

DWIGHT NOTES

Wm. Bush was in Streator Wednesday.

Herman Deutsch was in Kankakee Tuesday.

Mrs. C. H. Thompson and daughter were Chicago passengers Monday.

H. W. Benson sold 480 acres in Iowa through Frank L. Smith agency.

John P. McWilliams made a trip to Nashville, Ill., the first of the week.

Mrs. Austin Gibbons went to Kankakee Wednesday to visit relatives.

Mrs. Lilla Reed left Thursday for St. Louis, where she will visit relatives for a week.

Miss Sadie Gibbons went to Pontiac Friday afternoon to visit relatives for a few days.

There was not a very large attendance at the band concert Thursday evening on account of it raining early in the evening.

We have cut our hammock prices 20 per cent, this is your opportunity to purchase a good hammock cheap. C. M. Baker & Son.

Mrs. R. H. Mills went to Chenoa Friday to attend a committee meeting of the W. F. M. S. and plan program for District meeting in October.

To Automobile Owners: Our New Patent Holder and especially designed extinguisher furnishes the cheapest and best fire protection to your car. For full particulars, address Interstate Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich. 22-11W

Public Hearing on New Proposed Pavement.

Tuesday at the Town House the public hearings on the new proposed pavements on North street from Franklin to Prairie avenue, East Chippewa street from Franklin to the corporation line, West Chippewa street from the present pavement at Washington street to Lincoln street, East Delaware street from Franklin to Chicago street and Seminole street from Prairie avenue to Clinton and Clinton from Seminole to Mazon avenue, were held by the Board of Local Improvements according to notices previously sent out to the property holders. The Board heard suggestions and requests for changes in the kind and width of the proposed improvements. On East Chippewa, North and East Delaware streets the only changes made were the substitution of concrete curb and gutter for sandstone which had been specified by the Board and also an asphalt filler for that of sand as specified. On Seminole street over one-half of the frontage presented a communication to the Board asking the abandonment of the improvement of the reasons as set forth being that these property owners did not want the pavement at this time. The Board after taking a recess for a few hours and giving the matter full consideration decided to go on with the improvement, the vote of the Board of the proposition standing Kern and Klitz for and Kelagher against proceeding with the improvement. On West Chippewa street quite a number of the property owners were present and while no objections were made to the proposed pavement still there was quite a difference of opinion among the property owners as to the width that the pavement should be and as to the filler that should be used. The majority of those present and represented favored the twenty-one foot street as specified by the Board but the minority in frontage made a vigorous fight for the twenty-four foot street and asphalt filler, the same as the pavement just completed on Chippewa street. After a recess and consideration the Board decided to make the improvement twenty-one feet in width and to use the asphalt filler.

Ordinances were drafted by the village attorney and presented to the Board and these ordinances together with a recommendation of the Board of Local Improvements that the improvements be made as provided for in said ordinances, were presented to the Board of Trustees and the ordinances were all passed. Proceedings in court for the levying of the assessment and confirmation by the court will be started at once.

Dreadful.

Pessimists are looking forward to the time when there will be none but pay-as-you-enter boarding houses in this county.

Mr. J. W. Koehler, purchasing agent and shipper of The Leslie E. Keeley Co., is to take his family to California for a vacation; stops will be made at various points on the Canadian Pacific going out and at other points on another line on the return trip; most of the time will be spent in visiting his son, Mr. Walter Koehler, who has a ranch in the Sacramento River Valley, California. There is no doubt but that they will have a very enjoyable trip and visit.—Banner of Gold.

MOTOR TRUCK STRUCK BY ALTON LIMITED.

Peter Jensen and Thomas Amos Have Narrow Escape from Death.

Peter Jensen and Thomas Amos narrowly escaped death last Friday afternoon when the Alton Limited due here at 2:50 p. m. struck and almost totally demolished the former's motor truck at the Chicago & Alton crossing on South street. The cause of the accident was due to the fact that the side track which was lined with cars at the time obstructed the view of the fast approaching train.

Peter Jensen and Thomas Amos were on the truck going after a load in the west end of town and on account of the roads being torn up for pavement on Chippewa street, they journeyed to this crossing which was the nearest. Just as they approached the crossing, Mr. Amos, who was standing upon the truck, noticed the crowd at the depot and upon looking up saw the smoke stack of the coming train over the top of the cars, which were on the side track, and at once jumped and yelled to Mr. Jensen to do the same. Mr. Jensen, who was driving the car, at once left the steering wheel and fell backward rolling over the platform of the truck, but before he could get off the train hit him and he was thrown a short distance, fortunately escaping with only a few slight bruises. The truck was hit about in the center and the rear part was smashed all to pieces, leaving it a total wreck.

This crossing is one of the worst in town and no matter how careful a person may be he is in danger in crossing here, as there is always a line of cars to obstruct the view of the passing trains. The village officers should look into this matter and have gates or a flagman placed at the crossing as other towns do for the protection of the people.

REUNION OF 129TH REGIMENT.

Committees Selected to Have Matters in Charge for Coming Meeting.

The following was clipped from the Pontiac Leader and relates to a meeting of the 129th Regiment Illinois Volunteer Infantry Association, which was held in Pontiac Tuesday afternoon to appoint committees to look after the annual reunion which was decided to be held in this city September 10, 1912:

"Members of the One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Regiment Illinois Volunteer Infantry Association met Tuesday afternoon here for the purpose of appointing the various committees and fixing the date and place for the annual reunion to be held this fall.

Frank Smith, of this city, was elected secretary of the meeting and he has given out the following as the action of the meeting:

Committee to Draft Suitable Invitation to Send to All Members and Soldiers—Hugh Thompson, J. B. Parsons and Frank Smith.

Finance Committee—Major C. J. Judd, William Thompson, Dwight, and John W. Hoover.

General Arrangements—C. J. Judd, J. B. Parsons, William Thompson.

Badges—Hugh Thompson and John W. Hoover.

Reception Committee—C. J. Judd, W. E. Thompson, Jack Graham, Martin Seabert, William Brown, Frank Davis, A. O. Walso, Eber Shrimpton, Spencer Eldridge, E. O. Welch and Charles Foersterling.

Transportation, Special Car and Rates—Hugh Thompson, A. P. Pemberton.

The date of the holding of the reunion was fixed for Tuesday, September 10, 1912, and the place as Dwight. A resolution was adopted that all members of the relief corps in the county be invited to meet with the old soldiers at the reunion."

Equal parts of tin and zinc make an unshrinkable alloy and the addition of a little bismuth makes it melt at a lower temperature.

Bacon—Why do the hens go to roost so early?

Egbert—To get some rest. Haven't you noticed how early the roosters begin crowing?

ADVERTISING IN THIS PAPER PAYS

Vagabond Jane

By Dorothy Douglas

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

Jane was poor as to purse; her bounty lay in a richness of spirit, an all-abiding love for her fellow men.

When she drew near the tenement that was her home her heart contracted painfully. A child, not more than ten, was huddled against the chilling pillar of the doorway, seeking shelter from the biting November wind. The child had taken off her own rag of a coat and it lay cuddled over a still smaller form in her arms.

The eyes of a hunted animal gleamed forth from the small, pinched face when Jane stopped in front of her.

"What is it, child? No, don't be afraid"—for the child had made an involuntary movement as if to flee—"give me the baby and come with me; you are cold through and through."

"I don't go home till I get two dollars," the child said mechanically as she followed Jane into the tenement building and up the stone stairs.

Through her apathy, brought on by numbness and hunger, the child responded to Jane's sympathy. "I'd get beat if I went home without them two dollars, and I ain't got nothin' but coppers—twenty-four of them."

"Poor little dear," said Jane, and pondered the situation while she put the infant to sleep on her own couch.

She could not afford to make up the difference in money to the child, as her own resources were limited, yet the money must be found, and that before dusk set in.

She went about preparing food for the children. Her knowledge as to correct feeding of an infant in arms was more or less vague.

"Children of the poor can eat anything and thrive," thought Jane, and a grim little smile played about her lips. The milk she warmed seemed perfectly satisfactory, and when the infant was again asleep Jane spoke to the older child.

"I am going out to find some more pennies for you. You must stay here until I return." Jane's order was not

Her eyes gleamed at the soft luxury of Dana Villar's studio. She sank down upon a wide couch.

Villar stopped to admire the odd color scheme she presented.

"You would make far more money as a model—than you do as a street singer," he told her as he put a rough sketch on his easel.

"I am not a street singer," Jane remarked casually.

"What are you—by profession?" Villar swung his model's platform into the fast fading light and placed a chair on it.

Jane smiled slowly. "I'm—just a vagabond," she said, and Villar turned in time to catch the unconscious pathos in Jane's eyes.

He drew a quick breath; the girl was beautiful.

"If you will come to the model stand now, please—" When he took Jane by the hand to assist her to the high stand a dull color swept the girl's face. While he draped a soft brown velvet over her shoulders an undreamed-of sensation kept her eyes from looking at him.

Villar's eyes never left the perfect oval of her face; it was framed in rich masses of red-gold hair and the delicate flush stayed up until it met the shadows beneath her soft gray eyes.

"You are far too beautiful to be a—vagabond." Villar found it difficult to use the word in connection with his model.

Jane's easy flow of speech came back to her when Villar had returned to his easel and she told him of the little children and their urgent need of money.

The artist's hand stopped often during her story and it seemed to him that the entire warmth and glow of the setting sun had centered upon Jane. The radiance of a great soul had entered his studio and Villar welcomed its coming. He paused and looked at the girl who had brought these things into his life. His hand was still so long that Jane wondered at it.

"Am I not holding the pose?" she questioned.

Villar did not startle her with the knowledge that she was holding his universe in her hands. Instead he said:

"You are holding it so well that I am going to ask you to pose for me again tomorrow."

"I don't believe—I want to be a model," she said.

Villar looked at her a moment, then said gravely, "Nor do I want you to become a model." He smiled then and came over and sank down in whimsical abandonment beside her. "Let us be sensible, my lady Jane," he said, using the name she had given him. "I know and I believe you know that in time you—no, don't leave me. Don't you know it? Answer me."

Jane's breath came quickly. "Yes, yes—I do know—but I seem to have a desire to escape—to—"

Villar took her hand firmly between his own.

"Never do that, Jane. The most wonderful thing in the world has come to us and the giving in to it is only a matter of time. You can fear it—and fight it and escape—for a time, but in the end—in the end—oh, Jane!" he cried breathlessly.

Bacon—It took my wife three hours to pass a certain point.

Egbert—Oh, was she in the suffrage parade?

"No; she was looking in a window at some hats."

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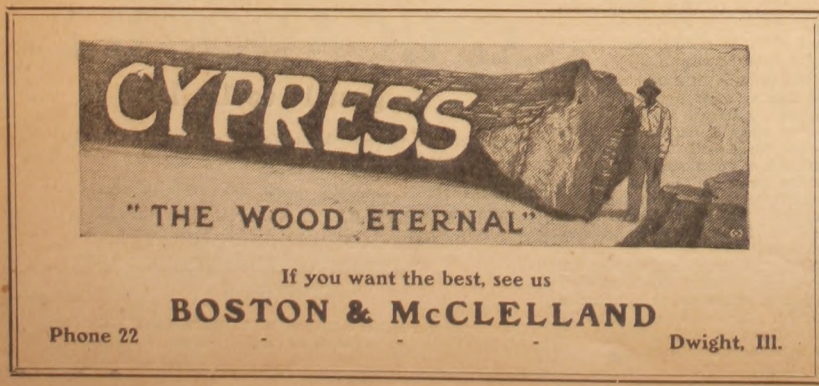
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