

## DOWNERS GROVE REPORTER

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### TERMS:

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More than 50 per cent of the agricultural products of the globe is produced by irrigation.

Judge Upton is presiding at the Circuit Court at Wheaton. The session will probably be concluded in side of two weeks.

The following are the candidates placed in nomination by the township caucus at Hinsdale, Saturday: Supervisor, James McClinton; Assistant Supervisor, Fred Anderson; Assessor, J. M. Barr; Collector, C. K. Roe; Commissioner of Highways, F. Ruchty; Clerk, Geo. Bert; Justices of the Peace, to fill vacancy, Chas. Fox, C. Buschman.

All of the nominees are good, responsible men and reputable citizens, and will be elected without doubt. As the time is past to place any more names on the ticket by petition, it looks like they would have no opposition, so the nomination is as good as an election and the township might as well dispense with the mere formality of going to the polls and voting, and declare them elected, thus saving the election expenses.

Notices are posted for a caucus to be held in Thompson's Hall Saturday evening, for the purpose of placing in nomination three village trustees, a president and a clerk. The three retiring trustees are Messrs. Gesner, Bush and Edwards. These three gentlemen also constitute the finance committee which has so ably handled the village funds for the past year. They all have proven themselves good, able and responsible men, and the voters cannot do better than replace them in nomination, at least Messrs. Bush and Gesner. We understand that Mr. Edwards declines the position, on the grounds that he has too much other business to attend to. There are good men that will take his place who are not so pressed with business cares.

As president, Mr. W. S. Carpenter has filled the position very conscientiously and creditably. He has had a good deal to contend with and has devoted much of his time in attending to village business, for which there has been no compensation. It is nothing more than his just dues to elect him.

The offices of village clerk and collector have been made as one. For this office we need a person that is centrally located and can devote the most of his time to the business. There will be all of the water rents to collect, and the issuing of permits, etc., for the water consumers, and it needs somebody that can and will be around to attend to this. In Mr. J. M. Wells we have a good man for the position. His office is centrally located, and he is always found there ready to attend to customers. With this and his insurance and real estate business there will be all he can take care of. He is also familiar with the collecting of the special assessments, and understands book-keeping and clerical work.

### PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS.

We now have as fine a system of water-works as any town could wish, for which we have to thank our honorable village board. But the question is, shall we stop with the first step in this direction? We would answer, no. If we wish our village to keep on growing, we must keep on with the improvements. Downers Grove has many superior advantages over any of the other suburbs of Chicago, and if we would have it grow, we must keep up with the demands of the times in improvements. The natural lay of the land here makes the sanitary condition of this place better than any of our sister towns, which is one point in our favor. We are blessed with better

railroad service than any of the other towns on this or any other road leading from the city. As long as Chicago keeps on growing, just so long will its suburban towns do likewise. In order to get our share of the cream of the population who desire to move out in some of the surrounding suburbs, we must hold out the same inducements others do, or we will be left in the cold. We must keep up with the procession, as we are living in a fast age, when the general public demands more than it used to twenty-five years ago.

At present, we might just as well be enjoying the benefits of good electric lights as to go in darkness or get along with our present "fire bugs." So long as the village can not put in a plant only for its own use, why not grant a franchise to some company, allowing it the privilege of putting in a plant? For a trifle more than what the village is at present paying, we might have our streets well lighted, and the tax payers would not kick, so long as we got good service. The extra tax would never be noticed. We would like to see a village board elected that is in favor of giving us what we can just as well have, so long as it does not cost anything extra to speak of. There are plenty of good companies that will gladly furnish us with electric lights if they were given the privilege. What we would like to see would be a stock company, organized by our own citizens, granted a franchise to put in a plant. Keep the ball a-rolling until we wake our officials up to a realization that we demand and want these things, and we will get them.

We would also like to call the village board's attention to the Chicago Telephone Co.'s application for a permit to place a telephone exchange in here. They do not ask for the sole right. Some of these days some of us may find it convenient to have a telephone placed in our office or place of business, and be connected with the city exchange. As the matter now stands, it would take some time in order to get the thing in shape to do it. We can see no harm in allowing them the privilege, then, if they have a demand for it, they can go ahead and erect their poles and place things in operation on short notice. They are only taking time by the forelock, and we see no advantage gained by handicapping them.

We are not done yet with this question of improvements, and we propose to keep the ball on the move until we get something more.

### A Dangerous Game.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY DEAREST HEART."

And then there came before me the honest-hand-some face of my lover and his clear eyes.

"We do trust each other," I answered proudly and fondly.

She turned away with a little sigh.

"Happy child," she murmured softly.

"Don't fret over Hilda's words," she added, in gentle accents. "Be brave, my dear, it is only empty talk."

And then she bade her, if I grew sad sometimes as I remembered them, I feared no evil result.

### CHAPTER XVII.

A letter came from Lord Martin Pomeroy to tell his wife when he should be in England, and expressing a hope that she would return with him to India in October.

"I suppose you will go?" said Hilda.

"I suppose so," answered Gwendoline, in those dull inanimate tones she always fell into when speaking of her husband.

As the time of his coming drew near—for he was to follow closely on his letter—I fancied she grew restless and agitated; but that was natural enough, seeing how long he had been parted.

One morning I came upon her unexpectedly in the drawing-room. She was sitting by a low table, one elbow resting on it, and the other hand raising the large photograph album on which she was gazing earnestly. She shut the book hurriedly and rose from her seat when she saw me, and a crimson flush dyed her face.

"Do you want me?" she asked quickly.

And when I said "No," she left the room.

Half heedlessly I took up the album, marvelling at her agitation. One silver clasp had, unnoticed by her, caught the leaves and marked the place at which she had held the volume open. There was only one portrait in the page, within a border of painted flowers and leaves—a large photograph of Martin Pomeroy.

Why should she rise in confusion from looking at her husband's portrait? And there was a tear-drop on the page. Was she afraid of him, or anxious, now that he was coming back to her? I looked intently at the picture. It was a good face—not handsome, but what some people would call cold and stern. Yet there was a thoughtful look in the deep-set eyes and kindly expression. I fancied, about the firm mouth. He looked a man to respect and esteem. He was a good deal older than Gwendoline; but he was barely forty, and she was six-and-twenty.

Gwendoline still never alluded to his return, nor in any way betrayed how she would welcome it. If I tried to draw her to speak of him, she answered, with a quietness almost amounting to restraint, always in the same dead voice. I knew this was a morbid unhealthy state, and longed even

for a return of her old petulance. But she passed her days, and walked and talked, apparently only half knowing what she did, half conscious and wholly callous. Hersisters never noticed this strange phase. Hilda had wrapped herself in her impenetrable pride, concentrated on her own plans. Annie was too happy, full of dreams of Ulric and her future; and I was even yet little better than a stranger, ignorant of her past life, entitled to none of her confidence.

My thoughts, too, were very busy with my own life. I was going home very soon, and Gilbert was preparing for an early marriage; and I was very happy in his love, very peaceful and glad in my great numerical fortune, very thankful to Heaven for a good man's love.

I had no fear of Hilda's fierce Gwendoline had known her terrors. I thought she would do the same, and I shrank from describing them in the family that I did not feel certain what she had said. It was not long before what St. Gabriel's strange ways of Gilbert's, seeing that nothing could be

done to change him, and I had had quite enough of him. I had been pleading for a franchise, and now steadily in her low and dolorous look in her head, but his pages never turned. I had been writing to the mother, and when I visited the teacher, I turned to Gwendoline again and told her to go to her. At first she seemed silent through the door, but then, after a brief pause, for doing what he told her, she began, as I saw how terribly wretched they were, how heavy were their labors. The high black dress and the soft, very pale skin reflected her pallor, and she seemed half hour, turned back from the bright sun and those bright eyes.

"I have no finished yes or no," she said. "You will have to talk to me, anything to shut out the sound of the wind. I cannot bear to hear it, it is so penetrating, the trees."

The wind was blowing round the old house and making me hot, so soon it was a gusty afternoon, and I was standing in the windows, still, and the leaves rattled against the glass, and the wind they whirled about on the roof outside.

"Shall I tell you what you have?" I asked. "She turned away to let me see what it was."

"Anything you like. But no, I did not read. Talk to me. And tell me about your home and your brothers and sisters. They cannot be interested in me, many people."

I told her I thought she might care for Gilbert, Costeloe, and Edward, and Grace, and was surprised, and Barbara who was so strong, and of course the wedding and life-story of poor old Costeloe.

She made no comment or remark, and I did not know whether or not she was interested in me. I told her, when I proposed, she shivered.

"You are indeed a good, very powerful being. But the secret quality of having so pleasant a voice is not for me. I suppose you are not of the male people good. When you are poor, consider, as we do to get rich. Poor, I do not live your life instead of your own. I have been good."

"I was poor, but good," I replied, thinking of the time when I was more worthy of her.

"With me it is different. It has been so different. I have been worldly, among worldly people, since I can remember. I think I had been better if any one in the world had tried to make me so. With my own father, I was simple, and my mother, though she was the same—I must say, she was—she was admired. I taught myself to knit well to make the world think well of me. And I was admired. I lived for admiration, and married what people well, that is, my wedding took place at St. George's, and I had half a dozen birds' nests and a串 of presents.

"And now what do I care for the world things of men? My life has been a mistake from the start. I have been a mistake from the start."

"But I am, Alice, I am rather timidly, for I have a secret part of it, and I could not bear Gwendoline's innuendo containing no pretence of happiness, but end the weddinng."

"I blame no one," she replied, I suppose. "I have not been happy. I have not deserved to be, and I have no one to be happy. But if I had been set aside from it all, like Auntie, or if I had had good people about me, like you, I think I might have been different."

"Dear, I'm sorry," I said, "we do not want you different. You are very dear to us as you are. All we want is to see you happy."

"It is too late for that now," she answered. "If it could only come over again! Violia, will you try to think, by-and-by that I might perhaps have been good, if I had had the chance?"

"Gwendoline, Gwendoline," I cried, in alarm and distress, going to her and kneeling down by her side and taking one of her cool hands, "why do you talk of? Do you feel ill? Is there anything but the headache that matters with you? Can I do anything?"

"Hilda!" She laughed a faint laugh that was suddenly overjoyed. "I wish I were ill. I wish I could die, Violia."

And then suddenly she recovered herself and spoke calmly and restrainedly.

"There is nothing the matter with me, child, and I am not going mad as I dare say you think. It is only a fit of thinking. Go to the piano and sing something. You at least have nothing to do with my pest or my fury."

So I opened the grand piano that was Hilda's, and sang Costeloe's beautiful song, "There is a green hill far away." While I was singing she left the room, and five minutes later Hilda and Auntie came in.

On this last Lord Martin was expected to arrive. It was evident how little was said about him. The subject appeared to be avoided by cousin and niece, and I feared Anne's words were true. Gwendoline had made an unhappy choice, and hence her misery and restlessness at the prospect of being reunited to her husband; or it might be the thought of leaving her English home and going into a distant country which distressed her, though in truth she had never manifested any love for the Grange, which she called her prison, and had avowed a longing to travel.

She looked just as white and ill on Monday, and remained most of the day in her own room.

In the evening I was at Marlands, and returning, I met Gilbert, and we walked together on St. Gabriel's Walk. How well I remember that evening! There had been rain during the day, and now a mild wet breeze just stirred the trees, and the fallen leaves under our feet were sodden and still. At sunset the sun had made one last effort, and had shone for a brief space on the crimson beeches and the yellow limes; but now the red gleam had died from the sky and the gray clouds were creeping up again, covering the face of the rising moon.

When we got to the old wicket, I stopped.

"I am not going to ask you in, Gilbert," I said laughingly. "You will see enough of the Grange by-and-by, and to-morrow you must come to see Lord Martin."

"You think Gwendoline will not prefer to

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St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 1, 1901.

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Meeting at 10:30 A. M. on the first and third Tuesdays of each month. Visiting brethren cordially invited.

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