DOWNERS GROVE REPORTER.

REPORTER JOB PRINTING CO., PROPR'S.

Pub'd Weekly by CURTIS & STILWILL.

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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.

Sixteen Democrats and eleven Republicans voted for the Humphreys bill, to legalize gambling, lately passed by the Illinois senate. One Democrat and 17 Republicans voted against it.

Having no congress on his hands and no more bonds worth 119 to sell at 104½, Mr. Cleveland can now give another demonstration of his genius as a duck-hunter.—N. Y. World, (Dem.)

Speaking of mysterious disappearances, will someone please report as to the whereabouts of "Special Commissioner" Blount, or that profound "Scholar in Politics," Franklin McVeagh?

Hon. Wm. M. Springer, the great repudiated, of Illinois, has been "taken care of" in an appointment to a judgeship in the Indian territory. Good-bye "Bill." If the natives get after you, and you keep up your present record as a nimble dodger, you will escape with your scalp intact.

Cleveland's friends are defending him against the open insinuation that he has profited by the secret contract with the clique of money-lenders. The President may be misjudged, but many a man is doing time in state prison who was convicted upon much less convincing evidence than can be brought against the administration.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Representative Bryan, of DuPage county, has brought himself into considerable prominence through his arbitration bill, called the "Bryan Bill." Mr. Bryan has been interested in the labor question for several years and is well prepared to deal with the problem. There is need for legislation on this question, and it should come at once, and the man who succeeds in originating a law that will cover the ground and have the desired effect, will bring himself into prominence and pave the way for a bright future. This bill provides that the board shall have power to act in all disputes, in cases where 100 people are employed, and the parties interested are unable to settle it themselves; and it is hoped that it will entirely do away with strikes in this state in the future.—Star, Kewanee, Ill.

Political favor and the effort to attain it has been the ruination of many a man. He that aspires to political favor will find it harder to please his friends than to perplex his foes. He must act upon a false foundation and present reasons that are weak becase he dare not act on reasons that are strong. He, to further the end of his party, must cater to the rich and powerful when the cry of the poor and needy falls unheeded on his ears. To be above others he must constantly be beneath himself and put on the false face of "party policy." When will our politicians lay aside the mask and say, "I dare do all that may become a man, who dares do more is none." When a man of this calibre takes the lead in our politics we shall then and only then have the much needed and long promised Civil Service Reform.

The REPORTER cannot see how some of our citizens can conscienciously say that manufacturing industries are an injury to our place. Looking at it from a residence standpoint, perhaps we would be just as well off without them. Looking at it from a business standpoint, we certainly cannot see anything but a benefit in more ways than one.

For illustration, take our new piano factory, which will soon be running with a full force of workmen. Already it has brought into our midst several good families, who have purchased residences and will become permanent citizens. As work progresses, more will move here, and the more people we have, the more of home consumption, which is a stimulant to business. This factory will command the best of skilled mechanics to do the work in its various branches.

Another good illustration is the potato planter factory, which since starting up has given employment to quite a number of our citizens, who during the winter months are generally not very busy. It gives employment to home people so far as consistent, when they are competent to perform the work. In the paint shop, where the planters are finished up and decorated, will be found a force of local painters.

This gives men employment at good wages, and as long as people are earning money they will spend it and keep it in circulation. But when they are not earning anything they generally cut on their expense account.

The REPORTER is ready to welcome any kind of an industry that will give honest and legitimate employment to our people, and will be of benefit to our town.

A Dangerous Game.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY DEAR VIOLA," "HEART."

[illegible]

"Yes, I love Viola Gordon with all my heart, and I believe she loves me. We were engaged to be married when I left for India, and I had her promise to wait for me. I was a poor man then, and I had my way to make in the world. I thought it better for her that we should wait for my return, when I should be in a position to offer her a home worthy of her acceptance. We were very happy together, and I left her with a heart full of hope and joy. I had been in India about two years when I received a letter from her, in which she told me that she was married to Mr. Martin Pomeroy, and that she was happy in her new home. I was stunned by the blow, and for a time I was almost crushed by it. I had been so sure of her love, so confident that she would be true to me, that I was unprepared for such a shock. I had been in the habit of writing to her almost every day, and she had been in the habit of writing to me at least once a week, and I had received letters from her regularly, telling me all the events of her quiet life, and expressing the most perfect happiness in her new home. I could not believe that she was false to me, and I wrote to her, upbraiding her for her inconstancy, and telling her that I should return to England at once. I received no answer to my letter, and I wrote again, and still no answer came. I was in a state of mind bordering on madness, and I could not rest until I had seen her face to face and had heard from her own lips that she was false to her promise and false to her love. I sold my commission, and came home by the first mail that I could get a passage by. I found that Viola had left her home, and was visiting her married sister in Scotland. I followed her there, and I found her in the arms of her husband, looking the picture of happiness. I cursed her in my madness, and I told her that I had been a fool to believe in her, and that I had come back to India a ruined man through her falsehood and treachery. I spared her husband, for I felt that he was a fool like myself, and that he was the victim of a cunning woman's wiles. I left the house in which I had been a welcome guest, and I swore that I would be revenged upon the woman who had deceived me. I knew that she was rich, and that she was her own mistress, and I knew that she was fickle and false-hearted. I came back to London, and I found that she was living in Mayfair, and that she was the talk of the town on account of her extravagance and her reckless gambling. I found that she was playing for a stake that was beyond her means, and that she was on the road to ruin. I watched her for a time, and I found that she was playing with a man who was her match in cunning and in wickedness, and I determined that I would be revenged upon her through him. I made his acquaintance, and I let him see that I was a man who was to be feared and not to be trifled with. We became fast friends, and we began to play together. We played for large stakes, and I let him win from me a large sum of money. We became more intimate than ever, and I let him see that I was in his power, and that I was his slave. He asked me if I would be willing to do him a service in return for his friendship, and I said that I would do anything he might ask me to do except commit a crime against the laws of my country. He said that he was in love with a lady who was married, and who was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, but that she was cold as ice to his love, and that she was the wife of a man who was his friend, and who had been his benefactor. He said that he was willing to pay any price for the woman he loved, and that he would be my debtor for life if I would help him to win her. I said that I would do my best to please him, and that I would be his debtor if he could win the woman I was playing for. We shook hands on the bargain, and we began our game. We played for Viola's heart, and we played for her honor, and we played for her fortune. We played for her life, and we played for her soul. We played for all that she had in the world, and she did not know that we were playing for her. We played for her while she was asleep, and we played for her while she was awake. We played for her when she was with us, and we played for her when she was miles away from us. We played for her when she was in her own home, surrounded by her friends, and we played for her when she was in the whirl of the world, and was the center of admiring crowds. We played for her when she was in her own home, and we played for her when she was in the ballroom. We played for her when she was in her own home, and we played for her when she was in the ballroom. We played for her when she was in her own home, and we played for her when she was in the ballroom