

DOWNERS GROVE REPORTER
REPORTER JOB PRINTING CO., PROP'RS.
Pub'd Weekly by CURTIS & STILWILL.
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EDITOR. Bus. Man'gr.
D. G. GRAHAM, Ass't Ed.

TERMS:
\$1.50 per year; STRICTLY CASH IN ADVANCE. A proportional rate per month.
Entered at the P. O. at Downers Grove, Ill., as second class mail matter.

The Democratic campaign cry of opening up the "markets of the world" for American products is being placed in practical operation. The administration is negotiating with Europe to furnish a market for our large and increasing crop of bonds.

Vest, of Missouri—old moss back, bushwhacking Missouri—says that he and Cleveland have come to the parting of the ways. What is vastly of more importance is that Vest and the modern Missouri have come to the parting of the ways. Vest's successor in the senate will be a man who will speak for people who can read and write.—Chicago Herald (Cuckoo).

Yea, verily, Missouri by popular vote established herself on the side of Republicanism and progression. We can hardly pick up a daily paper without seeing accounts of the terrible suffering and wants of the many thousands of destitute people through western Kansas and Nebraska, and other points. We are pleased to note that some of our citizens have already sent clothing and other needed things to their relief. We believe that if all of the old discarded clothing that a great many of our citizens have thrown to one side, was overhauled, a good deal of it would be found fit to wear, and very acceptable to these destitute people, if it could only be sent to them. If a thorough canvass was made, quite a lot could be gathered up, which it would pay to ship.

What disgusts us is the fact that some of the generous people of our neighboring village, viz, Chicago, are collecting whole ship loads of provisions, etc., and shipping them to Russia for the relief of the destitute. This may be alright, but we believe in taking care of our own destitute first, then it will be time enough to receive donations for foreign countries.

If some of our citizens will organize a committee to receive donations for the western sufferers and give us notice of the place to have the same left, we will gladly lend the columns of the REPORTER to let it be known. Who will start the ball a-rolling?

When you are thinking about the tariff, just stop and consider the question: Which is best for me as a citizen of Downers Grove, to patronize home industries and build up home trade, make my home merchants prosperous and thereby build up my town and raise the price of my property, furnish to myself and fellow-workers employment; or go to Chicago to buy my goods, where perhaps I might save a small per cent on the direct investment, let my town run down, my property fall in price, my merchants fail in business, and my neighbors have to move to find employment? Then apply the answer to the national tariff question, and you have it in a nut shell. Every man who advocates patronizing home industries, advocates the principle of protection. Every man who votes a bonus to get a factory to locate in his locality is acting on the principle of protection. It is simply the business principle of working for your own and your community's interest in preference to some other, applied to national affairs. When that point is settled it is only a question of the amount of tariff to be placed upon different articles. The leaders of the Democratic party are just as firmly convinced of the soundness of the principle of protection as the Republicans, and they did not dare to entirely repeal the tariff laws, even if they had to betray their party and repudiate their platform.

From the present outlook, it would seem to the casual observer that times are going to be little better this year than the past one. If congress would

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only settle this financial question, and leave it settled, so that the public would know what to depend on, we would soon see business revive to a certain extent. The present administration has already squandered \$100,000,000 in excess of its income, and bids fair to place another bond issue of one hundred million, to supply the rapidly decreasing gold reserve. This shows the wonderful economy of our worthy law-makers at the national capital. If they would stop their jangling and get down to business, the general public would be greatly relieved, but that would be an utter impossibility; yet we look for a partial relief after March 4th, when the present congress expires. We do not look for much financial legislation during the remaining short time of the existing congress, but we are in hopes that President Cleveland will convene the new congress shortly after March 4th, when, perhaps, this important question can be settled. There ought to be some kind of a law enacted whereby the present system of issuing bonds to replenish the gold reserve, (and then letting the big money sharks drain the treasury, thus compelling another issue of bonds), could be stopped. If this is not done, the first thing we know our national debt will be back where it was just after the war. This kind of legislation will soon have to come to a close, and the sooner the better. President Cleveland is at last beginning to get his eyes open, and is turning to the G. O. P. for help, since he has found that there is no hope from his own party. American sureties and bonds are beginning to drop in foreign markets, and American railroad stocks go begging, solely because our foreign capitalists are losing confidence in our government affairs. This thing will soon be back to its old standard, when the G. O. P. gets into the harness, with a good, able man holding the reins.

A Dangerous Game.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY DEAREST HEART."
For a week my days at St. Gabriel's Grange passed like this. Sometimes I had breakfast and luncheon by myself, sometimes with Lady Martin Pomeroy and her sisters. At tea I always met them, and always encountered the same disagreeable Lady Martin, the same disdainful indifference from Hilda. Twenty times a day I tried to stop another woman beneath the roof that sheltered these two women, who seemed to try with all their might to annoy me, and bring me to grief in such words as would be rejected by Mr. Gascoigne, or as would drive me from the house.
But Mr. Gascoigne, resourceful and determined as he was, was ever courteous to me, and though he would often ask, as on that second night, whether I had seen his niece, and how I got on with them, I never said more in answer than on the first occasion.
When they were not going to visit friends, they came up to dine with their uncle, bringing their fashionable gowns and their fair faces into the antique rooms, and resting their silk trains a-nd the armor of their ancestors. Then Lady Martin curled her sarcastic tongue, and Hilda Farquhar cooed the old man with a smile on her beautiful lips that she could be fascinating when she pleased, and when it was part of her scheme, Gwendolene in a more pretentious graciousness. She never spoke little and at a quiet, with the curve of discontent and scorn still on her lips, and said not a word to me. After dinner she would sing to the old-fashioned piano her modern passionate love-songs. I think Mr. Gascoigne liked to hear her, but he rarely betrayed as much. Hilda's classical playing; he candidly declared he did not care to hear; for Annis, who possessed only a small mezzo-soprano voice, but who sang simple ballads that were suited to it, he had sometimes a word of praise.
But, after Gwendolene's thrilling notes had rung through the room, he would let me to sing one of his favorites, and I went inwardly very treacherous, to the instrument, wondering how my low quivering notes would sound after the brilliant soprano.
"That is good. You have a nice rich voice, Miss Thorne," Mr. Gascoigne said one night—it was the first time he had outwardly expressed any pleasure at my performances, and I thought at the time it was done in his crochety fashion to annoy his nieces. "She sings well—eh, Hilda?"
"Miss Thorne wisely selects very simple songs," said Mrs. Farquhar, with a little smile of contempt.
"Oh, that was the reason, was it? I thought Miss Thorne chose those songs to please me. Can you sing anything in the style of Lady Mart's songs?" she fingered some of her music that lay on the table.
"Something by Arthur Sullivan or P. H. Cowen? Try, if you please."
I would have sung to him fifty songs another day in order to have refused then; but I asked myself why I should be thought to accept Miss Farquhar's sneers, and with a

rebellious desire to do my best in the knowledge that they had never sought to hear me in their drawing-room, I without a word obeyed.
"I chose 'Will he come?' and I think that I sang it well, the better that I knew Lady Martin Pomeroy and her sister were listening. But it was, too, a ballad that I loved, and as I went on, I forgot the proud faces watching me, and the cold criticism ready to seize on a faulty note or an imperfect chord. As I played the soft melody before the last sad verse, I heard Lady Martin's voice. She began in clear sharp accents, without a pretence of a whisper.
"I had a letter—"
The old man held up his hand quickly and authoritatively, and never turned his face from me.
When the last refrain was finished—
"Rest to the weary spirit,
"Rest to the weary spirit,
—and the last soft chords had died away, he uttered a simple courteous "Thank you," and then looked at Gwendolene.
"Now I am at your service, Gwendolene. You had a letter?"
"I will wait," she answered, "until I can speak to you in private. I am not in a hurry."
Hilda rose and came to his side by the big dining table, and laid her white fingered hand on his arm.
"Come, Hilda, may I play a game of chess with you? Don't you think I play well enough for that one game?"
"I am sorry to hear that," Mr. Gascoigne said, "but I will not tax your patience to-day, to-day is your piano and your sister's accompaniments, and Miss Thorne and I will undertake the chess."
Annis knelt down in front of the stone fender and waited for play with a smiling interested face.
She was always pleasant with me, always kind, although she was nervous and shy and fat, and I had often thought of her stately elder sister. But her staidness was quiet and unobtrusive, and her heart was full of kindness to me, and she was always ready to help me in my need.
I was a little nervous, but I was always kind, although she was nervous and shy and fat, and I had often thought of her stately elder sister. But her staidness was quiet and unobtrusive, and her heart was full of kindness to me, and she was always ready to help me in my need.

CHAPTER IV.
On the morning following the night with Mr. Gascoigne, I went out to go out with my umbrella, and before I had taken me for a ramble in the grounds and into the neighboring hills, I was taken to the lake, and I found Hilda there, with a bright flush on her cheeks and a happy light in her eyes.
When I went down into the hall, I found that my umbrella was gone, and alone, Lady Martin and Hilda and Annis came out from the drawing-room in walking costume, the eldest in a long velvet jacket bordered with ermine, and a large-brimmed hat with sweeping trimmings, Annis and Hilda in dark green dresses trimmed with brown fur, and elegant long topis, surrounding the golden and silver hair.
"Are you going out, Miss Thorne?" asked Lady Martin.
"Yes, I am," I answered.
"Oh, you are going with her? Annis, is Miss Thorne really going?"
"Yes, she is," I was the reply.
"You are going to the lake?"
"Yes, I want to make her to the lake."
"You have a very pretty direction, Annis, don't you?"
"I do not understand you," returned Annis, coldly.
"Do you not? I thought my meaning was plain. If you are going to the lake, you should take Hilda with you. I could be more amusing for her. That is, of course, what I mean."
Gwendolene and Hilda walked down the carriage-drive together, leaving Annis and me to follow. Annis gave no indication of changing her mind.
"You have not seen our lake yet, have you?" she said. "Perhaps you will be disappointed with it."
"I had not seen it as I drove to St. Gabriel's Grange, with the moon beaming on its calm waters, and the Grange battlements and turrets darkly reflected in their depths.
"I am glad you liked it," she said, smiling a little, but she looked wild, and the shrubs have a trim riot. My uncle has not been near it for months, perhaps years, and it is not what an ornamental piece of water should be, I know. But I am very fond of it, and I love to walk by it."
We went out on the right bank, along which I had driven under the bare arching trees. The day was fine and warm, and the sunlight caught among the branches and checked the wayward, when we came by the thick shrubbery, the beams were glinting upon the breast of the lake there beneath us, and a mist of sun and watery vapor clouded the bank from the far-away opposite bank.
The road was very quiet. We met no one but a laboring man trudging from Norbury to his home at Marlton, and a farmer's wife in a light market-bag, bringing home empty baskets from the market. Presently we had a narrow lane which dipped down and skirted the lake so closely that the water of rippling water was but a few feet from us, and some ferns and water-lilies only grew by the lane-side. The lane itself was scarcely wide enough for more than two persons to walk abreast, for on the other side rose a shelving green bank topped by a stone wall.
"This is the boundary of my uncle's manor," Annis said. "I had this little path made; but it is seldom used. It is our favorite walk," and the girl blushed a little as she spoke, and looked straight before her up the road.
"And at the other side of the bank," I said, "the land belongs, I suppose, to the house among the trees I see from my window?"
"Can you see it?" she cried. "Oh, yes, it is part of the grounds of the house, and it all belongs to Mr. Eric Gascoigne, my cousin. Before we came he used to live at the Grange; but my uncle and he quarrelled—wasn't it a pity?—and now my uncle will not let him set foot on his land. That house was his mother's."
"But he can come here?" I asked.

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Evangelical—German—Rev. W. KILMANS, Pastor. Services Sunday at 10:45 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Sunday School at 12 m. W. J. Herring, supt. Young People's meeting alternating with catechetical class at 7 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30. Strangers cordially invited.

Lutheran—Rev. H. SEEVER, Pastor. Services at 2 p. m. every other week at the Cong'l church. Sunday School after work.

Church of the Blessed Virgin—Services every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock. Every week day morning at 8 o'clock.

Protestant Episcopal Church of the Advent. Rev. C. H. SAUNDERS, Rector. Services in College of Commerce Block 2nd, floor. Sunday school at 12:30 o'clock. Church at 8:30 p. m. On the last Sunday of each month services at 10:30 a. m., with celebration of the Holy Eucharist. You are cordially invited to attend.

SOCIETIES.
Grove Lodge, 824, A. F. & A. M. Meetings every second and fourth Friday in each month. Visiting brethren cordially invited. J. M. BARR, W. M. S. L. GODFREY, Sec'y.

O. E. S. Vesta Chapter, 262. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month in Masonic Hall. Visiting members always welcome. Mrs. W. S. CARPENTER, Sec'y.

Naper Post, No. 468, G. A. R. Dept. of Illinois. Meets the first and third Thursdays of the month. Visiting comrades always welcome. Geo. F. HUGHES, Adjt. T. S. ROUSSEAU, Com.

Washington Post No. 53, P. O. S. of A. Meets first and third Tuesdays of the month. All brothers welcome. G. B. MATTHEW, Pres. J. U. CROSS, Sec. Sec.

Downers Grove Lodge, No. 326, A. O. U. W. Meets in A. O. U. Hall on the first and third Friday evenings of each month. Visiting brothers always welcome. GEO. H. MATTHEW, W. M. L. W. HILLS, Recorder.

Downers Grove, No. 750, I. O. O. F. Meets every Monday evening. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to meet with us. Hall Central block. A. J. COOPER, N. G. W. J. SEIDELMAN, R. S.

Linden Excelsior, No. 32, I. O. O. F. Meets in odd-fellows—Masonic Hall, Central Block, Downers Grove, Ill., Second and Fourth Saturday evenings, at 8 o'clock, in each month. W. J. SEIDELMAN, R. S. J. I. WISSENER, C. F.

Victory Council, No. 110, Royal Langens. Meets first and third Tuesdays, in A. O. U. W. Hall. A. G. FRANCE, Archon. H. STRATFORD, Sec'y.

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