

# THE REVIEW

Entered as Second-Class Matter

G. T. LAMEY, Editor and Publisher.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1901.

## CHURCH DIRECTORY

**METHODIST CHURCH**  
First Tuesday of each month—  
meeting Women's Foreign Missionary society.  
Last Tuesday evening of each month—  
Epworth League business, literary and social  
meeting.  
Sunday morning, 10:30 a. m.  
Sunday school, 10:45 a. m.  
Junior League, 3 p. m.  
Epworth League, 6:45  
Sunday evening, 7:30  
Wednesday Mid-week Prayer Meeting, 8:00  
Cupner Cook and South Hawley streets.  
Telephone 25. Everybody is welcome.

**SALEM UNITED EVANGELICAL CHURCH**  
Sunday Services:  
Sunday school, 9:15 a. m.  
Praying services (German) 10:30  
Epworth League, 5:45 p. m.  
Pleading service, 7:30  
Week Night Services:  
Monday Junior League, 7:15  
Tuesday—English Prayer-meeting, 7:30  
Wednesday—German " " 7:30  
Friday—Teachers meeting 7:30  
Choir meeting, 8:15  
Monthly meetings:  
Mission Hand.—1st Sunday, 1:30 p. m.  
Y. P. M.—1st Thursday, 7:30 p. m.  
Church Missionary Meeting—1st Wednes-  
day, 1:30 p. m.  
W. M. S.—1st Thursday, 1:30 p. m.  
Braziers are cordially welcomed at all the  
services of the church.  
Phone No. 281. A. HARKER, Pastor.

**EVANGELICAL ST. PAUL'S CHURCH**  
Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.  
Sunday morning service, 10:30  
Evening service will begin a month later.  
Phone 554. REV. G. H. STANGER, Pastor.

**ST. ANN'S CATHOLIC CHURCH**  
Sunday Mass, 9:30 a. m.  
Vespers and Benediction, 7:30 p. m.  
Observation of Holy Days and Morning  
Mass, hour subject to change.  
Sacrament's evening Church, 1:30 p. m.  
Phone 151. REV. FATHER E. J. FOX.

**BAPTIST CHURCH**  
Saturday evening prayer and praise ser-  
vice, 7:30 p. m.  
Sunday, 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m.  
Sunday school and I. U. X. at 11:45 a. m.  
Young People's Meeting at 6:45 p. m.  
Dorcas society, Tuesday, 7:30 p. m.  
You are all cordially invited to worship  
with us.  
JAMES H. GLENN, Pastor.

**ZION CHURCH**  
Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.  
Morning service, 10:30  
Evening service, 7:30 p. m.  
Prayer meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 p. m.  
Y. P. M. business meeting first Tuesday of  
each month, 7:30 p. m.  
A cordial welcome for all.  
J. WINKER, Pastor.

**"Comin' Through the Rye."**  
It is said that Robert Burns' famous  
song "Comin' Through the Rye" did  
not have reference to a rye field, but to  
a small river, Rye, in Ayrshire, which  
could be forded. In wading through,  
however, the lassies had to hold up  
their petticoats. It was a favorite  
pastime of Robbie Burns and mis-  
chievous companions to lie in wait  
for the lassies coming through the  
Rye. When they got to midstream the  
ladies would wade and snatch at  
kiss from the lassies, who were unable  
to resist without dropping their skirts  
in the water.—Westminster Gazette.

**The Busy Merrimac River.**  
The Merrimac valley is one of the  
busiest lives of industry on earth. The  
Merrimac river, it is claimed, turns  
more wheels than any stream in the  
world, for not only Manchester, but  
Lowell, Lawrence, Newburyport, Haver-  
hill, Amesbury, Nashua and other big  
manufacturing towns lie upon its  
banks. The value of the allied prod-  
ucts mounts up into the hundreds of  
millions.—Exchange.

**Pearl—Why are you so blue?**  
Ruby—Because George had the audac-  
ity to propose, and I told him to go  
to grass.

**Pearl—Well, did he go?**  
Ruby—Yes, the horrid thing went to  
a grass widow, proposed, and now they  
are married.—Chicago News.

**Shoved Back the Tide.**  
"Bletherin Bobble, a Dumfries  
carrier," went down to Charlestown  
one day for a load of sand, but to his  
dismay found it was high water and  
none could be got. After pouring out  
the vials of his wrath on the harbor  
master for allowing the tide to rise he  
went home with his empty cart. Com-  
ing back next day when it happened to  
be low water, he exclaimed:  
"Aye, Jim, it's something like the  
thing. The water of the world's name  
war' o' bein' spoken to."—Dundee Peo-  
ple's Journal.

**Appendicitis.**  
Is due in a large measure to abuse  
of the bowels, by employing drastic  
purgatives. To avoid all danger, use only  
Dr. King's New Life Pills, the safe,  
gentle cleansers and invigorators.  
Guaranteed for headache, biliousness,  
malaria and jaundice, at Barrington  
Pharmacy 25c.

**Odd Fellows. Take Notice.**  
Chicago Encampment No. 10 will  
visit Barrington Lodge, No. 854, on  
Saturday evening, Nov. 9th, to present  
Prize collars won by them. Degree  
work will be put on by a staff selected  
from members of the encampment.  
All members should attend, if possible.  
Fraternally yours,  
S. L. LANDWEER, Secy.

# The End of the Feud.

By Charles Sloan Reid.

Copyright, 1901, by Charles S. Reid.

WELL, ye've got me, Tom, hard an' fast, an' that's a fact."

It was even difficult for the man to speak, so completely was he wound with ropes. Beginning at his shoulder, the ropes, by numerous tightly drawn coils, bound his arms fast against his body, and held his feet and legs so close together that his knee joints worked as one. The man's captor sat opposite on the ground, dangling his hands over his knees and grinning.

"Yes, Joe, I've got ye, yer slippery, Joe, I'll never as a grooved cell, but I've got ye now."  
"It's all on account o' them dinged ingurns I eat this mornin'. Allers would sleep like a dead horse arter eatin' 'em."

"I reckon so, Joe."  
"Didn't think about anybody wearin' 'em into this place now."  
He looked up and around. They were sitting at the bottom of a deep gorge, with perpendicular walls of granite rising more than a thousand feet above them, and these walls all most surrounded the little basin in a small compass. There was only one narrow outlet.

"That, ye see, I been trawlin' ye for for the vein, like a hungry owl, out on the track of a crippled jack rabbit."

"I reckon so."  
"Hain't been for that don't reckon I'd have found my way in here for some time. Somehow never had tried to come down in here in all my born days 'cause this place sort o' seemed to be on your side."

"What air ye goin' to do about it now ye've got me?"  
"Hain't decided, but maybe I'll jest open a vein in yer neck an' let ye jest out that way."

"Can't ye make it quicker's that? I allers done my work even, Tom, an' ye know it, don't ye?"

"So ye did, mighty clean. Ye're a peck above them, Joe, an' these walls all around ye, an' Tom Wylie had an only daughter. Harbly a gorge or ravine there was throughout the moun-  
tains that had not seen its tragedy, that did not bear some ghastly legend of the feud. Over there a young man kneeling to drink at a clear spring had dried his waters with his lifeblood ere he could rise, and down there the bones of a bleaching skeleton had remained above ground for months be-  
fore the tragedy of a missing member had been learned, and so the epochs of the family feud had been marked.

Joe Dunston sat at the bottom of the gorge and cursed himself for eating

"Yes, I reckon so, Tom. Ding the ingurns."  
Tom grined. "There's jest one more, Joe, an' the feud 'll be ended. Have ye thought about that since ye woken?"

Joe gulped. Jim's big form and handsome face rose in his mind. Jim was the baby and had always been nearest to old Joe's heart. All the rest had gone the way of the feudists. A vision of Jim's smiling from some high cliff with a bullet in his heart passed through his thoughts, and Joe's chin sank on his breast.

"Tom, ye're countin' purty fast," he said presently, lifting his head again. "Maybe the bullet will come the other way."

"Maybe so. Some have come that way in time."  
It was Joe's turn to grin.

"Don't reckon ye've got any talk ye want to make afore I slit that vein in yer neck, Joe?" Tom had drawn a knife from his pocket and was whet-  
ting a small blade of it on the leather strap of his shoe.

"No, guess not, Tom, an' if ye're determined to do it that way there's no use wastin' any more time, though I ain't the cheen thing, Tom, an' ye know it. Ain't nary a Dunston here that died any other way than by a long range bullet. That's all, Tom—all I got to say."

Old Tom chuckled and continued to whet the blade of his knife. At length he tried the point of it with his thumb and was apparently satisfied with its keenness. Then he arose and went over to Joe, where he knelt by the latter's side.

"Look around, Joe," he said, "for where ye see all the sunlight now ye be midlight; to ye in a few minutes ye're a liver man, an' it's a pity for ye to die this way, but there ain't n' regulations in the feud, ye know."

Tom began to feel about Joe's neck for the vein and presently pressed it outward with his thumb. Joe had thrown his head backward, and Tom was bending low and looking upward under his victim's chin. Presently the point of the knife thrust started old Joe into madness. His head darted forward with the suddenness of a serpent, and his long, slender teeth snapped down upon the throat of his captor. There was a struggle in Tom's throat; then his windpipe closed, and as Joe's lifeblood, gushing from the wound in his neck, dyed the young boy's shoes and the green grass in the hot sun of the gorge, the death set of his jaws sealed the doom of his slayer. In a little while every quiver of the flesh had ceased, and one more tragedy of the feud had left its story more plainly readable than words could make it.

The midday sun looked down into the chasm. A pleasant breeze itself in a narrow trail among the laurel, while a woodcock ran up the tall, thin, less trunk of a dead spruce pine and after a shrill call that pierced the dead silence of the gorge sent out the long, low roll of his drumming.

Ruth Wylie stood in the cabin doorway watching the trail that led down the ravine, winding from one side to the other as it sought the easiest ascent or descent of the projecting ledges. Darkening slowly up from the depths of the hollow, and still no sign of old Tom gliding along up the path in his habitual stealthy manner.

"That's moonlight, tonight it 'pears to me." The girl took a step down and sat upon the doorstep. Her cheeks glowed like red ripe cherries in the sunshine, for she had been bending over the evening atmosphere and was awaiting in the sunset and frying the beans for the night's meal. From the table came the odor of the meat. It floated out through the doorway on the evening atmosphere and was awaiting in the sunset and frying the beans for the night's meal.

"If dad could smell the meat I reckon he'd be comin' in home without waitin' any longer. I wonder what he can be doin' any how."  
A feeling of uneasiness dazed through her as she thought of the feud; but, suddenly rising, as if to escape some burden, she hurried the thought from her. "Fain't that, no, fain't that," she declared as she sat down again.

But the twilight deepened into dark-  
ness, the stars came out, the meat grew cold on the table, and its odor no longer told of its savory. Still old Tom had not come. Ruth peered into the darkness at every crackling of the twig, but nothing materialized to her longing. It had been years since old Tom had spent a night away from home, not since the night when young Tom was shot down on the side of Little Craggy. The girl felt to counting the stars of its sunset. Still old Tom had not come. Ruth peered into the darkness at every crackling of the twig, but nothing materialized to her longing.

"It can't be, it can't be," she invariably murmured. "Dad's too quick for that."  
The moon slipped over the roof of the cabin, and Ruth watched the shadow of the house lengthen away from the doorstep, and she counted the points of its serrated edge.

Suddenly while thus engaged the shrill, ear-splitting shriek of a mountain cat struck upon her ear with terrible distinctness and nearness, and at the same instant came the last of a long, angular body, splitting the moonlight, from the high branch of an old chestnut oak and terminating in a

plumy a few yards away. There fol-  
lowed one answering squeak from an  
unfortunate pig, and Ruth, springing  
to her feet, ran inside the cabin, and  
slammed the door shut behind her.

"I reckon I ain't myself, somehow, jumpin' an' runnin' at the squeak of a cat, but there's one pig less, poor thing!"  
She threw herself across the bed and closed her eyes with her hands.

"Strange I ain't sleepin' by this time an' it past midlight, if dad ain't in by daylight I reckon I'd better start out after him. If I could jest keep from thinkin' about the feud. If there was only Jim I'd feel easier about it, because Jim is—Jim's about—There, now, if dad only knowed I was a-thinkin' that way about it—about one of the Dunstons—I don't know what would happen."

A tall, handsome young mountaineer came into Ruth's vision, and, forget-  
ting the feud, she felt asleep.

At the first peep of dawn among the hills Ruth Wylie set off down the ravine. She knew every pig trail or cow path among the hills, and she now traversed them, one after another. She knew every hiding place among the rocks, and she sought in them all. She knew every dangerous passage of the cliffs, every point of exposure to the fire of an enemy in ambush, and she searched at the base of all these rocks. Tirelessly she pursued her quest all through the morning and until a late



"YES, RUTH, I SEE IT ALL."  
hour in the afternoon, when she passed and peered over the brink of the giant of all cliffs overlooking the Hell-hole chasm. There only had she ventured to make the perilous descent into that gorge, but now it was the last place she could think of in her search—she lowered herself to the first ledge of the narrow way.

The descent was too difficult to be accomplished in a few minutes, and the sun had already dragged its rays far up the side of the cliff when Ruth reached the foot of the chasm. The long search, the past night's sleeplessness, and the fears that now had completely thro' her heart were telling upon her strength, and she was compelled to hold herself upon the grass for a moment or two before taking up the search again.

But the scene of the tragedy of her hours lay not far from her, and when she came upon it, the awful spectacle telling its own terrible story, it struck such horror into the girl's heart that she sank to her knees and clasped her hands in the voiceless agony of her soul. Sitting upon her feet, she stared vacantly before her, contemplating the fixed countenance of death.

Time was passing, and still Ruth sat motionless on the grass. The sun continued to drag its rays higher and higher up the face of the rocks, but it was not until the twilight began to thicken that Ruth arose, still bewildered, but realizing that she must get out of the gorge before darkness came on.

Hending over, she laid her hand upon the cold forehead of old Tom, then turned away, but she had taken only a step when she stopped suddenly and put out her hand.

"Oh, Jim, you see it all!" Her hand slipped into one which silently had been outstretched toward her.

"Yes, Ruth, I see it all!" Jim Dunston had drawn nearer. "I been standin' here agin' the tree ever since I come an' some time before. Ye passed me an' I didn't see me."  
"It's awful, Jim."  
"Ye's awful, Jim. It's awful, an' I wewn't thinkin', Joe thinkin', if ye'd be livin' we'd call that there the end of the feud. Ye're alone in the world, Ruth, an' I'm the only Dunston there is left agin' the tree. I've been waitin' ye across the border a long time, but there was the feud that had to be fought out, but it's ended now. Ruth, if ye'll jes' say ye'll have me, an' there'll be no two sides of another generation raised to the killing."  
Ruth hung upon Jim's hands for a moment; then she bowed her head upon his breast. "I've been waitin' ye across the border a long time, but there was the feud that had to be fought out, but it's ended now. Ruth, if ye'll jes' say ye'll have me, an' there'll be no two sides of another generation raised to the killing."

"It's the end of the feud, Jim," she said.

"Hunting Up Statistics."  
"What does your father do to earn his livin'?" asked a New York principal of a pupil who was being admitted.

"Please, ma'am, he don't live with us. Mamma supports me."  
"Well, then, how does your mother earn her livin'?"  
"She gets paid for stayin' away from home. I've sold the child arterless.—Harper's Weekly.

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