DOWNERS GROVE REPORTER

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"A tariff of duties on imported goods producing sufficient revenues for the payment of the necessary ex penditures of the national government, and so adjusted as to protect time. I've never had a lady here before, American industry, is indispensably necessary to the prosperity of the gentlemen because they got to flirting; and American people."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Congressman W. M. Springer is a prominent candidate before the Presideat for appointment for the new judgeship. His qualifications seem to consist in the fact that he was not afford to lose you; I cannot really. You repudiated by the voters of his district for re-election, and consequently | nonsense for a little white for the sake of a it is the duty of the administration to "take care of him." Congressman Wilson, of London banquet fame, ditto.

"There are times in the history of men and nations, when they stand so near the veil that separates mortals from the immortals, time from eternity, and men from their God, that where I had beard it. Afterwards I rememthey can almost hear the beatings and feel the pulsations of the heart of the Infinite. Through such a time has this nation passed. When two enught sight of me, he a arted. hundred and fifty thousand brave spirits passed from the field of honor retary. Mr. Crawford Capten- Miss Thorne," through that thin veil to the presence of God; and when at last its parting Carden replied, regaining his equanimity folds admitted the Martyr President to the company of the dead heroes of the republic, the nation stood so near the veil that the whispers of God were heard by the children of men. Awe stricken by his voice, the American people knelt in tearful reverence and made a solemn covenant with Him and with each other, that their nation should be saved from its enemies, that all its glories should be restored, and on the ruins of slavery and treason, the temple of freedom and justice should be built, and should survive forever. It remains for as, consecrated by that great event, and under a covenant with God, to keep that faith, to go for be completed."- From speech of Gen. king's castle-th?' said the old man. Garfield on the first anniversary of the death of Abraham Lincoln.

A wild story floats in from Wash. ington, to the effect that a bold attempt was made one night last week to kidnap the comptroller, our own Eckles, and hold him for a ransom. The narrative is anthentic, as it comes from the comptroller himself, and the wicked plot was frustrated by the agile victim deliberately opening the door of the cab, in which he was confined alone, and jumping out into the snow, the would be abductors occupy ing the outside and making no attempt to recover their precious cargo. Had this attempt succeeded, we would have been deprived of those cheerful periodical prophesies of a great season of prosperity about to ensue in consequence of the statesmanship and profound financial policy inaugurated by "Me and Cleveland," and an aching void would puncture the next campaign in show. ing up the "gurrest purrinciple" of "commercial freedom." Should the wicked conspirators try it again and be successful, we advise them to fix the ransom price at a reasonable figure for the times (say about 75 cents) and offer their victim for sale in the "markets of the world," or they may be in the condition that our government is now, viz: Have a surplus of comptroller on their hands, with unbounded capacity for eating, drinking and shooting off his mouth, and no known device for suppressing him.

A FIRE.

Just as we were closing our forms, preparatory to going to press last evening, the fire-bell sounded. Jas. Kinney's house, on the north side, had caught fire though a defective flue which reached to the cellar. But little damage was done by the fire; more peared to join Mr. Carden in the shrubbery occurred from the water, broken fur- path. I shut the door-I had no wish to niture, etc. This is the first time that our water-works have been called into use to put out a fire, and great credit | ing my way to the library, I went down the is due the citizens for responding so quickly and for effective work. We have plenty of first-class material here for a couple of good fire companies, and we hope that no time will be lost in perfecting organizations.

Dangerous

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY DEAREST HEART."

CHAPTER VII. I did not go down-stairs that day to luncheon or tea. I did not even allege a headache, or any other excuse whatever, but merely asked to have my meals in my own room. At dinner I knew I should not meet Lady Martin or the Misses Farquhar, for they were going to a ball at Norbury, and absence.

to dine with friends previously. "Well, Miss Thorne," said Mr. Gascolene, as was his wont, when I joined him at half- said. past six, "I suppose you saw my nieces to-

"Yes, sir." "They have gone to a ball, I hear, to-night; so I am not to be favored with their com-

"I was not with them in the morning."

"And your mutual liking has not increas-

"Annis is always ple isant."

"But her sist is are not? Never heed it, never heed it! We'll check them in good and it has annoyed them a bit. They know very well I had to send away my young they don't like it. That's why they are

"They think," I said, "to at I am here as a spy upon their actions, Mr. Gascoigne; and in that position I will remain in no one's

"And what business have they to do anything they are atraid of a spy watching?" "That I cannot answer. But it is impossi-

ble for me to stay in such a position." "My dear Miss Thorne," he said, "I canare worth all the young men I ever had put together. Won't you laugh at the girls' helpless old man? I'll tell them that when I want any detective-work doing I shall not get a lady to do it. Don't be hasty! Now please sing Bonnie Prince Charlie' to me. I said no more, and the evening passed on in the usual monotonous succession of music,

dinner, chess. It was while we were playing our opening game that, for the first time since I had been at St. Gabriel's Grange, a visitor to Mr. Gascoigne was announce d.

"Mr. Carden!" the old man-servant quietly told his master; and I recognised the name w thout recollecting at the moment bered Hibla Farqubar had asked her consinhow he and Mr. Carden got on together.

He came in softly, with the step of a man assustomed to fread cautiously, and when, in advancing toward Mr. Gascoigne, he

"Don't be alarmed," said the old gentleman sardonically. "It is only my new see-"You are very fortunate, Mr. Gascoigne, to secure such a charming assistant," Mr.

Mr. Gascoigne turned from the class-table to talk to the new-comer, who drew up a chair to his side, evidently familiar with his

I rose to leave them. "Don't go, Miss Thorne," said Mr. Gascoigne. "In a few minnies I shall want to finish our game, and Mr. Carden may amuse

bimself by watching us." So I took up a bit of work and stitched in silence, looking once in a way, for lack of other interest, at Mr. Carden,

I did not like him. Nay, more-for that is negative only-I disliked bim from his first entrance; but my mind was too full of other things to allow this feeling to be active then. He was a handsome man, with restless quick black eyes, a thin-lipped mouth, small dark side-whiskers, and dark hair carefully parted down the centre.

At first I did not heed at all what they eald, and, when by and by the words drifted to my ears, they had little meaning for me The two men appeared to be disensing a

"And so the black king's eastle is likely ward in the great work until it shall to interfere with the mones of the white

"You will to ver doll with the queen," replied Mr. Carden.

"Why?" inquired Mr. Gascoigne. "There is not the least chance of mating in that direction. The queen was not in the play, and the king has his eastle to defend

"Hisn't the white king a cistle too," in

quired the old nen. "Not in any available position," was the

"Oh, well, he has a knight anyhow Ton're a good hand at it. Crawford. Now. Miss Thorne, let us finish this game, if you please. Mr. Carden will play with me when

"Excuse me," said Mr. Carden, rising. " have a business engagement to-night. I only came to let you know how things were go-

"And you did not expect to make acquaint ance with my new secret are

"I hope to have the plea-ure of renewing that aequaintance another time. I think, Mr. Gascoigne, there will soon, be further news for you in the matter we were speaking of: I did not understand the last move. Good night I'

"Good night, Crawford-always glad to see you. Will you oblige by pointing out to Miss Thorne your private entrance, that she may know it in case my fair nieces are in on the occasion of your nest visit? And, Miss Thorne, bring Seater Resertus from the library as you return."

I followed Mr. Carden into a part of the house which, being occupied by Mr. Gascoigne's rooms, I had visited before. A dark staircase led into a long corridor below, and a door at its foot opened upon a winding walk through the tall rho fodendrons of the

shrubbery. "Mr. Gascoigne is peculiar," Mr. Carden thought it necessary to explain. "He does not like his nieces to be aware of my visits. We cannot tell why, but we must respect his fancies, since they concern him alone. You and I may have a good many secrets to share, M ss Thorne; but sharing makes

them lighter, does it not?" I answered only by bidding him good evening, and vowing mentally that, were I Mr. Gascoigne, I would entrust no secret to this handsome soft-spoken man, and that, as Viola Thorne, I would never share one

with him. I stood a few moments at the open door, for the cold damp air was refreshing after the warm atmosphere up-stairs, and, as I looked out among the dark bushes, I saw a woman's figure among them. She was some distance from the house, but she aplearn aught of the proceedings of any one in the Grange—and, in so doing, a puff of wind extinguished my lamp. In the hope of findcorridor, but, having taken the wrong turn, came to a stand-still by the servants' hall

and the back-staircase. At the same moment an outer door at the end of the passage was softly opened, and a woman came in hurriedly. It was Mathilde, Lady Martin Pomeroy's French maid. She, then, acted in some way as spy for Mr.

Game. Crawford Carden. I had always mistrusted

"Does mademoiselle require anything?" she asked, with perfect aplomb.

"Yes; I want to find my way to the library. Please to re-light my lamp," "It is strange mademoiselle has come so far out of her way," said the woman pertly. "The library is not in this direction-not at

When I re-entered Mr. Gascoigne's room, he made no remark on the length of my

"What do you think of Carden?" he asked.

"It is early yet to form an opinion," I

"Not at all. Women always form an opinion on the spot. Be candid, if you please, Miss Thorne.

"I do not like him." "Why?" he asked.

"Women are not bound to account for their opinions, Mr. Gascoigne. I do not take him to be a straightforward man,"

I wanted any spying done, he'd be useful. He thinks he has the game in his hands because he is a lawyer, and brings me news of a certain couple of ne'er-do-wells, once my heirs, Miss Thorne. It wouldn't do for Annis or Hilda to know that I have any communications from that quarter."

And I said nothing of Mathilde, I was glad to be set free that evening and to get to my own room. Since I was going to leave St. Gabriel's Grange, what reason had I to Interest myself in these doings?

CHAPTER VIII.

I sat down by the fire in my own room to write home and tell them that I could not stay at the Grands. I was an ry, proud, indignant; but yet at my heart sorrow strugwith race. It was impossible to put up

such inser - Lady Martin Pomeroy in the privacy of the Grange I had don airded them, because of the kindness of Annis, the fascinations of the old house, and the knowledge that my father and mother would grieve over this hasty yielding up of such a position as I was hardly likely to meet with a second time. But such insolence as Gwendoline's before a stranger and a gendeman was simply intolerable. My checks burned as I recalled her words.

The letter took me long to write. In a dozen ways I tried to explain my conduct. It had been a strange week to me, this last week in St. Gabriel's Grange. Never had I been so quickly impressed with like and dislike of my fellow-creatures; hever had personalities been so swiftly and sharply defined in my mind. Already it was as though I had known them for years. Even Gilbert Gascolgne and Crawford Cartien I seemed to know well. And of no one of them was it likely I should ever hear again-whether Annis dared all for her consin-lover and was happy, whether Gilbert was restored to the favor of his nucle, or was ousted by the treachery I tell certain would be employed by Carden. I feit that there was a story not be interwoven in my own life. My thoughts were full of reside abiliterness and to interest my will in that, heading not the hour struck by the big clock in the library

"Come in! I called.

Perhaps Lucy was sitting up for her mistress, and had come to offer help to me. But, instead of Lucy, Annis Farquhar came in, in her white dressing-robe, with her golden hair in a cloud about her face. "You are back early!" I cried, starting up.

"No, it is you who are late. I saw the light in your room, and thought I might venture to tap. Sit down, please. I want to talk to you. You are not busy, are you?" "No. I am not busy.

She knelt down on the hearth-rng by my

"Tell me, have you been writing home?" she said, raising her blue eyes anxiously to my face. "Have you been writing to say you would not stop here?"

"Yes, I have," I answered, "Have you quite decided?" she faltered. "Quite. Are you surprised? Would you

have done otherwise?" "I cannot tell. I know we have treated you shamefully. I know that you are justifled in leaving us, and that you must hate

us. But, oh-if you would stay, Viola!" "Do you want me to stay? You are very different from your sisters. Have not they been trying to drive me away ever since I came? Why can you wish me to stay?"

"Shall I tell you? It is incrouse I want a friend so much, Viola: and I want you to be that friend. Don't you think you could care for me?"

She looked up besevehingly and took hold "Dear Annis," I answered, "you have been kind to me always. But indeed I cannot stay to be treated as your sisters treat

me, to be thought of as they think of me." "I knew nothing of it-of what happened this morning-till I saw Gilbert this evening; and he told me how rule Gwendoline had been, and how shocked he was. I wonder they will have anything to do with us?" Annis cried. "We have stepped into the r places. I wonder Ulric can care for me, But Gwendoline is very unhappy, Viola, 1 think you would forgive her if you knew all. And I am sure they will both learn to love you as I do, if you will only wait and be patient. Viola, don't leave us!"

"You cannot care for me after only a week, Annis," I said, battling against the impulse to kiss the fair face and say I would never leave the Grange while she was my friend. "You have others who are nearer and dearer friends to you than I could ever be. I am only your uncle's secretary."

"I have no friends I she cried. "How cruel you are, Viola! My sisters' words cannot burt you; they could not make Gilbert or Ulrie think ill of you."

"Could you remain," I asked her, "where you were called a spy, or thought to be in so detestable a position? I emnot tell why Lady Martin supposes Mr. Garcoigne should require such service, but I will not stop to be even considered such!"

"Did Gwendoline say that?' said Annis wonderingly. "Ah, she thought you would tell uncle Richard that we had met our

"Has he then forbidden it?"

"Never. But he forbade them to set foot on Grange land; and my sisters are afraid to let him know that we see them. I dare not tell him I am engaged to I 'ric, for they will not let me."

"I would give up the whole world, and Ulric must think I would not give up any thing. I do not want any of uncle Richard's money. I am very miserable, though I am very happy too, Viola; and when unclesaid he had engaged a young lady to be his companion, and when I saw you, I said I should have a friend to confide in, and from whom to seek advice."

"How can a stranger, an utter stranger, possibly help you?"

"Better than any one, if she were really a friend. Do you think I cannot tell low strange a household we must seem? Sometimes I think the house itself must be haunted, and I lie awake and tremble as hear the wind moaning among the fir-trees:

W. H. Colville.

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Annable, Supt.
Young People's Baptist Union, 6,00 P.
W. H. Edwards, Pres. Communion, First Sunday in every month. week-day Services.

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Sunday School at 9:30 a. m., M. Diener, Supt.

Young People's Meeting alternating with catechetical Class at 7p. m. Prayer Meeting wednesday at 7:30. Strangers cordially invited. Lutheran-REV. H. SIEVING, Pastor.

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Bervices every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock. Every week day morning at 8 o'clock.

Protestant Episcopal Church of the Advent. REV. C. H. BAGGS, Rector. Services in College of Commerce Block 2nd, floor, Sunday school at 2:30 o'clock. Church at 3:30 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. Meets every second and fourth Friday in each mouth. Visiting brethren cerdially invited. J M Barr, W. M.

E L godfrey, SEC'Y. O. E. S. Vesta Chapter, 242.

Mosts 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month in Masonic Hall. Visiting members always wel-MINS SUSAS FAUL, W. M. 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. T. S. HOUKES, Com. GEO. F. Hrgues, Adjt.

Washington Post, No. 53, P. O. S. of A. Meets first and third Tuesday of the month All brothers welcome. G. B. MATHER Pres. J. G. CROSS, Rec. Sec. Downers Grove Lodge, No. 326, A. O. U. W.

Meets in A O U whall on the first and third

Meets every Monday evening. Visiting

Friday evenings of each month. Vielting brothers always welcome. GEO ft MATHER, M. W. L. W. Hills, Recorder. Downers Grove, No. 750, L. O. O. F.

brothers are cordinly invited to meet with us.

Hall Central block. A. J. COOPER. N. G. WM. J. BEIDELMAN, R.

Meets in odd-Fellows-Masonie Hall, Central Block, Downers Grove. Ill., Second and Fourth Saturday evenings, at 8 o'clock, in each month.

Victory Council, No. 110, Royal League Meets first and third Tuesdays, in A. O. U. W. H. STRATFORD. A, G, PRINCE,

Maple Camp, No. 898, M. W. A. Meets in U. A. R. Hall on the second and

ing neighbors always welcome J. B. Hullug, V. C. W. H. Barnbart, Clerk, Ladies Library Association.

I thrary Room in Bank building, Ind foor

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Mou. bly meeting lat Tuesday at 3 p. m.

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