

Downers Grove Reporter.

By WHITE & WILLIAMS.

DOWNERS GROVE, ILLINOIS.

Great Britain always did display immense courage in the face of a foe like Nicaragua.

Fire in the American Starch works caused \$250,000 worth of damage. That's a pretty stiff loss.

In the meantime don't overlook the fact that Dr. Nansen himself hasn't been discovered lately.

The American yacht makers have decided to fight against the vinegar trust. This is bound to raise trouble.

Editor Clarkson calls Harrison a "receptive candidate." Who the deceptive candidate is remains to be seen.

Up to the present time the Necropolis Company, the biggest undertakers in England, have buried 126,000 bodies.

It is reported that a well-known comedy-opera singer is about to take steps preparatory to having another divorce suit.

It is a peculiarity of American politics that a presidential boom one year is quite likely to become a boomerang the next.

A stranger visiting Chicago for the first time probably would never suspect that there were 976 prohibitionists in this town.

The new American international racing yacht has been named the Defender. Let us hope her performances will justify her name.

An Atlanta woman who wanted to commit suicide swallowed a set of false teeth. Strange that she should choose such a method.

Capt. Anson does not mean to take an unfair advantage of his competitors by being ahead of the other fellows at the very start.

The latest "sure cure for consumption" would be a great discovery probably were it not for the fact that it also kills the patient.

The Boston editor asks: "What's the use of worrying all the rest of the year about the income tax?" We have not decided to do it.

The kind of attention that people who go slumming for a pastime need from the police is not the kind they are likely to desire.

The nearest approach to the north pole was on May 13, 1892, when Lieutenant Lockwood stood within 396 miles of that coveted spot.

A cablegram says that "more trouble is reported from the Chitral Pass." Somebody besides Mr. Chitral probably has been riding on it.

The largest woodenware works in the world are located in Bay City, Mich. The present output every ten hours is 1,800 tubs and 8,700 pails.

You can pick out the new woman by the way she kisses—Atchison Globe.

There's an editor who evidently has tried to kiss the old woman.

A Boston paper says that in the Easter dress parade the tailor-made girl this year was not noticed. Probably she was counted as a boy.

Colonel Phoebe Cousins' love affair with ex-Senator Fair seems to have been conducted in such strict confidence that he never suspected it.

King Oscar of Sweden is thinking about throwing up his job and retiring to private life. Why doesn't he change his name and continue at the same old stand?

The preparations for the Atlanta exposition are going forward rapidly, satisfactorily and quietly. There is no board of lady managers connected with the enterprise.

Rev. Walter J. Patton says that "Milwaukee is much worse than Chicago." John Burns says that "Chicago is a pocket edition of hell." Is Milwaukee an unabridged edition or an edition de luxe?

A New Jersey farmer sells 12,000 quarts of milk a day, which he produces from thirty cows and a pump. This is quite an advertisement for Jersey cows, and a great recommendation for the pump.

There is no denying the fact that the dispensary abuse has come to be such an outrageous evil, that its continued discussion is constantly crowded upon our attention. It is notoriously true that there is more covert and so-called genteel swindling of professional services in the various dispensaries about town than in all the other fashionably prevalent endeavors to cheat charity.

Actor Joseph Jefferson has just been elected an honorary member of the Massachusetts State Horticultural society. This looks like a blunder; Beecham Tree probably was the fellow they were after.

A St. Joe father announces that he has disinherited his daughter because she married against his wishes. The idea of anyone being disinherited by a St. Joe man is very funny. There isn't a man in the town who owns more than the value of a cider

WEDDED AFTER SIXTY YEARS.

Long Separation Through a Family Quarrel Over a Farm Fence.

An aged couple, who were lovers sixty years ago, but were separated by a family feud, were married in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., March 16. The groom is Walter J. Chapin, who is 79 years of age, and his bride is Mary A. Chapin, only one year his junior. Their happy union, after many vicissitudes, proves again the old saying to be correct that love never grows old, says the Philadelphia Record. During the presidency of Andrew Jackson they dwelt upon adjoining farms. The lad was then blossoming into a sturdy farmer and his sweetheart was a charming country girl. They were lovers in earnest, but the two families split upon the rock that has divided many neighboring farmers. A line fence caused all the trouble. Young Chapin's father and the father of the girl each claimed a narrow strip of land. A family feud sprang up and the lovers were separated through the influence of their parents and relatives. Young Chapin went to Ohio to make his fortune. His old Luzerne county sweetheart seemed to be forgotten, as after some years he married a Buckeye girl. Not long afterward the first love of his choice was also married. About a year ago her husband died at a good old age and so did Chapin's wife. Then Chapin went back to his former home in Luzerne, carrying the burden of nearly four score years. Here he heard the life story of his old-time sweetheart. He visited the aged widow, and, although both are in the winter of life, their affection for each other was renewed. He again proposed marriage and she accepted, just sixty years after their first engagement. The wedding ceremony that made them man and wife at last was quietly performed at her home.

HERE'S A LESSON IN HUMANITY

A Little Story by Col. Calliper Concerning Philetus Goblinton.

"Isn't it curious, Cynthia," the colonel said to Mrs. Calliper, "how sometimes the current of our lives is deflected by the most trivial incidents? Now there was Philetus Goblinton; you remember what a vain, consequential man he was? But all that was changed by just the slightest thing in the world. He went one Sunday to a church where he had never been before and where he was quite unknown. As usual, he made toward the middle aisle, where, at home, he was accustomed to sit; but the man that met him led him not down the middle aisle, but along the back of the pews and down a side aisle, and he gave him a seat pretty well back. This was a crusher for Philetus. Here was a man, evidently a man of some account, who, with the unprejudiced eyes of a total stranger, had sized him up as a man of side-aisle importance. Could it be that his friends and acquaintances really so regarded him? It set him thinking; and the result you see in the modest, thoughtful Philetus Goblinton of today." "Jason, dear," said Mrs. Calliper, "don't you suppose it would be a good thing for you to go to a strange church once in a while?"

The Value of Emerson.

Vernon Lee, writing of "Emerson, Transcendentalist and Unitarian," mentions that "the vital, vitalizing intuition in Emerson is a dualism, closely connected; the intuition of the worthlessness of unreality for our happiness and progress, and the intuition of the supreme power, for our happiness and progress, of that portion which we call soul, but these vital thoughts were defaced, hampered, and compressed by a cheap transcendentalism, the metaphysics of Germany adulterated by the shoddy science, the cheap mysticism of America." Still, she regards Emerson as a valuable guide. She says: "Those who should deliberately follow Emerson's counsels, omitting from their lives not merely what he directly advises should be omitted, but also what his whole system logically leads us to reject, would be surprised to find how much space they had left themselves, how much energy for the real life, the life of enjoyment and utility."

Forecasting the Weather.

A certain married man of Emporia, Kan., was inclined to be humorous, but sometimes unwise. He had forgotten to go home to supper, and he knew what was in store for him when he should finally get there, so just to be pleasant and entertaining he got some miniature flags at a toy store and put them in his pocket. "John Henry," exclaimed his wife, as he entered the house, "I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself to treat your wife with so little consideration."

He slowly unrolled his little package of flags, took out a square red one with a black square in the center and fastened it to the mantel.

How to Become Wrinkled.

If more women realized that straining the eyes produces wrinkles, more would exercise a proper care of these valuable members. Reading by a dim or falling light, coming suddenly from a dark room to a light one, or vice versa, overworking the eyes in any way, and last, but by no means least, wearing dotted and cross-barred veils—these and more taxing of the eyesight are of valuable assistance in the wrinkle-making process.

This Sounds Good.

An excellent relish for the Sunday night tea table is made with sardines as a basis. Take four boneless sardines, rub them smooth with an ounce of butter, a teaspoonful of Worcester's sauce, and a dust of cayenne pepper; heat the mixture in a chafin dish and spread on hot buttered toast. A little grated cheese may be sprinkled over the top before serving.

NOTES OF THE MODES.

CURRENT NEWS OF THE FASHION WORLD.

Fancies and Fads for the Women to Ponder Over—The Newest Cape—A Misses Waist—For the Small Girls.

HIS stylish cape, one of the newest French models, is of Loutre satin, handsomely trimmed with black passementerie, and edged with soft feather ruching. A full triple box-plaited ruching of black chiffon, sprinkled through with violets, is worn around the neck outside the flaring collar, twin bunches of violets decorating each front. The simple adjustment of this natty Parisian "confection" will recommend it to all home dressmakers. From its circular shaping, it falls from a short, round yoke, in soft, rolling folds all around the form, reaching the waist line front and back, while flaring gracefully over the bouffant sleeves, that make this style of top garment a dainty necessity at the present time. The square yoke collar is handsomely trimmed to match the lower edge of cape, both cape and collar being interlined with crinoline, and lined throughout with silk. The standing collar can be omitted, if so preferred, in favor of the ruching of chiffon now so fashionable. Capes in this style can be made to match or to contrast with the costume. A velvet or satin collar lends a chic appearance to capes of cloth, silk or satin. A bright-colored silk lining giving the plainest cape an elegant finish. Velvet, satin, moire antique, mirror moire, ladies' cloth, camel's hair or any of the seasonable woolen fabrics, can be richly decorated with passementerie, insertion, Van Dyke points in lace and jet, gimp, galloon, folds or ruchings of silk, as elaborately or as simply as wished.



while they are mere tots. But godet skirts and huge puffed sleeves are difficult items to manage in wear sizes, and wide waists, guimps, yokes, gretchen bodices, and pinatore dresses prevail. At about the age of 10 the gowns become more elaborate and the corset waist begins to take shape, though dresses are still mostly made "all one." For a party gown she may be a dream of silk and chiffon like mamma, or she

FOR SMALL GIRLS.

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latest mode droop in wrinkles from the shoulders, the fitting lower portions being finished at the wrists with cuffs of velvet. A crush belt of velvet encircles the waist, closing under a windmill bow of the same at the left side.—New York Ledger.

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FOR YOUNG AMERICA.

INTERESTING READING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

"What Shall the Story Be?"—The Company You Keep—Every Wrong Leaves a Scar—Ignorance of the Bible—A Stumbling Block.



HAT SHALL THE story be, Golden Hair? A fairy tale of a maiden fair? Of giants and ogres and dangers past? Till she happily wed with the prince at last?

"What will your story be, Golden Hair? Will you and the prince make a happy pair? Or sorrow and trouble, like giants of old, Stand in your path till your tale be told?"

"Whatever your story be, Golden Hair, Keep duty and truth in your loving care; So may it be written, when you are gone, 'All that she could do, that hath she done.'"

—C. A. C. in Harper's Young Folks.

The Company You Keep. A person is known by the company he keeps, and frequently—as the humorist puts it—by the company he keeps out of.

Be careful in choosing your associates. Never make friends—acquaintances would perhaps be the better word—with those whose language, habits, or general conduct you would be ashamed to see and hear in your own home. If you do, you are sure to be the sufferer. The person of low tastes and conduct is much less likely to be benefited by your superior ways than you are to be degraded to his level. Such, unfortunately is the law of nature. Let fall a drop of milk into a pail of water. It is lost in a moment. But let fall a drop of black ink into this same water and its presence will soon be noticeable. A rotten apple will finally taint a whole barrel full of sound fruit, but who would think of putting a good apple into a barrel of decayed fruit for the purpose of making them sound again? This doesn't mean that virtue has no leavening influence, but simply that it is easier to go down hill than up. So don't keep questionable company. If you cannot find the right kind of associates, the kind who will make you better and nobler, be sufficient unto yourself. Live with your books and the worthies of all time, who are so willing to give you through their pages a friendship greater and benigner than that of kings. The world will surely judge you by the company you keep.

Every Wrong Act Leaves a Scar. My boyhood home was not far south of the great chain of North American lakes, says J. H. DeMotte. Our fuel was poles cut from a neighboring tamarack swamp. It was my business, after they had been brought to our yard, to saw them to proper length for the stoves. They were long and slick, and hard to hold. One morning, when I was in a hurry to be off fishing, they seemed to be especially aggravating. Getting the saw fast, I jerked about until finally I plunged the teeth some distance into one of my feet, making an ugly gash. My father saw the exhibition of my temper, but said nothing until I had finished my work and my position had subsided. Then he called me to him.

"John," said he, very kindly, "I wish you would get the hammer."

"Yes, sir."

"Now a nail and a piece of pine board."

"Here they are."

"Will you drive the nail into the board?"

It was done.

"Please pull it out again."

"That's easy."

"Now, John," and my father's voice dropped to a lower, sadder key, "pull out the nail hole."

Ah! boys and girls, every wrong act leaves a scar. Even if the board were a living tree, yes, a living soul, the scars remain.

Our Nation's Stumbling Block. Religious Herald: The great cause of divorces is the liberty of remarriage after divorce. We say without the slightest hesitation that this is the most threatening evil of American life. Over 40,000 divorces were granted in this country in 1894, not one in ten of which would have been granted had there not been the liberty of marrying again. It seems unjust to compel an innocent man or woman to remain unmarried, that is, the teaching of the word of God, and that its observance would prevent the great majority of divorce cases. It is better that there should now and then be a case of such suffering than that the laws of God be broken and society be endangered by taking away the safeguards of marriage.

Tiny Republics of the World. A quaint little republic came to light only recently when the citizens of Andorra boldly threw off the yoke of tribute to the French. 'Tis true it was only the sum of \$200 which they refused to pay; but their action was sufficient to recall from obscurity for a moment the Lilliputian realm nestling on the heights of the Pyrenees. The vale of Andorra measures less than eighteen miles in either direction, but it is the home of one of the oldest republics in the world, the constitution of which is four years older than England's Magna Charta. The Andorrese number in all but 10,000 souls, and these and their ancestors have lived for one hundred years in the heart of Europe without having written one word of its history.

But Andorra is only one of a score of tiny republics—miniature nations, some of which are only to be found marked on navigator's charts. Tavorola, for instance, is the smallest republic on the face of the globe. It occupies an island off the northeast coast of Sardinia, and comprises fifty-five peo-

Ignorance of the Bible.

A college president had this experience: He met, for the first time, a new freshman class to start them in their Bible lessons for the term. As a preliminary, that he might know something of their advancement, "I want to know," he said, "how many of you young gentlemen have read the Bible through?"

There were perhaps forty young fellows before him, six of them being sons of preachers.

Imagine his surprise when it was found that not one had read the Bible through. Five had read the New Testament; one had reached Proverbs in an attempt to read it all. Few of them had gone through the Pentateuch. All were ignorant of the Prophets. Not one could tell so much as the names of the books.

Suppose our college people—why not our pastors and Sunday school teachers, also—test their classes? They might be surprised; also learn something.—Elishop Haygood.

A Lighthouse Lesson. A friend told us that he was visiting a lighthouse lately, and he said to the keeper: "Are you not afraid to live here? It is a dreadful place to be constantly in."

"No," replied the man, "I am not afraid; we never think of ourselves here."

"Never think of yourselves! How is that?"

"We know that we are perfectly safe, and only think of having our lamps brightly burning and keeping the reflectors clear, so that those in danger may be saved."

That is what Christians ought to do. They are safe in a house built on a rock which cannot be moved by the wildest storm; and in a spirit of holy unselfishness, they should let their light gleam across the dark waters of sin, that they who are imperiled may be guided into the harbors of eternal safety.—The Quiver.

Quick Wit. The jester attached to the court of Peter the Great of Russia was remarkable for his ingenuity in extricating himself and others from trouble. A cousin of his, on one occasion, had fallen under the czar's displeasure and was about to be executed. The jester presented himself at court to petition for a reprieve. On seeing him enter the chamber of state, and divining his errand, the monarch shouted to him:

"It's no use coming here; I swear that I will not grant you what you are going to ask."

Quick as thought the fool dropped on his knees and exclaimed: "I beseech your imperial highness to put that scamp of a cousin of mine to death."

Peter, thus caught in his own trap, had no choice but to laugh and send a pardon to the offender.

An Answer to Prayer. One day a little son of Rev. T. Y. Gardner of Ohio was playing with some other little boys who had a cart. They wanted a dog to draw the cart. He said, "Papa says we must pray for what we want." He knelt down and said, "O Lord, send us a dog to draw our cart."

Pretty soon a big one came along that frightened them, and they began to cry. A second time he knelt, saying, "O Lord, we don't want a bulldog."

Many a grown person would be disagreeably surprised to see some of their prayers answered.

Cheap Mirrors. A new application of cellulose has been found in the manufacture of unbreakable mirrors. Cotton stuffs, treated with nitric acid and camphor, give splendid smooth surfaces, which can be easily silvered over and then covered with a very thin layer of transparent cellulose. It is said that excellent and very durable mirrors are obtained in this way, and it is promised that we shall thus soon have cheap curved mirrors for astronomical instruments. If so, they will be useful in condensing the rays of the sun, and in serving many other purposes.

A Source of Revenue. Stamp collection has become such a universal mania now that it is reported on good authorities that many of the smaller countries constantly change their stamps and make new issues, in order to derive a handsome income from stamp collectors. Every new issue is in immediate demand, and the government sells thousands of dollars' worth at once. Many of the South American republics are said to derive handsome incomes from this source.

A Slight Misapprehension. Some people seem to be rather unfamiliar with the Bible, as the following anecdote goes to prove:

The teacher of a grammar school was hearing a class in that study. She read the sentence, "The wicked flee when no man pursueth," and sent a boy to the blackboard to diagram it. He looked at her in an uncomprehending way, and then wrote, "The wicked flea! Will no man pursue it?"

Exactly. As Grandma was getting Teddy ready for church she told him he must be able to tell her the text after he came home. The minister preached from, "Quit you like men, be strong."

After reaching home his grandmother said, "Well, Teddy, you can't remember the text."

"Oh, yes, I can, grandma," replied Teddy, "it was 'Quit your fooling and be men.'"

Champagne—Its Use. A prominent clergyman of the Presbyterian church, while attending a reception at the home of a wealthy merchant, was asked if he would take champagne.

Turning a griefed face upon his host he replied, "It has been said, 'give champagne to your real friends and real pain to your sham friends; but I confess it gives me real pain to be offered champagne in the house of a real friend.'"

The sting of a bee, when compared with the point of a fine needle under a powerful microscope, is hardly discernible. The point of the needle appears to be about an inch in diameter.



capas in this style being charmed and more en vogue than ever this season.—New York Ledger.

A Waist for Misses. French plaid, in mixed brown, blue, cream and yellow coloring, is here richly set off with collar, cuffs and crush belt of old-blue velvet. The yoke fits smoothly over the shoulders, the full

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may still be confined to more simple gowning. The stylish miss of tender years, who is the subject of this sketch, wears a dress of rose pink liberty satin that is gathered around the neck, leaving the dress perfectly loose, and fastening invisibly in back. The lining is pink China silk and the satin skirt is tucked several times around the bottom. For garniture there are a tucked ruffle around the neck and frills to match on the wide, puffed sleeves, which have fitted lining. Such a simple gown can be made effective in almost any material, but some bright stuff is desirable because of the lack of showy trimming.

Paste buttons are used on fancy bodices for grown folks, and paste buckles are admissible for children. Care should be taken, however, to prevent an appearance of gorgeousness, which is the worst sort of taste in the little folks, who then seem as if they were fairly weighted down with baubles. Both wraps of fleece-lined flannellette should be in the wardrobe of every child. They are made just like those of grown folk, and the little ones enjoy them just as much. No matter whether you approve of bloomers for women or not, let the little daughters wear them. Up to 12 years old at any rate she is safe from being stared at, and the exercise will be worth twice to her what it would be did she realize the handicap and danger of skirts from the beginning.

Lots of Whites. A great deal of white is to be worn this summer, cream white and ivory especially. There are diaphanous materials, embroidered and spangled, to be used as draperies. Laces of all sorts are embroidered with fine beads and tiny jewels. These are sprinkled over the surface, and the lace is draped or put on flat over a color.

Modistes in Paris are making short and elbow sleeves for evening of a mass of frills sewn to a padded balloon.

front and back portions being gathered at the upper edges and arranged in becoming fullness on lower edges of yoke. A stylish box-plait runs the whole length of front, button holes being worked in center to accommodate the gold studs or buttons used in closing. A rolling collar of velvet finishes the neck, a sailor knot of yellow and blue changeable silk appearing from under its parted front edges. Full sleeves in

