

# Downers Grove Reporter.

By WHITE & WILLIAMS.

## LOWNERS GROVE, ILLINOIS

The list of fatalities among train robbers needs enlarging still further.

Spain seems to forget that the prosperity of an apology lies in its promptness.

The British lion is a solemn creature that roars at anything excepting a really good joke.

While the train robbery business is booming there appears to be very little money in it at present.

A railroad generally begins to ask for a receiver about the time there isn't anything to receive.

It is learned on good authority that the Empress Dowager of China is very anxious to become a new woman.

A St. Louis musical critic thinks "Il Trovatore" is a dead steal. He says he has heard it before somewhere.

It is not entirely out of the range of possibility that one of the main issues in 1896 may be the Monroe doctrine.

The victors of all Cuban engagements appear to depend entirely on whether the news comes from Cuba or Spain.

If the reports from New Orleans are true, it is apparent that the Mafia doesn't know when it has had enough.

A traveler writes that the women of Morocco seldom know their ages. Is that really so, or is he just kidding us?

Recent developments go to show that the peculiarity of a green carnation is that it isn't green, and is not a carnation.

Possibly we might stop some of these illegal Chinese entries if we cut off the pig tail of every Chinaman who enters by fraud.

Enough wine has been spilled at Nicaragua canal banquets to float a man-of-war across the isthmus. But still, where's your old canal?

Japan is the little busy-bee—she steps in and occupies all the handy islands, and if peace is made on the basis of possession, she will be the possessor.

Whatever the outcome of his little libel suit, Dr. Dana may soothe his declining years with the reflection that he has dwelt for a season in the storm center of a great cyclone of legal oratory.

There are fresh complaints of oppression from the American missionaries in Turkey. It is beyond doubt that these worthy people are in arduous straits. Indeed, to the unprejudiced observer they seem to have taken hold of the conversion of Turkey by the wrong end. If they had begun by converting the sultan there wouldn't be a Mussulman in Turkey by this time—or his head would have adorned a pike in the imperial seraglio.

Most of the colored people who went to Mexico a year ago from Alabama and Georgia are returning to their old homes. They were misled by roseate pictures of Mexican land and society, which closer inspection proved to be false. Now the victims of this delusion are anxious to get back to their native homes in any way possible. The millions of colored people in the south are here to stay. A few may find their way to Africa, but 500 are born where one leaves this country to remain abroad.

Those spiteful persons who had an idea that a portion of the Gould millions were lost to all good now that they had fallen into the hands of a foreign nobleman, will read with profit this paragraph culled from the society columns of a Parisian journal: "Le comte et la comtesse de Castellane, done nous annoncons plus loin le mariage, ont voulu associer les pauvres de Paris a leur bonheur. Ils ont envoye, une somme de vingt mille francs au cure du Gros-Cailillon, leur paroisse, pour etre immediatement distribues aux pauvres."

A very old whale seventy-five feet long was killed off Nahant, Mass., March 9. It was the same whale seen by some Swampscott fishermen a day or two before when they were out in their boat, and forced to make for the shore to escape a rush attack by the whale. The party who secured the whale struck him with a harpoon, when it at once dove under water and reappeared about a mile distant, swimming round and round, and seeming to be entangled in the line attached to the harpoon. In the body of the whale was an old rusty harpoon on which were marked the words, "Hiram K. Swain, 1853," which words were still legible.

An increase of 25 per cent in the price of beef simply means that the speculators have resolved to make living more costly. An increase of such proportions is due not so much to the decrease in the cattle crop as to the increase in the greed of the monopolists who control the markets.

Each succeeding story of the Armenian atrocities is worse than all the others. It is appalling to think of what these unfortunate people will have suffered by the time we receive a few more reports.

## OBSTINATE SENECA LAKE.

Frozen Over in Warm Weather and No Ice When It Is Cold.

Seneca differs from nearly all of its many sister lakes in this section of the state in the matter of its seldom freezing over, says the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle. This is due to the great depth of the lake and the fact that it is fed largely by springs along its shores, and, as many believe, at its bottom. During the summer season the lake absorbs a vast amount of heat, but, owing to the non-conducting properties of water it is slow in throwing it off in the winter. For this reason, on many cold winter mornings the lake's surface is covered with vapor, which indicates that the water is warmer than the atmosphere. This vapor is always densest over the deepest portions of the lake, showing that the water along the shores in the shallower parts has, to some extent, become colder. As the surface of the lake cools the water gradually commingles with that below, and finally the whole body of the lake becomes cooled. In addition, a heavy body of snow melting in the spring and flowing into the lake, especially in case of a freshet, tends to cool the water and render the lake liable to freezing if the surface is not too much disturbed by wind. For these reasons the lake sometimes freezes over very late in the spring, even when the temperature is from 15 degrees to 25 degrees above zero; as, for instance, a thin film of ice covered the lake's surface on the mornings of May 5, 1861, May 15, 1872, May 6, 1873, and April 26, 1884. On many mornings during the last month and a half the mercury has been down to zero or below, and at Monterey one day last week the thermometer registered 39 degrees below zero, yet the lake has not sufficiently cooled to freeze over, for no snow water has run into it this season. In a description of Seneca lake Appleton's cyclopaedia states that it was never known to be frozen over until March 22, 1856, but, according to a published statement of the late Hon. William C. Cooch Burdett, he and a party of about twenty skated across the lake from Glen Eldridge to Watkins and back on the morning of Feb. 23, 1855. The ice was then five inches thick in the middle of the lake and was clear and solid. On March 3, 1863, the lake again froze over, and in 1875 for a period of four weeks and two days prior to March 14 it was frozen over so that persons could cross it many miles from the head. On Feb. 21, 1885, it froze over from shore to shore out as far as the eye could reach and four days later a grand carnival was held on the ice in the evening. About 1,000 persons assembled, coming from Elmira and other places by train and from all the surrounding country in sleighs. The moon, nearly full, rode high in a cloudless sky and the scene was one of a most inspiring nature. Chinese lanterns and torchlights lent their charm to the surroundings, while the glare of rockets and bombs lighted up the sky. Harding's Cornet band of Havana was present and dancing and skating were among the sports enjoyed. Jan. 16, 1893, an unusually early date, the head of the lake froze over from shore to shore, out a distance of about twenty rods, but the ice lasted only a few days. By observation many people have come to expect the lake to freeze over once in every ten years, and, according to such a series, it should freeze this winter, for by reference to the dates mentioned above it will be seen that it froze over in 1855, in 1863, in 1875 and in 1885.

**New Version of an Old Story.**

"There she is." The speaker, a tall bronzed man in the sixties, leaned forward in the saddle as he spoke and pointed out to his companion a vague and indistinct object that had just loomed up on the edge of the distant horizon. The vast prairie, like a restless and troubled sea, rose and fell away from them on all sides, and save for the peculiar object that had just dawned upon their vision, there was nothing else visible to the eyes of the father and son, except the vast dome of the sky overhead, flecked by the moving panorama of fleecy clouds. Months before, the daughter, who was the pride and solace of the old man's life, had gone east on a visit, and today the father and son had ridden out on the prairie in hopes that they might, in advance, catch a first glimpse of the form they both loved so well. Ten minutes, then twenty, then thirty, passed by, and the old man gazed with kindling eyes at the prairie wagon that now, plain to their view was slowly drawing nearer. But this was not what had first claimed their attention, and as father and son put spurs to their horses the old man turned to the younger, his eyes glad with the light of expectation and impatience, as he exclaimed: "I knew her at once, Jim, even before the prairie wagon came in sight. What a lucky thing it was that I wrote her to be sure to wear her hat!"—Harper's Bazar.

**An Interesting Re-View.**

Andrew J. Cobb of Atlanta, Ga., has in his possession one of the most interesting relics of the confederacy. It is the pen used to sign the constitution of the confederacy. It has never been disturbed since the hand of Gen. Howell Cobb laid it in its case, and the ink used then can be seen now where it has dried upon the pen.

**Apples and Eggs.**

Good apples are said to be dearer than eggs in the New York market. The reason is that most of the good ones have been exported to England where the demand for American apples has been unprecedented during the last season.

## FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

CURRENT READING FOR YOUNG AMERICANS.

**Be Sure and Shut the Door—Kathleen King and Rebel—Why He Was Advantaged—Concerning Top-Spinning—The Bluebirds.**

ON'T let the door stand open, but shut it with much care. Without a bang, without a yell, without a shout, fair and square. Without a slam without a jam, without a stat or jerk!

And if you've left it open, go shut it, and don't shirk!

No Christian man or woman, no well-trained chick or child, will let a door swing idly, to make weak nerves run wild.

When chilly winds are blowing, and some are taking cold, and the open door is creaking and muttering like a scold, haste makes but waste, remember; so plenty take of time; don't leave the door half open—a fault almost a crime; and if you've ever done this, don't do so any more; whatever else you fail to do, don't fail to shut the door!

**Youthful King and Rebel.**

An amusing incident, said to have occurred during the last parade of the child regiment recently formed for the entertainment of the little King Alfonso, of Spain, is told in the London Illustrated News.

His majesty was so delighted with the efficiency of his mimic warriors that immediately after the parade he promoted some to be officers, and presented many of the others with bonbons, and all were invited to breakfast. Unfortunately the invitation alone did

walk and make it twirl longer and hum faster than her boy comrade is able to do—when this happens a great many times over—you say to yourself: "Well, the pleasant, jolly little girls of today have a good right to this or any other amusement which they have found to be healthy, proper and good sport."

So long life to the latest spring fashion—top-spinning for girls!

**The Bluebirds.**

What is more cheery than the early spring notes of the bluebird, "our beautiful messenger of spring?" When the time had come for us to be looking for him, one sunny morning, I was sure I heard the welcome song. I went in search of "orn," and we roamed the place over and at last heard him again and again. Was there ever a more intense blue? He looks so tropical in his beautiful plumage, and yet he comes while everything is cold and wintry. The round holes in the old apple trees in our yard were homes for the bluebirds, but that disagreeable quarrelsome alien, the English sparrow, has driven them all away. We cannot love the English sparrow. I could not call any bird common, but he is a fighting, bad fellow.

**To Our Young Gardeners.**

I wonder how many of our boys and girls have little gardens of their own and take care of them and watch things grow? I'm going to find out by asking you to tell me all about them. I know some of you live in states where the snow will linger for some time yet, while others, and lucky little folks you are too, have your homes where under sunny skies green things grow much earlier. Well, I want to hear from our boys and girls, no matter where they live. If your gardens are already under way, tell me all about them, how big they are, what flowers or vegetables you planted, how you take care of them and anything that the other boys and girls will like to know, for the best letters will be printed, there may find useful hints in the letters, so you see you can help one another. Some of you can tell what success you had last year, and how much money you earned from your

vegetables. Then too, I want to hear from the little gardeners who live in colder climates. Even if the ground is still frozen I know you are planning what you will raise, so I want to hear all about your plans. If you are first going to have a showy bed of flowers we would like to know all about these flowers, or if you are thrifty, little market gardeners, tell us of the vegetables you raise. Do not write more than 150 words, and send in all your letters before May 1, 1895. Then to the girl who has written the neatest, most helpful and best letter, there will be given a delightful book, and to the boy who writes the neatest and best letter, an extra strong two-bladed jackknife. Do not forget to put your name and address at the top of the first sheet, and write on only one side of the paper. Now, read these directions over very carefully, put on your thinking caps, and tell us about your gardens.—Miss Merrythought.

**A Good Substitute.**

If my little dog should lose his tail, I'd buy him a small sand bag. To take his place; 't would be very sad if he'd nothing at all to wag.

**The Baby's Name.**

"What are they going to call your new brother, Jack?" "Oh, I don't know—Jack, I guess." "But that's your name." "That doesn't make any difference. It was papa's before I had it. Pa and ma have a way of makin' us boys use up their old things."

**A Great Scheme.**

I wish I owned a parrot that had some intelligence. To learn my lessons every day. Would it not be immense?

To hide him in my pocket where my teacher couldn't see, and let him answer questions that proved much too hard for me?

**Concerning Top-Spinning.**

All over the country an immense interest is growing over the various kinds of top—pig tops and plain, polished and smooth, big and little. All the top shops which children patronize for their cheap toys, in which they delight at each recurring season, are laying in stocks of tops of different kinds, together with the latest and best sorts of cords for spinning the same. And all this in anticipation of the demands of their small customers for the very best kinds of tops to be had at the price.

And the customers? Well, the customers, boys and girls, are preparing to spin tops according to the latest spring style.

Now, no one must start against the word "girls." And let no young gentleman dare to crush the rising aspiration of his sisters with the old remark: "Girls don't spin tops."

For girls are beginning to spin tops, and find much amusement and exercise in the play, too. It is too late, boys, to tell them they "don't" or they "can't." When you see a bright-eyed, lively, pleasant little maiden wind the cord (and she always buys the best kind) around her top in the most scientific style, and then, with a deft twist of her little wrist send it off spinning on the

## THE HAUNTED HOUSE

HOW THE GREWSOME MYSTERY WAS SOLVED.

A Second Murder Told—Throw a Light Upon the First—Tragic Results of an Adventure of Young Officers of the American Navy.

There is a legend which, I am sure, everyone having the remotest connection with the navy has heard. Twenty years ago, then, let us say, there came to Tien-Tsin an Englishman and his son. The father was a retired army officer of some means, and they were traveling for pleasure. They took a fancy to Tien-Tsin and decided to settle there for awhile. Looking about for a house, they were much attracted by one just outside the city, which stood near the water's edge and commanded a beautiful view of the harbor. Their friends, and more especially their Chinese servants, cried out against; they must not think of such a thing. The house was haunted. It was as much as one's life was worth to even pass it after nightfall. The Englishmen, however, were not to be frightened off by any such silly stories. They rented the house and moved in. For several months all went well. Both father and son were delighted with the place, and finally decided to buy it. One evening the son, who had been dining in town, came home quite late. As he opened the front door he heard what seemed to be a scuffle in his father's room. Before he could reach the top of the stairs a soul-piercing shriek rose above the confused din. Then all was silent. Rushing into his father's room, the young man found him lying on the floor in a pool of blood. There was no one else in the room, nor was there any apparent way for anyone to have left it without passing him in the hall. A knife was sticking in the breast of the wounded man—a wicked-looking Malay knife, with a curiously carved handle. The young man stepped into the hall to call the servants to his father's assistance. When he stepped back into the room, a moment later, the knife had disappeared! The associations of the place were too painful for his son to remain there longer. He offered a large reward for the discovery of his father's murderer, and left a minute description of the knife that had so mysteriously disappeared. Then he packed up his belongings and returned to England.

Months passed, perhaps years; I do not know. But after a certain lapse of time one of our men-of-war visited the harbor of Tien-Tsin, says the Washington Star. Several of the officers were ashore one night dining with a party of foreign residents at the club. Some one told the story of the haunted house and the murdered Englishman, adding that the natives said the murderer was re-elected every night at the same hour. Our officers expressed a lively interest in the narrative.

"Let's visit the house some night," one of them suggested, "and see the show."

"Why not tonight?" exclaimed a young Dan, whom we will agree to call A. "We have plenty of time, and the steward of the club has the keys of the house. The Englishman left them with him when he went away."

The keys were called for. Some one produced a lantern. The rest filled their pockets with matches and candle ends. When they were ready to start they looked about for A. He was nowhere to be found. The party set forth without him.

They had to hurry to reach the house at the intended hour.

"There it is," said some one at last, and Lieutenant B, who carried the lantern, looked at his watch by its light and announced that they had just three minutes to spare. The door was unlocked with difficulty, for the fastenings had grown rusty from disuse.

"By George!" cried the first man who stepped in to the hall, "there's something going on upstairs."

"It's A," said his friend laughing, and they all started upstairs. Mr. B, walking ahead with the lantern. A cry of agonized despair startled the smiles from their lips and quickened their steps to a run. B pushed open the door of the room from which the sounds had come. As he did so, and before he could see anything, his lantern was dashed from his hand, and the door slammed behind him. He stood still in the darkness for a few awful, terror-stricken seconds. Then he took a step forward and tripped over something on the floor. He stooped over, and his hands encountered a pool of warm oozing liquid. It flashed on his mind that this was blood, and that the thing he had stumbled over was a man's body. His heart almost stopped beating. He was afraid to move, afraid to breathe. At last the door was opened. The young men crowded in with their candles. There at their feet lay poor A with the Malay knife in his heart! Explanations are always an anti-climax. But the explanation of the foregoing tragedy is too curious to omit, though its pretensions to being a ghost story are thereby destroyed. After this second murder the authorities were aroused to a display of tardy activity. The house was carefully searched, and the discovery made that the walls were double, containing secret doors, staircases and storage chambers. One of these secret doors accounted for the murderer's escape and his return to get the knife, which he evidently felt would be a dangerous clew. In the secret chambers were found a considerable supply of arms and a large quantity of valuables of the most varied description. It was evident that the place had been used as a refuge and storehouse by Chinese pirates, its close proximity to the water

making it more convenient. The owner of the knife and some members of his gang were subsequently captured and put to death.

**HYPNOTISM IN A COURT.**

They Use It in Their Intrigue—Learned Men Pronounce Opinions.

An interesting case was recently brought before the criminal court of Munich. A Polish adventurer named Lubitz-Czyuski had appeared in Dresden as a professional hypnotist. Dresden has many rich people who have nothing special to keep them employed and the man with the unpronounceable name found plenty of faithful followers. Among them was a lady of good family, beautiful and rich. The "professor" declared his love to her, she accepted him, and there, under ordinary circumstances, would have been an end to the matter. Unfortunately, however, Czyuski had already a wife, and he tried to get out of the difficulty by a sham marriage, asking his new spouse to keep their union secret. But the high born lady's relatives got wind of the affair and had the adventurer arrested, accusing him of having hypnotized his victim. Half a dozen learned men, says the Berlin Echo, were summoned from as many universities to decide whether it was possible to influence a person to such an extent that all resistance is impossible. The jury failed to be convinced that such is the case. The charge against Czyuski, of having made the lady subservient to him without her consent, was dismissed, but he was found guilty of disorderly conduct and of criminal acts against the public morality and sentenced to three years' imprisonment, with five years' loss of civic honors. The Berlin Nation says: "We do not believe that hypnotic influence is irresistible. When we see the exhibitions of professional hypnotizers we are led to think that they command obedience. If a hypnotized person is told, 'You are a dog,' he will begin to bark and crawl on all fours. But we believe that all such people are only somewhat stupid individuals, who follow no other influence than the wish to appear interesting or to please—for some reason or other—the hypnotizer. I have often discovered proofs of this. One man, for instance, was told that in a certain place there was a wall too high for him to jump over. He went to this place and began to jump, but he always jumped backward! None of the great scientists who interest themselves in hypnotism have ever declared that they themselves could be influenced. It is impossible with a person feeling his responsibility, and neither judge nor jury could be influenced."

**HER SECRET KNOWN**

A Marquis Faints When She Meets the Chief of Police.

M. Hyrvoix, chief of police at Paris under the empire, one night was awakened and informed that one of the most prominent ladies of the imperial court had just been arrested. With the assistance of her maid she had attempted to place in a cab the dead body of a young man arrayed in full evening dress. At the police station she explained to Hyrvoix that her husband had gone on a shooting expedition and would return on the following morning, and that she had taken advantage of his absence to receive a young admirer, who had died at 2 o'clock in the morning of aneurism of the heart. Appalled by the possibility of the body being discovered by her husband, she was in the act of getting rid of it when discovered and arrested. M. Hyrvoix, aware of the emperor's desire to avoid public scandals at all cost, immediately ordered her release. Some years later, after the war, M. Hyrvoix happened to be present at an afternoon reception on the Faubourg St. Honoré, at Paris. The death of the empire and the fate of the exiles at Chislehurst formed the principal topic of conversation. As usual, small mercy was shown toward the fallen dynasty, and among the most bitter in their denunciation of the corruption and immorality of the empire was a lady in whom M. Hyrvoix recognized the heroine of the adventure described above. He made his way up to her, and, bowing low, exclaimed: "May I be permitted to pay my homage to Mme. la Marquise? I fear that you have almost forgotten me." She looked up at him, says the San Francisco Argonaut, and recognizing who was speaking, fainted. Nor was she ever afterward known to open her lips on the score of Bonapartist immorality.

**American Flour in China.**

Undoubtedly the low price of wheat has materially stimulated its consumption, enabling those who usually eat bread to buy more of it, and inducing its use by others who hitherto have managed to live without wheat bread. It is reported that a greatly extended market has been found for our flour in China. It is now going to that country by the shipload to take the place of rice. Of course the great majority of the Chinese will continue to eat rice, and very few will adopt wheat flour to the exclusion of their historical food staple. But there is room for a great consumption in that country, and perhaps this will be one of the changes to mark the introduction of western methods of thought and action that will follow the war with China.

**The Upward March.**

The advance of natural history within the last 100 years has been so great that the science is practically a product of the century. Even as great a naturalist, as Linnaeus thought that swallows pass the winter under the ice, and held other beliefs which may now seem equally absurd.



VIOLET DALE.