

# BY WIRELESS FROM WINDOM

By Marion H. Kermer

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"It doesn't look so far to land," said Nettie idly.

"That's not relevant," objected Victor Turner. "I ask you if you will do me the honor of marrying me, and you comment on the apparent nearness of the shore?"

"Cannot you see," she cried passionately, "that I do not want to answer that question?"

"I don't see why. If it isn't 'No,' why not say 'Yes'?" he pleaded earnestly. "We've been friends, companions, for a long time, Nettie."

The girl looked at him squarely, then dropped her eyes. "Can't you see that it hurts me to refuse? Perhaps—I'm not sure that it's 'Yes' yet, but 'No' does not seem to fit either."

"We've gone all over this ground before," he said impatiently. "Please, if there's no use here—"

"You must remember, Victor, that all my life I have been very, very happy with father, and it is not easy to give my happiness into the keeping of any one else, even—"

"Even me?" he said resignedly. "All right. I'll wait until you're sure, Nettie. I'll work hard and and forget you just a little bit—for awhile."

"Steady," said the man with eyes full of anxiety. "It's no use, but come how I cannot bring myself to say 'Yes,' I'm glad—yes, really glad—you don't urge me, and perhaps it will work out all right in the end."

"I will, sweetheart," he said tenderly, and he skillfully turned the conversation.

They were visiting Windom light, off the shore from the resort where they were stopping, and Victor had thought this a good opportunity to speak the hope that was in his heart. It was a shock to realize that he must wait longer. He had felt of late that she cared for him.

It was with a heavy heart that he rowed across the three-mile stretch of

two small boats were about down by the hotel, but no signal she could make was effective, and with a sinking heart she prepared to spend the night on the reef.

The growing dusk reminded her of the light and, remaining through the room, she sped up the circular stairway of the tower. The lamps were trimmed and filled, and the keeper had shown her how they were lighted. There was the glow of a match, and the broad beams shot through the dusk.

For awhile she crouched there, hungry, tired and afraid. Then suddenly she came to her, and she sprang to her feet.

On the hotel piazza they were conversing on the oddness of the light. The beam was a fire light, yet it was flickering in the most unexpected fashion. They were still talking about it when Victor, roaming the piazzas in the hope of having his last evening with Nettie, drew near one of the groups.

"Looks like Morse," he said as he watched the flashing light for a moment. "Wonder if the old man is in trouble."

"Can you read it?" asked some one eagerly.

"Sure," he laughed. "That was a 'U,' then a 'Y'."

There was a pause, then he began slowly to spell, "V-I-C"—a stop—"H-E-P."

"That mean you," laughed one of the men.

"It does," he said quietly. "Miss Oswood is in some sort of trouble over there and is calling for help."

Five minutes later he was on the beach, a light in his hand and making burning at his feet. The guests stood about him as the light rose and fell, first on one side and then on the other, until, with a "Thank God, she sees," he flung the spluttering light into the surf and sprang into the waiting boat.

The flickering had stopped now, and the crowd, turning its eyes to follow the progress of the boat, speculated upon the cause of the trouble and wondered how Nettie had thought to use Morse.

To Victor in the boat there was only the thought that the woman he loved had called him, and he was the first to spring ashore and dash up the stairway.

The others had gone no farther than the dead man when he reappeared with the unconscious form in his arms.

"Some of you row us back," he said, "while the rest stay here until relief comes. We will send right back."

And he led the way to the boat.

They were nearly home before Nettie opened her eyes. "You did see?" she whispered. "I know you would. I remembered you once told me that you could run a telegraph office. I studied it, too, just for fun in school, but I saved me from going crazy tonight."

"I wish it could always be near when you call," he whispered, and he had to lean closer to catch the whisper: "You may if you still want to. I'm sure now."

## INTELLIGENT AND LOYAL.

Remarkable Feat Accomplished by Chicago & North-Western Railroad Employees.

The well known writer on railroad subjects, Mr. Frank H. Spearman, in his book "The Strategy of the Great Railroads," describes the surprise of the General manager of one of the eastern trunk lines, on a hunting trip in the North woods, who suddenly found himself on the right way of a splendid, well-built railway line apparently in construction and equipping, and similar to the New York Central or Pennsylvania, along which hundreds of tons of heavy machinery, iron ore, splendid passenger equipment and general freight service of "express" perfections.

This was the Peninsula Division of the Chicago & North-Western Railway, which covers the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, including the hardwood district and Lake Superior iron and copper regions, with a surprising effort of miles of lines that connect the mines and forests with important lake ports, and with through rail service to and from the outer world.

Along this line are operating line a splendid exhibition of the loyalty, intelligence and general good team work that can be expected of the average railroad man and the efficiency of the rules laid down for his guidance in an emergency, was given in a few days, which is a well worth repetition in these columns.

It was all occasioned by a very heavy snow storm which fell in Upper Peninsula a few days ago, which threw down practically every telegraph line in the region in a few hours, and left the 400 miles of the division absolutely without telegraphic service for no less than forty-eight hours.

The ore movement has been especially heavy this year, more Lake Superior ore being transported on the Great Lakes than ever before in the history of the iron industry, and in this emergency every mine would have to shut down on account of the shortage of railway cars to move the produce unless the road was kept open in spite of the storm.

There was nothing that could be done by the Chief Train Dispatcher; both he and the Division Superintendent were temporarily out of the game. It was these emergencies, where the "man behind the gun" must make good, or the case was a hopeless one, and a man of the type of splendid blue loyal style, with that aggressive initiative that makes the average railroad man typical of the qualities we admire in our American troops.

There was no way in which to get orders for train movements, no means by which division headquarters could be kept advised of where their trains

were, and to the onlooker, no means existed by which the train crew could keep track of the whereabouts of trains in the opposite direction. It was an emergency of the gravest character, and was met with a splendid exhibition of good judgment and intelligent grasp of the science of railroad operation that is perhaps without an equal.

They managed, on a single track line, without telegraph lines, for two whole days and nights, to keep every iron and copper mine in the district supplied with coal, and moved all trains practically on time.

4,911 cars were moved over the division Friday and Saturday, October 20 and 21, and one hundred and twenty-five freight trains and no less than thirty-four passenger trains were taken care of upon the division, all handled on time on a single track, without accident, mishap or delay and without the help of a train dispatcher.

Can anyone beat that record of loyalty to employers, hard work and intelligent grasp of conditions? Any man who has ever handled the train movement of a busy railway division will appreciate very much the involvement in the work these trainmen did, hurrying to and for ever alert covered cars, keeping cool, and ready to meet every emergency by application of the operating rules provided for their guidance.

"I Thank the Lord!" cried Hannah Plant, of Little Rock, Ark., of the relief I got from Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It cured my fearful running sores, which nothing else would heal, and from which I had suffered for 6 years. It is a sure relief healer for cuts, burns and wounds. Guaranteed at Barrington Pharmacy; 25c.

## Industrial Opportunities.

A new and profitable industrial information program, industrial outings along the Chicago & North-Western Railway, with particular as to factory buildings and desirable sites available for immediate use and other information of much value to manufacturers seeking new locations. There are hundreds of splendid openings for manufacturers, jobbers and retail dealers in territory reached by the North-Western Lines. The folder contains a full description of several important extensions of The North-Western Line that open some of the best territory in the West. Free on application to agents North Western Line.

One should never take a serious step while measuring life by standards set up in the darkness of an unhappy mood. The estimate one makes at such a time of the world and of the people in it is false.

## Volcanoes and Earthquakes.

A remarkable example of the close connection of volcanoes and earthquakes was observed by the early Spanish settlers in San Salvador. When the water in the crater lake of Ilopango rose above a certain level, earthquake shocks always followed, so they came to depend on the escape of the water and prevent its rising in the crater, and for a hundred years there was no earthquake in that district. Then the precipitation was neglected, the water rose in the crater and presently a violent earthquake shook the country. At the same time the lake was blown out by a volcanic eruption.

## The International Live Stock Exposition to be held in Chicago Dec. 2 to 9.

The International Live Stock Exposition is an index of the progress of animal breeding in this country. Here are annually exhibited the best products of the mind and genius of the American breeder, concepts which have been developing during 20, and in some cases even 30 or 40 years. What a privilege it is to come in contact with these men; what an inspiration to study the results of their consistent and united effort. It is no wonder that students of the agricultural colleges far and near, with their instructors, flock to Chicago during the live stock exposition. Where else could they hope to find a school exemplifying as this does all the details of animal breeding and nutrition. Yes, the International Live Stock Exposition is indeed a great school. Think of what it means to the hundreds of thousands of farmers who annually visit it and see what their brother farmers and stockmen have actually accomplished. Many a man has gotten his first true conception of what animal breeding and production means through a visit to the Exposition. It has thus become a great vitalizing and inspiring force to the live stock men of the whole country.

Low rates via The North-Western from all points will be announced later.

## CHANCERY NOTICE.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF LAKE, ss. Circuit Court of Lake County, December Term, A. D. 1916.

Anna Baecher, vs. Fred H. Fry, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Johannna Reese, Deceased, Ida E. Kutz, Carl Kutz, Adolph Kutz, Paul Kutz, Alvin Kutz, Rosa M. Kutz, and Edna Baecher.

Notice is hereby given to the said Ida E. Kutz, Carl Kutz, Adolph Kutz, Paul Kutz, Alvin Kutz, and Rosa M. Kutz, that the above named complainant heretofore filed her bill of complaint in said court, on the Chancery side of the Court, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Lake County, to be held at the Court House in Waukegan, in said Lake County, on the first Monday of December, 1916, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

LEWIS O. BUCKWAY, Clerk.

ERNEST F. RUMYANG, Complainant's Solicitor.

## CHANCERY NOTICE.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF LAKE, ss. Circuit Court of Lake County, December Term, A. D. 1916.

Ellen Finnegan, vs. Kate C. Reardon, John Reardon, Ellen Finnegan, Trustee, Michael Reynolds, Abby Reynolds, Michael Reynolds, his wife, George W. Green and Jane W. Green, his wife, Michael McGroder, alias Michael Matgroder, alias Michael Götter, alias Michael Magrotter, J. Row Bullock, Trustee, Michael Bullock, and the unknown owners or holders of a certain note for \$113.54, dated April 23rd, 1857, the one year after date, secured by trust deed of same date, recorded April 23rd, 1857, in Book J. of Mortgages, page 526.

When the water in the crater lake of Ilopango rose above a certain level, earthquake shocks always followed, so they came to depend on the escape of the water and prevent its rising in the crater, and for a hundred years there was no earthquake in that district. Then the precipitation was neglected, the water rose in the crater and presently a violent earthquake shook the country. At the same time the lake was blown out by a volcanic eruption.

Notice is hereby given to the said Michael Reynolds, Abby Reynolds, Ann Green, his wife, Michael McGroder, alias Michael Matgroder, alias Michael Magrotter, J. Row Bullock, Trustee, John M. Bullock, and the unknown owners or holders of a certain note dated February 24th, 1858, in Book Q of Mortgages, page 628, John Tuill, alias John Tuole, alias Johann Tuill, alias John Tuia, and Margaret Tuill, his wife, their unknown heirs, administrators and assigns.

Notice is hereby given to the said Anna Baecher, due one year after date with 10 per cent use secured by trust deed of same date, recorded April 23rd, 1857, in Book J. of Mortgages, page 526, in the Recorder's office of Lake County, George Ela, Trustee, and the unknown owners or holders of a certain note dated February 24th, 1858, in Book Q of Mortgages, page 628, John Tuill, alias John Tuole, alias Johann Tuill, alias John Tuia, and Margaret Tuill, his wife, their unknown heirs, administrators and assigns.

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A LIGHT IN ONE HAND AND ANOTHER BURNING AT HIS FEET.

inlet. He had hoped that they would come back engaged. Instead, she sat in the stern, listless and downcast, while he put all of his strength into his rowing in the vain hope of wearing down the dull ache at his heart.

He tried not to show his disappointment when they met in the evening, but something had come between them, and, try as they would, neither could re-establish the friendship on the old familiar footing. Victor had made his cast and lost.

At the end of the second day the situation had become so unpleasant that Nettie was talking of cutting short her stay and finishing the summer at the mountains. Victor knew her fondness for the shore, and before she fully determined upon the step he announced that he was unexpectedly called back to town the following day.

It was with mingled relief and dismay that Nettie heard the announcement, and, with a desire to be alone, she went down to the beach and put out in the little skiff she handled as expertly as any of the fishermen.

Almost before she knew it she was under the shadow of Windsor light, and a sudden impulse led her to stop at the little landing and visit again the familiar spot.

Oddly enough, the keeper did not come to greet her, and she made her way cautiously to the open door. The little dog which kept the solitary man company ran whining to meet her, and she followed him into the combined kitchen and living room.

There in his comfortable chair sat the keeper, apparently asleep, but he did not awake even when she dog barked, and with a chill at her heart Nettie went forward.

Before she reached him she knew that his body rigidly was ended and that death had setled him away. She made sure that he was dead, then turned and sped toward the dock to summon assistance.

With a cry, she saw her skiff floating on the waters beyond the inlet, carried out by the ebbing tide, and realized that she was alone on the reef with a dead man.

The dusk was falling, and she sat on the steps, not daring to enter, and vainly scanned the inlet for the sight of a boat.

There was not a sail in sight. One or