

Downers Grove Reporter.

By WHITE & WILLIAMS.

DOWNERS GROVE, ILLINOIS.

The average youngster has decided to boycott the boot and shoe trust.

The Russian bear has put its paw into the Chinese war; can Japan manufacture them?

In this trying hour our sympathy goes out to that poor California dance hall girl who is about to marry Lord Sholto Douglass.

Actress Minnie Palmer has fallen back on the divorce as the best form of advance theatrical advertising. Old friends are best.

So far as the New York theatrical situation is concerned Richard Mansfield has certainly put his foot in it. He will put on a "Trilby" play.

Professor Petrie reports that he has discovered near Thebes, Egypt, relics of a race hitherto unknown to the world. He believes that these people, who are quite distinct in every way from the Egyptians, were Libyans, and that they lived at least 3,000 years before Christ. Although this race must have been very skillful in certain forms of art, there is no doubt that they were cannibals.

Severy, Kas., has a citizen who, according to the local paper, "goes to bed at 7 o'clock every night and gets up at 5 in the morning, has been a church member thirty years, never took a chew of tobacco, smoked, drank a drop of whisky or swore an oath in his life." He may be a total wreck yet before hot weather sets in, however. The new brass band has begun to practice every night in preparation for its Decoration day engagement.

Germany is after the gamblers in grain, and the discussion there on the proposition to monopolize the trade has brought out a curious fact, which may apply to trusts and deals in this country. It is that crimes against property increase or decrease according to the fluctuations in the price of bread. The rate of increase or decrease of criminal acts against property compared with the price of bread is one in every 100,000 inhabitants for every six pennies, more or less, than the average price. Gambling in bread breeds crime in those who eat it. Secretary Morton seems to entertain a similar notion about beef.

There is a carelessness about some young persons that is manifest in almost everything they do. Regardless of the future or the opinion of others they rush forward in some new project, and before they see their error it is impossible to retrace their steps. If they attempt to study, it is done superficially; if they work, it is often performed unfaithfully. When anything new is presented to their minds, they enter into it with all their hearts to the neglect of what may be of greater importance, and by frequently changing their plans and pursuits, fail of success. Minds capable of high efforts, of splendid achievements, of extensive usefulness—have been paralyzed by its influence.

Of all the disagreeable habits the world was ever tormented with, scolding is the most annoying. To hear a saw filed, to hear a steam whistle, to hear an ass bray, to hear a peacock scream or an Indian yell is music compared with it. From childhood we have always abhorred scolding. It is no wonder some children are bad; the good is all scolded out of them. It is stunted or killed by early frosts of cold, icy scolding. What a frost is to the spring buds, is scolding to the best things in the heart of a child. Scolding folks at home—how miserable! Lightning, thunder, hail, storm and winds—let them all come rather than a cyclone of scolding. Let all the powers that be wage a war of kindness on all the scolders, that they may be overcome with a better spirit.

Dr. Louis Waldstein, not many years ago a practicing physician in New York city, but now an experimenter in Berlin, claims to have discovered a new use for a substance called picroplein. He professes to be able to apply it as a cure for cancer or consumption. For several years the virtues of the drug have been known in cases of dropsy where a profuse perspiration was desired. The new treatment consists of injecting minute doses of the drug hypodermically until the lymphatic system is stimulated and the white corpuscles of the blood overcome the poisonous particles which produce disease. The theory is that the white corpuscles act as a barrier to the progress of disease. Dr. Waldstein makes no such wholesale claim as was made for the Koch cure and the Brown-Sequard elixir. He simply holds to the belief that when the diseases are in their incipient stages he can arrest their progress by stimulating the white corpuscles.

The experiment of making paper stockings and gloves has been going on for some time, and stockings to sell at three cents a pair are proposed. Softness and durability are given the texture by a sining bath of potato starch and tallow, and when finished its appearance is similar to fabric goods.

It is said that a revolution is looked for in Nicaragua just as soon as this season's coffee crop is harvested. They want enough grounds for one

SHAKESPEARE IN INDIA.

A Baboo Bill of the Play Recently Circulated in Benares.

The following announcement of a grand Shakespearean performance at a native place of entertainment was recently circulated in the city of Benares:

DON'T FORGET.

Well come. Well Come. Well Come.

The Indian Empress Dramatic Coy., of Benares, at Madho Das Shama's Garden, Close to the Prince of Wales' Hospital Benares.

Will Give Performance To Night! To Night! To Night!!!

"Fasana Hosh Ruba"

The Most Tragic Drama of Othello and Desdemona with

Wonderful Scenes and Sceneries, Brilliant Dresses and Ornaments, Genius Actors and Actresses.

Come One! Come All! Come Sharp!!!

and

See Young Dancing Girls with their Dance and hear their Attractive Songs.

Gentlemen—With due respect and humble submission I beg leave to state that I have taken the contract on the instant, the piece chosen to be given is Fishanal Hosh-Ruba.

The last plot of this play is taken from Shakespeare's famous play of Othello, and I stand guarantee that the play is a nice one and will be shown with the best scenes and scenery, made specially for this play, never think to be disappointed. The following scenes in this play are worth attentions and show the experience and skill of the painter:

1. The scene of Durbar fully decorated with chandeliers and other furniture.
2. The scene of Jungle and a long-bearded pious man's coming out of the moon, and animal's grazing in the Jungle and Othello's hunting one of them down. All these sights would be attractive to make mention of. They depend on seeing.
3. The scene of garden with a bridge, therein, and a river flowing from below. A very beautiful sight indeed. Sweet and melodious singing of the birds in the garden. The nauch party is held in the garden, several dancing girls charming the audience with their sweet songs and showing their best practice in the art of dancing.
4. Washerman's scene—a river flowing by—two asses with a big bundle of clothes on their back—Washerman's joke with asses. A very comic and laughable scene.
5. Tragic scenes toward the close of the drama will be so effective and touching the spectators shed tears—Othello's going with a sword drawn and burying with anger near the bed of Desdemona, her apology and last words are very heart rending—her sighing and agonizing a painful sight.

To be followed by a very interesting and laughable farce of chunyan and munyan.

I promise to show more than I have written in this program. Yours faithfully, Shaikh Abdul Gani, Contractor.

AN INFERNAL MACHINE.

It is Sent to a Girl With the Evident Purpose of Injuring Her.

An infernal machine was recently sent to Miss Gertie Spicer, of Guy, Wash., which came near ending that young lady's life. The machine was cleverly constructed of a cigar box, containing a block of wood bored full of holes, in which six tin tubes, in appearance not unlike shotgun shells, had been placed, the tubes being connected by a groove in the bottom of the box, and tubes and grooves being filled with gunpowder, the other spaces of the box being filled with cotton saturated with acid. To explode this cap was placed on the end of a nail, the trigger being arranged to spring on raising the lid. It first having been set through a small hole in the end of the box. The box also contained two 38-calibre pistol cartridges, but these failed to explode. The package was sent through the mails and when Miss Spicer got it from the postoffice at Pullman she was somewhat suspicious of its appearance, and thought that perhaps some would-be joker had enclosed in the box a toad with the intention of frightening her. Her suspicion of this probably saved her life, for she put the box down on the sidewalk and raised the cover with a stick. As soon as the cover was raised an inch or two an explosion occurred which shook the buildings, but Miss Spicer was not seriously hurt. A disappointed lover is thought to be responsible for the villainous attempt at murder.

Government Ownership in Belgium.
On the Belgian state railways fares are lower than anywhere else in Europe. Recently the Belgian government has made a fresh concession. For one pound sterling (\$4.86) the traveler can obtain a ticket available for one person to travel over the entire system for a fortnight. For second class the charge is about half as much again, and for the first class about double.

Chance for Colored Writers.
Judge Tourgee is offering in the Basis, his new weekly, liberal money prizes to colored writers who shall submit acceptable sketches and stories reporting actual incidents in the lives of colored people before and since emancipation. These contributions must bear upon the causes or conditions of the race's progress.

Inventors Are Busy.
The commissioner of the United States patent office reports for the year 1894 36,987 applications for patents, 1,387 for designs, 2,068 for registration of trade marks and 2,296 caveats.

THE OLDEST LIVING.

NOAH RABY A CENTURY AND A QUARTER OLD.

Remember the Revolutionary War and Smiled in the Constitution—Harriet McMurray of Kansas Has Seen a Century and Fifteen Years.

(Special Correspondence.)

I S Noah Raby, of the Piscataway poor farm, New Jersey, the oldest man in the world? If the story of his life which he tells be true he has passed his 123rd birthday.

It was about eighty-three years ago, according to his recollection, that Noah Raby, ordinary seaman, received his discharge papers from the stanch frigate Brandywine, which had just finished a cruise of inspection of the various ports of the United States and was then docked at the Brooklyn navy yard. The day after he left the naval service he betook himself to New Jersey, where he joined himself to a farmer and for money agreed to serve as a hired man. Since that time he has never stepped outside the boundaries of New Jersey. For more than half a century, with more or less steadiness, he followed the occupation he had chosen, and then, twenty-eight years ago, being full of years and decidedly averse to earning his own living any longer, he settled down at the poor farm in the township of Piscataway, not far from New Brunswick, and there he has since remained.

Today he is totally blind, but his eyes, though sunken, have the sparkle of one who can see perfectly. His body is bent and his shoulders are contracted, but the muscles of his arms and legs are firmer than those of many a man of yet thirty. His jaws are toothless and his words are uttered with a whistling accompaniment, but his voice is strong and full and his laugh is as hearty as it was a century ago. His long hair is white, but thick and luxuriant, his whiskers are iron gray, his heavy, bushy eyebrows are still almost jet black, and he can dispose of a solid drink of good rye whisky with a sort of smack that betokens the heartiest relish. Though he believes his father to have been an Indian, his skin is white, and his features are of a pronounced Caucasian type.



NOAH RABY, AGED 123.

When Raby was 21 he got away from Mr. Mills Field's plantation, in Gates county, N. C., where he was born, and started out to find employment. "I hired out to the Widow Penelope," said Raby, "to be her overseer, for \$200 a year. I stayed there almost five years, and then I left to work for her daughter-in-law, the Widow Sarah Parker. She was well off, too, but not like the old widow. When the young widow wanted me to be her overseer the old widow offered me \$50 a year more to remain on her farm, but you see, I thought maybe I could marry the young widow if I was smart, and then her plantation and the niggers and the big house and the tar kilns would be mine. Well, my plan would have worked, yes, sah, if I hadn't fallen in love. No, not with anybody else, but with the widow herself. I was all tangled up, heels over head, in love with her. Why, the ground where she stood looked, crooked, sah, and I got afraid of her. No, sah, I didn't have the brass to tell her I was in love with her, but if I hadn't been dead in love with her I could have told her, sure. My half-brother was in the navy, and says he to me:

"If you're in a love scrape, Noah, there ain't but one thing to do, and that is to come with us and go on a cruise."

"So I got right out, that very night, without setting up or saying anything to anybody.

"It was at Portsmouth and Norfolk, sah, that I shipped," the old man continued, "and I shipped on the Constitution—the Con-sti-tu-tion, sah. She had been a great vessel once, but then she was old and used for a receiving ship. Well, I worked for a year on the Constitution, going up and down the ratlines to the top of the mast, but no further. I never got to anything but an ordinary seaman. I didn't want to be an able seaman. I didn't want to go higher up the mast than the 'top.' That was as near heaven as I ever wanted to go till my time came.

were always bright eyes to shine on Jack Tars in them old days, sub-certain."

It was while he was at Norfolk and Portsmouth that Raby says he heard General Washington make a speech. Raby is not certain what the general was talking about, but there is no doubt in the old man's mind that the father of his country was indignant and excited.

"Yes, sah," said Raby, "I saw the old general and I heard him talk. He was pretty mad, too—oh, gracious, yes! I shall never forget one thing he said—it has stuck to me most a hundred years now:

"Go right on, fellow-citizens, as you have been going on, and I assure you that we shall have the devil to pay in this republic and no pitch hot!"

"While I was in Brooklyn navy yard I got leave one day and went out to see a monstrous pretty burying ground—Greenwood, they call it now, I hear. A man 'l-o-came to me that they bury a lot of folks every day there now—that the bodies go to that burying ground just like an everlasting stream of water. Oh, my gracious! what big cities New York and Brooklyn must be if that's true.

"I left the navy because I was afraid there'd be a war, and I didn't want to fight. Well, there was a war, and I didn't see no fighting, only on the sea, and then I was on land and a good ways off. I've lost my discharge papers and I'm sorry. If I had 'em maybe I could get a pension, and, anyway, I could prove my age by them."

Previous to the recent municipal election at Wichita, Kan., Mrs. Harriet McMurray, a colored woman, appeared before the city clerk and desired to be registered.

"What is your age, auntie?" asked the head of the registration department. "Law me, cap'n! Ax me sump'n easy," ejaculated the old lady. "All I kin tell you, sah, is dat I wuz in the revolutionary war. My ole massa's Bible was dun bu'ned by de fah b'fo' he sold mammy and me and Sophy to dat dah Runnel Rob'son."

The city clerk listened with curiosity and viewed the old lady skeptically. "I want ter vote for Massa Cox," continued Aunt Harriet, "for he dun gib Dick, my daughtah Cha'ty's man, work in de streets when de poo' niggah need-ed it."

The mathematicians and the historians of the registration bureau plied the old lady with questions, and finally gathered enough data to put her down at 115 years of age.

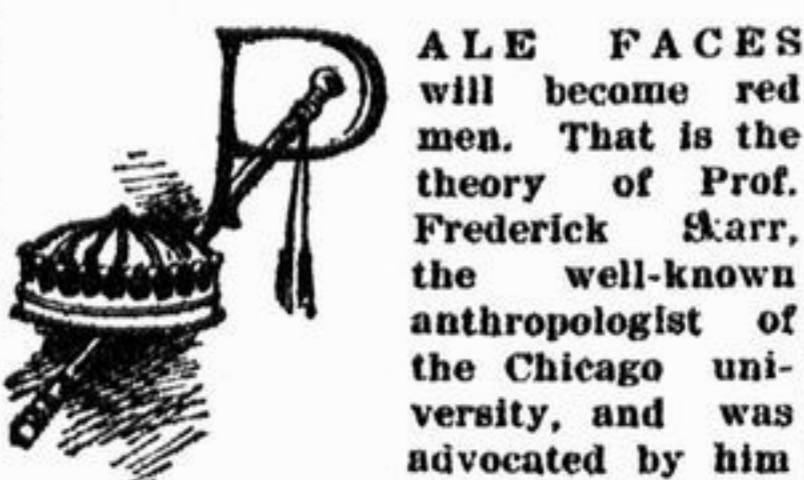
"I spee' I be dat ole, anyway," said Aunt Harriet, "and maybe mo'."

Ten days afterward "Auntie Harriet"

A STARTLING THEORY.

WILL THE PALEFACES TAKE ON A COPPER COLOR.

Professor Star of Chicago University Believes in the Theory—May Have a "Wheel" but Presents Plausible Argument.



PALE FACES will become red men. That is the theory of Prof. Frederick Starr, the well-known anthropologist of the Chicago university, and was advocated by him in a recent lecture in Indianapolis.

"My theory is not the generally accepted one as to the origin of the American Indian," said the professor to a reporter. "I think, however, that the line of study in that direction is tending toward the reception of my views, and I believe that what I claim will be demonstrated, as far as any such fact may be demonstrated, by experiment and scientific investigation. I do not make these statements as an assertion, but merely in a tentative way. I suggested the result of much thought on my part when giving my lecture upon the origin of the American Indian. To go into the subject fully and as briefly as possible, I will ask you to consider the northwest coast, from Vancouver's Island to Sitka. You will find that all up and down the coast the type of people, from outward appearance, is the red man, the American Indian. They are fishermen and trappers, and depend upon the sea and forests for their existence, living in huts and as best they may in a very aboriginal manner. These people are, to all external appearance, of one type. Dark skin, high cheek bones, black eyes, and straight, black hair. Go among them and you will find that they have, in different sections, notwithstanding their similarity of external appearance, different forms and ideas of worship and not the same stories and myths. They do not have the same customs, and in fact are of many tribes, though seeming alike from outward appearance. The Europeans claim that the American Indians first came from Europe, Mongolians claim that they came from Asia, and you will find that every class of people on the earth has claimed that the American Indian came exclusively from its race. Now instead of the American Indian having come originally from any one race or country is it not more plausible to believe that from influences of climate, barbarity of customs, etc., they become one type from many through those influences rather than to believe that they came originally from any one race of people? It is ridiculous to claim that the Indian will even dominate the civilized citizen of the United States, as he is or as he will be in a thousand years from now, as I was quoted as having said. My claim is this, as the French anthropologists claim, that we are all going through the same influences toward the type of the red man. The French claim that even the negro has changed one-fourth in that direction. Take the cartoons, for example, of which everyone may judge for himself. They are each and every one based upon some fact. How is John Bull characterized? As a round-faced, burly fellow of jovial physiognomy. How is the yankee and the typical southerner characterized? Everybody knows the tall, raw-boned yankee, who differs the least from the Indian because he has been here the longest. The southerner is dark-skinned, with black hair, and high cheek-bones and is shorter in stature, just as were the southern Indians. This, of course, is only an example, but may be considered seriously to weigh in the study of the question. Why should not the same influences, which seem to tend toward forming a similar American Indian type, bring about the same result as in the past, even in the face of the counter-influences of civilization? We live in houses, are not exposed, do not hunt, fish and fight one another on the plains for our living, and our growth will be less rapid than was theirs. We also have a constant pouring of immigration which retards any such tendency very materially by the intermixture of marriage. I can only assert that this growth is apparent, for we are very young, comparatively speaking. I am to make some experiments of measurement and comparison between the Dutch of Pennsylvania, who have lived there without intermarrying for over 150 years, and the native German who is coming to this country today. I will study by experiment in the schools also. If my experiments do not result favorable to my theory, it will be only a negative influence against it, and we must look further for substantiation, but if they support my views the fact will be an interesting study and will be very encouraging to my theory upon this question."

HAUNTED BY A GIRL'S WRATH.

The Ghost of a Fireman's Sweetheart Still Terrifies Engineers.

Three miles east of Richmond, Ill., on the Pennsylvania, is "The Junction." There are a large tower and an interlocking switch. It is the union of three branches of the Pennsylvania, one for Dayton, another for Piqua and the third for Cincinnati. The machinery is arranged so that collision is impossible at that point, for the operator in the tower, by turning a lever can derail any train that is on the wrong track. Before the interlocking switch was established the place was known as "Dead Man's Gulch," because of the numerous accidents that happened there. Old railroad men say that on the anniversary of an accident at this place the ghost of

a woman appears and stands in the middle of the track until the train is nearly upon her. Then she disappears. An engineer on the Cincinnati branch—then owned by the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton—had a sweetheart, the story goes, whose father was a small farmer, living in the vicinity of "Dead Man's Gulch." When her lover was due to pass the girl would sit on the high bank above the tracks to throw kisses at him as he went by. The girl's father was opposed to the marriage, and an elopement was planned. It was arranged that on a certain night the young woman was to be at the second switch east of the crossing, and her lover would stop the train, taking her on board. They would go to Cincinnati and be married. The young woman was at the spot designated, but that night a new engineer had her lover's place in the cab. She saw the train coming, and stood in the center of the track, thinking that he would stop for her. When the train was close she could not move for fear, and she was killed. Her lover was crazed with grief. He resigned his place on the road. Years afterward he was killed in a wreck on a Texas road. It was long believed that the young woman was killed while trying to cross the track, and the story of the intended elopement was not known until shortly before the death of the lover in Texas.

BILL COOK SENT TO PRISON.

The Noted Outlaw Will Serve for Forty-Five Years.

Fort Smith special: United States Marshal Crump's deputies took to the penitentiary at Albany, N. Y., yesterday the following Indian territory desperadoes: Bill Cook, robbery, forty-five years; Dooley Bengo, robbery, three years; Clyde Barber, robbery, three years; Ed Keating, manslaughter, three years; Jim Keating, manslaughter, three years; Enoch Thomas, manslaughter, ten years; Joe Skinner, larceny, two years; Henry Huffington, larceny, five years; Johnson Tiger, larceny, two years; Isaac Alexander, larceny, three years; James Kendrick, assault with intent to kill, three years; Taylor McKey, assault with intent to kill, three years; J. H. Beck, violating postal laws, one and one-half years; Gabriel Phillips, receiving stolen goods, one and one-half years; Lafayette Hudson, conspiracy, two years. Bill Cook's record as outlaw and desperado is known to everyone. Hudson is the man over whose admission to bail Judge Parker and Justice White of the United States Supreme court differed. Jim and Ed Keating were youths who killed an old enemy during a quarrel. Beck is an Indian lawyer of former good character. He tried to make money by helping Indians to citizenship in the Cherokee nation for \$20 each. He obtained a copy of the Indian rolls in the Indian bureau in Washington and sent circulars through the mail announcing that he had copies and all persons who had Indian blood in them whose ancestors' names were on the rolls and who could prove up their succession could acquire Cherokee citizenship, worth \$5,000. The whole power of the Cherokee council was turned against Beck, and he was proved to have used the United States mails in furtherance of a fraudulent scheme.

JOAQUIN MILLER SMIRCHED.

The "Poet of the Sierras" Connected with a Hawaiian Scandal.

San Francisco special: Joaquin Miller, the "poet of the Sierras," figures as a fickle lover in a tale from the Hawaiian islands. The name of the young woman connected with the poet in the gossip is Araba Miller Oliver. She is about 17 years of age and her freshness and beauty contrast with the advancement in life of the poet. The story from the island is that Miller abandoned the young woman, who is soon to become a mother and that she is now wholly dependent on charity. She is living with a native family and has been waiting in vain for assistance from Miller. When he arrived in Honolulu he represented that she was his daughter, the report stated.

Joaquin Miller was averse to discussing the accusation when visited yesterday. He did not want to enter into any dispute with the girl in order to defend himself and was willing that her statements should go uncontradicted. It appeared that he is still fond of her, and from a remark which he let drop it was inferred that he might return to Honolulu, if he could do so with safety, for the purpose of seeing her again. He was inclined to think that the scandal about him had been set afloat by persons in Hawaii whom he offended by his published criticisms of the political conditions on the islands.

Twelve Miles High.

The result of meteorological tests with balloons at immense heights is announced from Bremen this week. One balloon, carrying self-registering instruments, reached a height of twelve miles. The thermometer could not register the temperature, 67 deg. below zero being marked at a lower height. Maxy tests show that the temperature sinks gradually up to two and a half miles. Above that the fall is much more rapid.

Mrs. Lowerton Rebels.

Mrs. Lowerton—is Mrs. Upperen at home? Servant (snappishly)—She's out. Mrs. Lowerton (quietly)—I happen to know that she is in, but her directions to you are quite excusable. She probably thinks that I am a bill-collector.

Largest Sailing Ship.

The largest sailing ship afloat is the remodeled Persian Monarch, 3,925 tons measurement. Her iron masts are 184 feet high from the deck.