

THE REVIEW

Entered as Second-Class Matter.

M. T. LAMET, Editor and Publisher.

Friday, May 4, 1906

WAUCONDA MENTION.

Spring housecleaning.
 Dr. C. H. Wilkinson of Chicago was the guest of Dr. M. E. Fuller Tuesday.
 Dr. J. W. Wilson of Palatine was a business caller Saturday.
 Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Cross are visiting with relatives and friends here this week.
 H. Maiman transacted business in the City Tuesday.
 Mrs. J. Bennett and son Robert, of Barrington, visited with friends here last Saturday.
 Joe Reynolds of Irving Park called on friends here the first of the week.
 Mrs. Jas. Murray, Jr., and Miss Agnes Murray were Chicago visitors last Friday.
 Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Wicke of Des Plaines were guests of H. Maiman and family last Friday and Saturday.
 J. E. Duers of Nunda spent Sunday at his home here.
 H. T. Fuller and Alvin Kimball were Chicago passengers last Friday.
 Miss Lucy Sowles is numbered with the sick this week.
 Mrs. Frank Garland of Waukegan visited with relatives and friends here Saturday.
 Miss Nettie Murray of Chicago is spending a week's vacation at her home here.
 Mrs. Stadfeld of Volo visited with her daughter, Mrs. F. Effinger, Monday.
 Mrs. B. R. Kimberly was a Chicago visitor Monday.
 As these items are written we learn

Miss Adelaide, the only sister of Joseph and Edward Heckinger, has died at her home in Chicago. Both young men have many friends in this vicinity, with whom we join in extending their deepest sympathy.

Miss Orpha Darrell of Nunda visited at her home here the first of the week.

A. P. Smith of Elgin was a business caller the first of the week.

F. L. Carr was on the streets of Chicago Monday.

Roy Simpson of Waukegan spent Sunday with friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Stevens and family have returned to Waukegan from Kewanee, Ill. Mr. Stevens having resumed work at his former position.

Miss Eloise Jenks has opened her soda fountain for the summer season.
 Jessie Drury of Libertyville is caring for Mrs. A. F. Gilbert this week.

The two-mail system was resumed here Tuesday, May 1st. Last year's schedule remains the same, viz.: Leave Wauconda 6:45 a. m. and 3:00 p. m., returning at 12:30 and 6:00 p. m., respectively.
 Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Jenks were most pleasantly surprised by about 50 of their friends Monday evening, who came to remind them of their fifteenth wedding anniversary. Progressive ecchre was the order of the evening, and kept the guests busy until after the midnight hour, when all departed expressing the hope that they might be present at the celebration of Mr. and Mrs. Jenks' silver and golden wedding anniversaries.

FRATERNAL SOCIETIES.

LORENSON LODGE, No. 381, A. F. & A. M., gave second and fourth Saturday evenings at Masonic hall.
 BARRINGTON LODGE, No. 886, I. O. O. F., made every Thursday evening at Masonic hall.
 AETHEAN LEAF LODGE, No. 698, DARBYSTON OF Kewanee, Ill., made second and fourth Friday evenings of each month in Odd Fellows hall.
 BARRINGTON CAMP, No. 808, M. W. A., made first and third Tuesday evenings at Masonic hall.

ABOVE THE FORD

By Nora Bryant

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Ludlow sat on the river bank, with the dog's head on his knee. He was very tired and very much exasperated. He had left the survey camp immediately on receiving Gretchen's letter, telling of her arrival at the De la Rio ranch and had thought to cover the hundred miles between camp and ranch easily, but Indian river had risen inexplicably and Kywak refused to swim the ford, so now, within five miles of the ranch, it looked as if he would miss seeing Gretchen after all, for she did not expect him and her visit was but a three days' affair.

Therefore Ludlow sat behind a huge rock, which sheltered him somewhat from the raw wind, and while getting his breath alternately patted the head of the panting dog and shook his fist at the distant figure of a horse calmly grazing on buffalo grass.

LUDLOW GAVE A GREAT SPRING AND CAUGHT THE DOG'S COLLAR.

"Hang it!" repeated Ludlow. "Hang it! I thought Kywak had got over her foolishness about fording. Was I

asleep or crazy that I let her jerk the bridle from my hand when I led her down to drink?"
 The dog looked up sympathetically. The ninety-five miles of racing after Kywak had been nothing to his long boardwalk legs, but this wild herding of a single clever Indian pony for three hours had been a little strenuous. He had done his best for his master, but when he was not allowed to catch flank or throat in powerful jaws how was he to hold a horse? Bismarck was a bounder, not a collie.

Ludlow glowered at the cheerless beaks of rocks that guarded either bank of the river.
 "It is cold enough," he said, "for the river to freeze. Just my luck to have it twice as deep as usual! Well, Bismarck, old boy, I see nothing for it but for you and me to leave Kywak to and swim the river."
 And I'll be a fine sight to Gretchen after two years! Oh, well, who knows whether she'll care or not?"

Ludlow rose and began to tramp up the river. "It is a bad idea to move away from the ford," he thought, "but I'll go up a way and see if the river isn't narrower. It's too deep now to strike quicksand."
 He picked his way carefully over the rocks. Indian river was always cold and always swift, but doubly so today, after the early winter rains. The day was bleak, with a half promise of snow in the air. The plains on the far side of the river were as dim and hopeless as the sky. As he paused at a point where there seemed promise of a shelving bank on either side the Ludlow slipped and half turned back toward the implacable Kywak.

"What's the use?" he murmured. "Gretchen half refused me once. She will probably wholly refuse me this time."

He stood in silence with one hand on Bismarck's head. Then he straightened himself with a jerk.
 "No, old chap, he exclaimed. "We'll see her again or drown in the attempt. Now, then, I've no way to get my clothes across except to swim in them. The net up in the stowage Family Robinson stink of carrying them across on my head. I'll leave my overcoat with Kywak. Come on, old faithful!"

He removed his shoes and tied them about his neck by the laces and waded down the bank into the rushing water, then stood still, with the water swirling about his knees. The current was much swifter than he had imagined it would be. However, the river was narrow at this point, so he took a resolute step forward and plunged in above his depth.

After the first shock the cold was not so bad. But the current! The downward swirling movement of the water was almost as powerful as quicksand. The pointed rock Ludlow had chosen for a swimming mark was a dozen rods upstream before he had swam as many strokes. Bismarck was swimming beside him, puffing and blowing like an infant thrashing machine. For a moment Ludlow thought of catching the dog's collar, but decided that they both might go down, though Bismarck could have pulled him across easily in quiet water.

The bitter cold of the water began to strike him but Ludlow swam on with quick, strong strokes. Gradually it seemed to him that he was fighting a losing game. The swimming mark was hidden behind a curve in the river.

while Bismarck had pulled quickly away from the mark was now only a short distance from the shore.

Finally, after what seemed hours of swimming, he found himself a rod from the shore. There Bismarck barked at him excitedly. But, to his chagrin, though he dropped his feet several times, he could not touch bottom even at three feet from the bank. And the bank! Up and down the river, as far as he could see, it rose sheer and blank as a tiny canyon, with not a blade of grass nor a crumb of earth or foot of soil. How Bismarck had made the leap he could not fit him.

He turned on his back, hoping that the current would hold him against the wall while he flit for a hand hold. But his fingers only slipped over the rough sandstone, and the river carried him rapidly downstream, and Bismarck followed, barking and whining. The weight of his clothes and the cold were by this time rendering him almost helpless.

Ludlow tumbled on his face and again let his feet drop. To his joy, they found a resting place, and he stood with his hands up, waiting for water to rise, panting and fighting off the numbing cold, then again passed his hands up and down the face of the rock for a grip. The surface was hopelessly smooth. The top of the bank was too far above the highest reach of his hands, even with jumping, to grasp. He tried cautiously to walk along the bank, but found that his foothold was a mere outcrop of rock not more than a foot in diameter.

He dropped his bruised, bleeding hands in despair. Bismarck pushed his great head over the edge and whined pitiously, with an eager light in his brown eyes that seemed to say: "Can't you understand? Can't you?"

Ludlow gave a great spring and caught the dog's collar with his right hand. Instantly Bismarck braced his mighty shoulders and pulled back. Inch by inch the man was pulled from the water until he grasped the top of the bank. As he let the dog's collar go Bismarck, frantic with excitement, caught the shoulder of Ludlow's coat in his teeth and with a little growl and whimperings as Ludlow scrambled and pushed, pulled him fairly on to the bank.

There Ludlow lay panting, too weak to pat the dog, who licked his hands and face, wild with joy.
 Late that evening the group around the fireplace in the living room of the De la Rio ranch were talking of the dog, who followed by the quick, deep bark of a dog. As Jack opened the door, Ludlow staggered in, white faced, hatless, his frozen garments crackling as he moved.

The sudden warmth and light dazed him, and he leaned weakly against the wall, the great dog crouching beside him. The group around the fireplace was speechless with amazement at the familiar figure of Ludlow in his strange plight.

The Gretchen, who had gone white as her dainty gown, uttered a little plying cry and, giving no heed to spectators, ran across the room.

"Fritz! Ludlow!" she cried. "Fritz, what has happened to the matter?" She threw her arms protectively around his shivering body.

A smile of great sweetness and content came to Ludlow's drawn face. "Nothing is the matter now," he said, and Bismarck pawed his knee, with a jealous whine.

Postmaster robbed.
 G. W. Fouts, Postmaster at River-ton, Ia., nearly lost his life and was robbed of all contents, according to his letter, which says: "For 20 years I had chronic liver complaint, which led to such a severe case of jaundice that even my finger nails turned yellow; when my doctor prescribed Electric Bitters, which cured me and have kept me well for eleven years. Sure cure for biliousness, neuralgia, weakness and all stomach, liver, kidney and bladder derangements. A wonderful tonic. At Barrington Pharmacy, 50 cents."

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