

POLLY'S MASQUERADE

By BELLE MANIATEZ
Copyright, 1906, by Maniatic Reads

"Hillman! Hillman!" Justly called the brakeman, thrusting open the car door as the train slackened.

Two of the passengers were roused from a state of passivity by this announcement and, gathering their belongings, hastened out into the cold night. One was a young girl with a city-bred air and appointments; the other, a man distinguished in appearance. They both looked bewilderingly about them as the train slowly pulled out.

"This doesn't look like my recollections of Hillman," said the girl, looking about the small, deserted station.

"It isn't Hillman!" said the man decidedly. "What station is this?" He asked a railroad employee came out of the depot.

"This? This is Rollins. Hillman is six miles beyond—next stop, except the siding."

The two passengers looked at each other in mutual dismay. The girl spoke



"DEAR ME! HOW CAN I TELL WHO SHE SWears!"

first. She spoke one word, and that a man's word. The railroad employee looked shocked, but the other man appeared relieved.

"Thank you very much," he said. "You value my sentiments exactly. Our common misfortune should allow us to waive all ceremony and conventionality. My name is John Winters. I have recently taken up my abode in Hillman."

"Mine is Polly Lester," she said frankly, "and I am only going to Hillman in a visit. I trust I will never take up my abode there."

"It isn't an enticing spot," he admitted, laughing. "When can we get a train to Hillman?" he asked of the railroad employee.

"Not till tomorrow morning."

"Then we must drive here. I presume there is no livery here, but there must be some one who will drive us over."

"I guess Hank Inlin, the barkeep, would take you over in his automobile. I'll see."

He returned shortly with the barkeep and a rumbust. John Winters made a bargain with him for the trip, and as Polly climbed to the seat beside him he said:

"I have some good news for you. It seems our train meets the western express three miles from here, and that train is reported late, so we can escape our train and continue our way as we started."

Polly quite enjoyed this little adventure. She always did have a weakness and a tendency for adventures. She chatted freely with her new acquaintance. She was almost sorry when they overtook and boarded the sidetracked train, receiving apologies from the brakeman and grins from the passengers. Polly and John Winters continued their chatter until they approached Hillman. Then she said abruptly:

"Hillman is a small place, and people here narrow views regarding propriety. It would be as well if we got off singly and separately and meeting, as we doubtless will, as strangers."

"Certainly. You are right," agreed Winters, going forward to the smoking car.

Polly was met and whisked away to the one hack by a spinner aunt.

"Has Hillman changed much—any new people moved in since I was last here, Aunt Cornelia?" asked Polly demurely as they were unpacking her baggage.

father bed, she laughed wickedly and delightedly.

"Oh, what would Aunt Cornelia do if she knew I swore right before the new minister! She'd leave town, I do believe. I thought I liked him very well, but I don't know. I like a minister to live up to his calling, and I should not have been amused. It was frivolous in him to know so much about the world. If he weren't a minister I know I'd like him, but as he is a minister I'd like to be different."

The next afternoon her aunt announced that she had to attend a club meeting from which, she regretted to say, outsiders were excluded. Polly appeared ready to go, and after her aunt's departure she wandered about the house seeking diversion. She found it in her aunt's bedroom in the shape of a wig, for her aunt had to resort to a false hairdresser, having lost her hair through illness.

Polly promptly donned it and surveyed herself.

"I don't look unlike aunt," she thought, "only I am young and plump. We look like the advertisements for 'before and after taking.'"

In pursuance of the resemblance she had to her aunt, she put on a pair of her aunt's. She had just planned to look pointed lace collar and fastened it with a huge cameo pin when she looked out of the window and saw her fellow traveler coming up the stairs.

"Coming for a ministerial call. He won't recognize me in this outfit, and he has never seen aunt. I shall peruse her!"

She hastened to admit the caller.

"How do you do—Mr. Winters, is it not? I am Miss Cornelia Latin. Be seated, please. I thought I was never going to meet my pastor. I was so sorry I was out when you called before."

He politely regretted the fact and proceeded to talk of the church matters.

"Hypocrite!" thought Polly. "I'll test him further."

"Mr. Winters, I don't suppose I ought to tell you my troubles on our first meeting, but I feel I must unburden my mind and ask your advice."

"Certainly, my dear Miss Latin. You may command and trust me."

"I have a niece visiting me—a well-meaning girl, but brought up in a worldly way, and Mr. Winters, will you believe me, she actually at times—dear me, how can I tell you—she swears!"

"No, Miss Latin! You amaze me! It cannot be possible!"

"Horrid hypocrite!" thought Polly again.

Hearing voices on the porch, she looked out and beheld her aunt entering in company with a man. Dismayed, she snatched the wig from her head regardless of the effect upon the minister. She just concealed it when her aunt and company entered.

"I made a mistake in the date, Polly. This is our pastor, Mr. Winters. My niece, Miss Lester, Mr. Winters. I met Mr. Winters when he was here."

"Well, John, what are you doing here?" asked the minister after acknowledging the introduction to Polly. Let me introduce my cousin, Mr. Winters, thought Polly, presume you have introduced yourself."

"Yes, I introduced myself," he replied cheerfully.

"John," exclaimed her aunt, starting at her niece. "What in the world have you got my dress on for?"

"Why, Aunt Cornelia, I was just trying it on when Mr. Winters rang and had no time to change."

"And do you know," said John, compelling Polly's averted eyes to meet his, "for just half an instant as you opened the door I thought you were Mrs. Lester, my niece's house dress is that you have on!" she answered, with a smile.

"What on earth are you two people talking about?" inquired the friend who was "visiting."

"You see, we read an article in a magazine supplement once, entitled 'Recipe for a Coquettish Honey-moon,'" said Mrs. Myers. "It gave a list of things to say to each other every morning before breakfast. George was so tickled with the idea that he cut them out and pasted them on the doors of our respective bedrooms. We were to use one of the phrases every morning. But it happened that he pasted the two sections exactly wrong, so that the husband's list was on my door and the wife's on his. And now when he comes in and says to me, 'You don't know how well that waistcoat sets off your great deep chest,' I answer, 'What a dear, lovable little thing you are!' This is the answer. We have a lot of fun out of it. Great scheme, isn't it?" New York Press.

"Lifting With the Fingers."

Did you ever see a man lifted from the foot with the index fingers of four or five persons? It is not hard to do if the effort is made with perfect unanimity. Five persons can very easily raise a man with only seven fingers if the subject is not too heavy. Let two persons stooping down each take one finger under the feet. Two others, with one finger, will raise the elbows. A fifth will raise the chin with one finger—total, seven fingers. When all are in readiness let each take a foot, full breath, and all together. "One, two, three, raise!" When the effort is put forth is only of short duration there is considerable muscular force in the fingers, and it is not strange that the united power of so many fingers should overcome the weight of a person of 150 to 200 pounds.

OUT OF THE SHADOWS

By Fannie Healdy Lea
Copyright, 1906, by Fanny Douglas

In the gentle current of Miss Sarah's life by far the widest eddies were Paolo's love affairs. Miss Sarah had never had a lover before—she had always been too busy taking care of a little pale, who was the younger sister, a slim, pale creature, with vivid eyes and a head that habitually drooped a little as though weighted by its own gold hair and a sense of languorous melancholy.

Beside Miss Sarah's old-time courtress Paolo was as an orchid to a pansy, but underneath the melancholy was a certain irresponsible devilry, a certain intangible witchery, that brought the most eligible youths of the neighborhood in supplicants to her feet and filled Miss Sarah with unceasing wonder and amazement.

Whenever a new victim appeared upon the scene Miss Sarah thrilled with apprehension. As he was friendly, she approved of him; as he was more conspicuously attentive, she watched for him; then in gentle perplexity that never vanished with added experience she saw him hover, advance, retreat, hover again and plunge. When the little comedy was played out she took up her knitting with a sigh of relief, opened her volume of Felicia Hemans at the purple bookmark and prepared to rest before another scene.

Paola herself slipped from one emotional cataclysm to another, as the slender moon from cloud to cloud. They yelled her vivid claim to a moment, but she always emerged unscathed on the other side.

She had been wearing Francis Lockwood's roses for a month, when Miss Sarah one night, after three gentle calls unanswered, stepped through the long French window on to the moonlit veranda with a crimson scarf in her hand. The June night called for no such guard against its close, sweet warmth, but on the subject of damp and dew Miss Sarah was inflexible.

"Paola," she said anxiously, then, since there was no Paola in all the shadow dappled length of the veranda, raised her voice a little and called again, "Paola, dear!"

A mocking bird in the cedar by the gate gurgled a liquid impertinence that ended in a low call to his mate, but the rest was silence.

Miss Sarah looked across the lawn, then down at her feet.

"You must have this scarf," she said to herself sternly, "and I suppose she is sitting on the bench by the Black Prince—the most imprudent child!" That the Black Prince was a beloved possession saved Miss Sarah's remarks from any appearance of impropriety, and, mindful of her step, she hurried into the path that led to the Black Prince's domain across the lawn.

The moon burned white above her in a cloudless sky, and Miss Sarah responded delicately to the influence of the moon. The Black Prince, with his boyish eye, called to her as she went slowly down the path, and young faces swam mistily in her memory as if they had drifted there with the smell of the box in the hedge.

She thought of the night her mother died, another June; of a flowered gown she had worn the day she was sixteen, of a poem, something about daffodils, or violets.

"The love that came with the daffodils and went away with the roses"—that was it, Miss Sarah, with a little sigh of satisfaction, "only the daffodils come back with the spring and every summer there are roses, so really don't see the sense of that. Those love songs are nearly always rather silly." She stopped to thrust back the daring sweetness of a yellow bank-suecia. "The garden is very well thought out," said Miss Sarah to herself, "and God walked in the coil of the garden. I wonder who it like this." She passed on the side of a yellow bank-suecia, and it lay half in shadow, and lifted her eyes to the moon.

"Oh, dear!" said Miss Sarah, almost, "what a beautiful night it is!" which was Miss Sarah's way of saying

that the world was very good and she was happy. Then she lifted her skirts a little higher and sped into the heart of the rose garden.

Paola, sitting on the bench by the Black Prince—Miss Sarah saw that at once—and beside her was young Lockwood, as Miss Sarah had also foreseen, and Paolo's head was thrown back and one of Paolo's slim white arms lay like a shroud of moonlight along the back of the bench. "Positive!" inviting rheumatism," murmured Miss Sarah tremulously.

She was within a few feet of them and a call trembled on her lips, when Paolo's own voice stopped her.

"Go on," said Paolo in a soft, hurried whisper, and Miss Sarah by some queer instinct drew back into the shade of the great oak behind the bench, fearful lest an incautious movement would betray her, fearful almost of her own breathing. For Miss Sarah was hinged in the ways of Paolo's affairs, and it was one of her best learned lessons never to interrupt them. So she drew back and waited, innocent of any desire to eavesdrop.

"Go on," said Paolo again, and young Lockwood's voice came out of the deeper shadow, low and vibrant and rhythmic. Miss Sarah leaned closer instinctively, for the words of Paolo's courtship, when he was first, then echoed clearer: "Remember how when first we met we stood. Stood with immortal recollections. O' fate, immured behind a fiery sea. That leaned down at dead midnight to be O beauty folded up in forests old. Thou wast the lovely quest of Arthur's knights when we listened."

The last word quivered silent on the air, and Miss Sarah trembled with a strange fear of it. Her fingers found the rust mark of the tree and clung as she waited, hunched for the rest, but young Lockwood's voice broke from the best of verse into uneven words: "Paola, my beautiful, it is our story." It is the story of Paolo and Francesca," said the girl dreamily.

"Paola and Francesca—Paola and Francis—what does it matter? 'Were thine eyes eyes green?' Did I not know thy heart when we listened."

Miss Sarah, disinterested and unwary as she knew not what roseate mist, saw the white grace of Paola waver and lean to the shadow and heard a few moments of her audience, the whisper, tender, exultant: "And in the book they read no more that day."

Miss Sarah felt her way back to the path with unnecessary care. If her light footsteps had been the crash of brasses they would not have reached the two by the Black Prince, but Miss Sarah did not know it. She hurried along between the roses, catching her breath in little gasps as she went, and the wraiths of lost years swarmed around her, stinging her to wild, indefinite regret.

She passed through the moonlight and up the steps through the open window and caught up her neglected knitting with a pathetic desire for things tangible and commonplace. She opened the volume of Felicia Hemans and found the purple bookmark, but without knowledge of a line.

"I never knew what it was like!" she said pitifully to herself. "I wish I had known." The magic of the moonlight dawned between her eyes again, and the smile of the lover's verse murmured in her ears. Miss Sarah trembled with a vague, unhappy longing for the things that she had never known—the things that she had never known—Paola, her sister, yet had never been here.

Beyond the window the garden lay vast and wonderful beneath the moon, to her a land where life ran in strange channels between banks of embankment blossoms.

Suddenly and without warning a tear slipped down Miss Sarah's cheek and splashed upon the purple bookmark. Another followed it, and yet another; then Miss Sarah drew herself together and shut between the leaves of Felicia Hemans poems her one beloved vision of romance. "And in the book they read no more that day," she said to herself, with a little sigh. Then she took up her knitting again to wait for Paola.

A Baland For His Olive.

He was very practical, and in order to have everything fair and square beforehand he said: "You know, darling, I promised my mother that my wife should be a good housekeeper and a domestic woman. Can you make good bread? That is the fundamental principle of all house-keeping."

"Yes, I went into a bakery and learned how to make all kinds of bread," she added under her breath. "Maybe." "And you do your own dress-making?" I am comparatively a poor man, love, but my mother's bills would soon bankrupt me."

"Yes," she said frankly, "I can make everything I wear, especially bonnets." "You are a jewel!" he cried, with enthusiasm. "Come to my arms."

"Wait a minute; there's no hurry," she said coolly. "It's my turn to ask a few questions. Can you carry up coal and light the fire of a morning?" "Why, my love, the servant would do that."

"Can you make your coat, trousers and other wearing apparel?" "But that isn't to the purpose." "Or can you build a house, scrub floors, beat carpets, sweep chimneys?" "I am not a professional."

"Neither am I. It has taken most of my life to acquire the necessary accomplishments that attach you to me. But as soon as I have learned—the professions you speak of I send you my card. An revolver?" she swept away.—London Tit-Bit

The primaries in the towns of Barrington, Cuba and Ela were quiet affairs, and the delegates of Cuba and Ela carried out the wishes of the people at the Lake County Republican convention, held at Libertyville on Thursday, by nominating the following county ticket:

For Judge—D. L. Jones.
For Clerk—All Hendee.
For Sheriff—F. J. Griffin.
For Treasurer—E. E. Ames.
For Supt. of Schools—T. A. Simpson.

The delegates from Cuba were: M. T. Lamsy, F. H. Plagge, Frank Cady, Fred Kirchner, Geo. Hager and Wm. Leonard.

From Barrington Township to the Cook County convention: F. H. Freye and F. O. Whitmarsh.

From Ela Township the following helped to nominate the county ticket: A. G. Shwerman, C. J. Small, F. S. Thies, E. D. Fleke, G. O. Prusia, H. F. Berghorn and H. L. Prehm.

In Self Defense

Major Hamm, editor and manager of the Constitutionalist, Eminence, Ky., when he was fiercely attacked, four years ago, by a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, of which he says: "It cured me in ten days and no trouble since." Quickest healer of burns, sores, cuts and wounds. 25c at Barrington Pharmacy.

\$8.00 from Barrington, Ills. to Minneapolis, Minn., and Return on Aug. 4-11, 12 and 13. U. A. R. Encampment, Minneapolis, Aug. 15th to 16th. Special Low Rates via C. N. W. Line.

Apply for tickets with favorable return limits on account of National G. A. R. Encampment, in the splendid double-track block-signal route of The North-Western Line. Direct route. Splendid train service. Excellent fast schedules. Special G. A. R. trains. The best of everything. For date of sale and full particulars apply to agents Chicago & North-Western Ry.

Subscribe for THE REVIEW.

Notice to Tax Payers.

Public notice is hereby given that the Lake County Board of Review is now in session in the Supervisor's Room in the Court House at Waukegan, Illinois.

Complaints will be received for the revision of assessment until August 10th, 1906.

All those having complaints to make will file same before above date, after which none will be considered.

W. F. WEIS, Clerk.

Call on Lamey & Co. for lime, tile, cement, paint, etc.

August L. Scherf
Contractor and House Mover
REASONABLE RATES ASSURED ALL
Office at Residence.
BARRINGTON, - ILLINOIS

FRANCY V. CASTLE,
ANITA B. WILLIAMS,
HOWARD B. CASTLE.
Castle, Williams & Castle,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
1020-22 Chamber Commerce Bldg., Chicago.
Telephone 3 Main 887.
Automatic 907.

ISAAC B. FOX, J. P.
Real Estate and Insurance.
Farm Lands and Village Lots.
PHONE—Office 423.
Residence 504.
BARRINGTON, ILL.

R. L. PECK,
LAWYER.
Residence: Office 1511
Palatine, Ill.
First National Bank Building
Chicago.
Telephone Central 5446.

W. W. Diederich, Oph. D.
Optometrist
Specialist on eye sight and its muscular defects. If you have a trouble with your eyes, or wish to see better, call on Dr. Diederich.
At the Barrington Pharmacy Mondays

THE
Barrington
Bank
of Sandman & Co
JOHN ROBERTSON, PAIR
JOHN C. FLAGLER, TREASURER.
A. L. ROBERTSON, CASHIER
H. C. P. SANDMAN
Barrington, - Illinois.

Palatine Barber Shop
J. D. Ferry, Proprietor
First-Class Work Only.
Agt. Barrington Steam Laundry

A. S. OLMS
Druggist and Pharmacist....
A Full Line of Patent Medicines,
Twelve Articles and Stationery. Prescriptions compounded at all hours, day and night.
PALATINE, ILL.

Bailey Hall & Spunner,
Attorneys at Law.
Office: Suite 1606 Tribune Building,
Telephone Central 2056.
Chicago, - Illinois.

G. W. Spunner,
Residence, Barrington, Ills.
Phone 212.

WE BUILD
Cement Walks
and guarantee all work for Five years, and
Our Guarantee is Good.
For prices and terms call or write
Peter Knowe, Palatine, Ill

Palatine
Bank
of CHARLES H. PATTEN.
A General Banking
Business Transacted
Interest Paid on Loans on
Time Deposits. Real Estate
Insurance.

A. J. REDMOND
Attorney at Law,
Suite 45, 88 La Salle St.,
Chicago.
Tel. Main 196. Auto. 6026

Dr. Edith A. Kellogg
Osteopathic Physician
BARRINGTON OFFICE—At Mrs. S. L. Denton's
house, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays,
9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Treatments given at the
residence by appointment.
CHICAGO OFFICE—415 Madison Avenue
Hours: Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays,
10 to 12 P. M., and by appointment

Dr. M. F. Clausius
Physician and Surgeon.
Deutscher Arzt.
Office Hours 8 to 9:30 a. m. Residence,
7 to 8 p. m., and 10 to 11
a. m. Sunday.
PALATINE, ILLINOIS.

A. K. STEARNS,
LAWYER
213 Washington Street,
Phone 2767 Waukegan Illinois

Dr. W. A. SHEARER
Physician and Surgeon
Office in Lageschute Block over
the Barrington Pharmacy.
Office Hours 1, 1:45, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 P. M.,
and by appointment.
Night calls promptly attended.

Palatine, Illinois
Barrington, Illinois