

Downers Grove Reporter.

By WHITE & WILLIAMS.

DOWNERS GROVE, ILLINOIS.

The road to success is paved with good advertisements.

The homeliest language carries conviction if it is the truth.

To secure an advantage over a competitor, use twice as much advertising space.

Do all business men advertise? It seems so, for we never hear of any who don't.

Doctors ought to feel encouraged. Georgia's watermelon crop is estimated at 8,000 car-loads.

From the numerous reports of mad dogs, it seems that the whole canine race has got wheels in its head.

Some articles that are done up in small packages are not choice. The sting of a bee is only one-thirty-second of an inch long.

Anna Gould's husband is beginning to let go of it. He is buying race horses and has the plans drawn for the erection of a castle.

Mabel Cook of New York eloped with Lad Lee, a Chinaman, last week. This is the only conquest China has made in a long time.

A Chicago juror ran away from the balliff the other day. He was trying to escape a lot of dreary speeches in the case he was trying.

Henry has been made a knight. Considering that he was the King of the English, it is difficult to see where the honor comes in, except in name.

Work joined to temperance and virtue is the cure for poverty. To give a poor man a chance to work is often the most useful step in his salvation, temporal and eternal.

The poet who sings that "Love is like the red, red rose" undoubtedly knows what he is talking about. The red rose is a blamed sight more expensive than any other kind.

One result of the increase in the price of petroleum throughout Germany has been to cause inventors to apply themselves to attempting to devise some sort of substitute for the staple.

"Tribly" is still pouring gold into Du Maurier's pockets. The play which was made out of the story yields him nearly \$1,000 a week. No novelist of recent times has set such a profitable story on feet.

The advance in the wages of its employees by the Brooklyn Elevated railroad is to be commended. The public should show its appreciation by patronizing the line instead of the competing trolley roads, which are screwing their men down to the lowest living limit.

The art of preparing advertisements so that they shall attract attention and provoke interest is greatly improving at this time. They are beginning to be constructed with really admirable literary skill. Their typographical appearance in the newspapers is much better than formerly, especially for the advertiser.

The spider is so well supplied with the silky thread with which it makes its web that an experimenter once drew out of the body of a single specimen 3,480 yards of the thread—a length but little short of two miles. A fabric woven of spider's thread is more glossy than that from the silk-worm's product, and is of a beautiful golden color.

The Normie Bros., of Elmira, N. Y., having advertised extensively a "hurrah" sale of foot wear, which they claimed was part of the stock of a bankrupt Rochester firm, several retail shoe men of Elmira recently occupied a half page in the Elmira Budget to prove that the Normie Bros. were lying.

Race track and race horse owners in various parts of the country are complaining bitterly that unfavorable legislation is killing the sport. They have only themselves to blame. The American people enjoy clean sport, but will not stand being robbed by gamblers as they have been on too many tracks and by too many horsemen. Purify the sport and legislation will favor it.

Norton Reed, a Hartford, Conn., young man, committed suicide the other day because he thought he was hypnotized by Svengali as the mythical heroine of Du Maurier's story had been. This is the first violent victim to the Tribly craze, but the insanity is widespread and a large number of its victims, in the opinion of their friends, ought to be placed in the custody of the fool-killer.

According to several newspapers the United States government intends to make an exhibit, at the Atlanta Exposition, of original packages of cotton from all parts of the world, showing the various methods used for baling.

The woman who can manage a husband can manage anything, not excepting a political club, said a woman presiding over a woman's political meeting in New York. The discussion which followed proved to be an exception, but then it was a woman's political club.

BIRDS LIKE TO TRAVEL.

And This Is the Reason Why They Annually Leave Northern Climates. Why do the birds flit southward each autumn and return again with every spring? No one knows, but science, in the person of Prof. Wang, the eminent Austrian ornithologist, has just disclosed that the usual flippant answer to this question, "Because they like to travel," is not far out of the way after all, says the New York World. In a lecture that Prof. Wang recently delivered in Vienna he gave some extremely interesting details regarding the migrations of birds, all of which migrations resemble one another in two respects: they follow the most direct line southward and are made with almost incredible rapidity. Numerous observations have been made at Helligoland, which is the principal halting place of birds of passage from northern countries, and in Egypt, which is the winter home of many, and these observations have established some facts hitherto unknown. The blue birds traverse the 400 nautical miles which separate Egypt from Helligoland in a single night, which is at the rate of more than forty geographical miles per hour. The swallow's speed is over two and one-half miles per minute, or nearly three times that of the fastest railway train. Even the younger birds, 6 or 8 weeks old, accompany the others in their long journey. Prof. Wang asks himself what is the impulse which causes the birds after the brooding and moulting season is over, to quit our northern climate. He does not think it is fear of cold—for many species quite as delicate as those which migrate southward easily withstand the rigors of the winter but they have an irresistible humor for traveling. This is his idea of the fact but he can give no explanation.

HUNT FOR A HUSBAND.

What Robert Grant Says of the Old Aristocratic Theory of Woman. There are thousands of daughters of well-to-do mothers in this country who are brought up in the old aristocratic theory that a woman should study moderately hard until she is 15, then look as pretty as she can and devote herself until she is married to having what is called on this side of the Atlantic a good time, writes Robert Grant in Scribner's. To be sure, in France the good time does not come until after marriage, and there are other differences, but the well-bred lady of social graces is the well-bred lady, whether it be in London, Paris, Vienna, or New York, and a ball-room in one capital is essentially the same as in all the others, unless it be that over here the very young people are allowed to crowd out everybody else. There are thousands of mothers who are content that this should be the limit of their daughter's experience, a reasonably good education, perfect manners, four years of whirl and then a husband, or no husband and a conservative afternoon tea drinking epistlehood—and they are thankful on the whole when their girls put their necks meekly beneath the yoke of convention and do as past generations of women all over the civilized world have done. The reign of the unconventional society young woman is over. She shocks now her own countrywoman even more than foreigners; and though, like the buffalo, she is still extant, she is disappearing even more rapidly than that illustrious quadruped.

THE ART OF SPELLING.

Many Distinguished People Who Were Miserable Failures in This Direction. A little boy, examined before a magistrate, was asked to spell the sentence, "I am grateful for the benefits I have received." He managed to spell it correctly except the last word, which he wrote thus—"reieved."

The magistrate pronounced this to be "fatal," and sent the lad to school. Enforce the same rule impartially all around and where would be half the world's celebrities?

Take two ladies first. Sara Bernhardt cannot spell well, and one of our own most celebrated actresses does not always spell correctly. In a recent autograph letter of hers we find "occured."

Then Bismarck never could spell. He himself has confessed to "a lack of diligence at school," as a consequence of which his letters contain many spelling errors. John Bright was another statesman somewhat weak in the same particular.

Among literary men, a famous journalist is a conspicuously bad speller. A brief examination of his "copy" is generally sufficient to discover an error. In a short letter of his occurs the curious blunder "populer."

But plenty of authors slip occasionally. Even Oliver Wendell Holmes makes a mistake in spelling the rather common word "indispensible," which he writes "indispensible."

Keep All Food Covered. Every article of food should be kept covered until it appears on the table. Milk and butter should be kept in airtight covered vessels. They take up every odor flying in the air, and are positively harmful to the stomach after standing uncovered for an hour or two. Not only odors, but the malarial that fill the air are attracted to milk and butter. Uncovered jelly is a menace to family health, yet in two-thirds of the pantries in the city will be found half-used dishes of jelly standing uncovered.

The Nursery Tricycle. The nursery tricycle has appeared in London. It contains two seats, one for the mistress and one for the maid and her charge, and has two pairs of pedals.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.

THE KANSAS EXPERIMENT station made some experiments to ascertain how often and how early corn should be cultivated. They cultivate some as much as three times a week; some once a week; some once in two weeks; once in three weeks; once in four weeks. The following tables show the result:

Times cultivated.	Yield of Bushels per acre.
Three times a week.....	44.0
Twice a week.....	46.0
Once a week.....	45.8
Once in two weeks.....	48.9
Once in three weeks.....	40.7
Once in four weeks.....	18.02
Averages of Two Years' Trials.	
Times cultivated.	Bushels per acre.
Three times a week.....	24.86
Twice a week.....	27.15
Once a week.....	27.86
Once in two weeks.....	25.25
Once in three weeks.....	24.99
Once in four weeks.....	16.91
Averages of Three Years' Trials.	
Twice a week.....	40.31
Once a week.....	41.29
Once in two weeks.....	40.86
Frequency of Cultivation.	
An experiment having in view the	

INDIAN MILLET.



Botanical name, *Oryzopsis micrantha*. Stems slender, erect, tufted, one and one-half to two feet high, slender, involute, with very long, sharp points; panicle two to six inches long, the slender, spreading branches naked below and many-flowered at the upper ends; spikelets shining, about one-eighth of an inch long; flowering glumes smooth, shorter than the empty glumes, enclosing the grain in fruit, with a slender, deciduous awn about three times its own length. This grass is quite common in some parts of the west. Wherever it is found in any quantity it is considered to be of great value. There is another kind of "Indian millet," or "bunch grass" (*Oryzopsis cuspidata*), which has a distribution similar to this species. In the Bad Lands and along the Cheyenne river it is thought to be quite valuable. This is the grass illustrated on this page. It may be distinguished from the first-named species by its very large, wide-spreading panicle, large, hairy fruit, and generally coarser habit of growth. Both seem to be worthy of trial under cultivation. A specimen analyzed at the South Dakota station gave—substance, air-dried: Water, 6.66; ash, 15.94; ether extract, 2.21; crude fiber, 29.10; crude protein, 8.66; extract free of nitrogen, 38.63; total nitrogen, 1.29; albuminoid nitrogen, .97.

influence which greater or less frequency of cultivation has upon the yield was carried out on 30 plots, each being one-twentieth of an acre in size and having 12 rows, with the usual distance of 3 1/2 feet between the rows. These plots were cultivated with a spring-tooth cultivator the number of times indicated in the table, all plots under the same treatment being cultivated at the same time.

It appears from the results that it is possible to cultivate corn too much, as well as too little. Cultivation once a week gives the best yields, in each series of averages. Care has been taken during these experiments to injure the roots as little as possible, but it would be idle to claim that the roots were not injured at all, and it is possible that the falling off in yield as a result of frequent cultivation is due to injuries which the roots have sustained in the process. In all cases of these experiments, the corn was dropped 16 inches apart, by measure, in the row, two sound kernels being planted at each place, and covered with a hoe, and after the first cultivation it was thinned to one plant in a place. Previous experiments have pretty fully settled the fact that the large varieties of corn produce best on this soil (which is of moderate fertility) when the rows are 3 1/2 feet apart and the stalks 16 inches apart in the row.

Fungus on Cedar and Apple Trees. (Extract from paper in Indiana State Horticultural report by Dr. L. M. Underwood, Greencastle, Ind.) It may be asked how we know that this relation exists between the fungus on the red cedar and the seemingly

different fungus on the apple, for in appearance they have little in common. The answer is twofold. 1. The apple fungus never appeared in portions of Indiana where the red cedar is not native until after the red cedar commenced to be placed for ornament. 2. By sowing the spores of the "cedar apple" on the young leaves of the apple tree it will produce the apple fungus. The proof is both historical and experimental. And the experiments have been attempted so many times and with such a system of checks, and by such an array of accessory evidence that we regard the case as absolutely demonstrated.

I find that the red cedar is largely cultivated for ornament in the vicinity of houses and orchards, and in some instances I have seen it planted in quantity as a windbreak for an orchard. The birds, moreover, have carried the seeds far and wide, so that in Putnam county at least the young cedars are springing up in waste places everywhere. The "cedar apples" are abundant, scarcely a tree but what has more or less of them, and those in the vicinity of orchards are likely to be loaded.

The natural range of the red cedar in Indiana is not entirely known, but its distribution seems to be local except in the southern parts of the state. There are few regions, however, in which it is not planted as an ornamental tree, and thus the chances of infection are greatly increased. It is not certain how far the spores may be carried during the short period that they retain their power of germination, but it is likely that they at times may be carried over a considerable distance, though the chances of infection vary inversely as the distance. Wild crabs a mile from any red cedar have been badly affected by the apple fungus.

Certain kinds of apple seem more or less subject to the ravages of the apple fungus. The Baldwin, Rome Beauty, Bellflower, Rambo, Siberian Crab, and many others are especially susceptible. Certain others, like the Ben Davis, the Winesap, the Red Astrachan, and some others are much less likely to be attacked. There seems to

INDIAN MILLET.



be some relation between the character of the apple leaf and the susceptibility to attack, those with thick leaves seemingly suffering least.

Petroleum for Apple Scab. The following is an interesting sketch from the pen of D. L. Bliss, on the apple scab: "Recently I saw a long article in regard to apple scab and how to get rid of it. Several years ago to kill what was thought to be a worthless apple tree before cutting it down I washed it all over with petroleum (crude oil) as it is taken from the ground), in the month of February. I then left home for the Pennsylvania oil fields, where I was engaged in business. When I returned home the next fall that scraggy apple tree which I expected to find dead was as bright as a silver dollar, and the twigs had made a growth of twelve inches to eighteen inches, and a few as nice Tompkins County King apples as ever hung on a tree, greeted me, and to-day it is a handsome bearing tree, twenty years old. Since then I have used petroleum on my apple trees to free them from scab and noxious insects that collect and breed on the trunks of old trees. I apply it with an old whitewash brush at any time before the buds begin to swell in the spring—applying it freely on all large branches and body. Perhaps it could be applied with a sprayer more effectively. It is very cheap, and I would like to have apple growers try it and report."

Though flattery blossoms like friendship, there is great difference in the fruit.—Socrates

A CHILEAN WIDOW

WHOSE WEALTH NOW AGGREGATES \$200,000,000

May Come to America to Reside—The Magnificent Estates of Senora de Cousino—The Country House at Lota—Washington Excited.

(Washington Correspondence.) INTENSE interest has been aroused among the Chilians and other South Americans in this country by the report that the Senora de Cousino intends to come to New York, take a house in Fifth avenue, and entertain

in lavish style. The Widow Cousino, as she is popularly known in Chile, is probably the richest woman in the world, her wealth being estimated at \$200,000,000. Her estates in Chile are the show places of the country, and her entertainments are given on a scale that would take a New Yorker's breath away.

The industries controlled by the widow are varied. Besides owning all the copper mines in Peru and Chile, she owns a large fleet of ships to transport the ore to the smelting works at Lota. There are also the rich silver mines at Copiapo, the great stock farm and vineyards at Macul, eight miles from Santiago, and the whole town of Lota. Every house, every mill, and every bit of land is owned by the widow, and everyone in the place is dependent on her industries for a living. This town was practically begun by the Senora's father, and from a sleepy little Spanish village it became one of the chief manufacturing centers of Chile, and the various industries in 1876, when Lady



SENORA DE COUSINO.

Brassy visited the town in the yacht Sunbeam, employed over 5,000 men. While the industries controlled by this woman are startling in their magnitude, the woman herself and her houses—palaces, rather—are even more interesting. Senora Cousino died about 1875, leaving six children, three sons and three daughters. These are all grown and married, and have establishments of their own. The widow has three principal establishments—one at Lota, one in Santiago, and the other at Macul. The one at Lota is the most magnificent. The town is on a landlocked bay, surrounded by high hills. On one side are the park and residence of Senora Cousino. The park is of enormous extent, perfectly fitted by nature for the purpose to which it is devoted. The house is on the summit of the hill, surrounded on all sides by gardens, which are under the constant care of eighty gardeners, who are under the direction of experienced Scotchmen.

These gardens are bewildering in their beauty. Plants brought from all parts of the world grow there in luxuriance. There are fantastic grottoes, terraces, ferneries, flights of marble stairs leading down toward the beach and up to the sylvan nooks. Every little promontory is crowned with a summer house of quaint fashion, and there are arcades, arched over with bamboo, containing trellis work from Derbyshire and Minton tiles from Staffordshire.

The house itself is a huge affair built of brick and stone. It is but two stories high, after the fashion of Chilean houses, on account of the frequent earthquakes. Its walls are massive, and in general appearance it resembles some of the Elizabethan houses in England. The interior is as gorgeous in its way as are the gardens. Rarest and costliest woods and the most exquisite marbles and tiles are used in the finishing of it. The furniture was all imported from England, and there are pictures, statuary, and bronzes the like of which would be hard to find. A horde of servants, under military discipline, arrayed in gorgeous liveries, are required to keep the place in order, and whether or not the mistress is there, there is never any diminution of the force or change in the manner in which the household affairs are carried on.

The town house in Santiago is a great marble palace, which, with its gardens, occupies a whole square in the heart of the city. Its gardens are a small reproduction of those at Lota, without, of course, the varied scenery. This house also is but two stories high, but makes up in lateral extent what it loses in altitude. Its furnishings are as elaborate and expensive as those in the Lota house. What the cost was may be calculated from the fact that the portieres alone cost \$250,000. It also is filled with works of art of all kinds, and there is one Meissonier there for which the French government has repeatedly offered \$25,000.

To describe the park and house at Macul would be to repeat in substance the description of Lota, except that the former is on even a larger scale. Over 200 gardeners are kept at work constantly in the gardens, and everything is on a scale of magnificence unknown in this country, where rich people and fine estates are not unknown.

COUNTRY HOUSE AT LOTA. Its furnishings are as elaborate and expensive as those in the Lota house. What the cost was may be calculated from the fact that the portieres alone cost \$250,000. It also is filled with works of art of all kinds, and there is one Meissonier there for which the French government has repeatedly offered \$25,000.

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Senora Cousino, the owner of all this splendor, is a woman between 30 and 40 years old. She is tall and dark, and a very handsome woman. She exercises a direct supervision over all her premises, and by a system of reports received by her every day knows what is going on.

She is most active in the social world and her entertainments are magnificent. When she travels it is always with a score of secretaries and a horde of servants of all kinds.

It will be seen from this that if Senora Cousino should decide to come to America to live, even for a short time, it would be a great event for society, for she would undoubtedly entertain in the same style she does at home. The Chilean minister here was asked if he knew anything of her coming, and said he did not, although it might be possible. "If she comes," he added, "I don't know what she'll do, for there's no house in New York as large or as fine as any of hers. Maybe she will build a new one."

SLAVE OF AN OUTLAW BAND.

A Strange Story of a Crime Told by a Negro Branded by an Outlaw.

By a stroke of good luck George McGowan, a negro, about 20 years old, has fallen into the hands of Chief of Police Massey at Wichita, Kan. This youth claims to have been a slave to the allied band of outlaws for ten years. A white ring about his neck shows where he was lassoed from a pony while trying to escape. He is branded "L.L.L." on his right leg. His initials are cut into his left arm, the work being done, he says, by John Long and Bill Dalton. On his back deep in the flesh is the mark of the obliterating iron, used to deface range brands, and over this is another brand, the "half-hitch."

Federal and state officers have been questioning him all day, and he has told them that cattle are stolen on the ranges and shipped by railroads to eastern markets. The secret hiding places of the land in New Mexico, Colorado, Kansas and Indian Territory are now known, as are also their signs, grips and passwords. Chief Long, one of the band, is in jail here, and Handsome Charles Parker, who stole, shipped to Kansas and sold six carloads of cattle, is under heavy guard at the city hospital. He was desperately wounded in a night at Ashland, Kan., when his arrest was attempted. The outlaws' hide is being closely guarded, as threats have been made upon his life. He declares that the train, bank and cattle rustlers are all banded together, and he has given a long list of names to the officers, says the Pittsburg Dispatch.

MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

She Will Lead the "Athletic Set" at Newport This Season.

(Special Correspondence.) Mrs. John Jacob Astor, or as she is most familiarly called, Mrs. "Jack" Astor, is the best all-round sportswoman either in or out of society's realm. She fences, rides, rows, shoots, bowls, plays tennis, billiards, swim, can mount a bicycle with the most skillful as well as a yacht, and her latest accomplishment is golf. From a child she has always been particularly fond of all outdoor sports. Philadelphia's memory well the pretty, rosy-faced Ava Willing, who in a severe black habit, her ratty hair caught up under her riding cap with a black ribbon, galloped through Fairmount Park every pleasant winter afternoon. Last summer her feats in the water excited the envy of many a timid belle at Newport. She is a most accomplished and fearless swimmer, and when in the water wears black silk trunks under her skirt, because they give her unrestricted liberty of limb.



MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

Another accomplishment which few women possess is her cleverness with the cue. She learned as a child, being familiar with billiards almost from her infancy. To-day Mrs. Astor plays as well if not better than any woman in this country. Perhaps there is nothing this clever little lady does so well as shoot. A story told of Mrs. Astor in the Adirondacks by Ross Hayes, one of the guides, is interesting, and shows that with all her sporting zest she is still a woman, and a very womanly woman at that. She and her husband with a party were hunting several years ago below Saranac. They had followed the trail of a wounded deer, which had escaped. Finally, after tracing it for an hour, it was cornered. A shot in the throat ended the stag's misery. As it fell its eyes seemed to fall beseechingly on Mrs. Astor. As the anxious dogs flew at its throat she burst into tears and begged that the dogs be called off. Up to that time she had been as much of a sportsman as any of them, but the sight of misery aroused all her womanly feelings.

In hunting costume of brown velvet, with buckskin leggings, alpine hat, game bag, and a gun over her shoulder, Mrs. Astor could not look better in the most exquisite importation from Paris.

The Literary Revision.

Miss Reider—I am tired and sick of Ibsen and Tolstol, and all the other writers of stories with morals. Have you anything new? Bookseller—Here, madame, is one of the most popular novels of the day—just started in its twelfth edition. "Is there any moral to it?" "I'll guarantee, madame, that you won't find the least suggestion of morals from beginning to end."