

THE REVIEW

Entered as Second-Class Matter...

M. F. LAMEY, Editor and Publisher.

Friday, September 21, 1906.

PALATINE LOCAL NEWS

Mrs. Chas. Sture has been on the sick list this week.

G. H. Arps attended the agents meeting in Chicago Tuesday.

Louis Craft of Chicago spent Sunday at home.

Asst. Supt. of Schools C. W. Farr of Chicago visited our school Monday.

Mrs. Jonathan Wilson entertained her neices from Chicago Sunday.

Miss Ernst of Chicago spent Saturday and Sunday with friends here.

An important meeting of the Court of Honor will be held Saturday night.

Barrington, our sister town, was called on to mourn six deaths this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Ernst of Chicago spent Sunday at the home of Conrad Wienke.

Misses Ida and Julia Pines of Chicago were guests at the home I. M. Keubler Sunday.

Miss Florence Mc Kay of Chicago is the guest of her cousin Miss Elvora Arps.

Miss Emma Kuebler entertained some friends Sunday in honor of her birthday.

The engagement of Miss Emma Keubler and Adolph Godknecht has been announced.

Miss Mae Naper of Chicago has been visiting her friend Miss Amanda Harming.

Mrs. John Meisner and son of Richmond spent last week visiting friends and relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Burlingame have returned from their trip in the southern part of the state.

Mr. and Mrs. John Williams of Chicago spent Sunday at the home of the former's parents W. C. Williams.

Roy Bennett who has accepted a position in Chicago, John Foreman has taken his place at Chas. Steers' market.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Dean went to Elkhorn Wednesday where Mr. Dean drove The Ilhroncho at the Elkhorn Fair.

The ball game Sunday between the Nipperzink and Palatine was a fast game. The score ended 10 to 5 in favor of the Nipperzinks.

Misses Hattie Keubler, Margaret Godknecht, Lillian Thies and Fred Thies attended the picnic at Roselle Sunday.

Madames M. R. Reynolds and G. H. Arps attended the Mc Henry County Convention of the W. R. C. at Sundia last Saturday.

Miss Alta Witt of Quentiny Corner is assisting Mrs. Hise care for their daughter who is slowly recovering from her serious illness.

The Bowman Dairy Company's whistle blows at 6:30 in the morning, 12 and 1 o'clock at noon and 6 o'clock at night. It is an easy way to keep the clocks of town in time as they have standard time.

Frank Meier was called to Barrington Tuesday on account of the death of his father. His father was at one time the preacher in the German church at Barrington and had the Plum Grove charge.

Conrad Engleking died at his home last Thursday after a lingering illness of cancer of the stomach. He was an old resident of Palatine and vicinity. He was 81 years of age at the time. He never joined a Post but was always in line on National Days. The funeral was held Saturday. Rev. Drogemeier officiating. His body was laid to rest wrapped in the flag he fought for. A widow and one daughter, with a host of friends and relatives are left to mourn his loss.

**Weekly Weather Bulletin for the Week Ending September 17.**

The week ending Monday, September 17, opened warm, with maxima of 80 degrees and over registered in all sections. A decided temperature fall occurred on the 18th, the cool wave continuing through the 19th. The week ended very warm. There was a considerable excess of mean temperature, the average for the station amounting to 77 degrees. Much bright sunshine prevailed. Scattered showers fell on the 12th and 18th. Measurements in excess of an inch were registered at Mt. Vernon, Tilden, Chester, Mc Leanboro, St. Charles, and Maitland. The rainfall was equally distributed, many localities now need moisture.

Well Worth Trying

W. H. Brown, the popular pension attorney, of Pittsfield, Vt., says: "I have found a pension, the best thing I get yet." Dr. King's New Life Pills. It writes, "they keep my family in splendid health." Quick cure for headach, constipation and biliousness. 25c. Guaranteed at Barrington Pharmacy.

THE PINK KIMONO  
By IZOLA FORRESTER  
Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

If lay on the massive settee in the hall, an innocent looking parcel, flat and somewhat square. Three of Warwick's letters lay on top of it, neatly as the hall boy had placed them, also his weekly paper from home.

Warwick glanced at the letters, again at the clock, tossed off his hat, coat and gloves and carried the whole lot, parcel, letters and paper, into a comfortable study and dropped into a deep chair.

There was an hour before the crowd would arrive. Everything was ready. The spread would be sent up at 8:30 sharp. He hoped Stanton would be able to get away. He liked Stanton. The boy needed a good friendly grip just now. He knew himself what it was to be in New York a stranger. Money could not give one the password that admitted one to the inside of things, the "getting next to the inside of things," as Stanton said. And if the right path did not open, and one happened to be lonely, there were others wide and welcoming. Warwick knew.

The boy yawned and yawned. The only thing that allied him was too much money, and the confidence he had therein. It was a bit handy with it all—the whirl and the swing and the access for big access. Warwick had kept an eye on him for weeks, measuring and judging him, and now he was satisfied. All the boy needed was direction and a cool hand checking him now and then, and he would win out.

Warwick opened the weekly paper from home and smiled to himself at the familiar heading, the Weekly Visitor. Ever since he could remember the Weekly Visitor had visited regularly at the quiet, big gray house that crowned Warwick's hill, up in Illinoisboro, N. H. And Stanton was from the country, too. "Mind please out west, Mr. Stanton. It was wonderful to find a weekly paper, too, to keep him in touch with the old world, and the ethics and standards of something besides New York."

The letters were unimportant. He took up the parcel and slipped off the cord. Laundry probably. He had not ordered anything.

The paper fell to the floor and he sat staring at the thing in his hands. It was a pink, delicate, shimmering, silken thing. He stood up and shook it out to its full length. It reached to the floor. It was not a bath robe. It could not possibly be a smoking jacket. It was a woman's garment, unmistakably.

The texture was the softest Japanese crane, the silk interwoven around the sleeves and neck in a border of golden butterflies. There was no mark on it nor on the paper. Warwick looked carefully.

The door bell buzzed imperatively, once, twice and a long one. That was Billy Trator's ring. Warwick hesitated, cast the pink silk thing behind him on the floor and opened the door. Billy stepped in snuggly, interrogatively looked about the room and spied the pink silk thing.

"Hex," he said reproachfully; "why, hex!"

"It was left here by mistake," said Warwick hastily. "The hall boy did it. What is it?"

"'Honey-moon' Warwick's eyes lighted with amusement. He had not dreamed the boy had gone so far. "No, not as bad as that," Stanton hesitated, glancing at the joyous, riotous crowd about the piano. It's my sister. Mother's sent her on to take care of me until she can come herself. I guess they didn't get very good accounts of their little boy in Manhattan. But I wrote home and told them about you and what sort of a chap you were and how you had taken me under your wing, and I promised to cut out the hotel and, well, a whole lot of things mother didn't like the flavor of, and today—"

"Whoopee!" yelled Yates from the dressing room. "I've found Warwick's tailed coat! It's a dream!"

Warwick sat up and dropped his cigarette. Walter jumping, radiantly, wickedly out from the dressing room came Yates, arrayed in the pink silk kimono. There was a silence, then a long drawn bow of delight from the crowd. They caught Yates in their arms, and swept him up on the center table. They handed him a Samson from dyed plumes and a Mexican penked hat. Trator at the piano crashed into the "New York" overture. And suddenly Warwick stood up, white and mad, mad clear through that he should dare even in jest to touch anything that belonged to the dear, unknown girl, the brunette with the gray eyes.

"Take that off!" he said. The music stopped short, but not from his words. Every face in the crowd was turned toward the door of the hall, and Yates looked helpless and miserable. Warwick turned, too, and held his breath. She stood in the doorway, one hand lifting aside the heavy drapery. Behind her was George, the color hall boy. Her face looked startled, and yet there was amusement, too, in the wide gray eyes, as they glanced from face to face and finally rested on Yates.

"Here is some mistake, I think," she said gently. "George tells me a parcel of mine was left here tonight. I have only moved here today, and he made a mistake. I think that gentleman has my kimono."

Wretched, limp and apologetic, Yates was assisted from the table, and directed of the pink silk gown.

"I'm sorry to spoil your amusement," she stopped, and turned her head toward Warwick as the host, when all at once her eyes met Stanton's.

"Marjorie!" he gasped. "Marjorie, you blessed kid!"

Silently and discreetly the crowd averted its composite face while Stanton kissed Marjorie ecstatically. Warwick looked unhappy.

"Boys," cried Stanton, "this is my sister, all the way from Nebraska to Manhattan to take care of her little brother."

"Mother is here, too," Marjorie explained, blushing at the effusive welcome accorded her. "We had the address of these apartments and you wrote that they were very nice, you know, and that Mr. Warwick lived here."

"That's Warwick," interposed Stanton. "He's a jolly fellow."

Warwick bowed. Scarcely he felt a great, supreme gladness steal over him. She had gray eyes, Stanton's sister from Nebraska.

"So we came right here from the depot, and mother wanted to surprise you by having everything ready. I bought my kimono on the way here, because our trunks haven't come yet, and the boy made a mistake delivering it. We have the apartment just across the hall."

"Boys," cried Stanton, "come on to the apartment across the hall and be introduced— You've got to make us welcome, because we've come to stay." Becoarsly and quietly the crowd crossed to the apartment next door. With dignity and beautiful grace they were introduced to Stanton's mother and to Stanton's home, and Stanton knew he was accepted and admitted forever to the "finest of things."

A notice appears on a telephone post on the north east corner of Station and Cook streets this week signed by a Wm. Thies that has attracted much attention. It reads "John Healey is a forger—Walter Healey is a thief." All three men are farmers living towards Barrington Center and the trouble between them arose over a disagreement of which about \$7000.00 are involved. However the posting of such a strongly stated notice is a serious legal offense and the one who wrote and made public such an accusation in such manner is subjecting himself to legal consequences. It is for the courts to decide whether the allegations are true and until such a decision, no one has a right to assert them so positively.

Very Low Rates to Dallas, Tex., Via the North-Western Line. Excursion tickets will be sold October 6 and 7, with favorable return limits, on account of the National Association of Fire Engineers. Apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

Do you now know Hay? If you do, now is your chance. I have for sale sixty tons of choice timothy hay which was cut in season and put up without rain.

A. W. LANDWEBER, Barrington, Ill.

Spain's Pride Restored. Judging from the comments of the Madrid Herald, the ultra Spanish party is not happy over the recent peace making venture of the United States in South America. "Spanish peoples that have fighting and warlike blood in their veins" should only yield to a nation having "moral authority" to be obeyed by the combatants. This is really an appeal to the big policemen theory of peace, and "fighting and warlike blood" might object. To quote:

Spain ever was and ever will be the most suitable nation on earth to arbitrate justice between nations. It is not the theory of peace, and "fighting and warlike blood" might object. To quote:

Spain ever was and ever will be the most suitable nation on earth to arbitrate justice between nations. It is not the theory of peace, and "fighting and warlike blood" might object. To quote:

Observers of the present trend of Spanish thought have detected, as they believe, a movement to re-establish the old influence of the mother country in South America. This protest by Madrid journal of influence clearly points in that direction.

John Oliver Hobbes. The American woman who made this rugged pen name a force in literature and the drama before she reached the age of forty wrote with an originality of view and expression that gave reason to hope for finer and richer achievement. Another George Eliot she might not have been, and yet it was possible for her to have attained in the first quarter of the twentieth century the degree of popularity both in England and America which the former enjoyed in the closing quarter of the nineteenth.

The field held by the late Mrs. Craigie was unique, and in a sense her loss is irreparable. She manifested a deep sense of the responsibilities of a novelist and a dramatist. Though making her home in England, she never lost interest in her native land and had begun a novel with an American girl in England as its heroine. This girl was not to be the title seeking type or the professional beauty, but a real womanly confidante, irresistible because of her personality.

British naval experts say that the target records of our gunners are a snare and a delusion because they are made in a calm sea. The forefathers of these cavaliers found out to their sorry cost in 1812 that American gunners shoot to hit in any wind or weather, but if the present generation of English tars must be "shown" before they will believe, the only way is to get up a shooting match, in full earnest, and settle the question for another hundred years.

Now that some of the girls who received diplomas stating that they had kept house on \$10 a week have got the chance to try, pure "X-perts" will be in order.

For Sale. Corn and oats. Corn, 50 cents a bushel; oats, 35 cents a bushel for the best quality.

JOHN BALMES, Barrington, Ill. R. F. D. Barrington No. 1.

To Cure a Felon. Sam Kendall, of Phillipsburg, just cover it with Bucklen's. Salve and the salve will do the job. It cures the same, the boils, scabs, wounds, piles, eczema, hem, chapped hands, sore feet etc. etc. Only 25c at Barrington Pharmacy.

ement Sidewalks

are our special line of business and those parties for whom we have done work can testify as to the durability of the sidewalks, while our competitors are wondering how on earth we can quote such low prices and yet furnish the Best material. If you need a sidewalk let us figure with you.

Braham & Homuth  
BARRINGTON, ILL.



MAPLE CITY SELKIE WASHING SOAP  
MONMOUTH, ILLINOIS

You've no idea the amount of work it will save you. Try it.

SHAME ON YOU

If you let your women folk sizzle over a coal range or wood stove these hot summer days. We will connect free Your gas range or water heater if you will put in your application for service and meter.

NOW....IT'S UP TO YOU  
Northwestern Gas Light & Coke Co.  
EVANSTON, ILL.

McAVOY'S MALT MARROW

FOR SALE BY THE BOTTLE OR DOZEN BY GEO. FOREMAN  
BARRINGTON, ILL.