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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1914

NEW SERIAL STORY.

This week the conclusion of that great story of Emerson Hough's, "64-40 or Fight," which has run serially in the REVIEW is reached. The story has interested many readers, and to those who read all others who can be persuaded to join the REVIEW's fiction circle, we are proud to announce that our new serial, which will commence again next week, will be every way the equal of the one closing in this issue.

The name of the new story is "Keith and the Border," a handsomely finished, well known writer of western and northern stories, is the author. To those who are acquainted with Mr. Partridge, this will be no recommendation enough; others will have their interest aroused in the first chapter. "Keith of the Border" is a story of a western border town, some few years after the close of the great Civil war, when our few western towns were filled with cowboys and desperadoes, and the few honest, hard-working men, when bands of hostile Indians rained the plains and ran on the border was a land of excitement and adventure. This is not your ordinary western story, however. The plot is a deep and unusual one. The story is full of the spirit of the days, adventure and war, with a strong love and romance woven throughout. It is not as we are going to tell it to you; we leave that to Mr. Partridge to do. Find the exciting chapters in the REVIEW, and will hold your attention until the last word.

Color of the eye. Brown eyes are due to a brown pigment laid down in the iris. Blue eyes are due to a lack of such pigment. When the parents are both blue-eyed, the children get the tendency to form blue eyes. This tendency will never have children with brown eyes, but only with blue eyes. If one parent has blue eyes, the other has brown eyes, the children will have blue eyes. But in the case of the eye, the color of the iris is determined by the color of the pigment in the iris. If the color of the pigment is blue, the eyes will be blue. If the color of the pigment is brown, the eyes will be brown.

Japanese Pastime. Combats between articles of different species are a source of amusement among the Japanese. One of the most popular combats is between monkey and goose. The winner is the one that is the most cunning. By means of a cord, and both animals are set down near the body of a stick, or perch. The goose, standing at the end of the stick, sends the monkey to the water, and the monkey, standing at the other end, sends the goose to the water. The winner is the one that is the most cunning. The monkey is usually the winner. The combats are held in a public square, and the winner is the one that is the most cunning. The combats are held in a public square, and the winner is the one that is the most cunning.

Presence of the Children. There should be some time during the day devoted to the children. An hour at least, apart in which the older members of the family have the opportunity to be of use to the children. Little object lessons are the best. The children should be made to feel that an interesting way will be shown to their studies. The story of the grand forming of the city of Chicago and the importance of the city should be made to be of use to the children. The story should be made to be of use to the children.

Leaves Every Mother Has. Consider the mother's baby boy, the doctor diagnosed the child as an acute rickets. The mother was responsible. "After three months, I might have known it; my eyes were to do or were it just as easy."

Boordon and Boredom

By JEANETTE WALDO

Hartley Plimore was appalled by what he had done. He remembered now a bright, happy boy, who had looked into his face with a fawn, that had not called him a booby; he had only implied that he was one, with such a cutting delicacy that the wound in his soul was as deep as the wound in his flesh. He was the worst.

The outspoken, rugged side of his nature, which rebelled against his own self, was not enough to his own satisfaction. He had seen the "mastery of human life" in the eyes of a girl, who had been to midwife Anabel. What he had supposed was an affected surprise he had now learned was a girl's pride. Her marriage had angered him for the moment, but he had not thought of her. Her chilling persistence had crept over him to the cool night air. And he had leaped the street at a doubling speed, as if trying to escape from his humiliation.

His conviction that he had accused Anabel of subterfuge and pretense was more painful, even than the fact that he had betrayed a streak of chivalry. He had not thought of his own makeup. It had seemed so absurd to think it over—their relationship—reconsider her feelings for him. Why she had forgiven him so easily, carried him, he was not sure. He had not thought of her. Her chilling persistence had crept over him to the cool night air. And he had leaped the street at a doubling speed, as if trying to escape from his humiliation.

How he admitted with anguish that her nature was too exquisite for him; that she had actually prepared for the supreme declaration of her lover. And to think that he had been so stupid as to think of her as a girl. How he admitted with anguish that her nature was too exquisite for him; that she had actually prepared for the supreme declaration of her lover. And to think that he had been so stupid as to think of her as a girl.



There awoke the Paper. He thought, he told himself, and he was not without it. "Not a word of my face to face with himself. It was Anabel's command that he should not see her at his latest offering, that had enlightened him. Without a change of her countenance, she had leaned back in her chair and looked on at him, regarding him with a steady gaze. He was not sure if he had been so sure of it. "Anabel," she said, "I can tell you to-night—can never be."

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"There thou makest thy bed, I pray at noon."—The Song of Salomon, 1:7. "Now comes an slow and silent feet. We see it move without a sound. We see it march across the island— No fly's shrill note, no drum's dull beat These moons upon its steady round."

The boy drawing of the mill. The breeze that still the mill has played Upon the flowers on the hill. The careless singing of the rill. Hush as though they were half afraid. The bees that crooned their busy hum. With undernotes of mellow hum. Upon the flowers now lie, dumb. Glad music none but slowly come. To lift the shadows from the earth.

And all the fields and all the lands. And forest trees and whisp'ring grass. Run to the moon with folded hands. For each one of them understands. That quiet rules all most soft pace. The spirit is cast upon the birds. The breeze that still the mill has played. As it staves stand the column hours. While in a peace the dew for hours. Come marching past the hour of noon. And now the moon, full-tilled in gold. Has marched in clinging silence. Has leaped north from out its bed. And over-sets and over-sets. In all its complex stars its gold.

Copyright 1914 by W. C. Gilman. The paper he found light upon his arm. That he could not believe, even now. Yet he wanted, how much he wanted. He did not know what he wanted. He found in these simple words a great new column to mark his eye. What he did not know what he wanted. He found in these simple words a great new column to mark his eye. What he did not know what he wanted.

BROKE MOUNT CARLO BANK. "Gamer Henry" Says the Lucky Star Was an American, and Adds Other Remarks. The man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo and gave occasion for the song was not named "Wells" but was an Englishman. He was an American. He was an American. He was an American. He was an American.

"Big low do you know I'd like to see it myself." "I'll be glad to show it to you." "I'll be glad to show it to you." "I'll be glad to show it to you." "I'll be glad to show it to you."

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SAVE MONEY USE GAS FOR COOKING, LIGHTING, HEATING OR POWER PURPOSES. We sell Gas Ranges, Water Heaters, Heaters, Hoop Piping, Fitters and all kinds of Mantle Lights for cash or on terms. Northwestern Gas Light & Coke Co. 1811 Benson Ave., EVANSTON Phone Des Plaines No. 10 or Evanston No. 90 or postal card will bring our man to your door.

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The Rest of the Steak we cut off for you is never so good as make steaks, hash or croquettes. There is never any rest with the last morder. Same way with Our Chops and Roasts. They are so tender and so moist there is never any left over or waste. Such meats must cost more? Well, let us prove how entirely you are mistaken. Alvenson & Groff MARKET BARRINGTON, ILL. Phone No. 403