

ONE KIND OF WIRELESS

run for the old yard semaphore, dimly discernible a hundred yards distant. Reaching it, he caught the lantern in his teeth, and ran up the ladder hand over hand, clambered onto the little platform, and turned toward the town.

Yes! Through the trees the station lamps were plainly visible! With a cry of delight Alex at once set about carrying out his inspiration. Quickly trimming the lantern wick, he lit it, with his handkerchief tied it to the semaphore arm, and turned it so that the bull's-eye pointed toward the station.

Then, catching off his cap, he held it over the bull's-eye, and alternately covering and uncovering the stream of light, began flashing across the darkness signals that corresponded with the telegraphic call of the Bixton station.

"BX," he flashed. "BX, BX, BX!"

"BX, BX — AW (his private sign)! BX, BX, AW!"

The station lights streamed on.

"Qk! Qk! BX, BX!" called Alex.

His right hand tired, and he changed to the left. "Surely they should be on the lookout for me, and see it," he told himself. "For when I go fishing I am always home at —"

One of the station lights disappeared. Breathlessly Alex repeated his call, and waited. Was it merely some one pulling down a blind, or —

The light appeared again, then disappeared, several times in quick succession, and Alex uttered a joyful