

C. A. PROUT,

SURVEYOR,

Work done in all parts of the county on short notice.

Money to Loan.

WHEATON, ILLINOIS.

\$3.00 Worth \$3.00

The very originality of the above announcement ought to make you stop and think about us. We are talking about our line of Ladies' and Gents' Shoes. They are WORTH the price. How different this sounds from this

\$3.00 Worth \$5.00

Now doesn't it?

And now is the time to get the benefit of this offer.

S. A. Lyman.

F. H. KENISON,

CHIROPODIST,

Sore, Bunions, Ingrowing of Club Nails, Enlarged Joints.

Treated in a few minutes Without Pain.

Cor. Chicago Ave. and Prince St., Downers Grove.

ARCHIE MARVIN, Tonsorial - Parlors,

Downers Grove, Ill. Shaving and Hair Cutting in the Latest and Most Approved Styles.

C. SMITH—Wagon Maker and Blacksmith. Dealer in Harness and Harness supplies. Repairing of all kinds done. Livery, Sale and Feed Stable. General Teaming. DOWNERS GROVE, ILL.

Have Your Surveys Made by the COUNTY SURVEYOR, ALLEN T. RUSSELL.

CONTRACTS TAKEN FOR GRADING, DRAINAGE, MACADAMIZING, SUBDIVIDING, PLATTING. NOTARY PUBLIC. Wheaton, Ill.

SLUSSER & JOHNSON. ATTORNEYS AT LAW. OFFICES, EXCHANGE OFFICE, Downers Grove. AND SUITE 28, 81 CLARK ST., CHICAGO.

Chas. H. Kayler,

PROPRIETOR

Naperville

Marble Works.

GRANITE A SPECIALTY

Naperville, Illinois.

DOWNERS GROVE NURSERIES

ALWAYS HAS ON HAND ALL THE HARDY

Trees

Shrubs

Evergreens

and Plants.

That will grow in this latitude.

Will sell cheaper than you can buy elsewhere. These planting laws and parks will be a complete success.

OVER THREE HUNDRED VARIETIES on hand. See our catalogue. Free, send for one.

Ad free. A. R. AUSTIN, Downers Grove.

it, and over the strange jarring household the Grange now held. I went to my master's room.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Gaseoigne was sitting in the arm-chair by the hearth, looking as though he had not moved since I left him on the previous night. Nor did the room look much different, except that daylight dimly illumined it, and that the long table was bare, save for books and papers.

"Good day, Miss Thorne," he said—"good day. I hope you find things comfortable for you?"

"Very comfortable indeed, thank you."

"You need not thank me. What do you suppose I had to do with it? But tell me when they are done. Now please take up that Times by your side; sit down opposite to me, and read aloud Sir Stafford Northcote's speech."

I read to him for an hour from the Times, speeches and leading articles, obituary and wills, and then for half an hour I wrote three or four business letters as to the management of the estate, and transcribed a chess problem he had worked out in the morning. After that, until half-past four, I read to him a portion of one of Scott's novels—Red Rover—and, as the half-hour struck, I was dismissed until half-past six.

At five came a message that I was expected in the drawing-room.

In a flowing tea-gown of peacock blue, with a sapphire train and a cascade of cream-colored lace, Lady Martin Pomeroy stood pouring out the tea. Hilda Farquhar was sitting, book in hand, in her low chair, in robes of palest sapphire hue, setting off the delicate beauty of her skin, and the tint of her yellow hair, and almost matching the clear cold blue of her large eyes.

Lady Martin looked up as I entered.

"Good evening," she said, with mockery in her tone. "I suppose you have spent a pleasant day and made yourself at home in the Grange?"

Hilda merely turned her eyes for a second in my direction, and let the lids fall over them again, and the eyebrows arch a little higher. But Annis, who was kneeling on the hearthrug, her white dress spreading over the floor, got up and came to meet me, holding out her hand.

"Mrs. Greaves tells me she has been taking you over the house," she said. "How do you like it, Miss Thorne?"

"It is perfect," I answered. "I do not know how else to describe it."

"Really," said Lady Martin, "I was not aware that you were an enthusiast. Mr. Gaseoigne omitted to tell us that."

"It is very beautiful," Annis said quickly; "but it is dull. Other people generally admire it more than we do."

"How many people have you known who have seen it?" asked Lady Martin, in scarcely pleasant tones than those she had addressed to me.

"I have heard friends at Northbury speak of it—the Daleys and the Marjoribanks, for instance—and always with admiration."

"I have never seen such a lovely house," I said.

"Have you been inside many family seats?" asked Gwendoline tauntingly.

"Yes," I answered quietly, "a good number—not in this county, but in Wiltshire, where my home is, and in Norfolk, where Lady Fenwick lives."

"Lady Fenwick was your last employer, was she not?" "Yes."

"I think I have heard of her—an odd-looking old woman whose grand-father made candles. Did you train the parrot and teach the poodle, Miss Thorne?"

"Indeed! Perhaps your time was wholly engaged by less fascinating employments?"

"Do you wish to learn what are the duties of a companion, Lady Martin? If so, I have hardly had sufficient experience to tell you."

"Not I," she said. "I don't think the subject is interesting."

"Do you not?" put in Annis. "I do. I think it is very interesting. You must see such a variety of people, and get to know them so much more intimately than by merely meeting them now and again."

"What an advantage!" interjected Gwendoline.

"And then there is something attractive about it as an employment. Think of all the novel heroines—who were companions; romantic things always happen to them. I fancy, don't you agree with me, Miss Thorne?" "I did not," Lady Martin.

"I have met with nothing romantic as yet," I smiled. "I am afraid you would not find all so rose-colored as you imagine. Possibly, as your sister intimates, my experience with Lady Fenwick was unfortunate; she always treated me more as a daughter than a companion, and perhaps that spoiled the romance."

"How delightful to be treated as the great-grand-daughter of a tallow merchant!" sneered Lady Martin.

"But your experience, you see, has been limited as yet," Annis went on. "You do not know what is in store."

"Gwendoline," broke in the calm voice of Hilda Farquhar, "do you intend to accept the Trevelyan's invitation for the 22nd? Annis shall I reach you the second volume of French?"

"No, thank you," responded Annis; "I want to talk to Miss Thorne."

She tried to talk on pleasantly to me about Cloisterham—my home—what I had seen, what my tastes were. Gwendoline now and again interrupted her with biting remarks, scornful to the verge of insolence; perhaps she thought insolence to a companion impossible. Hilda tried to engage her in conversation and lead her to ignore, as she herself did, my existence; but Gwendoline restlessly broke away from the questions of parties and people and books to break in upon Annis's well-meant chat, unable to resist, it would seem, the chance of a snipe.

"You are fortunate to have so many brothers and sisters," Annis was saying. "I have often longed for a brother; but there are only we three—Gwendoline, Hilda, and myself."

"Clergymen always have large families," Gwendoline said. "And the poorer they are, the more children. I think, they have."

"It is so," Annis said smilingly. "It is a proof that nature knows they are best fitted to bring them up well and wisely."

"And that curates are better fitted for such a task even than bishops," retorted Gwendoline.

"Men do not often become bishops until their families are grown up, and then one does not notice how many children there are. And is Cloisterham a very pretty place, Miss Thorne?"

It was old-fashioned and quiet, I told her, with nothing remarkable except the cathedral.

"Oh, yes, I have seen pictures of the cathedral!" she said. "I should like to see the interior of it, and I think it would be pleasant to live in a cathedral city. Have you lived there all your life?"

"I was at school in London for a time; but my home has always been at Cloisterham."

"I suppose you were not with Lady Fenwick long?" asked Gwendoline. "Girls generally stay at school until eighteen."

"Eighteen months," I answered. "I am twenty-one now."

"Oh, I am not curious as to your age, Miss Thorne! I imagined you younger; but, since you are not, so much the better. You are the more likely to know how to conduct yourself in a rather peculiar position."

"I hope I shall know how to conduct myself in any position I may be called to fill. It was a stiff and formal answer, a foolish one to give to her; but I was angry, and it was all I could do to keep down my anger and speak calmly."

"Were you called to the Grange?" she asked.

"I was engaged by Mr. Gaseoigne."

"Just so. I thought perhaps you meant a species of call such as the Methodists talk about. Your sentiment is excellent; live up to it and the faith in yourself it implies, and you cannot fail to be successful in life."

"I wonder you would come to such a dull place as the Grange," Annis hurried on. "But I dare say you did not know what it would be like."

"I certainly did not."

"But I hope it will turn out to be less disagreeable than first impressions may have suggested. To-morrow I must show you the grounds and the lake, and, if it is fine, we will go to Marlans."

When tea was over, Hilda Farquhar went to the piano and played some difficult music of Chopin's with cold and perfect execution.

"If you like to sing, Gwendoline," she said presently, "I will play your accompaniments."

Lady Martin had a fine rich voice, and she sang with passionate feeling "Let me dream again" and "Strangers yet."

As she sat there, a handsome figure in her clinging blue gown, with her beautiful face slightly flushed and the golden hair gleaming in the light, with her hands closely clasped and her hazel eyes flashing, she seemed a woman made to love, almost to worship. As she finished the ballad, the mocking light came back to her eyes, the curl to her lip, and she made some jesting remark on the "nonsense" of the words she had sung so feelingly.

She was singing when the servant came to say that Mr. Gaseoigne would be glad to see me.

I rose directly, only pausing to bid Annis good night, and thank her for her kindness in letting me have Lucy's help, and her thought in ordering the maid to sleep near me.

"It was as little as we could do," Annis answered.

CHAPTER V.

In the hall it chanced that I stood a few minutes while the servant crossed to the dining-room to fetch some book Mr. Gaseoigne wanted, and I could not but hear that Lady Martin Pomeroy ceased singing and said quickly and sharply—

"How absurd to lend a maid to a companion, Annis! What put such a fancy into your head? I perceive Miss Thorne will want keeping in her place!"

"Miss Thorne is as much a lady as any of us," Annis replied. "I must do something to atone for your rudeness, Gwendoline. I wonder she stands it at all."

"I hope she will not for long," said Gwendoline. "I should be glad if she left; and I think she is too proud to complain to uncle Richard. Why do you not forbid your maid being lent about like this, Hilda? I have no doubt Lucy explains all our private affairs to this girl; I know she has mentioned Eric Gaseoigne to her. Servants always chatter when they are allowed."

"I am perfectly indifferent to Lucy's chatter while she continues to attend to me properly," said Hilda calmly. "She knows nothing of me that Miss Thorne or any one else may not know. I should be sorry to slunge my secrets with such persons."

"I stepped along the hall—I could bear it no longer—and, with burning face and clenched hands, hastened to Mr. Gaseoigne's room. As Lady Martin Pomeroy had been kind enough to say, I was too proud to speak to Mr. Gaseoigne; I hid my agitation as well as I could, and he did not appear to notice it."

He asked me to sing to him, and I sang old ballads and Scotch songs, and played a fragment or two of Beethoven's, until dinner-time. Immediately after the meal the chess-table was pulled up, and for two hours we played persistently, the old man, as before, throwing into the game all the interest and animation he displayed for nothing else."

He spoke on no other subject until I was leaving him, when he gave me a sudden critical glance.

"Well, did you see my niece to-day?"

"Yes," I answered, "I had tea with them."

"And did you find them pleasant—polite—agreeable?"

I paused; but I resolved never to acknowledge that I felt their discourtesy.

"Miss Annis Farquhar," I said, "was more than pleasant. She has been exceedingly kind to me since I came."

"Has she? That is right. And the others—my Lady Martin and Hilda?"

"With the others, Mr. Gaseoigne, I have not succeeded so well."

"You did not look as though you had," he said quietly, with a smile. "Never mind, my dear, never mind! Don't heed their nonsense!" And he chuckled as he fingered one of the ivory pieces on the table.

"We'll say 'check' to them by-and-by."

(To be continued.)

The Brevity of Life.

The future that we expect may never come and if it should come every delay in goodness always brings about a loss. And why should we not be good now, why should we lose so many years of keen joy, real delight, solid comfort; and why should we waste in terrible unrest so many precious days? Suppose we do become saints just before we pass from the earth. Will our late discipleship compensate for the wrecks we have made of the greater part of our existence and will a few roses make up for so many thistles?

Ah! we are woefully short-sighted when we come to deal with our soul; and, however massive may have been our intellect in everything else, in this one great thing we are apt to be very idiotic. In fact, if we governed trade as we govern the heart, trouble, danger and ruin would soon be our portion and a perfect chaos would fall upon all mercantile pursuits.

If we carry the same energy, enthusiasm, devotion and affection into the culture of our souls that we carry every day into the pursuit of our daily calling we shall soon become what God would have us to be. We have but a short time; let us then do the best we can, for we cannot do too much; and, although we work every minute, we shall still be unfinished—unfinished and terribly lacking. The completion of character is a duty that grows larger and much larger the more faithfully it is greeted; and it grows with our growth, expands with our efforts, forms new heights as the old ones are scaled.

A. P. THOLIN,

Artistic Tailor

North Foote St.

Dress Suits a Specialty.

Repairing neatly done.

All work guaranteed.

Suits \$18 Pants \$4

DOWNERS GROVE, ILL.

U. H. BALCOM,

Undertaker

AND

Furniture Dealer.

Embalming done if desired.

Glazier's work, and all kinds of

Furniture Repairing

DOWNERS GROVE, ILLINOIS.

Having just received a car of A. 1 oil, direct from Pennsylvania, I am prepared to supply customers with the original brand; Emolene oil. Warranted the best. D. K. Craig.

Leave orders at Carpenter's Drug Store.

DR. G. A. SIDDONS

HOMEOPATHIC

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.

Office and Residence,

Miller Building, R. R. Street,

Downers Grove, Ill.

John H. Batten, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

State's Attorney for DuPage County.

RESIDENCE, NAPERVILLE, ILL.

Chicago Office, Suite 502, No. 100 Washington Street.

R. T. MORGAN,

County Superintendent of Schools,

IN THE COURT HOUSE AT WHEATON.

Examination and office hours: the last Saturday of every month, excepting July, August, September and December.

CHAS. WERT,

Proprietor of

TONSORIAL PARLORS.

Work Satisfactory.

Downers Grove, Ill.

DON'T STOP TOBACCO.

How to Cure Yourself While Using It.

The tobacco habit grows on a man until his nervous system is seriously affected, impairing health, comfort and happiness. To quit suddenly is too severe a shock to the system, as tobacco, to an inveterate user becomes a stimulant that his system continually craves. Baco-Curo is a scientific cure for the tobacco habit, in all its forms, carefully compounded after the formula of an eminent Berlin physician who has used it in his private practice since 1872, without a failure, purely vegetable and guaranteed perfectly harmless. You can use all the tobacco you want, while taking Baco-Curo, it will notify you when to stop. We give a written guarantee to permanently cure any case with three boxes, or refund the money with 10 per cent. interest. Baco-Curo is not a substitute, but a scientific cure, that cures without the aid of will power and with no inconvenience. It leaves the system as pure and free from nicotine as the day you took your first chew or smoke. Sold by all druggists, with our ironclad guarantee, at \$1.00 per box, three boxes (thirty days treatment) \$2.50, or sent direct upon receipt of price. Send six two-cent stamps for sample box, booklet and proofs, free. Eureka Chemical & Manufacturing Co., Manufacturing Chemists, LaCrosse, Wisconsin.

W. H. Colville.

"The Grocer" kindly asks you to look at some of his prices and see the quality of his goods

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Items include Pillsbury & Washburn's Best Flour, Golden Drips Syrup, Very Best New Orleans Molasses, Raisins and Currants, Best Rio Coffee, Best Mocha & Java Coffee.

On investigation you will find his line of goods not only the very best, but sold at an extremely low price. Try him and be convinced.

Mertz & Moebel.

DEALERS IN

Hardware,

Coal,

Feed,

Furnace, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

Central Block. Downers Grove.

JOHN HAAS,

Wholesale and Retail

MEAT MARKET

WE KEEP

The Best Meats on the Market,

Including Fresh Fish and Poultry.

Mrs. McNaught.

—DEALER IN—

Home - Made - Pastry

H. H. Kohlsaat's Celebrated Bakery Goods.

The best bread to be had only 8 cents a loaf.

NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE

AND DOWNERS GROVE REPORTER

ONE YEAR \$1.75.

Address all orders to

THE REPORTER, Downers Grove, Ill.

D. G. GRAHAM,

NOTARY PUBLIC. POLICE MAGISTRATE.

CONVEYANCING

Fire and Life Insurance.

RENTING AGENCY.

Real Estate

BOUGHT;

SOLD

AND EXCHANGED.

COLLECTIONS AND LEGAL BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

EXCHANGE OFFICE

DOWNERS GROVE, ILL.