

Downers Grove Reporter.

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DOWNERS GROVE, ILLINOIS.

Society belles often fall in the matrimonial market because they flirt with ten men ten per cent each instead of loving one man at par.

A New York girl was given the first prize at a festival in Nice recently, and a Chicago paper says it was because there was no Chicago girl there.

His excellency Nawab Isnad Newax Jung Bahadur, prince of India and nizam of Hyderabad, is visiting in Chicago. He is gazed at as a brand new arrival, but his name is suggestive of a belated resident of the Midway Plaisance.

New Orleans has done well in indicting twenty-eight men accused of complicity in the recent riots. But unless she bring the crimes conclusively home to the guilty and press them to conviction her reputation must remain tarnished. A community that cannot protect itself against mob rule does not deserve to be called American.

The Helot boys are deserving credit for substituting a Greek play for burlesque thrumming as a public entertainment. But they ought to have done still better. "Oedipus Tyrannus" would be more acceptable to the general public if given in Greek. Then it would be equally beautiful and unintelligible. In English it is intelligible but not beautiful.

A big religious revival has been started at Tallbotton, in Georgia, owing to the prompt and timely smashing of Mr. Crawford's house by a thundering big stroke of lightning. Mr. Crawford is an atheist, and he defied the lightning, like Ajax, during a storm. The words were hardly out of his mouth before his house was reduced to ruins. The Georgia insurance companies will hereafter inquire into a man's religious beliefs.

The czar of Russia has informed some of his nobles that they must give up their dreams of a national assembly. It must be set down, however, to the young ruler's credit that he has made some minor reforms since his accession. The abolition of the use of the knout in the punishing of criminals, hundreds of whom, it is said, have died under the torture, was a humane act, although another torture, that of the Siberian exile, still remains the law.

The New York charitable associations are considering the plan so successfully carried out in Detroit of having some of the poorer people cultivate potatoes on the vacant lots in the city limits. There are said to be 17,323 vacant lots in the city, containing more than 1,000 acres. Detroit had about 7,000 vacant lots, representing 430 acres, which were handed over for cultivation by their owners last year. The result was a production of \$14,000 worth of potatoes for the poor.

Compulsory education is now recognized by the statutes of more than half of the states of the union. Its natural and logical sequel is not so generally enforced. We refer to an educational qualification for the suffrage. There ought to be no state in the whole nation where a man is permitted to vote who can not both read and write the American language. Until that desirable condition is attained, the United States will not be far from the ideal republic which has popular intelligence as its broad and sure foundation.

For the second time the first prize in the state oratorical contest in Indiana, has been captured by a young woman. Some of the young men in the state are probably doing some tall thinking over the matter, and wondering where they are at. And yet, after all, it is difficult to understand what use it is to the average young woman to be able to stand up before an audience and make a speech. As was remarked of the dog that stood on its hind legs, the wonder is not that she does it well, but that she does it at all.

And now it is Dr. Frederick A. Cook who has a plan on foot for a voyage to the Antarctic. He expects to sail from New York on Sept. 1 with a party of scientists, and will take with him two small, but stoutly built, sailing vessels, provisioned for a three years' cruise. It can hardly be supposed that Dr. Cook really expects to reach the south pole. Our own Capt. Wilkes and Sir James Ross are explorers who furnished the scientific world with much information as to the Antarctic regions; in fact, they may be said to have exhausted the subject, and it is difficult to see what could be gained by any further explorations. Enterprises of this character nowadays seem to end simply in the sending out of a relief expedition, which certainly has no picturesque or romantic features to recommend it.

Poor Newfoundland seems to be in a bad way. Canada won't have her, England neglects her, and she cannot even flirt with Uncle Sam. To say she is between the devil and the deep sea doesn't express. The sea means to be all around her and the devil a permanent obsession.

The greatest philosopher since Plato, Herbert Spencer, bankrupted himself by the publication of charts to go with his lectures. He did not make enough in a lecture tour to pay expenses. On the other hand, a French high-kicking concert hall singer is to receive \$2,000 a week for entertaining the people of New York.

The murderous business of insuring the lives of babies and little children, which is more or less profitable in this country, has been broken up by legislative enactment in Massachusetts. The law prevents the writing of policies on the lives of children less than 10 years of age. The people who urged the passage of the bill had no difficulty in showing that child-insurance is an incentive to crime.

If the Fresno raisin men will stick to it, they will find as much profit in cultivating co-operation as in growing raisins.

HE DID NOT LIKE PERFUMES.

But the Remnant Odor of a Cigar Was Another Matter.

It was at a lecture; the room was hot and crowded, and Mrs. Bittersweet noticed that her husband was suffering under a sense of injury.

"What is it, dear?" she whispered, under cover of one of the speaker's rounded periods.

Mr. Bittersweet's sniffs became more audible. "It's the abominable odor of perfume in the room," he puffed, "I'm almost asphyxiated by it. Why, I can count fourteen distinct scents every time the women about us applaud."

"O, well, try not to notice it," whispered his wife, with that cheerfulness always displayed by the friends of the sufferer in such cases, "Do listen to the lecture; it is just splendid."

"Humph; I suppose you like the odor; women always do like whatever costs money. Do you happen to know how much is spent annually on perfumery in America alone?"

"No, dear, I don't. What is it?" "Um—well, I don't remember the exact figures just now, but I assure you it is something enormous. For my part I think that the carrying of perfumes into public places should be prohibited by law, and the amount of money which would otherwise have been wasted upon them might then go towards endowing an asylum for those idiots who don't know that others have rights in public."

"Sh—sh! You are disturbing people. The lady in the violet bonnet is looking daggers at you."

"Humph; the one whose handkerchief is poisoned with patchouli; I don't care if she isn't pleased. Say, I think I'll step out for a cigar."

"Do," said his wife, with a smile, "I thought something beside the perfume was troubling you."

He came back before long with a smiling face and settled himself contentedly in his place. As he did so the lady in the violet bonnet, who sat next to him, began to wave her handkerchief before her face.

"Isn't it awful," she whispered to her companion, "wherever one goes it is just the same—some horrid man poisons the air with the odor of stale tobacco; positively I couldn't endure it if I hadn't some strong perfume about me as an antidote."

AIR A STORAGE BATTERY.

A Theory That It Can Be Tapped for All the Electricity Needed.

Elias B. Dunn, the weather observer at New York, has been studying atmospheric electricity for two years, says the Boston Transcript. The scientist, as they call him now, said the other day that he will live to see the day when electricity collected from the atmosphere and stored by some means which an Edison or a Tesla will have to devise, will revolutionize the world. The prophet expects that cities will be lighted and heated by atmospheric electricity; that every train and car will be run lighted and heated by it; that coal will become a curiosity; that steam heating will be a granny talk to the children of the next generation; that the telegraph and telephone companies will lose their monopolies; that war will become a farce because a touch of electricity will make the British Grenadiers or the German Uhlans or the Scotch Highlanders sit down on the cold ground powerless. Even the dreams of communication with the inhabitants of Mars will become realities, and a man will be able to strike up electricity as he does a parlor match. There will be no more trolley strikes, because there will be no more trolleys. Mankind will tap the atmosphere for almost any convenience except food and clothing, and even the clothing will be woven and the food cooked by atmospheric electricity; street cleaning will be as easy as the magician's "Presto! change!" and everybody will live comparatively happier ever after. Mr. Dunn is sure that his ideas are practical and probable. The atmosphere is his constant study, and, having introduced general humidity to the public as the principal element in uncomfortable days, he has determined that the potent element for good in the air we breathe shall no longer be wasted. Why, he said, the whole atmosphere is soaked with electricity.

A DETERMINED DOG.

He Was Bound to Have the Rabbit He Had Killed.

One day, when a lad, I was walking with my father, accompanied by a strong, smooth-haired retriever called Turk. We were joined by the bailiff of the farm, and in the course of our walk Turk suddenly discovered the presence of a rabbit concealed in what in Scotland is called a "dry-stane dike." After a little trouble in removing some stones, poor bunny was caught and slaughtered, being handed to the bailiff, who put it in his coat pocket. Shortly afterward we separated, the bailiff going to his home in one direction, and we to ours in an opposite one. Before we reached home we noticed that Turk was no longer with us, as he was a very faithful follower. Some time after we got home, perhaps an hour, I chanced to see a strange object on the public road, which puzzled me as to what it was. It raised a cloud of dust as it came along, which partly obscured the vision. What was my surprise when I found it to be Turk, dragging a man's shooting jacket, which proved to be the bailiff's, with the rabbit still in the pocket.

We afterward learned that the dog, to the surprise of the bailiff, quietly followed him home, and lay down near him. Presently the man took off his coat and laid it on a chair. Instantly Turk pounced upon it, says a writer in the Spectator, and dashed to the door with it in his mouth. He was pursued, but in vain, and succeeded in dragging the coat from the one house to the other, a distance of one mile and three-quarters. It was evident that the dog had a strong sense of the rights of property. He believed the rabbit belonged to his master, so he set himself to recover what he thought were stolen goods.

The Plumber's Bill.

Householder—Did the plumber make the correction in that bill I returned to him?

Collector—Yes, sir, and he found an overcharge of two shillings.

"Just as I said."

"Yes, sir; but it took him about an hour to look up the items, and he charges two shillings an hour for his time. Three shillings more, please."

NEW CABINET LADY.

MRS. WILLIAM L. WILSON AN UNOSTENTATIOUS WOMAN.

Is Much Devoted to Her Husband, But Does Not Care for Social Functions—They Are Poor and Will Need to Economize.

DR. W. L. WILSON, the latest addition to the ladies of the cabinet, is said to be one of the most retiring women in Washington. So quiet in her life that many of the women who have been longest in official life do not even know her by sight.

In fact there is nothing remarkable about this, for the wife of the new postmaster general has of late years lived both summer and winter at the family home at Charlestown, Va. To be sure, this is only a two hours' ride from the capital, but that has been sufficient to keep Mrs. Wilson from any but the rarest appearances in Washington society.

Aside from her naturally domestic tastes Mrs. Wilson's delicate health and the youth of her children have conspired to keep her away from the capital even while congress was in session. So distasteful has she found the gay life there that she never goes to Washington for more than a week, or, at the outside, a month at a time. When there she remains at the house of relatives or with her father, and can rarely be lured out to more than a reception, and even that she attends only to gratify her husband.

So little known is she that when she appeared at an afternoon reception given by Mrs. Tarsney, of Missouri, wife of Mr. Wilson's close assistant on the ways and means committee, good democratic women hurried to get a glimpse of her to see what the tariff bill maker's wife looked like. They found a slender woman of medium height dressed in black, and wearing her dark hair waved about the temples. She has very bright dark eyes, a cordial smile, is quietly self-possessed, and not only is blessed with a sense of the humorous, but among her friends can give expression to it.

Mrs. Wilson is a daughter of Prof. Welling, president of Columbian uni-

versity. While her children, of whom there are four, were young, Mrs. Wilson used part of her time at Charlestown in looking after their education herself. One of the sons is well-known to every congressman, as he has been with his father at the capital. The elder daughter, who is 17 years old, is at a young ladies' school in Virginia, and Betty, the youngest, aged 14, is with her mother.

At the Charlestown home Mrs. Wilson leads a quiet life suited to her tastes. She reads a great deal, looks after the poor in the neighborhood, and is a devout churchwoman. Mr. Wilson is able to reach his family with a short railroad ride, and finds complete rest there, for Mrs. Wilson says, "He can find plenty of people to worry him about politics, so when he comes into the home we never discuss politics. I prefer other subjects, and he hears enough of it outside."

Late in the spring, a year ago, Mrs. Wilson went to the capital to care for her husband's health, and until he could leave Washington Mrs. Wilson endured great anxiety, watching her husband almost throwing his life away over the tariff bill. They spent part of the summer in Mexico, where Mrs. Wilson nursed her husband back to health. When he sailed for Europe she returned to the country home. She has been in Washington the past winter more than for years previously, but has for several seasons remained in seclusion. She would have been very glad personally to have seen her husband out of political service for a time, and Mrs. Wilson is not looking at the position and duties of a cabinet woman with any pleasure or even gratification.

The Wilsons are not rich, and in accord with Mrs. Wilson's strong dislike to entering society the new postmaster general's household will not make any attempt at gaiety. It will not be decided for some months as to whether they will take a house or reside at some hotel.

If Mrs. Wilson's health continues to improve during the summer as it has

during the last six months she will be able to go through with the most important social duties that fall to the lot of a cabinet woman.

A NEW YORK DIVINE.

One of the Leading Pulpit Lights of the Eastern Metropolis.

Dr. William S. Rainsford, rector of the Protestant Episcopal parish of St. George, New York, is one of the most prominent and aggressive divines connected with that historic church. He is not only an able and effective preacher, but he possesses executive abilities of a high order, and as an organizer has few if any superiors. Under his administration St. George's has become one of the most influential moral forces of the metropolis. It is the center and supporter of a group of social and religious enterprises which reach and help with their ministries a great multitude of people who otherwise would suffer deprivation, physical and spiritual. There is nowhere in that city a better



DR. RAINSFORD.

object-lesson of what a church can do in the way of practical Christian work than that which is afforded by St. George's. Dr. Rainsford personally directs all these various activities, but his fertility and energy are by no means exhausted by the work he does in this connection, says Leslie's Weekly. He finds time to co-operate in most of the more important general charitable and



MRS. W. L. WILSON.

reformatory movements of the time, and in his own denomination especially is a recognized leader in every undertaking in which it engages. As to some subjects, he holds views which are regarded as radical, but, being a man of profound convictions, he never measures his expressions concerning any question by considerations of deference to popular opinion. In the recent campaign for municipal purification he was conspicuously active and earnest, and he will be among those who will resist to the utmost any surrender of the advantages then gained. Dr. Rainsford, in a word, is a notable representative of those aggressive modern preachers who hold that religion is an affair of practical every-day life, and that he best serves his master who, out of the pulpit as well as in it, stands resolutely for essential righteousness.

Eyes of Bees.

Every bee has two kinds of eyes; the two large, compound ones, looking like hemispheres or single eyes, which crown the head. Each compound eye (as one would naturally suppose from the term which designates it) is really an immense aggregation of eyes, each being composed of 3,500 facets, which means that every object seen has its image reflected 3,500 times in the bee's tiny brain. Every one of these facets is the base of an inverted hexagonal pyramid, whose apex is fitted snugly to the head. Each of these pyramid facets may be termed a perfect eye, for each has its own iris and optic nerve.

A Lesson in Finance.

The longest time during which a note has remained outside the Bank of England is 111 years. It was for \$125, and it is computed that the compound interest during that long period amounted to no less than \$30,000.

France as Big as Colorado and Idaho.

France has 294,000 square miles, a little smaller than Colorado and Idaho combined.

CAMPFIRE SKETCHES.

SHORT STORIES, SOME NOW FIRST TOLD.

An Old Ten-Pounder—The Old Flannel Quilt—The Blue and the Gray—Lincoln to German Soldiers—At Rich Mountain.

FORGIVEN WOMAN, a spirit unafraid, Borne upward by child angels to the throne, Nearing the presence of thy Lord alone, Humantly outcast, neither wed nor maid.



Sometimes, amid the noisy, rattling Of moving carts, will come great wagon on fire, Scrape from my side a straggling line of fire, As if to mock my dreams of frier days.

Off-times am I caressed, and then again Will little folks, in passing, draw away With timid, awe-filled eyes and point and say: In lowered tones: "It killed the soldier men."

But best of all I have an old tar's grip It starts my heart upon an old-time tack To have a sailor stop and stroke my back, For I was mounted once upon a ship.

A while ago the soldiers passed this way With flower loads, the hero's graves to deck, And one tossed this soiled wreath about my neck, Then, chuckling, hobbled off; old, maimed and gray.

—S. W. Norris.

The Old Flannel Quilt.

On the morning of Aug. 8, 1862, at a Methodist camp-meeting in Perry county, Ohio, there might have been seen a group of several boys, all yet in their teens, arranging to volunteer that evening for war. The excitement being very high, and recruiting officers having sprung up all over the land, and all of the boys being eager to get their names down first, quite a large number enlisted that afternoon, thinking they would all get in one company or at least one regiment, the Ninetieth O. V. I. But as this regiment was nearly completed, it soon had all the men necessary; and the remaining men were recruited for the Hundred and Fourteenth, O. V. I., which was soon fitted out, and in a few days was sent to a camp at Circleville, Ohio, to prepare for the front. On leaving home the writer and his boy chum, Stephen S. Connor, agreed to stick together and share each other's fate as long as there was a chance to do so. On leaving, Steve's mother insisted on him taking a large old-fashioned flannel quilt that weighed somewhere between ten and twenty pounds, and he came to me and asked my advice about taking it. He did not want to displease his mother. I said, "Steve, let's take it and stick to it as long as we can, and then try and put it where it will do some one else good." It was agreed and we hung on to it through all the various marches and counter-marches, until we reached Vicksburg, or Sherman's attack in the rear of Vicksburg, on the 25th of November, when we were compelled to give it up.

I never will forget the look on Steve's face when he said to me, "Joe, what will we do with the quilt? It is too heavy to carry any longer." I said, "Let us take and cover it over some of these poor fellows who are wounded. We went aboard the steamer City of Memphis, and on the hurricane deck we found some of our company wounded and shivering in the cold night air, and we quietly covered it over them, and I remember hearing one of them say as we walked away, "Thank God, God bless you." Steve choked up and did not speak for some time after we went ashore. This was late at night. It was hard to give up the old quilt that had been such a comfort to us, but we had disposed of it as we had agreed to on leaving home.

Stephen, big-hearted friend that he was, answered the last roll call on the 1st of January, 1864, and his remains were laid to rest in the old Bethel graveyard, in Fairfield county, Ohio, the writer having been separated from him nearly ever since the war.—J. G. Stemm.

Widow of Six Soldiers.

There is a woman living in the Singamahaning valley, Pennsylvania, who has been an Orr, and by marriage she has in turn changed her name to Barnes, Calahan, Rix, Enos, Robinson, Elder and now Bailey. Each of her six dead husbands had been a soldier in the late war, and she married the first one in 1851, when she was 17. It is hardly fair to say, either, that these husbands were exactly six, for not one of them had all of himself left when he succeeded to the title of husband to this admirer of the military. Three of the husbands had only one leg apiece; one had only seven fingers, being his sides short a leg; another was and one arm, and the sixth was minus an eye. This one died three years ago last May. Her present husband is not a veteran of the war, and has all his legs, arms, fingers and eyes. Mrs. Bailey is not yet 48, and is the mother of twelve children, two each by her soldier husbands.

Confederate Veteran Camp.

Commander A. G. Dickinson of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York, in an address to his comrades recently, said that the organization had been in existence four years, with but one object in view. That is "to be kind and charitable to the one to the other, to provide assistance to those who are unfortunate and aged, and to close their eyes in death, and then to provide for them a suitable burial place, and mark the spot with a little marble slab to tell who they are and what they had been." The members at the meetings, he said, discuss neither politics nor religion, but cultivate more the social side of life, recalling incidents "of the bivouac and the tented field, speak of

the prowess of their commanders and their comrades, and relate stories of adventure, particularly those that were comic in their character, and worthy of being treasured as 'good stories'."

Commander Dickinson said in conclusion that the political atmosphere had been purified and that the faithful servants of the republic had been rewarded. "Our representatives," he said, "in high places have been called to their important position, in most instances, upon honest merit; and it is the principle of our people, whose inalienable rights no man will ever be bold enough to gainsay, to place in commanding position our best men, whether born in the north or south, the east or west. We are now under the same government flag, we have the same laws and language, we read the same Bible and worship the same God, and we are the same people, with the same hopes and aspirations and destiny."

Rich Mountain.

After a thorough reconnaissance, McClellan sent a detachment under Colonel, now General Rosecrans, to make a circuit through the woods and attack the position at Rich Mountain, while he himself led his main body against Garnett's principal camp at Laurel Hill. After a long and rapid march, eight miles of which were through a dense mountain forest and in a dark night with a severe storm of rain, Rosecrans halted his troops next morning in view of the enemy's pickets. The Federal force numbered sixteen hundred men; that of the secessionists, estimated at two thousand, was strongly entrenched on the west side of the mountain, at its foot. They had felled and rolled whole trees from the mountain side and lapped them together, filling in with stones and earth from a trench outside," testifies General Rosecrans, who, who thus gives an artless and interesting account of his personal experience in the battle. The enemy lost a hundred and fifty killed and about three hundred wounded and captured. The Federal loss was reported to have been but eighteen killed and some thirty or more wounded. The struggle lasted only forty minutes, when the enemy fled precipitately, abandoning everything, camp and camp equipage, provisions, artillery and ammunition, to our victorious troops. In the meantime, while Rosecrans was routing the enemy at Rich Mountain, General McClellan was advancing toward Beverly. He arrived at night before the enemy's fortified position at Laurel Hill, and waited but for the break of morning to plant his cannon on a commanding position and begin his attack. The morning came, and it was discovered that the enemy had fled, abandoning their strong position, which was occupied by a detachment of troops under General Morris, while McClellan himself delayed a moment in pushing forward to Beverly to prevent their retreat in that direction. The enemy thus headed off by the prompt movement of McClellan, were forced to counter-march and seek another outlet of escape. They now fled down the valley toward St. George. McClellan at once dispatched Captain Benham, with a detachment from his own force, to join General Morris and the troops left in occupation of the enemy's abandoned camp, and followed the fugitives in rapid pursuit. General McClellan, in his report of the action under Rosecrans, gave a characteristically terse yet comprehensive account of the victory.

Death of Lohngala.

A correspondent, writing to a South African contemporary, supplies what he states is the true story of the death of the great Matabele chief, Lohngala, It is a pathetic story. The correspondent relates: "Lohngala, suffering from smallpox, worn out by his long flight, disappointed in his hope of peace, and altogether broken down by the loss of his country, his power, and possessions, came to a halt at last among the mountains north of the Shangani river. Here he begged his white doctor to give him poison with which to end his life, but the man refused. The despairing chief went up a hill to the foot of the crag which tops it, and, sitting there, he gazed for a long time at the sun as it slowly sank toward the west. Then descending, he again demanded poison of his doctor and insisted that finally it was given to him. Once more ascending the slope, he seated himself against the crag, took the poison, and gazed at the setting sun, stolidly awaiting the death which presently put an end to his sufferings and his blood-stained life. There is something pathetic and grand in the picture. It is the last scene of the great epic, the conquest of Matabeleland. His followers found him seated there in death, and, piling stones and rocks around him, they left him. Whether he was placed in his royal chair, flanked by guns and covered over with his blankets or other possessions, as described in the South African Review I know not. All this may be true, and also that a strong palisade of spee trunks was planted around the spot, but I give the story as I heard it, and believe that, as it emanates from Mr. Dawson, it is the correct one."

Lincoln and the German Soldiers.

President Lincoln, wrote the late Ben Perley Poore, spent several afternoons before the battle of Bull Run in visiting the regiments which were being reorganized in their camp about Washington. He wore a high silk hat, black clothes and black gloves, and was accompanied by Secretary Stewart, who wore a pepper and salt colored morning suit, with a broad brimmed felt hat. One of the regiments which he visited was composed of Germans, dirty, soiled and mudstained. When they were drawn up in line of battle, at open order, Mr. Lincoln took off his hat and gloves, put the gloves in the hat, and put the hat on the ground, and started down the line, giving his right hand to the men on his left, and his left hand to the men on his right, and passing along, shaking hand over hand, each one heartily and saying: "Thank you, God bless you!" to each. When he reached the end of the front rank, he returned along the rear rank, shaking hands hand over hand, in the same way, and devoutly thanking each private. The solemnity of his manner and the sadness of his eyes produced a marked effect on the honest Teutons, who evidently felt, each man of them, that they had received the thanks of the nation.

Julius Caesar was ashamed of his bald head and when it became shiny he constantly wore a laurel wreath in the hope of concealing the deformity.