

DOWNERS GROVE REPORTER

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Much to be commended was the support given by some of the country members to the Chicago library bill providing for the better accommodation of the reading masses, notably Representation, Victor H. Borey of Ogle County who likewise gave his note and influence for Colonel Bryan's libel bill.

REPUBLICAN EDITORS IN SESSION.

The Eighth Congressional District Republican Editorial Association met in annual session yesterday at the Grand Pacific Hotel. The following officers were elected: John F. Deway, St. Charles, President; M. B. Castle, Sandwich, Vice President; A. L. Hamilton, Turner, Secretary; F. E. Holmes, Richmond, Treasurer. The Board of Directors consists of: W. L. Lowrie, Kane County; F. D. Lowman, Kendall County; W. L. Sackett, Grundy County; D. G. Graham, DuPage County; H. W. Fay, McHenry County; I. A. Constantine and M. F. Walsh were elected delegates to attend the State editorial convention to be held at Springfield.—Tribune Tuesday.

In Harrison's time our coin bonds were taken at 2 per cent. Does Mr. Cleveland know of a case in European finance in which gold bonds had higher credit? We suspect some one was about who knew the value of the language we have just quoted from the president to the syndicate of bankers. It prepared the way for the exorbitant demand that was written in the contract and accepted. The next thing was to spring upon congress the squealing from the Sheandoah to the Kankakee of gentlemen who will not be members of the next congress, that this was "a simple matter of business," and we should formally—now after having paid thousands of millions of our debts in the best currency of the world—change the form of our obligations to please those who were only too anxious to lend us money. That was the play.

The game was to beat down the credit of the government—and our melancholy president and secretary consented to it—and the president's old partner had the prudent delicacy to be on hand with the contract—which carries us back to the state of government credit in the days of the last administration before this one in which there was a democratic president and congress—in the winter of '90 '91. Now there was not a banker good for anything more than covering defalcation with respectability who did not know the absolute soundness of our credit, whether the word, "gold" or "coin" was on our obligation—and the whole systematized profession that there was any difference was a fraud, and that fraud was played upon the people by and with the consent and advice of the president and his old partner, the counsel for the bankers to whom the contract was worth many millions, as the bond market shows.

It is to be hoped the bankers pay liberal fees for the services of counselors of inestimable ability and influence. MURAT HALSTEAD.

Equality of Sex.

It is natural for a woman to resent the imputation that the feminine mind is not so strong as the masculine and this spirit of independence was early manifested in a schoolgirl living in a Massachusetts town. She had, too, perhaps, been made to acknowledge the superiority of her brothers. One day her mother remarked upon the apparently utter lack of intelligence in a hen. "You can't teach a hen anything," she said. "They have ruined more of the garden than a drove of cattle would. You can teach a cat, dog or pig something but a hen—never!" "Hm!" exclaimed the child indignantly. "I think they know just as much as roosters."—Youth's Companion.

Horseshoes made of cowhide are quite common in Australia.

A Dangerous Game.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY DEAREST HEART."

CHAPTER XIV.

One evening I had been down to the lake to meet Gilbert, in an hour when Mr. Crawford Carden was passing Mr. Gascoigne's ear and courting the favor of the old man he looked upon as childish enough to be cheated by his duplicity and duped by his flattery. I knew that in the end he would find himself deceived, for, after his departure, Mr. Gascoigne would chuckle, and say to me:

"Clever man, Viola! In an old oil fellow, and he is going to cheat you in the next move. He knows how to play two games at once, as he does Crawford's, and he will win at both. He knows that there's a chance to come in under my will, and he has made himself suggested to me by another lawyer, and I should not be surprised if he expects the Game."

"How can you be so sure about you when you talk like that?" I asked. "But he is a lawyer, and he is coming back through the city, I came suddenly late to the city, and I saw a young man, she stood perfectly still in front of me, without speaking a word."

"Lady Martin!" I exclaimed. "I had never called her by her Christian name, although such was her own wish, referred in one of her periods of friendliness, and having its root in dislike of her married life. It was a curious, stormy friendship that existed between my affections, she would be almost passionately affectionate, at others she flung me aside when I would have sought her with an impatience as fierce. Never for an hour together could I tell what her humor would be; but never was she happy, and always restless and changeable."

"You!" she said abruptly. "Why are you not with uncle Richard? Why are you out?" "I came to see Gilbert. You are taking a late ramble; but it is such a lovely night, far pleasanter out of doors than in."

"Yes," she said, "perhaps it is." "May I walk up the terrace with you? I do not want to go in yet. Mr. Gascoigne does not need me, and it is hot and close in the house."

"I am not going on the terrace, and I don't want company." "I turned away—I was accustomed to her petulance; still I wished she would walk on the terrace, for down this narrow walk between the rhododendrons I knew Crawford Carden would be coming before long. I wondered if the three girls ever suspected anything of his visits, and I could not ask them for my promise's sake; but, if Gwendoline had let me join her in friendly mood, I think I must have been impelled to induce her, with the strongest words I could use, without actually relating facts, to dismiss her maid; for that very evening, as I came out, I had seen Mr. Carden enter the Grange by the little side-door, and by the door I had seen him, and I saw her place in his hand a note—the record of her own spying."

"As I walked towards the house Gwendoline stepped back and laid her hand on my arm." "Viola," she cried, "don't leave me! Stay with me, whether I want you or not. Don't leave me here by myself. You must notice."

"Dear Lady Martin," I said at once, taking her hand in my own, "you know I want to stay. I should like to be here under the stars and among the trees for an hour. It is so calm, and the air so sweet with the roses! Let us go down the rose arched."

"Alas! It is not calm," she cried passionately. "I think it is the calmness I hate. I should like to be in a stormy sea, and hear the wild wind and the waves night and day, and hear the waves lashing the shore and the wind moaning and shrieking. Let us go away to the sea-shore, Viola, somewhere—just you and I, with no one else we know. Can't we do it?"

"It might be good for you to have a change and a sea-breeze," I answered quietly. "It is dull here, and the monotony tires you." "Yes," she said in the same hurried way. "That is it. It will kill me with its monotony and its calmness! When you leave my maid, it will be only a few weeks now, will it?—you must come with me, and we will forget every one and everything we have known, and we will watch the storms and the sea till we grow old with their fury."

"Where shall we go?" I asked. "I could not contradict her in her wild mood, though I felt our families were only distant ones. So I said, 'I will try to do it.'"

"I was still in the narrow shrubbery path, and as I looked up my steps in obedience to Gwendoline's bid, only too glad to hasten away, I saw a man coming towards us. It could be no one else but Crawford Carden."

Gwendoline said nothing, and I thought, did not notice him. I looked round and suggested quietly: "Let us cross the grass, through the bushes. There is a short cut this way. See?" "I stopped and pushed aside the shrubs; but she did not seem to hear me. She walked on, and before I had rejoined her, saw whom she was meeting. She turned back sharply."

"Viola," she said, "come!" "I hastened after her; but Mr. Carden was already face to face with her. I noticed that he did not try to avoid her, as might have been expected from his secret visits, but, so glad, and, as I came up, I heard him say:

"What does this mean?" "It means that I am taking an evening walk, Mr. Carden," she answered coldly; and I did not wonder at the coldness—"with my friend, Miss Thorne."

ed not to see. "Viola," she said, after a silence of several minutes, while we walked on, "I hate that man, I know he is a spy upon my movements; but I cannot speak. Remember, I hate him."

"If you know what he is," I said, "you ought to know also that your maid Mathilde is in his pay. I have seen her meet him—only to-night."

"She gave me a curious, searching, intent look; in the half darkness her eyes gleamed like fire. I felt she was trembling all over. 'Is she?'—and she laughed harshly. 'I am going in. I am cold.'"

A sudden strange fear seized upon me. What did it mean? I knew not what it was that I feared; but mechanically I followed Gwendoline into the house, and mechanically went upstairs to Mr. Gascoigne. We played at chess until an unusually late hour. As soon as he dismissed me, I sought Annis, and in the depths of our love's young dream, with the future all in a golden glory before us, but I could not find time for this pleasant chat."

"Annis," I said, "will you tell me something about L. and Martin Martiney. When is he coming back?" "Lord Martin," cried Annis, "what makes you ask, Viola?" "Never mind," I answered. "I am curious, I suppose. Is it wonderful, when he is Gwendoline's husband? Why is he in India and she in England?"

Annis's bright face clouded a little, and a thoughtful shade came into the downcast eyes. "I cannot tell you much," she said slowly. "Gwendoline became engaged to him while I was at school, and when they were in London, the season after their marriage, they were always out a great deal, and I didn't see much of them. When he got this Indian appointment, she did not want to go, and he would not let her. I think he made it a condition that she should be out and live here with me; and she had been fond of society, so she finds it dull."

"Why did she not want to go to India?" "The day," Annis answered hesitatingly, "it was her health; but, Viola, I am afraid their marriage was not very happy."

"I had expected as much. Poor Gwendoline! I did not answer, and presently Annis ran on rapidly. 'I saw it coming, she said slowly, and I was sure of it. I was so anxious she should be happy, and we always declared she would try some one or other and grand, in those days, you know. Annis smiled, with a fleeting smile, 'we used to think grandeur and happiness inseparable; and now I think I, the plain one of the family, am going to be the happiest.'"

"Don't you think India will be happy?" "Oh, she will be a contented and rich! Lord Ormsby is not a bad fellow, and I think he quite fulfills her ambition. He worships her, and can cover her with diamonds. But Gwendoline is different; she wants something more."

"I don't know," said Annis. "I never could understand it. She had plenty of admirers, and he was a good match from the world's point of view, and is really good and fond of her. Yes, I am sure Martin is a good man. But they could not have parted if they had been fond of each other. Is it not so, Viola?"

"Ay, sad enough. I thought, if matters remained as they were. But would they? My sleep was broken and uneasy that night. I was wondering what I could do to help Gwendoline, pondering what I knew, and piecing it with what I only feared, until I scarcely knew what was real, whether there was any ground for the supposition that there was any secret relating between her and another man, or whether it was, how far it went, he was false and treacherous, he was a good match from the world's point of view, and is really good and fond of her. Yes, I am sure Martin is a good man. But they could not have parted if they had been fond of each other. Is it not so, Viola?"

I woke dazed and weary, with aching head, and, before I had shaken sleep off thoroughly, my still torpid brains were roused to more definite trouble than the vague alarm for Gwendoline. Annis came into my room, pale and frightened. "Uncle Richard is very ill, Viola! They sent for the doctor an hour ago. Wilkins says he has had a fit!"

For a month after that the life of the master of St. Gabriel's Grange hung on a thread. An able doctor from London was sent for; we had a hospital nurse, and either Gwendoline or I was always near him. He was surrounded by every care, and all that could be done for him was done.

I think we hardly knew how much the secluded old man, with his straggling hair, his curt speeches, had entered into the lives of all of us until he lay ill and helpless. He was not unconscious, and his mind remained wonderfully acute and clear. One day he called me to his side.

"You remember what I told you?" he said, "if I am not here to remind you—not till you are married—don't forget!" "I remember everything," I answered. "Nothing you wish done shall be left undone or forgotten. But you are better, and, please Heaven, you will be with us for long yet."

"Perhaps so, perhaps so," he murmured. "But it's all right—cheekmate—all right!" Those were almost the last words I heard from him. We thought he was recovering, when suddenly the cord snapped, and the hand of the black player, Death moved him gently off the chequered board of life. We four women were left alone together in St. Gabriel's Grange, lonely and in grief. The drawn blinds made the dim, silent rooms dark and dreary, and hushed footsteps trod the long corridors. We clung together in those few dark still days between his death and his funeral with a sympathy nothing but common grief could have brought about. I never thought of leaving them, for I seemed to be almost one of them. But Hilda still stood aloof, cold and calm. What right had I, a stranger, to intrude upon their family circle? It was nothing to her that I had been with him during the last months of his life more than any one else; it was worse than nothing that I was the promised wife of his nephew Gilbert. Gwendoline, Annis and I were almost as sisters, and Gwendoline was very quiet, half

W. H. Colville.

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Congregational. Services Sunday at 10:45 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. M. B. Zink, Supt. prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:00. Christian Endeavor Society meeting at 6:00.

Baptist—James Frederick Hillier, Pastor. Services Sunday at 10:45 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Bible School at 12 m. Prof. E. H. Nourse, Supt. Junior Young People's Union, 1:30 P. M. W. Annable, Supt. Young People's Baptist Union, 6:00 P. M. W. H. Edwards, Pres. Communion, First Sunday in every month. Week-day Services.

Prayer-meeting, Wednesday evening, 7:00 P. M. Covenant Meeting, last Wednesday before First Sunday in every month at 7:00 P. M.

Evangelical German—REV. W. KLINGHOFF, Pastor. Services Sunday at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. M. Diner, Supt. Young People's meeting alternating with catechetical classes at 7:00 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30. Strangers cordially invited.

Lutheran—REV. H. SHAW, Pastor. Services at 2 p. m. every other week at the Cong'l church. Sunday School at 10:00.

Church of the Blessed Virgin. Services every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock. Every week-day morning at 7 o'clock.

Protestant Episcopal Church of the Advent. REV. H. B. BATES, Pastor. Services in Col. lege of summer Block 2nd floor, Sunday school at 2:30 o'clock. Church at 3:30 p. m. on the 1st 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 month. Visiting brethren cordially invited. E. J. Coffey, Secy.

O. E. S. Veda Chapter, 242. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month in Masonic Hall. Visiting members always welcome. Mrs. W. S. Carter, Secy.

Maple Park, No. 468, G. A. R., Dept. of Illinois. Meets the first and third Thursdays of the month. Visiting comrades always welcome. Geo. F. Brown, Secy.

Washington Post, No. 55, P. O. S. of A. Meets first and third Fridays of the month. All brethren welcome. G. B. Strawn, Pres. J. C. Chase, Secy.

Downers Grove Lodge, No. 526, A. O. U. W. Meets in A. O. U. Hall on the first and third Friday evenings of each month. Visiting brethren cordially welcome. A. J. Green, Secy.

Downers Grove, No. 750, I. O. O. F. Meets every Monday evening. Visiting brethren cordially invited to meet with the Hall Central Hall.

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Victory Council, No. 110, Royal Legion. Meets first and third Tuesdays in A. O. U. W. Hall. W. H. Edwards, Secy.

Maple Camp, No. 998, M. W. A. Meets in O. A. H. Hall on the second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month. Visiting members always welcome. J. E. Hillier, Secy.

Ladies Library Association. Library Room in Bank Building, 2nd floor. Meets first Monday of each month at 7:30 p. m. Mrs. J. H. Cross, Pres. Mrs. J. H. Cross, Secy.

Downers Grove Loan and Home Building Association. W. H. Edwards, Secretary.

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