

THE REVIEW

Entered as Second-Class Matter

U. S. LAKEVIEW, Editor and Publisher.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1907.

WAUCONDA

Mrs. M. S. Clark is numbered with the sick.
Vincent Davlin was at the county seat, Monday.

Miss Lucy Sowles is visiting her sister in Waukegan.
Leslie Turnbull and Jos. Hass were Volo callers Tuesday.

Merritt Clark and C. E. Jenks were Waukegan callers Monday.
Miss Fern Hatchinson was a Chicago visitor last Thursday.

Several from here attended Market Day at Powersville, Wednesday.
M. L. Eberly and A. E. Kirwan were Chicago visitors Wednesday.

Mrs. Will Ehlinger is slowly recovering from her recent operation, being able to sit up now.
The many friends of Frank Hammond will be glad to learn that he is able to get out again.

Little Nellie Kirk was quite badly hurt Sunday while "slipping bolts." This should be a warning to others.

Mrs. Hutchinson and son James returned to their home in Barrington, Thursday after a few weeks visit here.

Mrs. W. Cook and Mrs. Will Torgston visited at Darwin Granger's on Friday, calling on other friends in McHenry.

Mrs. Potter leaves the first of the week for Chas. Ill., where she will spend Christmas with her daughter, Mrs. Chas. Clark.

Mrs. Burdick is in Chicago assisting in caring for her mother who met with a fall which resulted in the breaking of a hip bone.

Mrs. Bickett of Belvidere is again with Mrs. Will Brooks for a couple of weeks. Mrs. Brooks is not doing as well as her many friends wish.

Friday night brought the first fall of snow that amounted to anything more than a color, and Saturday's addition to the fall of the previous night made sleighing better than wheeling for Sunday travel. The snow fell with a temperature ranging around the freezing point, being quiet yet thus covering all parts of the land fairly well. It is possible our sleighing now is as good as may be any time this winter.

LAKE ZURICH

The Lake Zurich bowling club defeated the Wauconda club at Wauconda Tuesday evening by 71 pins.

Mrs. Muriel returned home Monday evening having visited at Joliet the past week.

Mrs. Henry Schaefer visited in Wauconda Wednesday afternoon.
Miss Jennie Seip visited several days with friends in Cary Station.

A. W. Meyer will show a nice line of Christmas goods this year. Don't fail to see his display.

Johnny Heinrich, son of Rev. Heinrich who has been quite ill, is reported much better.

Rev. J. Heinrich went to Lincoln, Nebraska, last Saturday to preach a sermon.

Miss Jennie Seip and Till Hokenemy enjoyed a sleigh ride to Palatine Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. Henry Hillman transacted business in Chicago Tuesday.

August Froelich and Otto Frank visited at Barrington Tuesday afternoon.

A grand masquerade ball will be given in the Lake Shore dance pavilion Saturday evening, December 21. All are requested to be masked. Ladies free. Tickets 50c. William Hickmase, manager.

Miss Lizzie Kleiser returned from Chicago Wednesday where she has been visiting friends and relatives.

Get your X-mas trees, nuts, candy and fruit at A. W. Meyer's.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Miss Hodgkins, teacher in the 8th grade, went to her home in Arlington Heights Wednesday because of an attack of mumps.

Miss Cudaby's room, the 6th grade, is giving a program this afternoon in the high school.

Several of the high school students, members of the classes of 1907 and 1908, went to Chicago last Saturday to take Cook county teachers' examinations. They were Elmer Gleske, Madge Bennett, Edna Kampert, Annabel Welch and Virginia Ahen.

School closes this afternoon for a week's vacation.
Each grade gave a Christmas program this afternoon.



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On the morning before Christmas day I ten years ago, when I was living in the Prickly Pear canyon, twenty-five miles northwest of Helena, Mont., my wife said to me: "Charley, wouldn't it be nice if I had a venison steak too?" "The too" meant in addition to a turkey, a pair of chickens, a boiled ham, a turkey and I don't know how many kinds of cakes and pies that she had planned for our Christmas dinner.

"Well, Nelly, as there's only yourself and the baby and me at dinner, I don't suppose we'd starve without a venison steak," I said, laughing. "But there'll be some fun getting a black-tailed deer."

So I took my Winchester late in the forenoon and started for the mountain. My young wife and the baby—our first if Nelly had asked for an elephant steak, I dare say I'd have tried to get one. She had come out to the farm west with me after I had visited home in Michigan, only two years before, and my pride was that she should want for nothing. We had done well from the start, and so we do yet, thanks be to God and steady work in reason.

The night before I started up the canyon with my rifle and hunting knife there had been a fall of about six inches of snow. This would make it easy to track game. So I went along in good spirits, struck the foot of the mountain two miles from home and decided to go up an immense gulch straight in front of me.

I soon reached the head of the gulch and the top of the mountain. Then I found close around on the back-slope of the mountain and went back nearly in the same direction I had come, only about a thousand feet higher. It was here I sighted my game, a fat doe, on the west side of a back-slope, just on the edge of a gulch. This was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and the sun was already low.

The doe had not seen me, and I did not mean she should till I could get close enough to make sure of the stalk. So I worked over on the east side of the back-slope and went along till I got right on top of a slope directly above a great flat of mountain that I had admired on the way up. I was then watching for the doe more than for my steps, and that carelessness nearly ruined me. Suddenly my feet slipped and I went sliding down the sloping mountain side.

I was not more than fairly on my back when I understood what had happened. I had trod on the old drifts of snow which had been melted on the surface by the Chinook winds a few days previously and had then frozen again a hard slope of ice. This was covered by the fresh snow of the night, and so I had not noticed the danger. The fresh snow went with me. I could not hold on by it at all, and I was making a quick trip down. The slope was about 250 feet long. Where it stopped the straight wall began. It was about 400 feet high. I steeled round somehow and went heels first, then head first, flat on my back.

I made a flesh wound in my right side and cut away my cartridge belt. I had slid about 150 feet when this happened. The shock of the fall and the bullet struck me, I suppose, for the next thing I knew was that I lay in a clump of small bushes.

The sun had gone down, but there was still an oblique afternoon when I came to my fall with, in surprise to find myself alive. For an instant I wondered if I had dropped over the cliff. I tried to rise, but in doing so looked through the bushes.

There was nothing just in front of me. They grew on the cliff's top for about twenty feet, while along its sides they looked through the bushes between me and the bowlders far below.

Seeing this, I trembled and crouched down. Then I noticed the blood from my wounded arm. It was dripping to the snow at the roots of the bushes, and my own eyes were streaming with many red spots around.

I lay a long time in the snow, keeping "I THREW OUT MY HAND" my right side to the bushes, for I feared that I should go through if I lay upright and pressed against them with only the breadth of my feet. Then I lifted up my wounded arm, hoping to stop the flow of red. Perhaps the use of blood had helped to break down my nerves. At any rate, I shuddered and shook and thought I was about to faint. It seemed a great time before I could control myself sufficiently to seek for some line of escape. But I did not look down over the cliff. It seemed that one more sight of that abyss would lure me to jump over in despair. I looked up the slope.

The track I had made was as if a very wide broom had swept snow off hard white ice. But I reflected that this was only a thin sheet of ice covering deep snow. I could not break through the slippery crust with hand or foot, but I might cut holes in it with my pocket-knife and climb by these.

So I put my hand in my pocket to search for the knife. It was not there. It was not in any of my pockets. I supposed it had slipped out during my head first sliding. For a moment hope went out of me. Then it sprang up fresh. My hunting knife! How could I have forgotten it! I put my hand to the sheath. The sheath was empty. Now it seemed certain that I must die—so certain that the ravine spirit of protest was still in my heart. I resigned myself to God. There was nothing to do except go mad or accept my fate, and to accept it is to calm. I think I then had the very feeling with which so many of the dying turn their faces gently to the wall when told that death is near. Evening had now come on.

In the spring or sooner. But what of God? In his sight I should be guilty of suicide if I anticipated by but a little what seemed my doom!

I had my rifle in this noisy agony and put my right hand among the bushes, meaning to lean and peer over the cliff. Now the moon was clear. My hand felt something hard. With a loud cry of joy, it was grasping my hunting knife! This had slipped out of its sheath during my sliding and lodged among the bushes.

"Thank God, thank whom all blessings do!" My heart was mightily cheered with the sense that he had not forsaken me. As I turned to the steep slope and began to look out holes for climbing I had little thought of how small was still my chance of escape.

That I was very careful, working the knife slip from my hand it would hardly be stopped again by the fringe of bushes. Should hands and feet fall of their hold on the slope I might slide aside from that fringe and go over to death.

I picked and dug until I had three pairs of holes extending as far up as I could reach. Then when I had moved my feet into the lowest of these holes and was cutting a fourth pair at my full reach my new strength left me suddenly. There I rested, face down, for many moments.

Again I set to work; again I drew myself up; on I went as far as my strength would allow, and again exhaustion forced me to rest. But now I was up twenty-five or thirty feet from the clump of bushes, and the fear that I might slip, slide down and miss them in stilling became extreme horror. I could not endure this. Very cautiously I let myself down again till I lay once more among the friendly bushes.

The tale would be long to tell how I went up again and again, each time gaining a short distance and each time compelled to descend by the fear of losing my grip or fainting and sliding aside from the bushes. My weakness, suddenly from loss of blood, was such as I cannot describe to the understanding of one who has never felt the like. My limbs trembled as with an ague. And all this time I had kept with and place my main dependence on my awkward, unwounded left hand and arm.

We Invite Inspection.



If you are tired of Turkeys, Ducks and Chickens get a nice juicy roast of Steak of the first prize car load of beef which we will cut for our Christmas trade.

Headquarters for Christmas Trees.

Oranges, California Grapes and Apples.

Yours for business
Alverson & Groff PHONE 463
BARRINGTON, ILL.

An Economical Christmas Gift.

WHERE QUALITY COUNTS

A perfect photograph of yourself to your friends.

Don't delay. Dark days good as sunshine.

OPEN SUNDAYS

Kramer - Palatine

I started in the meat market business for the benefit of the public (and myself.) We do our own butchering and kill the best that the market affords, and sell at a reasonable price. Your patronage will be appreciated.

WM. HOBEIN

Dealer in Milch Cows
BARRINGTON

George Wunder, civil engineer on H. J. Miller farm, formerly the F. E. Hawley farm, was married in Chicago Wednesday evening to Miss Belle Barton of Kalamazoo, Michigan. They came to Barrington at once and will live on the Miller farm.

Mr. Wunder has been a resident of this vicinity several months and has a large acquaintance among the young people who made up a sleighing party Thursday evening to call on the gentle Lousbury Lodge and E. E. Meyer, S. D. J. H. Moore, J. D. J. H. Hagg, S. R. George Page, J. P. L. A. Powers, Chaplain; Fred Kirschner, Marshall; T. J. Dockery, Tyler.

Miss Alta Powers, teacher at the White school has planned a Christmas entertainment for Tuesday afternoon, December 24th, at the school to which friends and parents are invited. Susan Class has promised to be present, and singing for the children and a tree will be enjoyed.

Those who attended were the Misses Maude Meyer, Topping, Otis, Peck, Ruth Meier, Jencks, Hawley, Lizzie and Minnie Helm; Messrs. and Madames S. Gleske, Albert Gleske and

Peake, and Messrs. H. Wolf, M. Nagata, G. Landwer, D. Schroeder, E. Gleske, Forquay, Cathers, Bough, C. Lederer, C. E. McIlheny, Oscar Gray, J. Travil, Miller, Goodwin and Dr. Farby.

Installation of Officers.
Lousbury Lodge No. 251, A. F. and A. M. installed officers at their regular meeting held last Saturday night. The appointive officers of Lousbury Lodge are: E. E. Meyer, S. D. J. H. Moore, J. D. J. H. Hagg, S. R. George Page, J. P. L. A. Powers, Chaplain; Fred Kirschner, Marshall; T. J. Dockery, Tyler.