

THE REVIEW

Entered as Second-Class Matter.

M. T. LANEY, Editor and Publisher.

FRIDAY, FEB. 15, 1907.

A Pleasant Surprise.

DEAR REVIEWER—

We had but just returned from our G. A. H. Post meeting on last Friday evening, the 8th instant, and our overcoat was still on, when we were summoned to the door and there we were confronted by a strong current of Barrington society which had overpowered its "Buffs" and came rushing in, completely flooding "Hubbard" mansion on the hill. The "every ripple of many happy voices" might have been styled a "Mimnehaha of sociability." In due time, and in some unaccountable manner, an abundant and excellent supply of eatables and drinkables suddenly materialized and were heartily appreciated. After the whimsical piano playing into "Beulahland" for a season and "singing the old songs" made us forgetful of time, until at length some one—strangely—was reminded of "Home sweet home." Such scenes are indescribable, but ever enjoyable, and leave pleasant memories for future days. Thankfully—H. H. H.

Valentine Parties.

Mrs. Maud Robertson had charge of a "Valentine Program" given at the home of Mrs. H. K. Brockway. The ladies came dressed to represent comic Valentines. After a program of songs, readings and stories a fortune teller of renown revealed many mysteries of the future. Mesdames Clara Fackelman and Minnie Hawley received prizes for the best representations. A dainty luncheon was served.

A surprise Valentine party given by Clarence Plagge on St. Valentine's evening, at his home. A number of interesting contests were played and first prizes were awarded to Miss Gertrude Hansen, E. Powers and W. Gorman. Elmer Gieske, Misses Lizzie Brandt and Luella Landers were given consolation prizes. Fortunes written on tiny tickets were presented to the guests and tossed with pen by several of the party were read. All report an excellent time.

Miss Jennie Fletcher entertained the members of the "Happy Eight" at a cinch party on Valentine's evening. Miss Gertrude Kitson received first prize and Miss Alta Powers second. Miss Ethel Kitson consolation. At the conclusion refreshments were served and favors of dainty Valentines were presented the guests.

Honey Lake

Saturday evening a sleigh load of young people surprised Lawrence and Andrew Hays to celebrate the former's birthday. A pleasant evening was spent in games and after a fine lunch they left for their homes wishing Master Lawrence many happy returns of the day.

Mr. Miner was suddenly called to the sick bed of his father. He has been ill some time but was much worse and his end thought to be near. He owns a fine farm in Kane Co. where he resides.

Sam Newkirk is moving from the Mouhan to the Schendorf farm near Wauconda.

Mrs. Hamilton leaves the old Jay Bennett farm and will live on the J. Welch farm for the coming year.

Miss Mary Maynard and Henry Miller are working for Mr. Miner this week.

Mr. Kuhlman was a Libertyville visitor Friday.

W. F. Hall went to Prairie View Monday.

Grandpa Gossel is gradually growing weaker and the doctor reports no chance for recovery.

Lella, Minnie and Tillie Kuhlman are visiting at Libertyville this week.

John Myers, who has been attending school at Wauconda is home sick with the mumps.

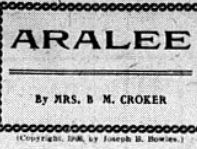
Mrs. and Mrs. A. Hall of Glimmer visited Mrs. W. Hall Sunday.

A Valentine party was held at Miss Nellie Breghorn's yesterday afternoon and twelve young people passed the time enjoying games and music with a fine supper served at six o'clock.

Not A Luxury.

Even washerwomen, employed at a small wage, find telephone service a profitable investment. This fact should be full of significance to the citizen who believes the telephone is a luxury. CHICAGO TELEPHONE CO.

Next week, on account of Washington's birthday, we will go to press on Thursday. Items for publication should be in not later than Wednesday evening.



By Mrs. B. M. CROKER

"India! What a glorious vision was suggested as my future home, I accepted the proffered invitation and sailed eastward—the bride of a clever young civil engineer. One home was a comfortable white bungalow in excellent repair. It stood between the ruins of an old fort, and a large building enclosed by a high wall, over which waved the tops of palms and tulip-trees. "That was once the Residency," explained Mr. Bethune, a young friend of my husband's who came occasionally to see us. "I believe it has wonderful grounds full of mangoes and banana trees. Think of such waste! Now it belongs to a rich zemindar—a Brahmin—who abas himself up with his belongings to the four generations, and by a strange and a price I am sorry you have not better neighbors!"

"Perhaps we may become friendly," I answered. "I should like to see an Indian house and to see that here. These west-coast Brahmins are extraordinarily strict. They have it all their own way in these parts, and look on Europeans as the mud under their feet."

One day I rode into our compound just at noon. The house was under an spell of noontide quiet—only a wandering wind from the sea stirred the trees, and the air was heavy with the jack-fruit. I happened to glance in passing at a large figure overhanging the wall which enclosed the zemindar's domain; there, shining among the green leaves, was a flower. I detected a white face—the face of a girl of my own age. "It must be imagination," I said to myself, not a little startled.

I looked up again; yes, it was still there—a colorful, beautiful face, framed in quantities of soft golden hair. The vision was about to withdraw, but I held up my hand with a gesture of entreaty. "Oh, don't go!" I implored. "I've never seen a white woman for three months. Please stay, and tell me what you are doing in there."

"I was a waiter for a year," she answered, speaking with peculiar deliberation, as if English were an unfamiliar tongue; "I do watch to see you every day when they—and she smiled as he bowed backward—"are asleep—after hours."

"Who are they?" "People in here—where I live—always." "But surely you are a European?" she asked, "I objected. "My mother was a native; of Nair caste—a Brahmin woman; these are her folk."

"Do you like being shut up?" "Not," she answered quickly. "Oh, you are so young and happy, and free—it makes me glad to look at you!" "But you must come and look at me here, at home. I shall be thankful if you will introduce to my treaters, too, was amazed at her beauty; but as she was painfully shy in his society, and scarcely lifted her eyes or opened her lips, he thought her dull.

"Her face is the face of an English girl," he remarked, "but her mind is oriental. Her soul is asleep." Remembering my solemn promise, I never sent for Aralee when there was an opportunity. The zemindar, Mr. Bethune, and, marvelous to relate, I did not tell him one word about my new friend. To keep such a heavy secret was to me pain and grief, but the shack of my mind had been forced this silence. He was a dear, impulsive, warm-hearted boy—she was forlorn and lonely.

But what will he do with her! Archie Bethune had a sharp attack of malaria, and Robbie dispatched him straight to our bungalow, in order to be nursed. He awoke early one afternoon, to discover Aralee sitting with him in the west veranda. So they met—fate had taken the matter out of my hands. Although the young people had made acquaintance in the most unexpected manner, and their conversation was of a prosaic and commonplace description, yet the stinging little question kept buzzing in my brain—"What would Sarayana, the zemindar, say?" And for once I was unaccountably thankful to welcome the heavy old green palanquin, which was to transport my visitor home. The four bearers and the attendants peered behind the well-matched pair with lowering and suspicious eyes; their faces grew dark as young Bethune escorted the girl down the steps, and, handing her into the door, said: "Good-bye, I hope we shall meet again soon!"

Undoubtedly these words were the embodiment of her death warrant, for this was the last time we were at the beautiful pale face, that nodded and smiled, as the clumsy palanquin rocked away. As soon as young Bethune was convalescent, and had gone back to his little tent, I dispatched my usual note next door. It was returned unopened, with a brief message, "The Misses Sarayana, the zemindar, say 'never discovered; a dead impassive silence was the sole answer to every inquiry. The great studded gates were shut fast. Sarayana, the zemindar, had returned from his devotions, and retired within his borders. There is nothing in this world so impenetrable as a Brahmin's household!

me stealthily as I passed into the presence of Ravi. Ravi—a stout, youngish woman—was seated cross-legged on a string bed, her hair was adorned with gold, her arms with many bangles, her nose and ears with jeweled rings. She wore a rich orange silk sari (the Brahmin color), and was evidently pleased at my visit. The ayah interpreted with volubility, and many women listened to our conversation. She asked my name, the number of my children, my husband's income, what I paid my servants, and why we came to Amrore? She pilled me with childish questions about England, and examined and tried on all my ornaments. One by one, I presented the amber beads, and casually, before leaving, I preferred my request that the girl who lived with her might now and then spend a day with me, as I was so lonely.

"Of a truth, I see no harm," she answered, "for the mores, and grow thin and ugly; but she must see no men. Promise that, by your God, and our gods."

"No man, except my husband," I amended. After four whispering and discussion I gained my point, and departed in high glee, and high, I flattered myself, in the estimation of my hostess. Aralee duly appeared the next morning, conveyed in a closed palanquin. When she stepped out, I saw that she was unexpectedly tall and slim. She looked and acted as if I knew her, and her hand and kissed her, her eyes were brimming with tears.

"Oh, you are good!" she whispered, "and make me so, so happy!" "I was pitifully easy to please and entertain the poor girl, everything she saw was a novelty and a delight! Aralee informed me that she had read a good deal. She told me that she feared to forget the English tongue, and when she heard the natives speak, she often talked it aloud to herself. The girl had but one friend—her old ayah; and her future was an ever-dreadful horror. Sarayana, her uncle, was acquainted with a rich Rajah, who, alas! had heard of her. She had no parents or friends; and these very young girls are much valued by the Rajahs in their zenanas."

"Sinner than accept that life, I will kill myself," she declared. "The ayah knows of an end, both swift and sure." "Do not say such dreadful things," Aralee, I remonstrated. "There is no fear—we will protect you."

"Ah, you do not understand my uncle. He is immovable as a stone, and as secret as a thief." I had once seen Sarayana, the zemindar—a tall, stately person, with high-browed features, a pale, wheaten-colored skin, and piercing eyes. His smile was impressive, his air aloof and forbidding.

Aralee talked of her father, and his passion for sport. He had evidently gained the poor child's heart. His memory still burned brightly, in spite of absence and silence. With respect to her mother, she told me that she was beautiful as a lotus flower, but that of late years she had wept much, and faded and faded away. People said she died of a decline.

Thanks to little gifts and civil messages, Ravi, the zemindar's wife, accorded me the company of her nice day after day. Robbie, who had been daily introduced to my treaters, too, was amazed at her beauty; but as she was painfully shy in his society, and scarcely lifted her eyes or opened her lips, he thought her dull.

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Coming Auctions

Wm. F. Roder will sell at auction on the J. L. Roder farm situated 35 miles north-west of Lake Zurich and one mile south-east of Fairfield on Tuesday, Feb. 17th at 9 o'clock a. m. sharp 17 milk cows, 1 Holstein bull, 2 heifers, 4 horses, 2 colts, 40 hogs, 17 shoats, 19 half pigs, 3 brood sows, 100 chickens, 15 tons hay, fodder, corn, stack heavy corn, 300 baskets corn in crib. He will also sell his entire lot of farming implements and many other articles. Liberal terms given.

The undersigned will offer for sale at auction Wednesday, Feb. 20th commencing at 10 o'clock on the Saddle Creek farm 3 miles south-west of Barrington 15 cows, 1 bull, 1 heifer, 3 horses, 150 bushels oats, 12 tons hay, 120 chickens and a lot of farming implements.

The undersigned will offer for sale at public auction on the premises on Thursday, February 21, 1907, at one o'clock, the F. E. Hawley farm situated on and near 17 miles west of Barrington, consisting of 100 acres of land. Good house and barn. Fences well kept up. The barn is 30x100 ft. with 20 foot posts, built 9 years ago. Go to look over this property before you buy. Terms of sale: Cash. F. E. Hawley, Administrator. Estate of Frederick E. Hawley.

I will sell at auction Monday, February 25, 1907, commencing at 10 A. M., on the B. H. Salt farm, 4 miles N. W. of Barrington and 4 miles S. E. of Cary, 27 cows, some with calves, other coming in soon; 2 Holstein stock built; 4 heifers; 10 brood sows; 17 shoats; 4 pigs; 40 milk cans; 1 mare 4 years old; 1 lumber wagon with box; 1 milk wagon; 2 pigs; 1 grass sower. I think there is a ton of timothy hay, 20 tons of corn stalks, 500 lbs. oats, 500 lbs. corn. Fred Salt.

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Barrington Locals.

May your joys be many. Your sorrows few. A Valentine to all From THE REVIEW.

"Home Baking" will be on sale in the G. A. R. Hall, Saturday, February 23. Sale beginning at 1 o'clock. The Woman's club will meet at the home of Mrs. Hannah Powers next week.

Misses Ella and Frieda Naeber of Park Ridge visited Sunday at the home of their parents. The Friday club meet at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kirschner this evening.

W. K. Lawrence will give a dance at the hall at Spring Lake Saturday evening, February 16th. Arnold Schaubel has installed an eight-horse power gasoline engine for Fred Hoeft at Lake Zurich.

Are you a candidate for office this spring? If so, your announcement should appear in this paper next week so as to get your name before the public. Last Saturday in Chicago occurred the death of Mr. Albert, father of Joseph Albert, of Milledgeville, City, Indiana. He was killed by a train at Oak Park. Joseph Albert will be remembered as a young man who lived here three years ago. He was employed at the foundry, Chicago High-lands and married Miss Priscilla Davlin.

A change has been made in the program published for the Y. M. C. A. for next Monday evening, February 19th. This evening will be devoted to physical culture and the program started for that evening will be given Friday evening, February 22nd. Instrumental music games etc. will be the nature of the program. All are welcome.

A party of Royal Neighbors gave a farewell visit to Neighbor Bolts on the Saddle Creek farm last Monday, prior to the removal of the family to Belvidere, Illinois. The party were highly entertained and all had a good time. Those of the party were the Mesdames Leonard, Kinnell, Hollier, Foreman, Jacobson, Hager, Jakes, Falwitz, Kirschner and Gilly.

Mr. and Mrs. George Banks spent Sunday at the home of Mr. Banks' brother near Wauconda. Charles L. Burns of Austin was a guest at the Banks home a few days last week.

Miss Mabel Banks visited with her friend, Miss Myrtle Bowen, in Chicago last week.

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Rising From the Grave. A prominent manufacturer, Wm. A. Portwell, of Lucas, N. C., relates a most remarkable experience. He says: "After taking less than three bottles of Electric Bitters I feel like one rising from the grave. My trouble is Bright's disease, in the Diabetes stage. I fully believe Electric Bitters will cure me permanently, for it has already stopped the liver and bladder complications which have troubled me for years." Guaranteed at The Barrington Pharmacy. Price only 50c.

Business Notices. A bargain can be had in pianos by inquiring at Review office. FOR SALE—About 9000 seasoned oak fence posts. M. J. ULLRICH, Barrington, R. F. D. 2, on James Grace farm.

FOR SALE—Farm containing 115 acres situated at Langenheim. Good improvements. Under cultivation. Call or address this office.

FOR RENT—House and barn with large garden and pasture for cow. An ideal place to raise chickens. For particulars inquire of A. W. Landwehr, Barrington, Ill.

FOR RENT—Rooms above drug store on Main street suitable for office or dwelling. Inquire or address, G. W. Lageschulte, Barrington.

WANTED—To rent a dwelling of six or seven rooms in Barrington. Call or address this office.

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