

# THE REVIEW

Entered as Second-Class Matter.

U. F. LAMBY, Editor and Publisher

FRIDAY, MARCH 8, 1907.

## AWAY WITH HITCHING POSTS.

Why They Should Be Abolished and Sheds Provided in Their Place.

Clark M. Drake of Fritsburg, N. Y., who writes the village hitching post abolished, writes as follows to the Farm Journal:

To many a horse the hitching post becomes a freezing post. It will have to go as did the old time whipping post.

In the gates that often sweep through the principal business streets of a village or town a blanket will be torn, breaking away and finding a place which their faithful service has purchased. Many of them are driven hard and from the village and severely suffer at the post from the effects of wind and storm.

In return for the horse the hitching post becomes a freezing post. It will have to go as did the old time whipping post. In the gates that often sweep through the principal business streets of a village or town a blanket will be torn, breaking away and finding a place which their faithful service has purchased. Many of them are driven hard and from the village and severely suffer at the post from the effects of wind and storm.

Some villages provide well built sheds with feed mangers, where horses may not only enjoy freedom from wind and rain, but also have the protection of their blankets and the pleasure of eating a bite before returning home.

If goods are purchased, they may be placed in the vehicle and be kept as dry as when they came from the store till the owner is ready to go home. It is very unpleasant to think of riding home sitting on a wet cushion and under wet blankets.

Public sheds are not more or less than guest barns where horses are to be stabled in comfort and safety while the owners are making purchases. Business men who have not enterprises enough to provide a place for customers' horses do not deserve patronage.

I know a village of 1,200 population, a live business town, which has not a free public hitching shed, and since May, 1906, it has been a disgrace to the town. What will many a disappointed horse and rider endure these winter days and nights hitched in the open streets, with his driver being hissed with whisky, insulting remarks and toward and perhaps an empty maner?

Worked Like a Charm. Mr. D. N. Walker, editor of the "Horseman," says: "I have used your medicine week and at once applied Eucalypti Arnica Salve. No inflammation followed; the salve simply healed the wound." Heals every sore, burn and skin disease. Guaranteed at Barrington Pharmacy.

Think This Over. Wisdom is the science of happiness. Get a telephone to make your home both pleasant and safe. It is not costly. Other people are already enjoying the service. Why not you? CHICAGO TELEPHONE COMPANY.

How to Attract More Trade. Some merchants and other business men complain because the people do not patronize home industries. This newspaper is a home industry. Most of these complainants do not patronize this paper. Now, this paper has advertising space for sale. You, Mr. Merchant, have goods for sale. Suppose a man or woman wants a certain thing. She is advertised in a mail order catalogue and does not find it advertised in the paper, what will the man or woman do? Why, send to the mail order house, of course.

By persistent and intelligent advertising you are sure to attract and keep much of the trade that now goes off by mail to the city. Did it ever occur to you? Your Income. If your salary is small, you do not order quail, blue points or lobsters for breakfast. Yet you eat. Our highest residence rate is about ten cents per day—but we can quote you a much cheaper rate if you wish. CHICAGO TELEPHONE COMPANY. Found at Last. J. A. Harmon, of Litzewitz, West Va., says: "At last I have found the perfect pill that never disappoints and for the benefit of owners afflicted with torpid liver and chronic constipation, will say: Take Dr. King's New Life Pills." Guaranteed satisfactory 25c at Barrington Pharmacy. Dissolution Notice. The undersigned, engaged in the livery business have dissolved partnership by mutual consent, taking effect Wednesday, February 20. All persons indebted to us are requested to call and make payment at or by date. LEE COMSTOCK. MAX NAGARTE. Let us figure on you, too printing.

## How to Remain Young.

To continue young in health and strength, do as Mrs. N. Povan, McDonough, Ga., did. She says: Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured my chronic liver and stomach trouble, complicated with such an unhealthy condition of the blood that my skin turned as fannel. I am now practically 2 years younger than before I took Electric Bitters. I can now do all my work with ease and as did in my husband's store." Guaranteed at Barrington Pharmacy. Price, 50c.

Rob Old Winter. Cold, dreary, tedious winter evenings are made delightful by a telephone. You talk with friends or relatives and defy cold or sleet. Order now and get old bodies or their sting. CHICAGO TELEPHONE COMPANY.

Saved Her Son's Life. The happiest mother in the little city of Ava, Mo., is Mrs. S. Ruppel. She writes: "One year ago my son was laid up with such serious lung trouble that our physician was unable to help him, but by our druggist's advice began giving him Dr. King's New Discovery, and I soon noticed improvement. Keep this treatment up for a few weeks when he was perfectly well. He has worked steadily since at our paper work. Dr. King's New Discovery saved his life." Guaranteed best cough and cold cure by Barrington Pharmacy. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

TAX PURCHASERS NOTICE. Notice of Sale of Lands and Lots for State, County, City, Special and General Taxes.

State of Illinois, County of Lake. To the unknown owners of and to all parties interested in the following described lands and lots and portions of same. Take notice—And to G. W. Sweeney, James A. Webb, George H. Ackerman, W. C. Johnson, J. C. Rollo, Homer Cooke, J. E. Hequembourg, J. L. Knott, D. L. Jones, H. D. Hill, E. J. Heydecker, John Holden, Isabelle James, Emil H. Seeman, John Knott. Take notice—That at a Tax Sale of lands and lots for delinquent tax for the year A. D. 1904 made by the County Treasurer and County Clerk in the County Court Room in the Court House of the County of Waukegan, County of Lake and State of Illinois, M. T. Lamby purchased the following pieces and parcels of land to-wit: On the 27th day of June A. D. 1905, M. T. Lamby purchased Lot 23 Block 9 Chicago Spring Bluff Add., assessed in 1905 \$54. W. Summary, Lot 29 Block 12 in Chicago Spring Bluff Add., assessed in the name of James A. Webb, and that the time for redemption of the above said lots from said sales will expire on the 26th day of June A. D. 1907.

On the 28th day of June A. D. 1905 M. T. Lamby purchased Lot 1 Block 11 in North Addition, Village of Lake Bluff, assessed in the name of J. E. Hequembourg; also undivided two eighths of Lot 8 Block 1, Juncus Addition, Village of Lake Bluff, assessed in the name of J. L. Knott and that the time for redemption of the above lots and lands from said sales will expire on the 26th day of June A. D. 1907.

On the 29th day of June A. D. 1905 M. T. Lamby purchased for special assessment warrant Number 45, Lake Bluff, undivided five-sixths of Lot 7 Block 1 in Juncus Addition in Lake County, Illinois, assessed in the name of J. L. Knott and that the time for redemption of the same from said sales will expire on the 26th day of June A. D. 1907.

On the 30th day of June A. D. 1905 M. T. Lamby purchased for special assessment warrant Number 45, Lake Bluff, undivided five-sixths of Lot 7 Block 1 in Juncus Addition in Lake County, Illinois, assessed in the name of J. L. Knott and that the time for redemption of the same from said sales will expire on the 26th day of June A. D. 1907.

M. T. LAMBY, Purchaser. The Y. F. M. S. held their monthly meeting Tuesday evening and an interesting program was given.

Subscribers for THE REVIEW

## Cuba Township.

Miss Lizzie Riley of Algonquin visited with parents over Sunday. Several parties from here attended the Smith-Zimmerman wedding at Barrington Sunday.

Carl Littlejohn is rooming at Henry Schunacher's place.

Mrs. Balmes was a Barrington caller Tuesday.

Miss Emma Winkler left for Barrington where she will work for Mrs. Lipsky.

Mrs. and Mrs. Riedel were pleasant callers at Mrs. H. Schunacher's Sunday evening.

Rudolph Wenit was a Spring Lake visitor Saturday evening.

James McGraw was in the city Sunday.

Mrs. Wenit was in Barrington Sunday.

Quite a number from here attended John Ahrens's sale Tuesday.

Mrs. Henry Schunacher and son Louis visited with her father, Langenhelm, in Chicago Monday.

Henry and Emma Miller spent a few days at the home of their sister, Mrs. Jessie Adams last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hank were Chicago visitors Tuesday.

Burt Hall of Gilmer called on Honey Lake relatives Sunday.

Herbert Kampert will work the Sampert farm near here the coming year.

W. F. Hall is spending the week on job in Chicago.

The Jay Bennett farm has been rented to A. M. Peterson of Chicago for this year.

## A Peripatetic Wooing.

By RITA KELLEY.

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Elise was having thoughts. That they were not pleasant thoughts was proved by the hurry with which she dismissed her visitor and closed her door. She hurried down the brightly lighted Broadway, hoping that the new experience of being alone, unchaperoned, and unprotected, would divert her mind on all sides of foreign diversions. She was hailed at last by a man with a megaphone. He was shouting: "All aboard for Chinatown! Right this way. Tickets two dollars. All aboard for Chinatown!"

She looked up at the huge, ugly "robber-neck" now fairly transformed into a house of beauty of red, white and blue electric lights and Chinese lanterns hanging in the chill breeze. It seemed to offer streets from the distant, unaccountable thoughts at the back of her brain. The old wagon in its heavy array held some of the alms of the East, and she was happy in its possibility, and on the very of the moment she whipped out her purse.



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?" he demanded. "I'm going to buy some things for my mother." "You're a good girl," he said, looking down at her limp person stung with the cold. "Oh, George," she panted, "I didn't know it was you."

He set down on the curb beside her. "I'll be right back," he said. "And there wasn't any real danger," she asked, wide-eyed "Oh, what a simp!"

"None at all except from the agent," he laughed slyly. "Oh, George, you are simply fine." "You didn't think so just week this time," said reluctantly.

"But you didn't love," she panted. "Oh, you—you will say it—foolish girl!" he said, with staring eyes.

They had climbed up and up and up many winding, creaking, unsafe stairs to the job house, a bestial, garish place filled with a mixture of rare earrings, embroideries, trivets and apparently worthless junk. The conductor of the party wanted to give his explanation until the jobbers had gone.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "wait a few minutes, and I will explain this interesting place. There are some people present who did not come with the party and who are waiting in the hope that they will get the benefit of what I am about to say."

"A little woman in a blue tailored suit edged her way with asperity into the crowd. "Do you mean me?" she demanded. "I guess we have as good a right to be here as any one. And will stay here till we are ready to go."

The conductor turned to Elise for approval. "The members of this party have each paid \$2 for this valuable information, and it is not fair to them to allow you to hear this for nothing. I know your kind. You have been following us around just to get the information free. But I might guess but I have trouble of this kind, and it's got to stop."

The little woman fought off her friends who strove to lead her away. "And who are you that you should talk to me that way?" she cried. "Do you know who I am? I'll have you arrested for insulting a lady. My brother or I down now looking for a policeman. Do you hear?" she shrieked. "But I might guess but I have trouble of this kind, and it's got to stop."

"I'll report you," she yelled, "for insulting a lady." Elise turned sick. She pushed out of the excited crowd, past the two emaciated, imperterritable old Chinese behind their little trinket counter and fled to the balcony overlooking the main street of the Chinese quarter.

It was horribly low. She shuddered at the thought of where she was and under what protection as she gazed down from the lantern hung balcony into the street crowded with Chinese in their native dress—their pig faces, long eyes and long nailed fingers holding paper bags filled with vegetables.

"Elise," she jumped at the sound of her name and a man's step on the balcony and pressed back against the wall of the balcony, staring with wild eyes at the man before her.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded. "Why, you have never been out the door, what does it mean?" She gathered her forces suddenly for retaliation.

"What if I haven't?" she said, smiling. "I'm not doing anything, and it is not the least your affair what I do?" She pushed past him into the tense, hot air, to have the conductor present her with a package of five sticks and a slip of paper covered with Chinese characters.

"A fortune!" he said gallantly. "Ask your Chinese laundryman to read it for you!" She explained passionately, "I never will have one!"

She ran almost blindly down the stairs and into the street, trusting to be instinct for locality to guide her to the nearest subway station. The orderly fell back in wild astonishment at sight of her fleeing figure and a few fat old fellows cast unmeaning things to her which caused a roar of laughter.

Her cheeks were burning, her breath was coming in gasps, as she came into the little square marking the one time excluded place in New York. All at once she felt that she was being followed. Quick little footfalls were beating behind her, were keeping pace with hers, and terror clutched her heart. A few drunken men sprawled on the park benches. To return was impossible. She could never find the way to do but keep on as best she could.

She entered from the park ready to drop with exhaustion, she was obliged to show down to get her breath. To her relief she found the steps had stopped, and to one was in sight. She went on and on, through the heart of the wholesale district and at last saw the twinkling lights of our feet in the air. She reached for her purse. It was gone.

She stopped, sick with a corner. George's words were ringing in her ears. "You're a good girl," he said, looking down at her limp person stung with the cold. "Oh, George," she panted, "I didn't know it was you."

He set down on the curb beside her. "I'll be right back," he said. "And there wasn't any real danger," she asked, wide-eyed "Oh, what a simp!"

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