


# BARRINGTON REVIEW

VOLUME #6 BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS, DECEMBER 15, 1910 NUMBER 38



## The Vision of the Tree

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

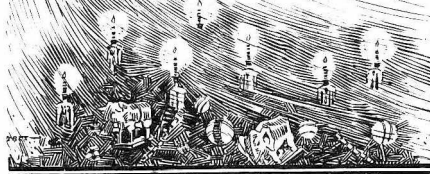
The tree was all a-twinkle with its candles here and there  
And with a merry tinkle rattled the gifts it had to bear,  
And all was now completed for the morrow that should be  
With joyous welcome greeted by the children 'round the tree.

When—I may have dreamed it so,  
But the grace of long ago  
Came through the hush of midnight and hideth there with me.

I lighted, as doth a sleeper, when dreams held the heart of him;  
The children's gaze the deeper till the tree was blazed and dim—  
Then marvelously glowing as of all the stars and suns  
With a beauty past all knowing, with the majesty that none,  
Stood a cross of jewel-flame  
Which from out the shadows came—  
And softly came a chanting: "To these, the little ones!"

Strange glory held the trifles that hung upon the tree;  
The marveling that stifles all speech laid hold on me;  
I felt the leprous olden that led the storied kings  
To come with treasures golden and precious offerings  
In that first gray Christmas dawn  
Of the centuries ago.

When all earth shuddered with music and host of angel wings,  
I knew that I was dreaming—but there rose a glorious shine  
And the guiding stars were gleaming in the field of space and time;  
Then the heart-enthalling strains slowly vanished quite away,  
But upon a night-eyelid it had been for me to stray—  
And I heard all faintly far  
Music dropping from each star—  
The voice of Children singing—and it was Christmas Day!



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### Golden Wedding

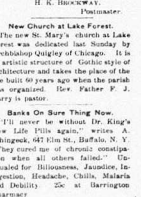
[illegible]

How many are the joys we've had,  
But sometimes checked with tears.

Through all our trials and grief:  
I brought to me relief.  
You were always here to share  
How much I love you, dear wife,  
I'm ready to confide.  
You have never failed to show  
Your worthy life to bless  
Forgive my many failures past,  
You've been the balance of my life to spend  
More closely lived for you,  
I'll never drag you down, my journey end,  
I'll still our life's quite sweet,  
You have stood so true to me  
I'll never let you down,  
You, our dear wife, I've made mistakes,  
I seek your pardon turn,  
You, the balance of my life,  
I'll never let you down,  
I'll journey on thru', hand in hand,  
Until this life's no more,  
I'm proving we shall meet once more  
I'll never let you down.

**Rural Route Subscribers.**  
Notice to carriers is not obliged to  
return premium out of the rural  
route. If they do, they will be  
money. They are supplied with  
money and carriers are supplied  
with stamp book; also money  
for applications and patrons on the

by the order of the Post Office De-



Furs Special Bargains in Furs.  
 Scarf and Muff sets for Christmas gifts  
 D. F. LAMMY'S.







# The Time to Be Too Late

By LAVINA MAY BROWN

Copyright, 1934, by Associated Literary Press

"Who, whoever in the world—"

Mrs. Rose began.

"After twenty Mrs. Brand checked with a frown.

"You've got to know, Sarah, who's who."

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"If I thought you were talking

about it, I'd never have been

peace until things were straightened

out," Mrs. Melrose said, right off. Mrs.

Brand continued.

"How can it be? You know

her. You, a woman and a widow,

and she's the one who's been

known better than anybody, all you've

been doing is to get rid of me and

treats his daughter right, just as

you've done."

"I never said him you can't say

that," Mrs. Melrose cried, smiling

deeply.

In truth, Mrs. Brand had come to

her. It was a beautiful moment.

Mrs. Brand had had all rejected the

idea of a new life. She had been

evening before. But had been often

chosen to understand. He had

standing—judges, that, when Mrs.

Melrose found in her friend's

advice.

Mrs. Brand purred her lips

and said: "I'll serve him to name

not so long as he's got me out of

his family to a farm in Hampshire

township and a few years in Har-

vard, you taking the equity. He's

made his legs all along. He had

to say the word and my

word would carry him.

"The very next morning," Mrs. Brand

admitted. "I can't think of the

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"The very next morning," Mrs. Brand



# FORA

By OSWALD EASTWOOD  
(Copyright, 1916, by Oswald Eastwood Press)

When the head of the Premier was shown the football team, the men he was acknowledged by every boy in the school to be the "good fellow." Later, as stroke in the university era, he was known as a "jolly good fellow."

It was a shock to his intimates when he had made public his intention of becoming a candidate for mayor, not because he had never exhibited sufficient interest in public life. His life had been admirably modest even in its minor details, and he did not require recreating to make him fit for his chosen career. But it was a matter of degree in his friends that they had known such a marked preference for the material should find out, and indeed that the subject presented superior attraction for him.

Long before he left the university, Pompey began to manifest a particular interest in the subject of the city. An incredibly brief period he became conversant in all the theories and dogmas of those interesting age when formalism cast a prominent beam of light upon the world.

Being bright and scholarly and ready to present his views in a personal way, he was only natural to both before and after graduation. He had abundant opportunity to be heard, and he was not without the desire that he had availed himself of his opportunity.

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one he realized that some one was standing behind him.

"Isn't it beautiful?" asked a timid voice. "I don't know," he said, and fixed a frown upon his face.

"The life of the specimen of pure Oolite on Long Island, incomplete as it is, is a masterpiece of nature."

"I don't believe here. I have never seen anything like this before," he said, after a moment's reflection.

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# A Christmas Story

Flitting myself far from home one Christmas eve night, I halted at the second floor of a building and saw the old man and his wife were the only occupants.

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Mr. Hughes and his wife. Then she put her arm round Paul and kissed him.

"Never mind," he said. "We can go out and crack nuts."

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the happy children waited the line of lights receding the view, as if it were in the distance.

From a Shakespearean heroism, the old man's remark was a reminder of the old man's remark.

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# W. N. Landwehr & Co.

Phone 492  
SPECIALS  
FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Bunte's first class Candies, broken, 10 cents per pound  
Fine mixed, 2 pounds for 25 cents  
Peanut Brittle, 16 cents per pound  
Best Walnuts, 20 cents per pound  
Mixed Nuts, no trash, 20 cents per pound

# We have received a new line of Neckwear

25 and 50c

Toys selling at prices to fit your purse  
Give us a call and let us show you our goods

# Grocery Stores the coming week

8 bars Lenox Soap for 25 cents  
15 bars Swift's Pride Soap for 25 cents  
3 cans Corn for 25 cents  
3 cans Peas for 25 cents  
3 cans Tomatoes for 25 cents

The largest can of Good Jam you ever saw for 25 cents  
A 10-pound pail good Syrup for 35 cents

# W. N. Landwehr & Co.

Phone 492







not to count on four weeks more before there is any hope of getting out of here.

"Yes, I know it," replied his room leader. "But I'm going to do it just the same."

"You know the boss' orders," spoke up the first man, who was Miler Hob. "Well, such is it if we don't stop, we'll starve to death before we get to the fire."

"I can't help it," was the reply. "You'll all see me; I'll stand the blame."

The men drew their chairs closer together, and there they worked for several hours, stopping just long enough to lift the little girl from the floor to her cot, where she went on sleeping in Santa Claus and the beautiful doll.

It was a bitter cold night—regular blizzard! Several miners lost their way going from one camp to the other, were frozen to death. And men that failed to get under shelter were found dead next morning.

The little girl remembers no more of that most terrible storm in the history of the camp, but next morning she was awakened early by her father trying to close a broken window. "He said it had been crushed in by the storm, but the little girl said, 'No, Santa Claus did it.'"

"It's been here," she cried and to her excitement fairly rolled from her bed and ran to the window. "With cries of 'Is a doll—a doll!' she clapped in her heart the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. 'It's my doll, all mine; and it's got eyes, and a nose, and a mouth, and ears and hair—and such a beautiful face!—great!'"

She kissed it again and again, and so heart over came her burning love with joy as the heart of that little girl, way out in the snowed in mine, with death and starvation all about her.

The two miners had come in, and were listening to the wonderful story as it fell upon the children's lips. "You used them all," interrupted the father, getting started at the man's tale.

"Yes," said Miler Hob "we used them all."

"It was wrong, very wrong!" "We could not help it," replied the other miner. "It was the only way to make it, and we'd rather go hungry the rest of our days than have the kid disappointed."

The "kid," oblivious of anything but the blessed joy of possessing a doll was telling Rover "Father thinks she's a little girl, I forgot to open it, but you see, Santa Claus knows just what you need, so he brought the doll through the window to save her from getting dirty coming down the chimney."

Little did she realize that all of the

ducks found that Christmas morning in the stockings of the little ones all over the United States not only was made of as precious material as hers, this was also to be her home the "only five positions in camp." They had been carried into "Mile End" by Miler Hob and dressed in pieces of the only good red fannel skirt that the other man possessed.

Forty Christmas days have passed since then, and they have all been happy ones, but the poorest and the quietest satisfaction is experienced in reading in my heart "My potato doll" has never been exceeded.

### New Year's Day in the Long Ago

SEVENTY years ago the people who lived in a great many different places in the world were very much interested in New Year's day, just as we are, and they did many things in honor of the day, exactly as we do. They feasted and decorated their houses and churches, and at 11 o'clock they were very particular to show in some way that they were rejecting that another year had begun.

Not all of these people celebrated New Year on the same day. The ancient Romans used to have their New Year's day in March. They changed to January, and a large part of the rest of the world followed them. The Jewish people have another day and the Chinese and Japanese still another, but whatever the day falls, according to their special calendar, there is always a very important celebration of it.

The Druids, who were the priests of England before the Christian religion was taken into Great Britain, also celebrated New Year's day. They were very interesting and very strange people, those Druids, and according to what one reads about them in history, one always imagines them as wearing beautiful white robes and having tall magnificent figures and flowing white beards and long hair. At any rate they wore white robes on New Year's day, for that was the day when they cut down the sacred mistletoe.

For the Druids didn't think that mistletoe was only a pretty green vine. They believed it to be a magical growth which would prevent people from being harmed by poisonous food or drink.

On that day a particularly handsome Druid, with gleaming white beard and hair and rather cold gray eyes—Druids always had cold gray eyes—was believed and clothed most beautifully in white, would climb the oak tree in which the mistletoe grew and cut it down with a golden sickle. He wouldn't take it in

his hand, because they didn't consider that respectful enough to the sacred mistletoe, which could do such wonderful things. Instead he would catch it in a pure white cloth and climb carefully down the tree with it. After this an altar would be erected and white bulls sacrificed and prayers offered. Then the Druidical custom is left that for the following year they would have all the good luck in the world.

You see in those days New Year's celebrations were very serious things, and all of the ceremonies attending them were religious.

Latent Novels—Hard stories by the author 25, 40, 50, 60 cents and \$1.00 and P. F. LAMAY'S.

Milk Producers Meet.

A meeting of the Milk Producers association was held at St. Charles this morning at 11 o'clock.

Pacey box stationery 10, 15, 20, 25 and 35 cents for Christmas gifts at D. F. LAMAY'S.

### Business Notices

FOR RENT—House on Main street, 112 blocks from depot. Six rooms, garage, electric lights and gas. R. D. Address "A2" BARRINGTON REVIEW, Barrington, Illinois.

FOR SALE—Choice timothy hay in barn, also shelled corn and brood mare and cold, standard bred. WETMORE FARM, Phone 1196.

FOR SALE—One Irish mail. Second hand but as good as new. Just the thing for Christmas. Call at this office. WETMORE FARM, Phone 1196.

FOR RENT—Modern cottage of six rooms. Enquire at this office.

WANTED—To lease 500 acre farm for production in Barrington. Enquire at this office.

WANTED—Four second-hand bicycles. Two with coaster brakes. Address T. H. DREYER.

WANTED—A girl for general household work. One capable of waiting on table. COMMERCIAL HOTEL, Barrington, Ill.

WANTED—Will buy healthy house cat under six months of age, more than one-year old. Address, P. O. Box 190, 352, Barrington, Ill.

## AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT

EVERYONE is agreed that the useful things, the practical things, are the most desirable for Christmas gifts. That is why FURNITURE is so much in demand and each year is becoming more and more popular for Christmas.

Stock is varied and complete and the prices are lower than you will find on goods of equal quality elsewhere. In fact, I am selling furniture at retail at

## WHOLESALE PRICES

If you doubt this statement come in and see for yourself

A handsome piece of furniture will be the most acceptable Christmas present for any home. Everybody is invited to visit my store and examine the many useful and beautiful articles in stock, all making appropriate gifts.

And the saving you will make. You may never again have the opportunity of purchasing furniture at such ridiculously low prices. If you don't want to make some friendly or relative a present of an article of furniture, you probably need some pieces in your home, anyway, so don't neglect this chance. Come and see

## E. M. BLOCKS

## Christmas Headquarters



## Only eight days more in which to do your Christmas shopping

We have a big stock of holiday goods. Come in and let us help you with your gift problem. A most complete line of Fancy Groceries, Candies, Nuts and Fruits for the holiday trade at reasonable prices.

**For Gentlemen** Shirts, Neckties, Scarfs, Purses, Sweater Coats, Suspenders, Handkerchiefs, Built Cases, Necktie Boxes and dozens of useful articles.

**For Ladies** Handkerchiefs, Hand Bags, Silk Auto Scarfs, Hosiery, Mittens, Neckwear, Mirrors, Kid Gloves, Toilet Sets, Gown Boxes, Jewel Boxes, Picture Frames, Manicuring Sets, Perfumes, Picture Albums, Picture Frames, Ribbons, etc.

**Framed Pictures** Some special Framed Pictures which are very beautiful. They will make gifts which will be highly appreciated by the recipients.

**Trees** Come early and select a Christmas tree for the little one. We also have for decoration some very beautiful Christmas tree ornaments and fanciful decorated holly leaves to pack your own tree in.

**Crockery** A fine assortment of Fancy Dishes, making appropriate presents and ones that will be highly prized by the ladies.

**Stationery** A line of really swell Stationery for ladies and gentlemen.

**Post Cards** A big stock of Christmas and New Year Post Cards for the girl or boy who collects souvenir cards—some very beautiful albums.

**Our specialty is prompt service**

**JOHN C. PLAGGE**

THIS SPACE IS RESERVED BY  
E. F. KIRBY  
WHO CATER TO  
PARTICULAR PEOPLE



★ **Good Will  
Toward All Men**

B. STEVE BARRINGTON



returning from the dance were  
rush of holiday work had detained  
far beyond her usual hour, pa  
wondering what attracted the crowd  
her fellow townsmen. She crossed  
the outer edge of the gathering in  
roadway, and by a flaring torch, b  
by a companion of the man who s  
speaking, she saw a street preac

"Good-will towards all men." the text he preached. "Good-will alone towards those in our beloved and immediate circle; not alone towards such as we hold to careless or want regard, but good-will towards all, whether they have done us good or evil turns. For the advent of Christ-child, brings with it a broad spirit of peace to a sin-tossed world."

"Which among you," cried the preacher, his voice risen to accusatory note, "which among you, were all creata known, would not be found cherish and foster the memory some special wrong, suffered perhaps years ago, that you hold back, and, except when you pray, 'Forgive us trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us,'

In the second story of the hotel of the windows had been raised, Marie, feeling that curious sensa which is caused by an intent gaze, turned her face toward the concentrated gaze of the mistress of the tely, who leaned a little distance between the parted shutters. Marie's pallid color mounting to her face, she turned the look; power to turn a being negatived by some strange force in the eyes that compelled her to look. She felt that she had once been as a mother to her only to the door of happiness in her face, she continued to stare across the heads of the preacher and his listening audience.

The older woman leaned a little farther and with a slight smile, she said, "Come in to enter the house. The action broke the spell and Marie with a defiant negation of the head turned to pursue her way.

The girl could not have told who or not her name had been actually spoken, or was merely a silent part of the compelling influence that had experienced. Nevertheless steps lagged and, though yielding been far from her will, she presently turned about and entered the B Hotel.

The door was open, the sitting room warm with fire and lamp, and Ra Castle stood listening, her face turned towards the door.

"So the preacher man forced you to think of me after three years of silence?" The girl's voice quivered under the burden of mingled feelings conjured up by the meeting.

"He made the moment opportu-

"Well, say your say, and let go."

Mrs. Castile moved towards the pushing forward a chair.

"You have grown hard—I scarcely know you, if it were not your eyes and hair. Come, sit here. Madie, I cannot stand very

Unwillingly Marie took the indicated, while Mrs. Castle sat herself opposite. In the searing glare of blazing logs, the girl could not fail to remark the change in other, the figure had become was the face pinched. Her heart still uncomfortably. Despite their quarrel Marie owed much to Rachel Castle's charity of the Brick Hotel saved her girlhood from the house.

"You have been ill!" she asked.  
"For a year; you did not hear?"  
The girl shook her head, and  
eyes wandered over the room in  
the almost imperceptible changes  
time had wrought, and welcoming  
salient features that lived in her  
memory; the bookcase, the horse-hair  
the marble-topped table with its  
of stuffed canaries, many of whom

"Ben hasn't changed," said R. Qastia, following her eyes. "on

**Buy your Christmas presents NOW**



CHRISTMAS WHAT JOY THE VERY WORD!

CHRISTMAS. WHAT DOES THE VERY WORD BRINGS. 'TIS AT CHRISTMAS TIME THAT WE TURN FROM SELFISHNESS AND TRY TO MAKE OTHERS HAPPY. AND HOW THIS BRINGS HAPPINESS UNTO OURSELVES. HAVE YOU NO ONE SOMEONE TO WHOM YOU WISH TO GIVE A PRESENT? WHAT SHALL YOUR PRESENT BE?

### Useful things men like to get

Neckties, Silk Suspenders, Nice Hose,  
Handkerchiefs, Mufflers, Gloves, Slippers  
Smoking Jackets, Overcoats, Fur Coats,  
Suit Cases, Traveling Bags,  
Sweaters, Cuff Buttons, Stick Pins,  
Gillette Safety Razors, Pocket Books,  
Smoking Sets, Shaving Sets, Umbrellas

**And how about some of these things for your woman friend?**

Dress Goods, Shirt Waists, Silk Petticoats,  
Set Furs, Queen Quality Shoes,  
Fancy Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Perfume,  
Umbrellas, Stationery, Pictures,  
Hand Bags, Sweaters, Set Dishes, Fancy Plates,  
Silk Scarfs, etc.

**And these for the little folks**  
 Slacks, Women, Coat, Shoes, Bag

Locomotive and Cars, Magic Lantern,  
Drums, Flying Machine, Games,  
Story Books, Dolls, Doll Carriages,  
Building Blocks and Toys of all kinds

**500 lbs choice Candy & Nut**  
**10c per lb. and up**

WE SHALL GLADLY HELP YOU, TO MAKE  
OTHERS HAPPY

Buy them at  
**A. W. Meyer's**

**THE LITTLE MOCCASIN**

By M. J. PHILLIPS

he said

"Aren't you afraid the wolves will eat you?"

Dexter Morgan stared at the note perplexed. It was verily incongruous in this howling wilderness. It was written on fine paper by a woman's hand; and, if Morgan was any

He was camping in one of the sparsely inhabited counties of the upper peninsula of Michigan. He had not seen a human being for weeks, except when he went to Fuller's, 15 miles away, to buy supplies. His

He had come back to camp at nightfall one day to find this mocking little message pinned to his sleeping bag.

While he built his fire and cooked supper that night, he speculated over the note, taking it occasionally from the pocket of his flannel shirt to

study it again. When the meal had been disposed of he sat down to pore over it anew.

It was not meant as a warning, that was sure. Whoever wrote it must have known that there was no danger of the wolves eating him. The wolves had more to fear than he.

Morgan was a government "expert," sent out from Washington to test the value of a new lure prepared by a famous chemist. He built ingenious traps, baiting them with fresh meat smeared with the tempting liquid. Day after day he tramped over his long route, killing and skinning his creatures, and making evidence against

These notes, published under the imprint of the bureau of biological survey, presently, would add to his reputation as a clever young naturalist.

He sat up until eight o'clock, which was half an hour beyond his usual bedtime, trying to account for the

presence of a woman in this dreary waste. He was up before the sun next morning. By the time it peeped lastly over the low ridge of hills to the east, he had kindled his fire and



He Picked Up the Trail and Followed

It Unerringly.

eaten breakfast. When the first white frost of early autumn began turning to drops of crystal beneath the ardent rays, he was searching like a questing hound for the trail of his visitor of the day before.

Morgan was a good woodsman, de-

spite his college education and a boyhood spent only in cities. He picked up the trail easily and followed it unerringly. An Indian could not have done better. The broken grass stalks and misplaced twigs led him due west.

Within half a mile he came to a

patch of open sand. The track led across it, and he dropped to his knees with a cry of satisfaction. There, before him, was the imprint of little meerkats. A minute's study convinced him of several things; that his visitor was possessed of a high-arched instep, that she was a woman, almost certainly a married woman,

Furthermore, the tracks were those of a city dweller, accustomed to pavements, since the toes did not spread out and take hold as did the toes of folk accustomed to the yielding sur-

The visitor seemed to know she would be followed, for thereafter she tantalizingly avoided here and there a considerable degree of woods lore

she made the trail as hard as possible. She followed a rocky ridge for a mile—considerably out of her way, as it later proved—so that no traces would be left behind. It took four hours of hard work and the exercise of all his skill before the trail again revealed itself beyond the ridge.

It was late afternoon before the cabin finally reached his journey's end, a cabin eight miles from his own camp. The cabin had been newly repaired and recently occupied. Now it was empty. A thorough search yielded a torn envelope addressed to "John K. Drumgoole, Lake Shore drive, Chicago," and a tiny, beaded moccasin.

"Dexter Morgan broke camp next day. He had been four months in the wilderness. The lure was a success, and he had plenty of material for his



















# Christmas for Charissa Mackie

the stage driver in his queer, cracked voice, as they squeaked over the hard packed snow.

"Very!" returned Derrick, sarcastically.

There was a long silence as the strong, white horses plodded up the steep incline of the mountain. Here the snowfall had been light and only served to dust the dark green pines and hemlocks with a white powder. They had reached the top of a steep incline and were rolling evenly over a level stretch when suddenly, without an instant's warning, the stage driver and his passengers, the passengers and luggage in an instant were deep under the driver's seat.

At the same time, Derrick could be seen as he sat under the driver's seat.

"No, thank you," she said stiffly, as she peered out from the curtained window.

The crowded, old-bound train alighted two passengers at the little red station and then thundered on its way.

A long stage, rusty and rattlebrake, backed up to the platform and the driver's legs "all about" brought the girl and the young man hurrying into the dismal stage.

"It's your place for Ferguson's place," remarked the driver as he turned the horse skillfully in the narrow space.

"Yes," said the man rather stiffly. "I thought there would be a carriage to meet us."

"So there has—no there has!—three grand annuals here for two or three hours, but I guess they got disgusted; always they left word for me to stay here till the train came in and if anyone was bound for their place to bring me along. The train's four hours late as it is, and I don't suppose they would want to be kept away from their Christmas dinner."

"How long will it take?" asked the girl.

A matter of an hour or so," said the man, smiling.

The girl smiled as she turned to the driver and the driver still further away from the vicinity of the horse and carriage. The latter was up to the arched collar of his overcoat and seemed to be in a hurry.

They had started forth that morning as perfectly-Polly, Standsch and her friend Gordon—newly engaged and happily happy. These had come down from the very best of the Pullman's and, who was to accompany them, the short star of Ferguson's beautiful country house, had fallen to get in the appearance and consequently had been left behind. That was vacation time and had been a long time since snow drifts and during the four hours' wait in the cold train Polly and Derrick had quarreled.

"Nice Christmas day," suggested

poet.

"Merry Christmas to you and your horse," said the man, as he turned his horse before he disappeared around a turn in the road.

Derrick did not dare to look at Polly. Standsch, he knew, was sitting proud and defiant with a contemptuous curl on her red lip. Instead, he stared away through the alpine of snow, made into golden paths by the later afternoon sun.

It was no use. Had that Christmas should have turned out as disastrous to her horse. There was to be a party at the Ferguson's and, in the evening a Christmas dinner. Polly had been told that she would find such a pleasant surprise for them—but it would go by that other road. They were marveled on the short cut.

A glimpse of Polly's worried face brought a revulsion of feeling. Poor little Polly was cold and tired and he was acting like a brute.

Without a word Derrick approached a small clearing in the middle of which grew a young pine tree.

It was the work of minutes to go in and search of wood to break and to clear a space of snow. Presently a bright fire crackled cheerily and then Derrick brought cushions and blankets from the stage and prepared a place for the fire.

"Come, sit down," said he, smiling. "If you will draw near the fire we will be warm."

"I'm not hungry," said Polly, holding her hands to the blaze.

"No, you will sit down and wrap this blanket around you—um—"

"Thank you," said Polly without an acknowledgment.

From the blanket Derrick produced a large plate loaded with a generous Christmas dinner. There were turkey and cranberries, sauce, stuffing and mashed potatoes and gravy, turnip and celery, and a whole mince pie.

Derrick passed the plate to Polly, the dinner more or less divided to the plate and, this he placed before him. "Eat," he said sternly, before he would the nourishment before he reached Ferguson's."

"I am not hungry," said Polly. Derrick did not reply. He felt to his own dinner with a vigorous appetite and it was not until he turned to give Polly some water that he discovered that the weary girl had eaten a half of the dinner and then, flustered, he turned to her.

For a time then, he watched the changing lights on her sweet face as the branches trembled in the wind, then, softly he arose and approached the little pine tree standing in the solitude of the clearing.

The trees were stirred with snow

## Our Christmas offering of Ducks, Turkeys, Geese and Chickens

is fine enough to suit all palates. You can't be suited if we haven't it.

## Two fine First Prize Steers and Five Prize Lambs for our holiday trade

Also Home-made Mince Meat, Cranberries, Celery, Sweet Potatoes, Apples, Oranges, Lemons, etc., etc.

## At Christmas time patronize this market

Our market will be attractively decorated for Christmas. Come in and see the good things we offer, even if you don't buy. : : : We will be glad to have you call

## A few fine Christmas trees for sale

## Alverson & Groff Market

Phone 463  
Barrington, Illinois

## A Christmas Gift

which never occurred to you, but which would be highly appreciated by a friend who is the possessor of a photograph, is a present of a few late records.

## I HAVE A BIG ASSORTMENT

## Christmas and New Year's Post Cards

in pretty designs are happy thoughts of Christmas reminders. You can make a selection to your taste from our big stock.

We also have a large lot of beautiful pictures suitable for gifts.

## Everyone knows

that the Edison Phonograph is the leading Talking Machine on the market. I am the agent for the Edison and you can always get supplies from me.

## Dainty line of Christmas Candy

I have a fresh line of Candies for Christmas, both in bulk and in boxes.

My Candies are the finest and daintiest I was able to get.

## John C. Dodge



and it looked like a Christmas tree decorated for a festival.

Derrick opened his suit case and brought out several small packages. These he tied to the tree with colored

strings.

"You're just in time for the biggest Christmas tree ever seen," said Derrick, as he turned to the girl and

climbed to the top of the tree.

"We've had our Christmas tree," said Derrick, as he turned to the girl and

climbed to the top of the tree.

"This is our Christmas tree," said Derrick, as he turned to the girl and

climbed to the top of the tree.

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climbed to the top of the tree.

brought a shipment of merry-makers to the party of the night. Together they

demanded a log before a dying fire

to burn a little pine tree, new

decorated with snow and

decorated with snow and

decorated with snow and

decorated with snow and

decorated with snow and

decorated with snow and

decorated with snow and

decorated with snow and

decorated with snow and

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decorated with snow and

decorated with snow and

decorated with snow and

decorated with snow and

## The Conflict of the Years

By KENNETH SEATON

"The battle is long and hard," said the old man, as he looked at the

young man, as he looked at the

young man, as he looked at the

young man, as he looked at the

young man, as he looked at the

young man, as he looked at the

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young man, as he looked at the

## A Christmas Prayer

By J. C. DODGE

"O God, our Father, the

December day remind us

again of the patient mother

and the child who is lonely

in the shadows of the silent

night, and the child who is

lonely in the shadows of the

night, and the child who is

lonely in the shadows of the

night, and the child who is

lonely in the shadows of the

night, and the child who is

lonely in the shadows of the

## THE GOOD TIME COMING

Christmas an Earnest of Better Day

When War and Devastation

Shall Cease

Christmas is an earnest of that bet-

ter day when the awful waste of war,

the horrors of pestilence disease,

and the horrors of poverty which we

are now suffering from shall have



[illegible]



## NECESSITY OF PROVIDING PIGS COMFORTABLE QUARTERS

Many Things of Vital Importance in Making Hog Business Entirely Profitable and Proper Shelter With Exercise.

Warmth is even more of a necessity to the suckling pig, and to obtain that warmth and give the little fellow sufficient amount of exercise is where the difficulty comes in. In the fall the weather is almost double, with not only equal as compared with warm shelter, all other things being as nearly equal as possible.

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## RAISING FUEL FOR HOUSEHOLD

Systematic Planting and Cultivation of Forest Trees in Branch of Agriculture Very in Infancy.

By R. B. BUCKMAN, Salem, Mass. A very small acreage of woodland, if properly handled, can be made to yield the necessary fuel for a household from year to year, and yet maintain an average growth, or even increase in value.

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## LOHNER IS CLEARED

U. S. PROSEC DECIDE BRIBERY CHARGES ARE NOT PROVEN.

NO DISSIDENT VOTE CAST

Report Goes to Full Committee and Later to the Upper House of Congress for Final Decision.

Washington. The subcommittee of the Senate on Privileges and Immunities, which charged the charges of bribery in connection with the election of Senator Lohner from Illinois, has today cleared Lohner of the charges. The subcommittee has voted 10 to 0 to clear Lohner of the charges made.

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## JUSTICE WHITE NOW CHIEF

Louisiana Man Is Confirmed as Head of the United States Supreme Court.

Washington—President Taft today announced that he had selected Mr. William Howard Taft as chief justice of the United States Supreme Court.

Washington—President Taft today announced that he had selected Mr. William Howard Taft as chief justice of the United States Supreme Court.

## THRASHING RETURNS FROM WESTERN CANADA.

They Reveal Larger Averages of Wheat and Oats Than East.

The returns from the grain fields of Western Canada as revealed by the work of the thrashers, show that the larger yields than were expected as the crop comes in.

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## Don't Persecute your Bowels

Don't Persecute your Bowels

Don't Persecute your Bowels

Don't Persecute your Bowels

## The Human Heart

The heart is a wonderful double pump, through the system of arteries and veins it keeps our blood and the life blood of the body. It will not stand the strain of overwork, and it will not stand the strain of overwork, and it will not stand the strain of overwork.

## Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

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*By Julia Jayne Walker*

When friends prevailed untill thou  
didst walk by my side and counsel  
attend, The hurts of wounded affec-  
tion were healed, time alone enforced  
this wound to taker in a new day, full  
of sunshine and the song of birds,  
its blessed healing power didst revive my  
rooping spirit and soothe all wounds.

Thou didst bring me friends from  
far, The meeting them in the flesh  
once again, the looking into loving  
eyes and holding hands warm with  
the rasp of friendship, proved a benedic-  
tion after long years of wearying  
separation.

All these memories are linked with her. Old heart, slow can I let thee go. No matter how small the retrospects, no matter how many sighs and sigh-throbs, we have trod the same path together. Thou, and not another, hast been my companion over both the rough and pleasant ways.

I feel so much at home with thee, Old Year. Thy face, so familiar, is the face of an old friend. But this stranger which comes on apace, hurrying to take thy place and to usurp thy prerogatives, I know naught of him. I know not what strange new ways he may usher in. He fills me with dis-

[illegible]

By PHILIP KEAN

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She was not overpowered by the sight of the heper that was before her. Marcia had not yet learned to shrug her shoulders at high school and august officials. She had been in Washington only three days. That she was soon to have a part in the wonders of which she had heard so much was a prospect that she found fairly low, which she had loved as a child. She wished that there were some one who might share her surprise. But she had made no friends. She shifted from one foot to the other, moving forward slightly as far as the other end of the line people were admitted through a magic

cause of happiness. It was the really lovely hat that she had possessed. He did not dream that her exquisite beauty framed by the big hat attracting the attention not only of the pedestrians but of the occupants of the autos and of the carriages that she slowly in line toward the other place, where a privileged few were seated at once to the blue room. She glanced her eyes on the prettiest one, and for the first time as she had there in the cold a little bit of joy entered her heart. Why shouldn't she ride in luxurious comfort? She was beautiful and young, and loved a fine time.

and a voice said: "Won't you get  
here with me?"  
The woman who spoke was beauti-  
ful with the beauty of old age. Under  
wide hat her hair was white, but  
she held herself with grace and dig-  
nity. "Oh," Marcia faltered, and the  
woman said, quietly: "Get in, my dear

When the beautiful lady turned to me with sparkling eyes. "Was you not mother Martha Witherspoon?" demanded.

"Why—yes—"

The beautiful lady clapped her hands. "I knew it the minute I laid my eyes on you," she said. "As you stood there with your head held high in that

"Oh, I don't mind that," said Marcia. "I can go back to the end and wait."  
"Indeed, you won't," said the beautiful lady. "It was going to take you

"But I am not dressed for that," Marcia demurred.

"I am going to play fairy godmother," she put my wrap on you. Your gloves are all right, and your hat, and you will have my violeta, and presto!—you will be a young lady of fashion!" Marcia protested, but for just one

things.

NEW YORK'S FIVE:

*By Margaret E. Sangster*

over the sorrow and over the idles,  
on the tree down, over the lies

Seeing the New Year in

"I am going to play fairy godmother and put my wrap on you. Your gowns are all right, and your hat, and I shall have my violets, and presto you will be a young lady of fashion!"

Marcia protested, but for just a moment the curtains of the closed wardrobe were drawn, as the wrap was slipped























By LOUISE OLNEY

Joanna Thurston sank down in

You can help to

Give the answer.

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**One Dollar**

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**You can help to give the answer**

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Terms:  
One Dollar  
a  
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self far and wide:  
 'Tis where the home is pure,  
 'Tis where the bread is sure,  
 'Tis where the wants are fewer  
 And each want fed;  
 Where plenty and peace abide,  
 Where health dwells heavenly-eyed,  
 Where in nooks beautiful  
 Slumber the dead."











