Beef cattle averaged 25 cents each 100 pounds higher than last year; hogs one dollar and 15 cents higher; sheep 25 cents higher; lambs five cents higher.

**Mystery of Fatal Shooting.**  
Decatur.—Roy Watkins, the 18-year-old son of a farmer, was shot and fatally wounded while passing through an alley in the heart of Arthur, a village 20 miles south of here. The shot penetrated Watkins' stomach and passed through his body.

**Orders Reinsurance Test.**  
Freeport.—A suit to determine the legality of the reinsurance deal of the defunct German Insurance Company was ordered by Judge Heard of the circuit court. A petition was presented to him on behalf of the San Francisco policy holders and he decided to ask the receiver to proceed against the Royal. The receiver is the Chicago Title and Trust Company.

**Macoupin County Farmer Injured.**  
Girard.—John Miller, a farmer living three miles northwest of this city, was injured by his team running away. As he was driving by the Liberty school the team became frightened and ran over the side of the wagon, dropping to the ground. Mr. Miller, seeing that he could not hold them, jumped and broke his left leg above the ankle.

**Oppose State Aid to Roads.**  
Urbana.—Five hundred Champaign county farmers opposed state aid for roads. They held a meeting for the purpose of the experiments on roads by the state highway commission after its allotted two years. The meeting also declared itself in favor of a reciprocal demurrage law designed to protect shippers.

**Monevau Asks Law and Order.**  
Monevau.—John J. Miller, a farmer living three miles northwest of this city, was injured by his team running away. As he was driving by the Liberty school the team became frightened and ran over the side of the wagon, dropping to the ground. Mr. Miller, seeing that he could not hold them, jumped and broke his left leg above the ankle.

**Edison Poisons for Candy.**  
Chicago.—Believing that the strychnine pills were candy, Theodore Halverston, three-year-old, North Forty seventh and Wilson avenues, climbed on a chair, took a bottle containing the poison from the top of the dresser and ate several of the pills, dying shortly afterward.

**Noyes Goes to Illinois University.**  
Urbana.—William Albert Noyes, editor of the Journal of the American Chemical Society, and chief chemist of the bureau of standards at Washington, D. C., has accepted the position of professor of chemistry and director of the chemical laboratory in the University of Illinois.

**Republicans Choose Judge.**  
Princeton.—Edgar Eldridge, Republican, was elected a circuit judge from this district to succeed the late Judge Charles Blanshard.



"YOU'RE BOUND TO WIN AND I'LL SEE THAT YOU DON'T LOSE."

will you attend to the matter at the Travelers? I want to be warned so I can pull my own set of wires in concert. "I'll let you know," he answered, hanging his head. I didn't understand his queer actions then. Though I was an expert in finance, I hadn't yet made a study of that other game—the game of "gentlemen." And I didn't know how seriously the frauds and fakirs who play it take it and themselves. I attributed his confusion to a ridiculous mock modesty he had about accepting favors; it struck me as being particularly silly on this occasion, because for once he was to give as well as to take.

He didn't call for his profits, but wrote asking me to mail him the check for them. I did so, putting in the envelope with it a little note in his memory. It was the club me. I didn't see him again for nearly a month; and though I searched and sent, I couldn't get his trail. On opening day at Mon Park, I was going along in the grand stand, on my way to the paddock. I wanted to see my horse that was about to run for the Sal-mansgate Sweepstakes, and to tell my jockey that I'd give him \$10,000, instead of \$10,000. If he won—or if I had put quite a bunch down.

In one of the boxes I spied my friend Sammy. He was looking better than I had ever seen him. Less heavy-eyed, less pallid and pasty, less like a man who had been shirking bed and keeping up on cocktails and cold baths. He was at the rear of the box, talking with a lady and a gentleman.

or so, he drifted away. "I envy your enthusiasm," he said, pausing in my doorway. "Wherever I am, I wish I were somewhere else. Whatever I'm doing, I wish I were doing something else. Where do you get all this joy of the fight? What the devil are you fighting for?" He didn't wait for a reply. I thought over my situation steadily for several days. I went down to my country place. I looked everywhere among all my belongings, searching, searching, restless, impatient. At last I knew what ailed me—what the lack was that yawned so gloomily from everything I had once thought beautiful, had once found sufficient. I was in the midst of the splendid, terraced peony beds my gardeners had just set out; I stopped short and slapped my thigh. "A woman!" I exclaimed. "That's what I need. A woman—the right sort of woman—a wife!"

IV. A CANDIDATE FOR "RESPECTABILITY."  
To handle this new business properly I must put myself in position to look the whole field over. I must get in line and in touch with "respectability." When Sam Ellersly came in for a nation's "No. 1," "Sam, I want you to put me up at the Travelers Club." "The Travelers!" echoed he, with a blank look. "The Travelers," said I. "It's about the best of the big clubs, isn't it? And it has as members most of the men I do business with and most of those I want to get into touch with." He laughed. "It can't be done."

As soon as I saw that lady, I knew what it was that had been hiding at the bottom of my mind and ranking there.

Luckily I was alone; over since that lunch I had been cutting loose from the old crowd—from all its women, and from all its men except two or three real friends who were good fellows straight through and who, by having made the mistake of crossing the dead line between amateur "sport" and professional, I leaned over and tapped Sammy on the shoulder.

He glanced round, and when he saw me, looked as if I were a policeman who had caught him in the act. "Howdy, Sam," said I. "It's been so long since I've seen you that I couldn't resist the temptation to let you know. Hope your friend'll excuse me. Howdy do, Miss Ellersly?" And I put out my hand.

She looked reluctantly. She was giving me a very unpleasant look—as if she were seeing, not somebody, but some thing she didn't care to see, or were seeing nothing at all. I liked that look. I liked the woman who had it in her to give it. She made me feel that she was difficult and therefore worth while, and that's the best of human beings are in business for—to get the other fellow that we're worth while.

"Just a moment," said Sam, red as a cranberry and stuttering. And he made a motion to come out of the box and look for a moment at the woman. But I was not the man to be cheated in that fashion. I wanted to see her, and to come right up to her, and to feel it. "Don't let me take you for your friends," said I to Sammy. "Perhaps they'd like to come with you, and me down to look at my horse, and to see the woman who has been so long in the wind. I've had my boys out on the rails every morning at the trials of all the other possibilities. None of 'em in it with Mowhll."

"Mowhll!" said Miss Ellersly. "What a quaint name!" "My trainer gave it," said I. "I've got a second son of one of those broken-down English noblemen at the head of my stables. He's trying to get money enough together to be able to show up at Newport and take a sly at an heiress."

At this the lady who was fourth in our party, who had been looking at me as a nesty, glassy stare, got as red as was Sammy. Then I noticed that he was an Englishman, and I all but buckled with delight. However, she said, "No offense, but you've clapped him on the shoulder with a friendly smile. He's a good fellow, my man Monson, and knows a lot about horses."

Miss Ellersly bit her lip and colored, but I noticed also that her eyes were dancing. Sam introduced the Englishman to me—Lord Somebody-or-other, I forget what, as I noticed he was again. I turned like a bulldog from a toy terrier and was at Miss Ellersly again. "Let me put a little something on Mowhll for you," said I. "You're a party to the grand social and you don't lose. I know how you ladies hate to lose."

That was a bit stiff, as I know well enough now. Indeed, my instinct told me I was told better than that. I hadn't been so used to the sort of women that jump at such an offer, and if I hadn't been casting about so desperately and in such confusion for some one to grand and to whom I hardly deserved her sudden frown, I look. "I beg pardon," I stammered, and I think my lip at her must have been very humble—for me.

The girls in the grand were staring round at us. "Come on," cried Sam, dragging at my arm. "let's go." "Won't you come?" I said to his sister. I shouldn't have been able to keep my state of mind out of my voice. If I had, I might have said: "You're the right sort of thing in a man through any and all kinds of barriers of caste and manners and breeding. Her voice was much softer as she said: "I think I can and expect to be Thank you, just the same."

**Post Office Work Increases.**  
Chicago.—The annual report for the post office reveals a general increase in business. The volume of money order transactions shows the greatest gain—22 per cent. In 1906 \$200,538,000.00 was transferred in 11,425,423 transactions in the form of money orders of pieces of mail handled was 62,911,991 pieces, weighing 2,888,488 pounds.

**New Building and Loan Association.**  
Springfield.—The Zarkus Building and Loan association of Chicago was incorporated by the state auditor of public accounts with a capital stock of \$1,000,000. The term of incorporation is fixed at 50 years. The incorporators are John F. Litan, Frank A. Buresch, John E. Bishop, Adolph Biskup and William Bishop.

**MacKinnon Verdict Set Aside.**  
Rock Island.—The verdict declaring invalid the will of Father Thomas MacKinnon, the Catholic priest, who left an estate of \$150,000, was set aside by Judge Geis on the ground that the verdict was not in accordance with the evidence.

**Want to Purify Politics.**  
Paris.—A banquet under the auspices of the Commercial club is to result in a civic league for law enforcement and the reformation of Edgar county politics.

# THE REVIEW

Published on Second-Class Matter.

M. T. LAMEY, Editor and Publisher.

FRIDAY, JAN. 4, 1906.

**The "Uplift" in the Slams.**  
Dr. Barnard, who died in London some months ago, was a practical philanthropist, perhaps the wisest of his day. He never let his sympathies run away with his horse sense.

He saw the children of the poor in London growing up in ignorance and squalor, in hunger and in vice. He saw also what has been the clear vision of wisdom and experience—that no men or collection of men could permanently help the children unless they also helped themselves and that they must be given the opportunity for self help.

So he set about it in the most practical way. He got the boys and girls these almost invisible Hosiery and abandoned women—away from the grime and the slime of London. He took them to the country, where the air was pure, where they saw the sky and felt the sun. They gained in health. He educated them, and they grew in learning and in morals. They were taught useful trades and delighted in them.

Recently a fresh contingent of these Barnard boys and girls left London for Canada. They went joyfully. They will be welcomed gladly. They make good citizens wherever they settle. Canada has known many of the sort. Figures show that 98 per cent of the Barnard children do well. Eighty per cent of the Barnard boys sent to Canada in the past have become land owners. Any part of the globe would be glad to have such re-enforcements.

### Lone St. Helena.

It will never be possible to add to the tragic interest centering around the Island prison of the great Napoleon Bonaparte. He was alone in his cell, alone in his career, alone in his fate. For years the eyes of the world were upon the caged emperor, and St. Helena became a name to make monarchs and diplomats shudder and tremble.

Since the removal of the remains of Napoleon from the island where he died the place has been garrisoned by a small force and held as a naval coaling station. It is now proposed to abandon the post, and the question arises, What shall be done with St.

Helena? What it is of itself is nothing, but what it became through the accident of Napoleon's guarded exile there it can best remain by letting it revert to a wilderness, the sport of waves and tempest. When all the world is under the spell of progress, desolation is the fitting state for the petty domain over which Napoleon reigned by the grace of his conquerors after kingdoms and princelings which his sword had exalted over him.

### Birth of the "New South."

A recent book dealing with the period immediately following the great civil war gives in a modest way the story of the birth and development of that new south the genuineness of which has sometimes been questioned. Mrs. Avery's "Dixie After the War" brings out strongly the courage with which the people of the war ridden land faced the altered conditions of their lives after the surrender in 1865. In politics there was fiction more or less, but the main task of rebuilding ruined homes and fortunes was performed by willing hands—hands unaccustomed to toil. Herein was displayed a bravery of soul that recalls the times which tried men in the American colonies before and after the Revolution.

Absolute destitution reigned in many sections of the south after Appomattox, and the energy displayed by the men and women of once well to do if not opulent families was at once proud and promise of a new force. Old things had passed away, and the people would rise to the new occasion and not get flustered. Former masters envied the trained capacity of their old slaves for practical work, but they did not fold their hands and let the inferior class rule the day. Men of high attainment of the aristocratic class, having put all to the hazard in the war and lost, made a new start in life on the capital of "git" alone, did whatever they could find to do and instead of sulking made merry over their humbly. Says the author of "Dixie After the War":

"With less than half a chance to be glad, the southerner will dance and sing—and make love." Poor as everybody was, it did not seem hard to laugh and dance and sing "with the war over and our boys coming home for good." Ruined, beggared, their ranks sadly depleted by war's ravages, subjected daily to insolence from the race that had been their slaves, the southerners turned their backs upon despair. They were carried through the social and domestic crisis by that spirit which later made the industrial new south possible.

# The Woman Or the Car

By Elliot Walker

Copyright, 1904, by Homer Sprague

Ladd, the proprietor of the Tamaracks, shook his head with discouraging firmness.

"No," he declared decidedly; "I accommodate people here, not automobiles. First, no shelter for the car; second, I won't have one round since my dog was run over; third, there's no use of talking. Better go along."

In the sudden darkness of the summer twilight came a blinding flash, disclosing more clearly the occupants of the big touring car—the chauffeur, gesticulating angrily; two other scowling men, a woman and a child.

With a rush of wind the storm broke. A deafening thunderclap shook the earth. The rain, almost horizontal in the flying air, drove a deluge of great drops under the hastily arranged covers.

"I'm going to get out!" shrieked a small scared voice. "I want to be in a house! Mamma, come!"

A tall figure leaped from the piazza of the little hotel, showed Ladd a side and held out a pair of shirt-sleeved arms.

"You shall help," he shouted. "It's a confounded shame! You, madam! Let the men take care of themselves. Hurry, or you'll be drenched!"

"Look out!" cried the mother sharply, for the child had jumped recklessly forward.

"The four of them would fall. Yes, I think it is best. I'll be right in."

She fumbled for a bag, spoke rapidly to one of her companions and sprang from the step unassisted to run up the short path after the uncoated figure, striding swiftly, with the little girl clinging to his neck.

Ladd's loud voice came to her ears above the din.

"You're all welcome, I say. I'll be and feed the crowd, but that pesky machine can't lodge at my place. No, gents. Sorry, but I've sworn to pass 'em along."

"A fine specimen you are to run a hotel," said the man to the driver.

"It's my house," retorted Ladd.

"Well, keep it and be hanged! I wouldn't put my head under such a roof. We'll be here in the morning, old chap. Take care of Mrs. Dixon. Push her along, Henri. Never mind speed limits."

A few rattles, a dozen snorting gasps and the car dashed away through the mud.

Mr. Ladd, dazed and dripping, gazed after it with a satisfied grin.

"Too bad to break up a party," he grunted. "This storm will last a good hour. They'll get a nice twenty-mile trip to Jephworth, splashing soft dirt. Well, I've got two guests, anyhow, and tomorrow I make my third nick on old Henck's tonnage."

He checked his way into the barn.

Lola Dixon sat in the dining room, a small apartment largely given over to social uses, most other things, but free of the table. A high chair had been found for Dot, who was assaulting bread and milk. Seraph Ladd, courteous and apologetic, talked from the adjacent kitchen.

"Oh, no, my dear," she was saying. "The Tamaracks isn't much of a hotel. Folks stay here for meals, and we take in a few transients and occasionally a regular. The regulars are mostly men who come to fish and kill time. There are good trout in the tamarack swamp brook, but it's a pesky hole. That man you saw is a regular. He has been here a week."

"I can hardly say I saw him. Everything was done so quickly. I'm quite dry now, and so is Dot. Your husband doesn't appear to approve of automobiles," she said, with a smile.

"Yes, I've been widowed for five years," Lola interrupted. "We were simply taking a short pleasure drive, a slight accident delayed us for an hour, else we should be at home by this time. We were making for Jephworth, where I have a sister."

"I see," Mrs. Ladd began to piece dishes. "I sort of wondered."

"A friend of mine and his brother, besides the chauffeur," explained Lola, blushing a trifle. "It did seem queer that was left so inconspicuously through the care of strangers, but I can look after myself, and I always go prepared for emergencies. Still I should have thought—"

"Oh, it's the machine every time," laughed the old woman. "Men seem to forget. What with their wrangling and hurry for cover, you and Dot were better out of it."

"Apparently," Mrs. Dixon's tone was sarcastic. "However, to let me come in unattended and to leave all explanation to me when he knew I was upset and trying to calm Dot?" She paused. Seraph was springing her abruptly.

"Considerate, I must say," observed the hostess. "Well, draw up and eat."

"Mercy! You have cooked enough for three!" Lola laughed outright.

"It's not all for you, my dear. Our regular hasn't had his supper. He turned up only a few minutes before you did. I'll tinkle the bell for him. You don't mind company, do you? He's a real nice man, but sort of quiet this time. Acts sort of impatient and nervous, too, which isn't his usual way."

"I must ask you to introduce me, then. I'll be glad to thank him for helping me."

"The bell rang softly in the hall. Lola, buying herself with her napkin and with Dot, did not glance at the entering figure.

Mrs. Ladd, impressed by the importance of the act of introduction, spoke up smartly.

"Not, let me make you acquainted with Mrs. Blakeley—I mean Mrs. Dixon. Mr. Blakeley, Mrs. Dixon. This is her little girl. Dear, dear! Wasn't it funny that I should have got you twined?"

"Very funny," murmured Blakeley, being and making considerable noise with his napkin. Lola, seeing her napkin. Dot started, smiling and nodding.

"Now I've embarrassed you!" cried Mrs. Ladd, retreating to the kitchen. Mrs. Blakeley, she exclaimed to herself, "Neither of them said a word to me. I guess I'll shut the door if they may hear me."

The silence was broken by Dot. "You're got whackers," she remarked, with complacency. "That's why! Didn't you know me?"

"No," said the man thickly. "I hadn't my glasses on. I recognized no one. I put that wrap over your head, dumped you in a chair and called Mrs. Ladd. I didn't know you, dear."

"And you've put on a coat," went on his inquisitor, surveying him affectionately. "I liked you better with just a moustache. It seems ever so long since you came to see mamma."

"Hush, Dot," said her mother softly. "But he used to bring me candy," persisted the child. "Mr. Barker doesn't like Mr. Blakeley best. Don't you?"

"Let's have it over, Lola," he burst in. "It's bedtime, dear. Mrs. Ladd will take you to the room. I'll be up in a minute. Be a good girl and run out to the kitchen for her."

"Good night," she said coyly and put up her lips.

The man kissed her tenderly, with a great lump in his throat. He had hoped for many good night kisses from this little one, but that hope no longer existed. As she disappeared he gazed steadily at the woman opposite.

"Let's have it over, Lola," he burst in. "I heard the news a month ago. Believe me, my dear, I shall try to think only of your happiness. Barker will be a very happy man."

"Not with the Nat," she said.

"What? Do you mean?"

"I mean that I do not intend to become Mrs. Barker. I have not yet given my consent. I'll be sure to come down when he returns with his automobile. You have been misinformed."

Her eyes shone into his as he strained forward, eager, transformed with a sudden joy.

"Lola," he cried. "Oh, my love, tell me, is there a chance for—yes, yes, you are crying, dear?"

"My introduction wasn't so far wrong after all, Jason," beamed Seraph Ladd the next day. "I wonder what Mrs. Dixon thought when I called him 'Nat,' so familiar? She says she will be Mrs. Blakeley the next time I see her."

The Ownership of a Patent.

Suppose that a prior patent is infringed and no way is seen to avoid infringement by changing the product or the process or the machine so as not to embody the principle of a patented invention. The simplest way, of course, would be to buy the patent. If the patent cannot be bought, but a fraction of the patent can be obtained, no matter how small a fraction—say one-tenth of the entire right in the patent—the owner of the entire right to the patent has no claim upon the owner of the fraction. Each is at liberty to do with his portion what he pleases and cannot be made to account to the other. The owner of one-tenth may make ten times as much out of the patent as the owner of nine-tenths, because of his greater business ability or greater capital or for other similar reasons. It would be equally possible to make him turn over nine-tenths of his profits to the other owner.—Edwin J. Prindle in Engineering Magazine.

His Great Nephew.

There was a certain physician in Shrewsbury who was very trim and neat in his attire, but who had a bottle nose of more than usual size. As he passed through the school one day he was used to call him "Nosey," and this made him so angry that he complained to Dr. Butler, who sympathized and sent for the boy, to whom he gave strict orders that he should not say "Nosey" any more. Next day, however, the physician reappeared, even more angry than before. It seems that not a boy had said "Nosey," but that soon as he was seen coming the boys ranged themselves in two lines, through which he must pass, and all fixed their eyes intently upon him. Again Dr. Butler summoned the head boy and spoke more sharply. "You have no business," said he, "to annoy a man who is passing through the school on his lawful occupation. Don't look at him." But again the physician returned to Dr. Butler, furious with indignation, for this time, as soon as he was seen, every boy had covered his face with his hand until he had gone by.—"Life and Letters of Dr. Samuel Butler."



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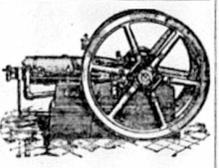
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James may give 1-2 off and Smith 1-4 off and for that Smith's may be the better bargain.

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Ladies' fine 50 in. Plaid Cloaks, circular yokes, red velvet collars, and cuffs, and velvet piped seams, reduced in price to.....**\$6.03**

Ladies' light grey checked 50 in. Cloaks, trimmed with broadcloth, in harmonizing shades, reduced to **\$4.50**

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Girls fine Chinella Cloaks, heavy weight, reduced to.....**\$2.60**

Misses dark brown and blue Beaver and Kersey Cloaks with Chinella Collars and Cuffs, Sizes 14 to 20, reduced to.....**4.49-4.05**

Tans, Browns, and Castors, in the finest Cloaks we have handled this season, beautifully braided and trimmed, made of the great broadcloth, satin lined yokes and elegantly finished throughout. Now reduced to  
**\$10.17, \$11.97, \$14.29**

**Our Sample Cloak Sale**

Over 50 Ladies' high grade Cloaks, only one of each kind, worth from \$7.25 to \$15.00; now on sale for the first time at  
**\$10.17, \$11.97, \$7.02, \$5.85**

All Misses' Girls', Ladies' and Childrens' Cloaks, sold at cut prices.

**January Horse Blanket Sale**

Old Blankets and sample pairs from three different makers, priced so low that buying now is greatly to your advantage. Over 300 blankets in the lot.

Square blankets, special: 87c, 98c

Extra size, dark green combination Horse Blanket and Robe, \$5.00 value for.....**\$3.98**

Large all over waterproof Blanket, lined.....**\$1.49; \$1.69**

Cleavers' Best Waterproof Blanket, now.....**\$1.98**

Buy your blankets at this sale and save money.

**Soiled Bed Spreads**

Save you 25c on a dollar: 110 Spreads to sell.

\$1.29 Spreads for.....**\$1.00**

\$1.00 Spreads for.....**73c**

\$1.50 Spreads for.....**\$1.13**

\$2.00 Spreads for.....**\$1.40**

Second sale which we have had in eight years.

Values of this kind are hard to get.

**Remember Our Special Offers to Customers from out of town.**

Show round trip R. R. Ticket if you come by train.

**Cuba**

Miss Jessie New Kirk has gone south to spend the winter.

Our teacher, Miss Daisy Grosvener, will spend her two weeks vacation in Chicago with her mother.

The Christmas exercises at the Bennett school house was well attended. The Christmas tree was a little beauty, and the entertainment was a success.

Mr. Coffin is improving.

Wednesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Maynard gave a surprise party in honor of the birthday of their two sons, Charles and Glen. About twenty-two guests were present, all of whom reported a fine time.

Royal Blue is spending his vacation with friends in the city.

W. O. Shoemaker is improving this fine weather shredding for his neighbors.

James Malloy and friend, of Chicago, spent Sunday at Frank Hank's.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacobson drove to Elgin Sunday, to visit friends.

Mr. Schwerman of Lakes Corners has been having a fine Christmas trade in his store.

**BARRINGTON LOCALS.**

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McIester and Mr. and Mrs. H. Walbaum visited with their brother at Elgin during the holidays.

At the Baptist church next Sunday services will be conducted by W. L. Runyan of Chicago.

Miss Flora King of Elgin visited at the home of Miss Florence Collins.

Lyman Powers and wife attended the memorial of his father at Wauconda December 22nd, 1908.

Miss Mary Ernst of Chicago, Miss Rosa Ernst of Elgin and Carl Ernst of Lake Zurich spent Christmas with their mother, Mrs. Ernst.

Otto Stanger of Champaign is spending his vacation with his parents. He expects to return to school Monday.

Miss Selma Torgler of Palatine visited friends here Thursday.

G. W. Spinner and family entertained B. F. Lane and wife of Lee Centre and Fred Gross and wife of Franklin Grove during the holidays.

Miss Ida Seeger spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. G. M. Wagner.

Arnett C. Lines—fire insurance.

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Arnett Lines, fire insurance promptly written on farm or village property.

Is your place sufficiently insured against fire? Do you know your insurance is fully written up? Arnett C. Lines, fire insurance agent.

The G. A. R. and the W. R. C. will install their officers together Monday evening, Jan. 14th, at G. A. R. Hall. Light refreshments will be served.

118 acre farm for rent to good party for 5 years, one and a half miles to Barrington, Ill. Part of farm now being tiled. Cash rent only. Will make necessary improvements.

SIMON STOFFEL,  
West McHenry, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Snyder and Miss Minnie Gieske and Chas. Jahnske spent New Years at the home of Louis Gieske at Elgin.

Mesdames Frank Rieke and Martin left today for Chester, Neb., after a pleasant visit relatives.

FOR SALE—35 acres 16 miles from Chicago. Some improvements and stock, \$1,000 cash, balance 5 per cent. Also 160 acres improved 13 miles from Barrington. C. S. HUSTON,  
Barrington, Ill.

Miss Nora Plage's 21 birthday was the occasion for her entertaining about twelve of her intimate friends last evening at her home in Cook Street. The chief feature of the evening was the musical and vocal entertainment given by persons skilled in those arts. All partook of a delicious repast and after a few trick games on the young men, the merry-made guests departed with the waning lights.

Verl Rosenkranz and Will Lucas of Nunda called on friends here last Friday.

January 12th and 13th the Gauff Evangelistic Band will hold Evangelistic services in the Methodist Episcopal church. This Evangelistic Band is from the Gauff Biblical Institute of Evanston, and is composed of six workers, four of whom are good singers. Come and hear them preach and sing the Gospel.

Dr. Martin E. Cady will preach at the Methodist Episcopal Church on next Tuesday evening, Jan. 8th. Dr. Cady is the Presiding Elder of the North Chicago District of the Rock River Conference. Everybody is most cordially invited to come and hear Dr. Cady preach.

Miss Ester and Malinda Wiseman of Elgin visited with their mother, Mrs. Wiseman, during the Christmas holidays.

FOR SALE—Two story frame, lot 34 by 11 rods. Inquire of C. H. Horn, 967 61st Court St., Chicago.

Miss Violet McIntosh of Chicago visited with friends the middle of the week.

Window glass in all sizes sold at Lamey & Co's.

From simulating consumption's terrible symptoms in the role of Camille Miss Olga Netherese has become an ardent fighter of real tuberculosis.

At present over 93 per cent of the enlisted men of the United States navy are native born. As much cannot be said for our merchant marine.

Perhaps Brander Matthews isn't tired of that spelling reform, but certainly everybody else is.

Experts who speak for man and maid, too, declare that the Australian milking machine recently subjected to tests draws the milk all right and deposits it in the pail. When the cow expresses her opinion, perhaps the milk won't be in the pail.

**Marion's Oath**

By CHARLES LEE SARGENT  
Copyright, 1908, by C. H. Sargent

"But I can't, promised Marion. I promised not to elope with you."  
"You said that you had promised not to elope with me by any known means," he argued. "Do you remember just what it was?"  
"As if I could forget!" she murmured. "I do solemnly promise that I will not elope with James Walker by walking, by riding, by driving, by automobile, by train or by boat, by bicycle or by any other means of travel over land or water. I guess that is definite enough."  
"That's the way your father seemed to think," he laughed. "I was a fool to let you make such a promise."  
"But he would have killed you," she urged. "He really would have done so."  
"I know," he said. "It was better for all that we did not let his passions"



carry him out of himself, but you will go with me, little girl, if I can fit it to evade those conditions?"  
"If only you could," she said wistfully, "but, Jim, I don't see how we possibly can do anything. We must travel either by land or water."  
"I have an idea," he said mysteriously. "I think that I can make that promise hold good and yet take you away."  
She smiled faintly as she turned her face up for a kiss. Three months before she and Jim had started to elope. Years before there had been bitter feuds between their fathers over a village election, and since then the elders had kept up the quarrel, where the family and Marion had fallen in love, and they were halfway to Carville before they were overtaken by George Halpin. Jim was white with anger, and his finger twirled nervously on the trigger of a revolver as he commanded Marion to descend from the buggy and take her place in his own wagon.

There had been a drive home in absolute silence which in the stillness of the night had worked on the girl's feelings in strange fashion, and when at last the home was reached he had led her into the parlor, where the family Bible lay in state on the center table.  
Solemnly he had placed her hand upon the sacred book and had made her swear not to elope with him. Not content with a general oath, he had sought to make it more binding by specifying every means of transit he could imagine, and when the girl had at last staggered to her bedroom it was with the feeling that Jim was lost to her. Her promise was the price of his life, and the promise once made could not be broken.  
For a time Jim had seemed content, but now he had suddenly changed his mind, and somehow he had communicated some of his hope to her. She was willing to go away with him and get married, but by some means could be found to escape the letter of her obligation, but her father had made it so binding that she could not see how a loophole could be found.  
It was not until a few weeks later that I found the explanation. On her way back from the store she encountered Jim on the road. He came toward her smilingly.  
"I've got it all fixed," he declared beamingly. "Your father made you swear that you would not elope with me on land or sea. He didn't say anything about going through the air, did he?"  
"Why should he?" she asked. "Until we learn how to fly I don't see how that is possible."  
"But we can fly," he insisted. "Look here."

He drew from his pocket a copy of a paper black with heavy type and cuts. There among the advertisements of can racks, powders for making orange cider and ice cream cones was the picture of a man in an airship.

"You know," he explained, "I'm the chairman of the entertainment committee of the County Fair association. Well, I saw this advertisement, and I wrote the chap. He gives exhibitions, and he will be around here next week. He'll bring an airship that carries and guarantees around the people of Carville."

"Let's try it," she said excitedly. "It will be such fun! But won't it cost a lot of money?"  
"I don't think your worth it," he countered as he bent over her. "I do if you don't."  
There was a little more talk before they separated, and when at last she turned toward her home it was with a feeling of happiness she had not experienced in weeks. She did not feel bound by the promise, except that she had pledged her oath. She had not sworn that she would not elope through the air, and she saw in this her opportunity.  
A couple of weeks later a car was backed up the sliding that ran into the county fair grounds, and some mysterious packages were unloaded and taken into the Agricultural hall.  
The next night the few persons who were abroad after midnight were surprised to see a huge white ball floating in the air. Some fell; some stared, but none guessed what it was.  
Marion, looking from her window, saw it approaching in the moonlight and watched the excitement as he maneuvered for a favorable approach. Presently the machine settled down. At its approach the watchdog fled and hid trembling under the barn, so that no sound save the soft purring of the motor broke the stillness as the bag brushed against the house.  
It was not an easy matter to get Marion into the car, but at last she grasped Jim's hands and swung out clear of the sill. Then he drew her up into the car, and with a soft flutter the blunt nose of the gas bag was pointed toward the westward.  
They rose a hundred feet, and then through the still night air they headed for across the river. There was no ferry or bridge nearer than Carville. Five miles downstream, and they should her father be aroused by the noise he could not head them off in time. As it happened there was no sound to arouse his suspicions, and an hour later they had crossed the water and were standing in the narrow channel of the little channel while the airship minister read the marriage service. Then they climbed into the car again, and the airship rose into the sky.  
"It's an odd sort of wedding journey," he laughed as the great gas bag rose. "I guess this is the first elopement by airship."  
"Don't you think," she smiled back, "that all newly married people are up to the clouds?"  
"That's because they are so near paradise," he explained. "I feel as if we had sailed right through the blue vault."  
"We must come back to earth," she said practically. "I wonder what father will say."  
"We shall know in about half an hour," he laughed. "I am going back to convince him that you did not break your oath."  
George Halpin was just going toward the barn in the first early light when he paused, awestricken, to regard the shape approaching. When it descended close to him and he saw Jim and Marion in the car he grasped the situation.  
"I promised not to elope on land or water, father," explained Marion, with a nervous little laugh as she stepped from the car. "You see, I kept my word."  
For a moment the old anger flared up, then died out again. "I guess," she said slyly, "that Jim Warner is as hard up as all that for a wife he can have you. You'd better run in the house and tell mother to come out and have a look at this invention. It's got me dumfounded."

It was a brilliant August day. Four tired, sweating, discouraged fishermen sat at the table of a wayside inn eating their dinner. The soup was steaming hot, the fried steak sizzled on hot plates, the torrid baked potatoes burned incandescent fingers, and the fiercely hot and scalding redskins tongues. Even the water was rather more than lukewarm.

"Such a dinner," growled one of the uncontented party, "to set before folks on a hot day!"  
Presently the maid entered to remove the plates. She asked a question that filled the tired, hot fishermen with joyful expectations. What she said sounded like this:  
"Are you ready for your tea?"  
"I'd love to," they answered readily. They dropped their forks, abandoned their coffee and leaned back in their chairs to await the coming desert. They could fairly feel it slipping down their hot throats in cool, delicious spoonfuls. Lemon ice, pineapple ice, orange ice—  
The desert came. It was huge dishes of steaming boiled rice.  
With one accord the fishermen pushed back their chairs and fled from that dining room. It was the last straw.

Innocent Gustavate.  
"It is my duty," said the conscientious lawyer to his client, "to see that you have a fair and square trial and justice all the way through."  
"You're too slow for me," declared the prisoner. "What I want is a lawyer who'll see that I'm acquitted."—Omaha News.

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It was a brilliant August day. Four tired, sweating, discouraged fishermen sat at the table of a wayside inn eating their dinner. The soup was steaming hot, the fried steak sizzled on hot plates, the torrid baked potatoes burned incandescent fingers, and the fiercely hot and scalding redskins tongues. Even the water was rather more than lukewarm.

"Such a dinner," growled one of the uncontented party, "to set before folks on a hot day!"  
Presently the maid entered to remove the plates. She asked a question that filled the tired, hot fishermen with joyful expectations. What she said sounded like this:  
"Are you ready for your tea?"  
"I'd love to," they answered readily. They dropped their forks, abandoned their coffee and leaned back in their chairs to await the coming desert. They could fairly feel it slipping down their hot throats in cool, delicious spoonfuls. Lemon ice, pineapple ice, orange ice—  
The desert came. It was huge dishes of steaming boiled rice.  
With one accord the fishermen pushed back their chairs and fled from that dining room. It was the last straw.

Innocent Gustavate.  
"It is my duty," said the conscientious lawyer to his client, "to see that you have a fair and square trial and justice all the way through."  
"You're too slow for me," declared the prisoner. "What I want is a lawyer who'll see that I'm acquitted."—Omaha News.

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