

The Silence

By John Barton Oshard

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It hung conspicuously on the south wall—the only picture in the little bedroom. In the foreground, between two walls of water which reared themselves on either side in defiance of all natural laws, fat, round, complacent, statted a benevolent Moses. Behind him stalked the children of Israel, looking very like a mob of German peasants, while on the horizon the Egyptian hosts—saddly out of perspective—were threatened on every side by curling waves of gigantic proportions.

It had hung there in the same place for years, but it was only since the day he had been brought in from the barn, his right side useless from a stroke of paralysis, that Daniel Crosby had given the ancient, stock-stroked wood-cut more than a passing thought. He had been aware of its existence in a vaguely familiar way. If it had been taken down he would not have minded it. He knew from the title underneath it was supposed to represent the passage of the Red sea by the children of Israel, but heretofore he had never taken the trouble to inspect it in detail and he was that it was yellowed by age and badly smirched in places by smoke from the adjacent kitchen.

But now it was different. As he lay there on the bed, practically helpless and the June days went by in monotonous succession, he found himself examining the picture minutely during the long, wakeful daylight hours when the breeze stirred the curtains at the windows and the bees droned among the blossoms of the syringa bushes just outside.

It came in time to have an unwholesome fascination. He began to wonder just how many children of Israel were represented in that cut, and to satisfy himself on this point he tried time and again to get up, beginning with the two patriarchal bearded men just behind Moses, but always at the thirty-fourth the heads resolved themselves into a blurred mass that defied further enumeration. They slept day, hour after hour, he counted patiently, and steadily his anger at his own helplessness in the matter and his resentment of the blurred heads grew stronger. Try he would to divert his mind to other things it always returned pertinaciously to the picture and the all absorbing question of how many children of Israel there would be if he could once succeed in counting them all. The grew by slow degrees to hate that picture, yet with this hate the fascination was no whit lessened.

Indeed, the stronger his hate the more frequent became his countings until at last he realized he could know no peace of mind until the picture was taken from the room.

It seemed the simplest of matters to have a picture removed from the walls of a bedroom, but in Daniel Crosby's case there were complications, and these complications lay in the fact that the only person to whom he could suggest that the picture be taken down was his wife, and between Crosby and his wife there had existed fourteen years of stubborn, unyielding silence.

It had come as the climax of numerous petty differences. They had wrangled long and severely. At the end of it Abby Crosby had burst into a flood of bitter, rebellious tears. "You can rest assured of one thing, Dan Crosby," she had sobbed wretchedly. "I won't never, never open my mouth to you again 's long 's I live!" He had snatched the picture from her. "So be it," he had exclaimed. "I'll suit me perfectly. An' I'll see to it you ain't troubled with any remarks from me."

And from that bitter day, fourteen years before, they had lived together in silence with never so much as a word passing between them. Not even this paralysis which had stricken him in his advancing years could jar the stubborn pride of either of them. He had wondered vaguely that day the neighbors had borne him into the house and laid him on the bed, if perchance in the excitement of the moment she would forget herself and speak to him, and he was rather proud of her self-restraint when she had not.

Silently she prepared his meals and brought them in to him; silently she managed him and used the battery as the doctor had directed. He watched her sorrowfully day by day, all his longing for companionship and sympathy of his helplessness carefully concealed beneath a cold exterior.

"If any one speaks first, I'll be her," he told himself over and over. So day after day she came silently into the room and went silently out Daniel lay feebly fingering the sheets with his left hand, striving to conjure up some scheme which might rid him of the troublesome parasites. Who refused to be counted above the thirty-fourth. At last in desperation he had been counting, counting all day long—he decided to take the matter into his own hands. In the early dawn when he heard Abby go out the back door to shut up the barn and the back-houses for the night he managed, by the use of his sound right arm, to slide himself out of the bed onto the floor. Slowly, painfully he contrived to reach the corner where an old case with a crook handle leaned in the angle of the walls. There, in a comfortable recess he warmed his way along the floor until he was beneath the picture. After several unsuccessful attempts he managed to hook the handle of the case securely under the frame, and throwing his whole weight upon it, he dragged the picture down to the floor.

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He listened for a moment, half expecting to hear his wife's footsteps on the back steps, but no one came. He dragged himself into the kitchen, pushed the picture before him. The cellar door was ajar. Thither he made his painful way and pulled it wide open. The mingled smells of damp earth and the odor of vegetables greeted his nostrils. Without a pause he thrust the picture through the doorway and listened with many delightful chuckles as the children of Israel went bumping down stairs. He heard a door creak, a frame stack fly. That would never do. He pulled himself back to the bedroom to get the case. With the aid of the case he was sure he could reach down and complete the descent.

He had scarcely regained the bedroom when he heard his wife come in. He lay on the floor, spent, and breathing hard. Perhaps she was going out again. He would lay low and wait. He heard her moving briskly about the kitchen for a time; then a door squeaked raucously on its hinges. There was a thump in the house that creaked in that fashion. It was the cellar door. He heard her descending the cellar stairs cautiously, step by step, as if she were going down in the dark. Good Lord! She was going down, and that picture was lying there on the stairs. In the darkness she would never see it. It would send her headlong down more than half the flight.

Well, whatever happened, he wouldn't speak before she spoke to him. He thumped the floor lustily with his fist. Undoubtedly she would come back, thinking he wanted something. He listened breathlessly. Creak, creak! She was still going down. She must be close upon that cursed picture. His fist was clinched, he bit his lips. But he wouldn't speak first, not if she went down a thousand flights of stairs. In an agony of suspense he thumped the floor again, and in his excitement he did not half the flight.

"Father, father," she cried, sinking to her knees beside him, "what has happened?" "I don't care, I'm glad of it," she confessed recklessly. "You spoke to me, father. You called me."

She sat down and lifted his head to her lap, stroking it tenderly as if he had been a child. "How came you to be out here?" she asked.

He smiled up at her sheepishly. "I took a notion to get that picture of the children of Israel 'out of the room," he explained. "It's bothered me a good deal of late, so I wanted it done with the cane 'an' slid it down the cellar stairs. Then you come in 'an' started to go down them stairs, 'an' I hollered to you. I was afraid you'd break your neck over it."

"Ten minutes ago I shouldn't 'a' cared much if I had broke my neck," she said, "but now—"

She drew him to her busily. Something warm and wet splashed on his forehead. Daniel coughed huskily. "I guess you'd better get the children of Israel off the cellar stairs 'an' hang 'em on the south wall again," she said. "Somehow I feel 's if I could stand 'em now."

Following the Flag. When our soldiers went to Cuba and the Philippines, health was the most important consideration. Willis T. Morgan, retired Commissary Sergeant U. S. A., of rural Route 1, Concord, N. H., says: "I was two years in Cuba and two years in the Philippines, and I contracted cholera, I took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which kept me in perfect health. And now, in New Hampshire, I find it the best medicine in the world for coughs, cold, bronchial troubles and all lung diseases. Sold everywhere at Barrington Pharmacy. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free."

The B. Y. P. U. of the Baptist church gave their experience social Monday evening, and quite a nice sum of money was handed to the treasurer. A program was given, and the young folks told their experiences. Ice-cream and cake was served and a pleasant time was enjoyed by all.

Deadly Serpent Bites. are as common in India as are stomach and liver disorders with us. For the latter however there is a sure remedy: Electric Bitters, the great restorative medicine, of which S. A. Brown, of Bennettville, S. C., says: "They restored my health, after years of suffering with dyspepsia and a chronically torpid liver." Electric Bitters cure chills and fever, malaria, biliousness, lame back, kidney troubles and other disorders. Sold on guarantee by Barrington Pharmacy. Price 50c.

Gems of Learning. Ingersoll said: "Wisdom is the science of happiness. Show your wisdom by offering a telephone for your home. It brings happiness, security and comfort. CHICAGO TELEPHONE COMPANY." August L. Scherf Contractor and House Mover REASONABLE RATES ASSURED ALL OFFICES AT RESIDENCE. BARRINGTON, - ILLINOIS

KILLED BY LIGHTNING

Thirteen-year-old Clarence Trimble and Two Horses Killed Wednesday.

Clarence, the 13-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Trimble, living on the old Geo. Comstock farm, two miles south-west of this city, was struck by lightning and killed, as well as both horses he was trying to unharness at the barn-yard door, and within sight of his mother, who was standing within a few yards of where he was killed.

The boy was an unusually bright boy, and had been out in the field working when the storm came up. His mother called to him to come in, and to a reporter later said she had a premonition that some harm would befall her darling boy and called him in. Just as he was taking off the last of the harness of the last horse an unusually loud thunder clap shook the neighborhood and the boy and both horses were killed. The mother claims that as she ran to his assistance he raised up and looked at her, but the supposition is that it was only the relaxing of the muscles.

Interment took place today in Evergreen cemetery, Rev. Haeffel officiating.

SPECIAL ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested that the Village of Barrington having ordered a cement sidewalk be constructed five feet in width on the East side of Grove Avenue in front of lot two (2) and the north eighteen feet of lot one (1) in block thirteen in the Village of Barrington, Cook County, Illinois. The ordinance for the same being on file in the office of the Village Clerk of said Village and the said Village having applied to the County Court of Cook County, Illinois for an assessment of the cost of said improvement, according to the benefits, and an assessment thereof having been made and returned to said court (Docket number 2), the final hearing thereon will be held on the 2nd day of July A. D. 1906, or as soon thereafter as the business of the court will permit. All persons desiring any file objections in said court before said day and may appear on the hearing and make their defense. JOHN H. MAC KAY, Officer appointed by County Court to levy said Assessment. Dated Barrington, June 15, A. D. 1906.

Can your cherries and berries in the Self-Sealing Economy Fruit Jars. For sale by A. W. Meyers.

Corwin Simmons, who has been making his home with Dr. and Mrs. E. L. Simmons of this place, left Wednesday for Ruthland, Iowa, to be gone until September when, with his parents, they go to Seattle, Washington, where they will make their future home.

Send your printing to THE REVIEW, Barrington. Their type is new, their paper is of the best quality, and their prices are very low.

THE BIG PARADE In the morning. Over 100 horsemen, decorated automobiles, floats, horrors, fraternal organizations, etc., etc.

THE BIG PARADE Athletic sports all the afternoon—racing, jumping, tug of war, etc., for which over \$100 in prizes will be given to 1st, 2nd and 3d.

GREAT WATER FIGHT will be another interesting feature of the day

Fireworks And-Band Concert in the evening. Come early and spend the day with us. Plenty of refreshments, good shade and all the fun of the fair on the grounds.

All entries for Athletic Events Close Saturday, June 30. For further particulars, address P. J. Killen, chairman of Sports Committee.

JUST ARRIVED.

Children's Norfolk Suits with two pairs of Pants, Kulckerbocker and Straight. Fine fancy grey Patterns and one of the best bargains we have ever offered at \$2.00. Boys' Separate Coats, fancy grey cassimere, double breasted, just what so many of our customers have been looking for. Exceptional values at \$1.00. Children's fancy grey cassimere, two piece, Double Breasted Suits, an exceptional value at \$2.00. Men's Separate Coats, fancy grey cassimere, double breasted, just what so many of our customers have been looking for. Exceptional values at \$1.00. A fine line of Children's two and three piece Suits in Cassimeres and Worsteds, age 3 to 15. Prices from \$2.00 up. Men's fancy grey worsted suits, single breasted, latest cut finely made throughout, a special value at just \$10.00. Men's fine black clay worsted suits, the standard Washington Mills Clay, one of the best values you could be offered at just \$10.00. Men's fine grey fancy worsted Double Breasted Suits, finely made throughout and a value we can not duplicate again at just \$12.75. The above are only a few of the good values we can show you. Our stock this season is larger than ever and being selected with the long range of exceptional values we can serve you better than ever.

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THE BIG PARADE Athletic sports all the afternoon—racing, jumping, tug of war, etc., for which over \$100 in prizes will be given to 1st, 2nd and 3d.

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