

**SEEING THE FAIR
IN DETAIL**

Oyster Farms of Virginia and Their Wonderful Products—A Huge Wild Duck Waiting to Be Named—Battle With Mice—Denizens of Virginia Forests—Huge Fish From the Old Dominion Coast—Virginia Woods. Nature as an Artist—Pictures in the Grain of California Woods—Mosses—Moths Peculiarly Favored—Lessons in Forestry For Any Who May Wish to Forestry—A Grand Picture—Awards of Forests and Mountains.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY MARK BENNETT
It takes two years to grow an oyster that you can gulp down with expressions of delicious satisfaction in two seconds. Virginia extols her oysters at the world's fair. To most people oysters are just oysters—fresh, modicum and too long out of the water or out of the ice. But in Virginia oysters are known by their habitat or the company they keep. Water is to the oyster what soil is to fruit—it makes the quality. From Mobjack bay comes a sweet and luscious bivalve that has particular flavor and favor. York river, Severn river, Elizabeth river, Carter's creek, Lynnhaven, James river, Broad bay and Hampton Roads are all trade names in Virginia oysterdom.

Virginia has spent \$5,000 making models of her oysters, big and little, and representing the product of every river's mouth, bay, oyster and sound along her oyster strewn coast. The minute you begin to ask questions in the Virginia exhibit you plunge into a new realm of thought and discover a world of commercial activity of which perhaps you may never have heard.

Waiting identification is one magnificent specimen of wild duck in the Virginia exhibit. Palace of Forestry, Fish and Game. It resembles a mallard in its markings, but is twice as large. Two of them were captured at Virginia Beach, on the bay back, and fo date they are new specimens in bird lore. The Smithsonian institution at Wash-

Try for Health

223 South Paria St., Chicago, Ill., Oct. 7, 1902.
Eight months ago I was so ill that I was compelled to lie in bed nearly all the time. My stomach was so weak and upset that I could not eat anything on it and I vomited frequently. I could not urinate without great pain and I coughed so much that my throat and lungs were raw and sore. The doctors pronounced it Bright's disease and others said it was consumption. It mattered little to me what they called it and I had no desire to live. A sister visited me from St. Louis and asked me if I had ever tried Wine of Cardui. I told her I had not and she bought a bottle. I believe that it saved my life. I believe many women could save much suffering if they but knew of its value.

Surgeon Dumber

Don't you want freedom from pain? Take Wine of Cardui and make one supreme effort to be well. You do not need to be a weak, helpless sufferer. You can have a woman's health and do a woman's work in life. Why not secure a bottle of Wine of Cardui from your druggist today?

WINE-CARDUI

ington has one of the pair undergoing study, and the other is at the world's fair for apartments to see and admire a wild duck in all its characteristics, but as large as a goose.
"Oh, there's Hampton Roads, where the battle of Gettysburg was fought," said one lady as she looked at the great painting above the Virginia exhibit. But, then, one can't know everything and raise a family of children to help keep the world humming and to nev-

the nation's battles in times of stress and trouble.
The battle is on in the Virginia exhibit. All along the mollusks in the upper part of the display may be seen little porcelains from which the enemy is doing its mischief. The enemy is an army of mice, which is eating the rice and other decorations, and said having they are making. Traps are in big demand, and every catch is a fat one.
The wild animals and game birds of Virginia make many a sportsman halt in his mad rush to do the fair in a week. The black bear, the lynx, deer, gray fox, coon, eagle, big blue heron, English pheasant and bobwhites all dwell together in harmony, for they are stuffed, and stuffing is an antidote for quarrelsomeness.

The Jewish rarely gets into Virginia waters. Only three of them are known to have been caught in a hundred years, and that experience would tax the patience of any fisherman. Number three is the one you see here. The poetic porpoise, whose only purpose seems to be to have a jolly time as he rolls through his ocean life and in death to be skinned for razor straps and shoe strings, is one of the star features of this fish display. Virginia, the mother of presidents, mothers a great many other ornamental and useful quantities.

You get into the Virginia woods whichever way you go, and you are loath to get out of them. In the west end are things of wood in a thousand forms, from machines that do the family washing or the day's churning with the pressure of the little finger to an array of clothespins that look like the aurora borealis. In the east end are the natural specimens—an arboretum chopped down and saved up. Every useful wood of Virginia has recognition, and to call attention to one of her greatest sons, Jefferson, the trees of the forest have spelled his name. Here it is as cut from the trees with bark all on.

"Stop and register! Stop and see nature's art gallery!" cried a voice, the voice of a man of middle years shabby in woodcraft and in love with the shady solitudes of the forest depths. The voice came from the California exhibit. It was glad that I stopped, for here are curious things enough to stock a museum. Mr. Thomas Hatch will show you a portrait of Mme. Melba delicately

dose by nature in walnut grain. A redwood burl has the size and shape of a fat porker. A Kansas man brought an ear of corn and placed it in the pig's mouth. A old Dutchman getting ready for a smoke is pictured in a burl of myrtle wood. A rabbit, a rat, a parrot, a foot and other odd fantasies of nature are pictures in this gallery of woods.

Here's a graphic lesson in tree pruning: Trim the limb close, and nature will cover over the wound and heal it perfectly. No cabinetmaker ever joined two pieces of wood more accurately. One more curious thing let me mention—the stump of a large tree, the top completely barked over and healed up. As a tree cannot grow without leaves, this presents a curious phenomenon, accounted for, perhaps, by the underground natural grafting of the felled tree's roots upon those of a living neighbor.

Uncle Sam has a school of forestry open six days a week, and every fair visitor may be a pupil if he will. This school is in the west end of the Palace of Forestry. Fish and Game, with a practical forester in charge to answer all questions within the wide range of this new science. In a roomy arcade are comfortable chairs where you can sit and study forests by dozens and mountains by scores, noting the forest treatment as illustrated most graphically by forest transparencies. Outside the arcade is a massive testing machine in which a tough hemlock log is bent to the breaking point, showing exactly the strain of the log as it bends to the starve that breaks the camel's back. Here sits the forester as on a throne of knowledge, with object lessons and evidences of his wisdom all about him—not as an oracle or layman, but as a practical student, telling what he may know and having the one aim of promoting a knowledge of practical forestry among the people and to improve his own insight in the science that is his life. Fair Grounds, St. Louis.

TO THE NEXT CZAR.

Alexis, you Alexis, what a luckless wretch you are! Though you probably don't know it, you are born to be a czar. For you no drowsy croonings may go to bed at night. But cradle songs with motifs carried out by dreams. They will send you bombs for rattles that will make the most hideous, but they may prove somewhat hurtful in the hands of baby boys.

Alexis, small Alexis, you have made dear papa smile. For he's advertised "Boy Wanted," all in vain, a weary while. But don't fancy that your uncle will be overwhelmed with joy. When the frock he wears is collared by a hairless, toothless boy. So if munky gives you candy, though it tempting be and sweet. Try it on some duke or baron ere a bite you dare to eat.

Alexis, young Alexis, though it's likely that you think The crown holds all kinds of trouble learning how to breathe and drink. Long before those small pink toesets have grown brave enough to walk. Long before your mouth's eroded by your little teeth arranged in a row. In this world you really are. And if it wonders why the mischief you were born to be a czar.

Alexis, wee Alexis, dry those tears and do not fret. You're not czar of all the Russias yet awhile, old man—not yet. And perhaps those tiny fingers bring there in shell pink rows. May shed blazes on your people—and they need them, heaven know! Maybe you're the patient Moses that they've tried for for so long. To deliver them from darkness and from greed and spite and wrong. So curl up there in your cradle; what's the difference what you are? Who would scold a drowsing baby, though he is to be a czar? —James Montague, in New York American.

The entire public is going on a strike on the meat question.

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A GREAT FAIR!
Fifty-First Annual Event of the
Lake County Agricultural Society
August 30-31; September 1-2, 1904
AT LIBERTYVILLE
Better Speed Program Purses, Exhibits Premiums
THAN EVER BEFORE
Baloon Ascension and Parachute Drop
Each Afternoon, besides high tight wire work by 2 lady aeronauts of world-wide reputation.
One of the finest MERRY-GO-ROUNDS possible to secure is to be on the grounds this year.
SPLENDID AND UNUSUAL SPECIAL EXHIBITS
Speed Program
Wednesday, Aug. 31
2:24 Trot \$300 00
3:00 Trot 400 00
2:20 Pace 300 00
Thursday, Sept. 1
2:28 Trot 300 00
Free-for-all Pace 400 00
Mixed Trot and Pace, Lake Co only, 2:40 trotters and 2:50 Pacers 200 00
Friday, Sept. 2
2:35 Pace 300 00
Free-for-all Trot 400 00
2:40 Trot 300 00
\$2,800 in Purses—\$100 for Base Ball Money Prizes for Annual Baby Show.
Remember the date
Aug. 30-31; Sept. 1-2
Great Lake County Fair

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