

# When the Power Stopped

By Nettie Dixon

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Edna came out of the woods, her arms filled with flowers. It had been her first visit that spring, and as she made her way to the road and stationed herself beside the trolley tracks she thought of the difference last year, when they had to drive out from town and the only sign of the trolley was a group of men with funny looking instruments working along the road.

It was delightful to feel that those long yellow cars brought town and country into such close union, and she peered down the track for the first sign of the approaching car.

She had understood that they ran every ten minutes, but after awhile she grew tired and sat on a rock by the roadway. It must be the very rock, she reflected, on which she and Jack had sat while they were waiting for the wagon to come along.

That had been a year ago. Things had changed since then. There had been a little misunderstanding, and Jack had left town for the west—to forget.

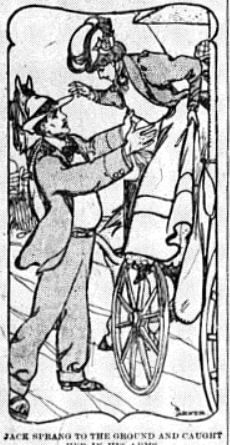
Perhaps—if he were here—she might—well, somehow the arbutus and the woods seemed to put things in a different light. She had been a little mean to Jack Masters. It was the first time she had admitted it, even to herself. If only Jack knew!

So engrossed did she become with her thoughts that it was fully half an hour before she realized that in all that time not a single car had passed in either direction. She glanced impatiently up the track. It was not pleasant to be alone on a country road with the ghost of the dead past. All the wishing in the world would not bring Jack back.

A lumbering wagon creaked along, and the driver reined his horses in before her.

"Waiting for the trolley?" he shouted. Edna nodded.

"Likely to have a long wait," he chuckled. "The power house is turning down like. Guess they'll be running again in about six weeks. G'lang!"



JACK SPRANG TO THE GROUND AND CAUGHT HER IN HIS ARMS.

And the tired horses resumed their jog with the driver still chuckling over the joke.

For a moment Edna's heart sank. It was getting well along in the afternoon. She had had a long day in the woods, and now she had to face a ten mile walk to town, unless some one came along who would give her a lift. In spite of the memories that clustered about the spot she decided that she would remain and wait for something to turn up.

Presently a grocery cart came rattling along, and Edna hailed the driver. He refused her proffer of money and sprang down to help her to the seat. The sprig of arbutus she pinned in his buttonhole was a greater reward than any fee she could give, and he was sorry when a mile beyond a second wayfarer hailed him, asking for a ride.

As the man turned at the sound of the wheels Edna gasped. She had supposed Jack Masters to be out west somewhere, yet here he was on his double standing in the muddy road.

"Do you mind?" he asked the boy apologetically as he heard the antiquated request. "There's room on the seat for three."

"Not at all," said Edna, wondering if her cheeks were as red as they felt. The next moment Masters sprang to the seat.

For the first time she seemed to realize who the second occupant of the wagon was. "Edna," he cried, "what are you doing here?"

"I have been out after wild flowers," she explained. "The day was so tempting I could not stand the city road."

"Did you go to the old place?" he asked quietly.

"The arbutus is thickest there," she said. "I guess it was about the old hill."

"I was out there three days before yesterday," he said. "Somehow I felt that I would like to go back to the old place. You remember that that was where—where?"

"It is not necessary to be more spe-

cially to Edna severely. "It is not nice to rake up unpleasant memories."

The next moment she was penitent and looked to tell him how sorry she was for all that had occurred, but Jack was looking out over the fields now, and he did not catch the glint of tears in her eyes.

He was thinking of the promise she had made him when they were gathering the arbutus together and how they had agreed to gather the arbutus the next spring as husband and wife.

Somehow it had brought him back from the cactus and sagebrush of the western plains. He had felt that he must come back—that perhaps in the spring she would be seeing things with clearer vision. He had hoped against hope on his long journey across the continent, and now, at this unexpected meeting, she had snubbed him.

It was several minutes before he could command himself, but when he turned to her again it was with an impassive face and some comment upon the destruction of the power house.

Edna felt hurt. Why should she care when he seemed to feel so little regret? Her penitence vanished, and instead she turned to him with a desire to see the destruction of the power house.

For a moment he seemed hurt at her flippancy; then he rallied and met her mood. Beneath his stales there lay a broad heart, but he did not show his hurt, and the difference seemed to go to further flights until she was almost insolent.

He bore with her patiently, but when she said that she would like to see the ruins and announced that he had to turn off to his store Jack sprang to the ground and caught her in his arms as she sought to jump to the ground without his assistance. At that moment they shared the fragrance of the arbutus that was crushed between them; then he released her with a sigh and fell into his seat.

"I do not need your escort," she protested when it became apparent that he intended to walk with her.

"You have to pass through a rather hot quarter of the town before you reach your home," he said quietly. "I am sorry to have to force my company on you, but I intend to see you safely home."

Edna thrilled at the quiet authority of the tone. She had been rather dispirited at the quiet way in which he had taken her railtily. This was wrong like. Guess they'll be running again in about six weeks. G'lang!"

"I suppose you have come back home because you were a failure out west?" she said sharply. "Please don't say when you want that you would never make a success on a ranch."

"On the contrary, I have been remarkably successful," he said quietly. They passed under the street lamp, and she glanced at his well worn clothes.

"I am wearing an old suit for a reason," he said. "Don't judge by that. Shall I tell you why I wear it?"

"I suppose I cannot help myself," she mocked.

"Because I read the message of spring," he said. "I saw the dusty carters spoke of the pink arbutus and made me think of you; because I hoped that the season might bring memories to you and make you more kind."

"I went out to the woods the day I arrived and to the place where we plighted our troth. I was hoping, perhaps, you might come. It was the anniversary. It was there again yesterday and today. I am wearing an old suit because it is the suit I wore then."

"I remember it," she cried penitently, "but I did not know that was the reason why."

"We are at your gate," he said, with a sudden change of tone. "Pardon my heroics." He lifted his hat and turned away. She waited a moment, then called softly to him. He turned back, looking into her face inquiringly.

"I'm glad the trolley house burned down," she said softly. "We could go out tomorrow in a buggy if you care to. Perhaps it might happen."

"Lightning never strikes twice in the same place," he announced promptly. "It has happened already."

"I shall always love arbutus," she said.

"And me?" he demanded.

"And—you," she said.

Greater Canada.

Canada goes a long way from home in her effort to annex something when she picks out the island of Jamaica to enlarge her area. But the island is fruitful, and if the Dominion gets it it will be an acquisition worth while. Jamaica joins to Canada would take on new political importance since she would have representation in parliament, like other Canadian provinces.

Canada's move for expansion in the direction of the Caribbean sea may end in failure, for the planters of the island have yet to declare their wish for a change of allegiance. Jamaica is a colony of planters, and a change of status might result in charge of commercial duties that would hurt business. But the proposal to expand Canada is a hint to those who talk of our annexing the Dominion. She is just now annexing things herself.

Now that lumber forests are disappearing rapidly, with little prospect of replacing them in extent large enough to supply the ever increasing demand, and that one of the earliest and most valuable wood preservatives invented in Germany is important. The method is to treat wood to a sulphur bath, which kills the pores and covers the surface with a hard substance that gives an armor against wear and weather.

That tallest man in the world—nine feet two and a half inches—was recently came to these shores with swell up an inch or two from sheer pride in his long distance superiority until he met one of these men on earth, the lady whose nine feet seven inches will enable her to just look down on him.

A state agricultural department recently had a merchant fined \$50 for selling adulterated strap, evidence that state authorities are able to do the pure food spotting if they have a gland to.

Wm. P. Blue of Chicago was in the city Tuesday.

Reuben Plagge and Miss Amy Olcott visited at Wheeling Thursday.

Prouty & Jenks sold a gasoline engine to Edmonds & Jones this week.

W. A. Abbott has so far recovered that he resumed his duties in Chicago Monday.

For Rent—Rooms in the Lamey Block. Call or address Miss Margaret Lamey.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Martens spent a few days visiting relatives in Chicago.

Mrs. Wm. Peters and son Roger are visiting at the home of A. Boehmer.

Miss Nettie Doents of Pon du Lac, Wis., is visiting with Miss Ella Dix.

Miss Clara Reetske of Chicago is visiting with her sister, Mrs. H. G. Miller.

Miss Laura French is visiting with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Johnson.

Mrs. Geo. Foreman returned home Sunday, after a few days spent with Chicago friends.

Building Inspector Geo. Williams of Chicago, was here Saturday in the interest of his farm.

Mrs. Conrad Groll and relatives left Thursday for a visit with children at Geneseo, Wis.

Don't forget the ice cream social given by the ladies of the Relief Corps on Mrs. Sizer's lawn Wednesday evening, Aug. 8th.

Mrs. R. Crabtree, after visiting her brother, Geo. Comstock for several months, returned to her home in Irving Park.

Edward Martin, after enjoying a week's vacation, returned to his duties with the Chicago Telephone Company Monday.

Miss Marion Taylor of Palatine spent a few days with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Johnson.

Mrs. J. W. Bennett entertained her aunt, Mrs. E. B. Drom, and cousin Miss Beulah Drom, the first part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hipwell and children of Maywood visited at the home of the latter's parents, Dr. and Mrs. E. W. Ojost, over Sunday.

Deputy Coroner Reynolds held an inquest on the remains of Fred Bowman Thursday. The verdict was to the effect that the deceased came to his death by shock and injury received in a runaway caused by a motor cycle.

For Rent—House with large garden, pasture for cow, plenty of stable room, and an ideal place to raise chickens. For particulars inquire of A. W. LAWRENCE, Barrington, Ill.

A grand dance will be given at the Spring Lake hall Saturday evening, Aug. 4th. W. K. Lawrence is the proprietor, and music will be furnished by Tuppie and Tris.

Don't forget to attend the dance at Wm. Bicknell's pavilion at Lake Zurich tomorrow (Saturday) evening. A most enjoyable time is in store for all who may attend. The famous Joliet Orchestra will furnish music.

The Modern Woodmen of Chicago are planning to initiate a class of 2,500 this fall. Last year they planned to initiate 1,000 and instead had 2,000, and it is hoped that the 1906 class will number from 4,000 to 5,000.

Services at the Baptist church—Prayer-meeting Saturday at 7:30 p. m., preaching Sunday 10:30 a. m., "Oh that I knew where I might find Him!" 7:30 p. m. "The greatest thing in the world," Sunday school at 12 m. R. V. P. I. at 4:30.

V. V. and T. T. Phelps, Pastors.

Prof. Steckman made Barrington friends a short call here this week. The Professor is kept very busy, and while a number of Barringtonians tried to persuade him to organize another class here his engagements would not permit him to make a promise. His work here has resulted in good fruit, as is evidenced by the lecturer singing in all our churches.

The lawn social given at the home of the Stone Monday evening under the auspices of the young people of the Baptist church was a decided success. The lawn was illuminated by a pretty display of Japanese lanterns, and the tables were elaborately decorated with sweet flowers. Handsome waitresses served ice cream and cake, and the Barrington Cornet Band furnished music. It was a financial as well as a social success, and the Baptist young people proved admirable hosts.

Fred Hoffman, one of the editors and proprietors of the Spring Valley Gazette, and formerly with the Review, was in the city Monday to shake hands with old friends. Fred is making a big success of his enterprise, he having just purchased a linotype setting machine and apparatus at cost of \$3,900, and intends to enlarge to 12 pages weekly. This improvement is necessitated by the liberality of the

advertisers of his section. He is in a live town, and he is giving them a live paper, one which merits the patronage of the citizens of Spring Valley and vicinity.

**In Self Defence**

Major Hamm, editor and manager of the Constitutional, Eminence, Ky., when he was fiercely attacked, four years ago, by Billy, bought a box of Buckler's America Pills, of which he says: "It cured me in ten days and no trouble since." Quickest healer of sores, ulcers, cuts and boils. 25c at Barrington Pharmacy.

**To the Republicans of the Eighth Senatorial District.**

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election to the General Assembly, subject to the action of the Senatorial Convention of this District.

Inasmuch as it was the intention of the Legislature that each voter should vote for one candidate for Representative, so that in Districts like the Eighth, each County should have a division in the General Assembly, Lake County at present having the Senator.

I therefore ask the votes of the Republicans of Lake and Boone Counties at the primaries to be held August 4, 1906, and request that those who wish to vote for me mark a cross in the square opposite my name on the official ballot.

Respectfully,  
Frank R. Covey.

Belvedere, Ill.

**Notice to Tax Payers.**

Public notice is hereby given that the Lake County Board of Review is now in session in the Supervisor's Room in the Court House at Waukegan, Illinois.

Complaints will be received for a revision of assessment until August 10th, 1906.

All those having complaints to make will file same before above date, after which none will be considered.

W. F. WEIS, Clerk.

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